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THE BOOK
OF
SCOTTISH POEMS:

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

EDITED

WITH MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHORS

By J. ROSS.

*"O deem not, 'midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the Poet brings:
Let high Philosophy control
And sages calm the stream of life,
'Tis he refines its fountain-springs,
The nobler passions of the soul."*

CAMPBELL.



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P R E F A C E.

HAVING prefaced the subject by an Historical Introduction, the Editor has here simply to indicate some of the principles to which he has adhered, and the considerations by which he has been influenced in the practical carrying out of the prospectus in which this exposition of the Poetry of Scotland was announced.

To exhibit Scottish poetry as an exponent of the breadth and depth of the national character, was laid down as the leading aim of the work. But while holding that its influence as a purifying, consolidating, and consecrating element is the main use of national poetry, and that this consideration, from a general and popular point of view, should govern his treatment of it, the Editor has not been indifferent to its linguistic bearings.

In the selection of poems and specimens, simplicity, adherence to nature, and the predominance of character, are features to which due deference has been paid ; but no rigid rule, dispensing with the constant exercise of the judgment, was adopted. Poetical merit has been the leading consideration, but the space given to each author is not to be taken as our estimate of their relative merits, for in the cases of Burns, Scott, and Campbell, their unmutilated popularity is our reason for giving them a merely formal recognition.

In the Ancient Section, when not marked *unaltered*, the spelling of all words that could only be pronounced as they are at present, has been modernized, as *thai*, they ; *bute*, boot ; and the use of *v* for *u* and *u* for *v*, as in *vpon* and *euery*, has been abolished as misleading.

and a word marked that was decidedly more antiquated spelling. The texts have been taken from the best authorities, and these are pointed out in the Introductory Notes; and in some cases, as in the "Fair" of James I., a comparison of texts has been given. The obvious expedients by which the Editor has sought to facilitate the comprehension of the quaint but beautiful poetry of our ancient bards, need not be here pointed out. In the Modern Section, beginning with Ramsay, a more liberal treatment with the subject has been presumed, and the text has been given as it is; for, except Ramsay, the moderns use all the letters that are not essential to their pronunciation. One of the chief features of our modern poetry is the profusion of metaphors, and the number of excellent songs by anonymous authors, which give a general diffusion of the lyric faculty to be accounted for. A not less remarkable indication of the same process of popular attrition by which some of the rough diamonds of our ancient poets have been polished into finished gems. As to the names of the poets, it is enough to remark that they have been given as a comparison of the best authorities, and it is believed that the facts essential to the formation of an impartial estimate of their merits are not essential to their pronounciation.

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HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

NO form of composition has had a larger share in the formation and improvement of language than Poetry ; and poetical collections have been made with the object, chiefly, of exhibiting language in the process of development. But the chief concern of the present Collection is with the poetry itself, as the most powerful expression of the forces that move the human spirit ; and with the poets, as the media through which these forces are most conspicuously manifested : the specimens, so to speak, through which common humanity sees, magnified, all the elements of which it is itself made up.

Although not designed as a formal history of Scottish Poetry, yet, a chronological arrangement having been deemed the only appropriate one for treating it as a historic growth, a few preliminary observations regarding its origin, with a prospective glance at its progressive stages, may help to define our conception of the subject as a whole, of the share it has had in moulding the national character, and of how far it is itself the expression of characteristics inherent in the Scottish race.

Whether, as an art, it should be regarded as a branch of English literature, or of independent origin, is a question that for long seemed to depend on the issue of antiquarian controversies, whose discussion would be quite out of place here. We shall have succeeded in our purpose if we convey an intelligible account of their bearing on our subject. All poetry, as an inspiration, must be original, individual, incommunicable, and non-accumulative ; and though it may, and often does, give an impetus and elevation to the art, yet in this transcendental aspect of it, no question of nationality can arise ; hence the truth of the saying, "Poets are born, not made."

But it will clear our ground, somewhat, if we first dispose of the kindred subject of the relation of Celtic, or rather Gaelic literature, to Scottish.

Sir Walter Scott, in his introduction to *Sir Tristrem*, says—"Although possessing beauties of its own, the Celtic has everywhere been found incapable of amalgamating with the Gothic dialects, from which it is radically different, and totally distinct." Notwithstanding that the Gaelic and Gothic languages may have been at a very early period under etymological obligations to one another, and that broader and more enlightened researches than have hitherto characterised the antiquarian philology of this country may show them to have more in common than has yet been discovered,¹ still we are disposed to think that Sir Walter is right, and that it would be an injustice to the Gaelic to be represented in any collection of Scottish poetry in the form of any translations presently existing.

It cannot be said that our treatment of Celtic literature in the past is at all creditable to our patriotism or our scholarship; but we are about to enter on a new era in that respect, the chief credit for which must redound to the honour of Professor Blackie, who, with an enlightened enthusiasm and breadth of sympathy that must be a perpetual source of happiness to himself, derives equal pleasure from the contemplation of the past of Athens and the past of Iona.

Mr Skene remarks, in his introduction to *Fordun's Chronicle*, that, "Amid much that is mythic, uncertain, or matter of controversy in the early history of Scotland, it may be held as unquestionable that the Scots, from whom the country took its name, had their original seat in Ireland, from whence they emigrated to Scotland; and that a line of Scottish kings ruled in this country from the middle of the ninth to the early part of the eleventh century. . . . It is under this line of kings that we trace the rise and gradual formation of the Scottish monarchy." Considering that these kings, and the people who formed the nucleus of the kingdom, were a race of undoubted Celtic extraction, so far as their language and immediate advent from Ireland were concerned—whatever views may be held in reference to their mythic derivation from Spain, or ulterior sources—it must be admitted to be one of the vagaries of history now, to find their name indelibly attached to a language entirely different from theirs. The cause of this strange result was quite

¹ An Icelandic scholar, writing from Cambridge, says "that the Gaelic language, as might indeed be expected, affords a great number of etymological and derivative illustrations for Icelandic philology;" and adds—"Who knows but that Gaelic, hitherto ignored in Icelandic philology, may throw some light upon the thoroughly dark subject, the age of the Eddaic songs?"—*Athenæum*, August 1876.

natural, and the explanation is not difficult. *Scot* is not a Celtic word, and was not used by the Scots as a designation of themselves. It is an appellation given them by the Saxons, and was adopted as a home name when it became necessary for the Saxons of the Scottish kingdom to be distinguished from those of England. The name was applied to the language at a later period, when English and it diverged so far from each other as to necessitate a different designation.

Although we have come to the conclusion that Scotch and Gaelic do not linguistically amalgamate, yet the former is enriched by many expressive words derived from the latter ; but if we consider the undercurrent of feeling that has been largely diffused by the more sensitive Celtic elements through so large a portion of the present Saxon-speaking population of Scotland, as manifested in the tenderness and delicacy of those songs and melodies, that have flowed as by instinct from the heart of the amalgamated race, and compare this with the unimpressible stolidity that characterises the same class of unmixed Saxons, we shall have some idea of what we owe to the Celtic elements in our composition.

A question that has been hotly contested in this connection is, whether the Picts were a Celtic or a Teutonic race. The idea of their extirpation by the Scots under Kenneth Macalpin is now nowhere maintained, but the idea of their being a Germanic race has only been dispelled by the discovery of the *Book of Deer*, and the fuller and more critical treatment by Mr Skene of the authentic records that constitute the authorities for the early history of Scotland. Hume argued, from the similarity of the languages of England and Scotland at an early period, that Scotland must have had a similar series of Saxon invasions to that of England, although they are not recorded by the historians of Scotland ; and Pinkerton identifies these Saxons or Goths as the Picts. Dr Jamieson, by a different kind of reasoning, came to a somewhat similar conclusion, namely, that they were Teutons from a more northern latitude than the Angles, because the Scotch of the east coast of Scotland contains a great many words not found in the early English. Chalmers, the author of *Caledonia*, the chief supporter of the Celtic theory, on the ground of the topographical nomenclature being Celtic, makes them a Welsh race. But all our Scottish antiquaries, before Mr Skene, were misled by etymological theories, and being unable critically to compare the most reliable sources of information in reference to the Celtic portion of the country's history, naturally arrived at conclusions

confirming those theories, the maintenance of which was the chief stimulus to their researches. But, notwithstanding their faults, the country owes them a debt of gratitude for having kept alive the spirit of research with indomitable perseverance ; and for having done good and useful work whose irksomeness could be little relieved by the prospect of gain or applause.

Mr Skene adopts the conclusions of Professor Huxley, based on his studies of British craneology, namely, that Britain was first peopled by an Iberian or Basque race, who were followed by Gauls or Celts. From the Roman invasion till the death of Malcolm II. (1034), Scotland, north of the Firths of Forth and Clyde, he considers to have been peopled by two Celtic races, the Picts and Scots ; of which the latter was the most aggressive, and, under Kenneth Macalpin, became the dominant race, occupying the central part of the country, extending from the Spey to the Firths of Forth and Clyde. After the Saxons had increased in the north of England, they gradually spread north the length of Edinburgh, and, with the Cumbrians north of Carlisle, are found since the reign of Malcolm II. forming part of the Scottish monarchy. The influence of St Margaret, queen of Malcolm III., or Ceanmore, accelerated the growing influence of the Saxon portion of the kingdom to such an extent, as, under David I., to give it a decided predominance. David's English training and territorial influence in England, with his intense ecclesiasticism and partiality to Normans both in Church and State, combined with the concentration of all native rights in his person, enabled him to introduce changes in the ecclesiastical and political institutions of the country, which almost amounted to an entire substitution of the ancient order of things by those feudal arrangements to which England was subjected by the Conqueror and his successors ; and, consequently, we find the number of Norman names that witness the numerous ecclesiastical charters granted by him out of all proportion to those of Saxons or Celts. But in all this we see nothing of an outside or foreign interference with the internal development of Scotland, and the changes made had the effect of welding the different races that since David's reign have formed a united Scotland within its present boundaries into one patriotic community, so commingled that now the distinctions of race are almost obliterated. But, besides the infusion of Norman blood, which was almost exclusively introduced into the higher ranks of the people, considerable accessions of foreigners—Scandinavians by the north and west coasts, and Belgians

and Flemings by the east—were frequently induced, through trade intercourse, to settle in coast towns in sufficient numbers to introduce verbal changes in the local dialect of the places where they took up their residences.

Having, in the foregoing summary of our early history, what may be considered a fair account of the ethnological elements that at the dawn of Scottish literature composed the nation, in relative proportions that have not since been disturbed by external pressure, we are in a better position to consider the rise and progress of our poetic literature, and its relation to that of England.

Mr Craik, in his *History of English Literature*, referring to the few specimens of Anglo-Saxon literature that have come down to us, says, "In an artistic or poetical point of view, it is the poorest literature known." This consideration may lessen our regret that Scotland has no specimens to offer; indeed, Anglo-Saxon proper has no connection with Scotland. The earliest poets of both countries appear to have made their first attempts in Norman-French, or Romance language. The first Scot whom we find cultivating the poetic faculty, "in what was then the most cultivated language, excepting the Italian, in civilized Europe," was Everard, who, after having been a monk of Kirkham in Yorkshire, was by David I. made abbot of Holme-Cultraine, in Cumberland. He wrote a French translation of *The Distichs of Cato*, and a romance history of the passion of Christ. But the earliest undisputed specimen of the native vernacular is the two stanzas, preserved in Wyntoun's *Chronicle*, of an elegy on the death of Alexander III., and supposed to be contemporary with the event:—

"Quhen Alysandyr oure kyng wes dede,
That Scotland led in luive and le,¹
Away wes sons ² of ale and brede,
Of wyne and wax, of gamyn and gle:

Oure gold wes changyd into lede
Cryst, borne into virgynte
Succour Scotland, and remede,
That stad ³ is in perplexyte."

Although it is generally agreed that the fertile source of those romantic fables that have gravitated around the name of King Arthur was originally Welsh or Celtic, yet the earliest existing literature in

¹ Joy.

² Abundance.

³ Placed.

which they are preserved is the Romance, although most of their writers have been Englishmen. But when English sprung into existence full of youthful vigour, and began to supersede the Norman-French in the affections of the people, such was the popularity of the romance tales that they constituted the chief intellectual enjoyment of the nation ; and translations, metrical paraphrases, and recasts of them, in the popular language, were largely recited by the wandering minstrels who were the mediums between the authors and the public, and whose practised memories supplied the place of books, before the invention of printing. Robert Mannyng, or, as he is commonly called, Robert de Brunne, in the prologue to his *Chronicle*, supposed by Ritson to be finished about 1338, makes a reference to the Romance of Sir Tristrem, made by Thomas of Erceldoune, to the effect that

“ Ouer gestes it has the ‘steem,
Ouer all that is or was,
If men said it, as made Thomas.”

With this Romance, Scottish poetry may be said to make a fair start, although it must not be affirmed that Scotland's claim to it is yet admitted without question. We have also some other fragments of romances of the Arthurian series, which, on the authority of Wyntoun's *Chronicle*, were composed by Huchowne of the “awle ryale.” If the difficulty of the language were a sufficient test of priority, these would be our earliest specimens of poetry, as they are, no doubt, earlier specimens of the language than Sir Tristrem.

But, as Scott contends in his reply to the assertion that the *Inglis* of Sir Tristrem is not more quaint than that of De Brunne himself, who complains of its obscurity, our present version of that poem must have been greatly modernised from what Thomas made it, and is likely to have been taken down from the recitation of one of those minstrels to whom De Brunne attributes ignorance of its meaning, and the omission of “copples” (couplets). If to the foregoing we add the anonymous tale of *Ralph the Collier*, we include nearly all that has come down to us of what may be described as the first stage of Scottish poetry. That it shows no leaning on English precedents may be inferred from the admission of most English writers on the subject, that, as to language and versification, it is superior to the contemporary poetry of England.

The second stage, which may be made to include the names of Barbour, Wyntoun, and James the First, is a great advance not only in regard to the improvement in the art of poetry, and the great refinement

and harmony in the language, but especially in the subjects to which it is devoted. The country, in the interim, had undergone a political experience that made its existence as an independent nation an intensely practical question ; and that the earnestness and courage with which it repelled the determined attack upon its liberty are reflected with moderation and dignity, and a wonderful absence of vindictiveness, for the age, in the pages of Barbour, is admitted on all hands. The *King's Quair*, if less national, is more highly poetical, and is styled by Mr Ellis the most elegant poem produced during the early part of the fifteenth century. Neither Barbour nor Wyntoun makes any reference to Chaucer or any other English writer ; and although James I. acknowledges both Chaucer and Gower as his masters, yet he nowhere shows any dependence on them. Perhaps Henry the Minstrel should also be included in this stage, of which patriotic ardour may be said to be the chief characteristic.

If in the fourth stage we include Henryson, Dunbar, Lindsay, and Douglas as the chief singers, it will rank in the estimation of many as the Augustan age of Scottish literature. One of the chief characteristics of its poetry is the exposition which it makes of the vices of the clergy, and the withering sarcasms with which it attacks them. It may be doubted if any other weapons could be brought to bear on the mass of corruption that harboured in the church, with the same impunity, or with the same effect. Its reformation work was chiefly destructive, but that was the first necessity ; yet it must be admitted that poetry is, at all times, a better destructive than a constructive weapon. It has conservative elements, too, but they are not its most powerful ones. The corresponding age of English literature—that between Chaucer and Spenser—is barren of any great poets.

The next stage of our poetical literature—the Elizabethan age of that of England—is perhaps the most barren in our annals, and for more than a hundred years the most prominent names are Montgomery, Drummond, and the Earl of Stirling. It may be said that the nation's intense religious earnestness either suppressed or absorbed its poetic fervour, yet this, the most intensely Puritanic era of English history, is also that of Milton.

Hitherto, with the exception of *Blind Harry* and his minstrel brethren, whose names have faded into oblivion along with those effusions whose titles alone shared the lucky chance that saved *The Complaint of Scotland* and *Cocklebie's Sorrow* from the fate of their unknown authors, the

poets of Scotland belonged to the upper classes, or were reared in the church, which, too, was almost a monopoly of the nobility or their relatives. But when the departure of the court, on the union of the crowns, removed the gravitating centre of Scotland's political life, and the union with England did away with the remainder; when the church, which had latterly become the butt of the poet's satire, but which was formerly the harbour of the muse, was superseded by another, of too stern a mould to become either a butt or a bield; and when the trade capital of the nation was little over a million sterling, it is not to be wondered at if the poets of the class to whom political patronage or countenance was a necessity, became extinct, or followed their patrons over the border. But the beginning of the eighteenth century introduced a new order of poets, to whom the long previous poetical interregnum afforded more scope for originality, and which the political and ecclesiastical changes that took place made more dependent on the muse herself. In England, Pope had made what was then considered a fortune by his translation of Homer; and in Scotland, Allan Ramsay, in a humbler way, showed that the public were the best patrons of the poets.

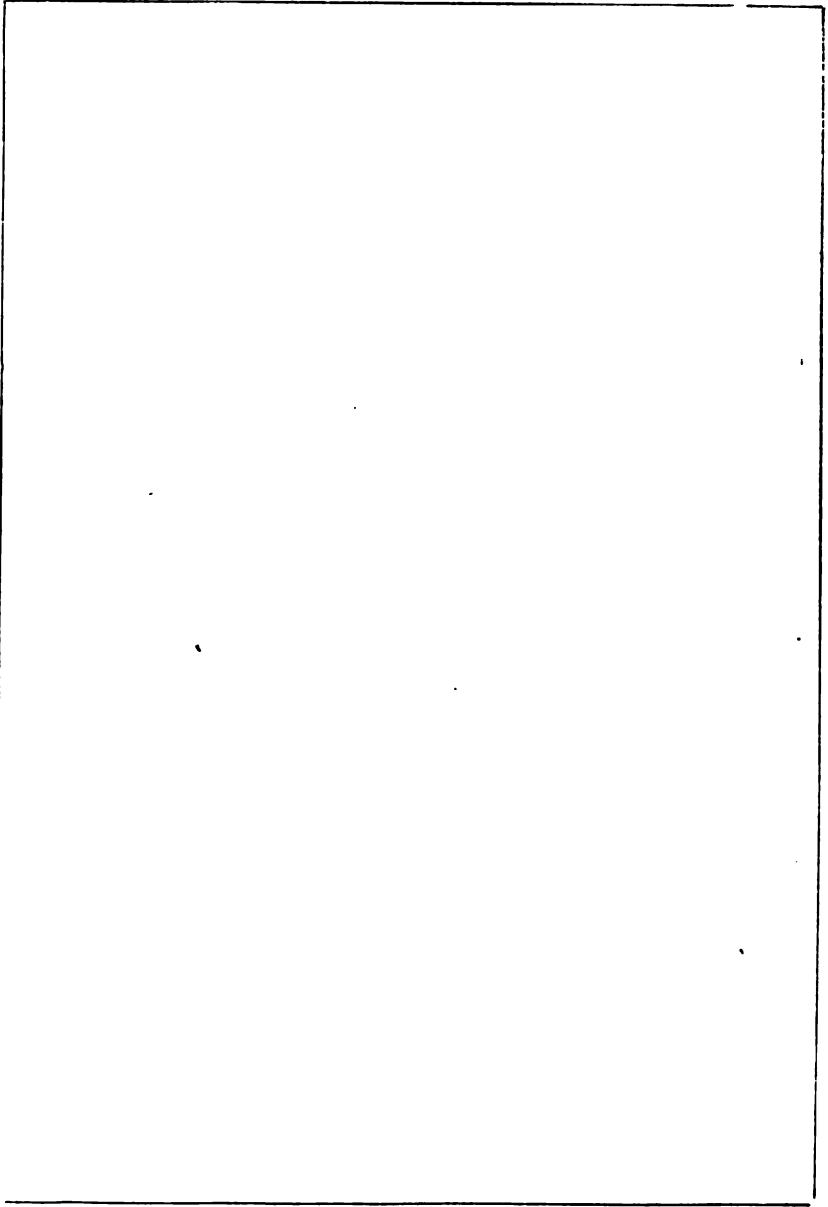
Alongside of Ramsay, who is properly considered the restorer of the native poetry, stands Thomson, who first led the English muse back to nature, after her long subjection to the prim tutelage and artificial elegancies of the wits of Queen Anne's reign, and with Beattie, Falconer, and Armstrong, vindicated Scotland's right, on her own merits, to a place in English literature. Ramsay has an additional claim to distinction as the first champion of the muse against the austerity of the presbytery, and as the strenuous advocate of the people's right to the enjoyment of harmless amusement untrammelled by the dictates of the kirk. In this stage Ferguson and Ross are conspicuous names, but its culmination was in Burns; and though it may not compare, in wealth of imaginative poetry, with what we have called the fourth stage, yet, making every allowance for the disadvantages which the earlier period suffers in the comparison, there can be little doubt that, taking the chief poet of each period, Burns soars as high above Dunbar as a poet, as he does as a man. In both respects, perhaps, the older poet was the most disadvantageously circumstanced; and considering his great genius and keen moral insight, it is difficult to come to any other conclusion than that his unfortunate circumstances degraded both his poetry and his manhood. Scotland, after her political vitality was absorbed in that of

England, showed that she was possessed of wonderful poetical energy. But intensely national as Burns is, he is as distinctively a catholic poet, who, stripped of the accidents of nationality, stands forth an embodiment of poetic elements such as are rarely combined in one individual; and this is the key to the fact, that, almost over all the world, he is the greatest definer and controller of the feelings and passions.

Scott may be taken as the central figure of the last group into which the poets of Scotland can be arranged; and a very distinguished group it is, in which Campbell, Hogg, Wilson, Leyden, Motherwell, and Tennant surround their poetical chief, without being dwarfed by his colossal proportions. The chief characteristic of this school of poetry, as represented by Scott's, is difficult summarily to define. As regards nationality, it cannot be said to be Scotch, in the sense commonly understood by that term, and yet that it is of Scotland is unmistakable. Then as to its classification as poetry, it does not come under any of the standard definitions; to use an architectural term, it is a composite which combines a graceful selection of all the old styles in harmonised proportions. Being largely objective, and full of incident, it pleases the imagination without any great strain on the attention, and is healthy and enjoyable beyond any other poetry except the *Odyssey*, which of all modern poetry it most resembles.

Tannahill, Lady Nairn, Macneill, and a few other song writers of this period, properly belong to the school of Burns; and though the first two may be said to have written songs which are almost equal to his, yet, to use a simile, they represent the first subsidation of that poetic wave of which he formed the crest.

If the foregoing imperfect survey of the poetry of Scotland be a fair summary of its history, we think that it cannot fairly be considered except as an independent and vigorous growth from its own roots, implanted in the national soil; that instead of being a parasite deriving its sustenance from the grand old oak of England, it is a stately Scotch fir, resounding with the breezes of its native mountains, in tones, if less varied and of smaller compass, yet none the less impressive in the depth of their pathos, and their weird intensity.



SCOTTISH POEMS AND POETS.

ANCIENT SECTION.

1250-1707.

THOMAS OF ERCELDOUNE.

1219?—1297?

THE traditional fame of Thomas, popularly called the Rhymer, is much greater than is warranted by anything that can now be attributed to him, if we except the romance of Sir Tristrem, which, from the solitary reference of De Brunne, could have no share in forming his reputation before its discovery by Ritson, and its publication by Scott in 1804. But for that discovery, there is little to entitle him to a place among the poets of Scotland, notwithstanding his popular name of Rhymer, which the facts bearing on the point leave somewhat doubtful whether he owed it to its being given him by his son and heir, in a charter by which he grants his estate to the convent of the Trinity House of Soltra in 1299, as a surname (*Rymour*); or, as Sir Walter Scott thinks, as an appendage indicating his poetical character. Sir Walter's conclusion is grounded on the assertion that surnames were not hereditary at the time, and the fact that his son designates himself simply Thomas of Erceuldoune.

His hold on the popular imagination is not inaptly compared by Irving to that which Orpheus held in the estimation of the Greeks. Scott, as might be expected of one who contained more romance in his own composition than tradition ascribes to the Rhymer, had, very early in his literary career, been attracted by his mystic renown, and to his writings it owes much of its present interest—perhaps its rescue from that oblivion into which all fame depending on tradition is destined to pass, when the popular mind has lost faith in the superstitious legends in which it is transmitted.

Scott's life of him, prefixed to the ballads of Thomas the Rhymer in the *Minstrelsy of the Border*, and that in his introduction to Sir Tristrem, are our chief data for the facts of his history. His designation, Thomas of Erceuldoune, he derives from the village of Erceuldoune (now Earlstoun, from having afterwards come into possession of the Earls of March), in Berwickshire, situated on the river Leader, about two miles from its

junction with the Tweed. He is likely to have been born here, but at what date has not been ascertained ; yet, from his having witnessed an undated charter by Peter de Haga of Bemersyde, who himself witnessed another undated charter granted by Richard de Morville while Constable of Scotland, between 1162 and 1189, Scott places it about 1219. That he was alive in 1286, the year of the death of Alexander III., is attested by his reputed prophecy of that event ; and that he was dead before 1299, is established by the fact of his son's disposing of the family estate in that year.

His celebrity as a prophet and a poet might not be sufficient guarantees for his being a person of much social importance, did not the other facts stated necessarily imply as much ; but whether he himself assumed the character of a prophet there is no evidence to show. That his opinions, in whatever form he may have published them, came to be regarded as prophecies shortly after his death, if not during his lifetime, is attested by the reference to them in Barbour's *Bruce* and Wyntoun's *Chronicle*, and in almost every writer who has had occasion to treat of Scottish affairs till so late as 1746, when he is referred to by Dougal Graham in his metrical history of the Rebellion, as having predicted the battle of Prestonpans.

Dempster, in his *Ecclesiastical History of Scotland*, in 1627, affirms that he derived his prophetic knowledge from Eliza, an inspired nun of Haddington, who was also distinguished as a poetess. His most famous prediction, that in reference to the death of Alexander III.,

is first related by Bower, the continuator of Fordun's *Chronicle*, and is to the following effect :—

On the evening before the fatal event, Thomas, who seems to have been on familiar terms with the Earl of March, is jocularly asked by his lordship, as a reputed prophet, what sort of weather it would be on the morrow ? when he received the following answer : “ Alas for to-morrow ! a day of calamity and misery ! Before the twelfth hour, shall be heard a blast so vehement, that it shall exceed all that have yet been heard in Scotland : a blast that shall strike the nations with amazement ; that shall confound those who hear it ; that shall humble what is lofty ; and that shall lay what is unbending level with the ground.” The Earl, on receiving this portentous reply, felt some anxiety, and on the morrow paid more than usual attention to the weather indications, until about the ninth hour, when, seeing no signs of the predicted storm, he and his attendants began to banter Thomas on the value of his prophetic skill. But just as the Earl sat down to dinner, and the dial almost told the hour of noon, a messenger arrived with the news of the king's death, which was immediately recognised as the fulfilment of the prophecy of Thomas, under the figurative announcement of a storm.

John Major in 1521, and Hector Boece in 1527, have both repeated the same story ; but the former adds the following caution : “ To this Thomas our countrymen have ascribed many predictions, and the common people of Britain yield no slight degree of credit to stories of his nature, which I for the most

part am accustomed to treat with ridicule."

Boece appears to be the first who puts on record the tradition that his surname was Learmonth; and Scott, who does not think it can have been borne by the seer himself, sees no improbability in its having become the surname of his descendants, and produces a genealogical memorandum, found in the offices of the clerks of session, tracing the family of Learmonth of Balcomie in Fife to "the Laird of Erselmont in the Mers." From *Historical Notices of the Burgh of Crail*, we learn that the first Learmonth of Balcomie was Sir John Learmonth, whose eldest son, Sir James, became a Lord of Session, by the title of Lord Balcomie, in 1627. He died suddenly while sitting on the Bench in 1657.

The following, which also bears upon the Learmonth question, is from a chap book entitled the *Prophecies of Thomas the Rhymer*, and may be taken as a specimen of the traditional information that was current regarding him and his prophecies during the commotions of 1745-6. It is very likely from the pen of Dougal Graham, the metrical historian of the Rebellion. "Sir Thomas Learmant, commonly called Thomas the Rhymer, was born in the east corner of Fife, of a good family. His prophecies have been more credited than any that were ever recorded in the *Scots Chronicle*, as they have been well attested, what of them is past, and what they allude to in this present century and period, and of his dark sayings yet to come. He told many mystical prophecies anent all the kings of Europe, and what fell

out according to his prediction in this ancient kingdom of Scotland—what is past, present, and to come. This brief account is taken from the Record of Cryle (Crail), near which place he was born and brought up. His father was said to be Laird of Balcomie, and the records of that family are extant in the rolls." Then follows a somewhat different version of the prophecy in reference to the death of Alexander III., and some others which we do not find quoted elsewhere. The first is in reference to the battle of Sheriffmuir, regarding which the Rhymer is made to say:—

"That three ships and a shield
That day shall keep the field,
And be the antelope's build." (bield?).

The three ships are explained to mean the arms of Argyle. Then comes the following in reference to the Rebellion of 1745, of which it is alleged he predicted every particular:—

"A chieftain unchosen
Shall choose forth himself
And the realm as his own."

"When speaking of the battle of Prestonpans in the year 1745, he names the very two neighbouring villages to the spot of ground whereon it was fought, viz., Coyleford-green and Seton, saying,—'Between Seton and the sea sorrow should be wrought by the light of the moon,'—which act really came to pass that morning the battle of Prestonpans was fought."

The naiveté of the following is charming when put into the mouth of one whose property was, possibly at his own request, given to the church. "When speaking of King Charles, he calls him

'A sly fox-bird, who would turn to Christ with the wyles of tods and foxes,'—meaning his swearing to the covenants." After some others of minor importance, comes one in reference to the Union:—

"When HEMP is come and also gone,
Scotland and England shall be one.

"(H)enry VIII., (E)dward VI.,
(M)ary, (P)hilip of Spain, (E)lizabeth.

HEMP.

"Praised be God alone,
For HEMP is come and gone,
And left us old Albion
By peace joined in one.

"The explication of the foregoing prophecy concerning HEMP being come and gone, leaving Scotland and England joined in one, is fulfilled in the late King William, who came out of Holland, which in old times was vulgarly called the land of Hemp."

"From clear-skied France and muddy Zuyder-Zee,

They come, replenished with the stores
of trade;

Some, from the Hollander of lumpish knee,
Convey his lintseed, stowed in bag or
cade;

Heaven bless him! may his breeches count-
less be,

And warm and thick, and ever undecayed!
For it was he that first supplied the Scots

With linen for their sarks, and stout frieze for
their coats."—*Anster Fair*.

Scott, in corroboration of the Learmonth tradition, quotes a prophecy, which he says is still current in Teviotdale, in the following couplet:—

"The hare sall kittle on my hearth stane,
And there will never be a laird Learmont
again."

He also records, that a right of sepulture

is still claimed in Earlstoun churchyard by persons of the name of Learmont; and that a stone in the church wall bears the inscription—

"Auld Rymer's race Lies in this place."

At the times of the two unions, that of the crowns and that of the nations, the prophecies of Thomas stood at their highest repute. The Earl of Stirling, in dedicating his *Monarchie Tragedies* to James VI., compliments his sapient majesty thus:—

"The world long'd for thy birth three hundreth
yeeres,
Since first foretold, wrapt in propheticke
rimes."

They are also referred to by Drummond of Hawthornden, as pointing to James; but the most notable reference is that of Archbishop Spottiswoode, who, in his *History of the Church of Scotland*, represents them as "having foretold so many ages before the union of England and Scotland in the ninth degree of the Bruce's blood, with the succession of Bruce himself to the crown, being yet a child; and other divers particulars, which the event hath ratified and made good." To this he adds the prophecy regarding the King's death, almost as quoted from Bower's Continuation of Fordun's *Chronicle*. The "honest but credulous" archbishop, by "the prophecies extant in Scottish rhyme," from which he quotes, refers to a collection, entitled "*The whole Prophecies of Scotland, England, Ireland, France, and Denmark*, prophesied by Thomas Rymer, marvellous Merling, Beid, Berlington, Waldhave, Eltrain, Bannester, and Sybilla," printed in 1603, but

which must have existed, to some extent, in the 14th century, when two lines of the beginning of it are quoted in *Ralph the Collier*. It is also quoted more than once by Lindsay, in the 16th century. In an edition published by Andro Hart at Edinburgh in 1615, occurs the lines relied on by Spottiswoode in reference to the Union. They are shown by Lord Hailes to be an interpolation of a prediction regarding the return of the Duke of Albany from France in 1515, adapted to suit the event of the succession of James VI. to the crown of England, which had recently taken place. Such has been the popularity of this collection, that it has often been republished in chap-book form; but, as Scott remarks, it has "so often been vamped and revamped, to serve the political purposes of different periods, that it may be shrewdly suspected that, as in the case of Sir John Cutler's transmigrated stockings, very little of the original material now remains." The earliest prophecy attributed to him which is found in writing, is one contained in a manuscript in the Harleian Library, supposed by Pinkerton to be of the time of Edward I. or II., but by Scott to be somewhat later. It is in the form of an answer to a question put to him in French by the celebrated black Agnes of Dunbar as to when the Scottish wars should cease.

"La Countesse de Donbar demande a Thomas de Essedoune quant la guerre d'Escoce prendreit fyn. E yl l'a re-poundy et dyt—

"When man is mad a kyng of a capped man;
When man is levee other mones thyng than
his owen;

When longe thouys forest ant forest is felde;
When hares kendles o' the her'ston;
When Wyt and Wille werres togedere;
When mon makes stables of kyrkes and
steles castels with styes;
When Rokesboroughe nys no burgh ant
market is at Forwyleye;
When Bambourne is donged with dede men;
When men ledes men in ropes to buyen and
to sellen;
When a quarter of whaty whete is chaunged
for a colt of ten markes;
When prude (pride) prikes and pees is leyd
in prisoun;
When a Scot ne me hym hude ase hare in
forme that the English ne shall hym
fynde;
When rycht ant wronge astente the to-
gedere;
When laddes weddeth lovedies;
When Scottes flen so fast, that for faute of
shep hy drowneth themselfe;
When shal this be?
Nouthur in thine tyme ne in mine;
Ah comen ant gone
Withinne twenty winter ant one."

Scott treats the prophecy as a forgery, contrived for the encouragement of the English invaders, and written by some one in their interest to work on the superstition of the Scots; its tendency being to aver that the war should only cease with the conquest of Scotland.

But perhaps the most romantic aspect of the history of Thomas is that in which popular superstition has shrouded him — happily not a repulsive one which makes his case even more exceptional than that of Michael Scott. The common belief was that he was carried off at an early age to Fairyland by the Queen of Faëry, and was permitted to revisit his home at the end of seven years, but only on condition of returning when his royal mistress should intimate her pleasure. While, one

day, making merry with some friends in the tower of Erceldoune, a person came and told them that a hart and hind, from the neighbouring forest, were slowly parading the street of the village. Thomas at once left the house and followed the animals back to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. It was also believed that, after he *dread his weird* (fulfilled his destiny), he would again revisit the earth.

In none of the prophecies attributed to him is it assumed that he is himself the narrator, and from the manner of his introduction, as "the busteous beirne on the bent" (the huge man on the wild), it might be supposed that his appearance was supernatural, and long after his disappearance as a natural inhabitant of the earth. There are at least three MSS. of about the 15th century giving an account of his abstraction by the Queen of Fairyland; but their language being somewhat obscure, the more modern ballad (Part I.), given in the *Minstrelsy of the Border*, is more suitable as a popular account of it. Part II., which follows, is a ballad of his principal prophecies.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART FIRST.

True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
A ferlie he spied wi' his ee;
And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane,
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas, he pull'd aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee,
"All hail, thou mighty queen of heaven!
For thy peer on earth I never did see."—

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said;
"That name does not belang to me;
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas," she said;
"Harp and carp along wi' me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be."—

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird* shall never daunt me."
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon tree.

"Now, ye maun go wi' me," she said;
"True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro' weal or woe as may chance to be."

She mounted on her milk-white steed;
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind;
And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on;
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Until they reach'd a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down, now, true
Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee;
Abide and rest a little space,
And I will shew you ferlies three.

"O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

* That weird, &c.—That destiny shall never frighten me.

" And see ye not that braid braid road,
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

" And see not ye that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

" But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For, if you speak a word in Elflin land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain coun-
trie."

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon
the knee,

And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk mirk night, and there was
nae stern light,

And they waded through red blude to
the knee;

For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree¹—

" Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;
It will give thee the tongue that can
never lie."

" My tongue is mine ain," true Thomas
said;

" A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.

" I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."—
" Now hold thy peace!" the lady said,
" For as I say, so must it be."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

PART SECOND.

[Constructed from the Ancient Prophecies.]

When seven years were come and gane,
The sun blinked fair on pool and stream;
And Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,
Like one awaken'd from a dream.

He heard the trampling of a steed,
He saw the flash of armour flee,
And he beheld a gallant knight
Come riding down by the Eildon-tree.

He was a stalwart knight, and strong;
Of giant make he 'pear'd to be;
He stirr'd his horse, as he were wode,
Wi' gilded spurs, of faushion free.

Says—" Well met, well met, true Thomas!
Some uncouth ferlies show to me."—

Says—" Christ thee save, Corspatrick
brave!

Thrice welcome, good Dunbar, to me!

" Light down, light down, Corspatrick
brave!

And I will show thee curses three,
Shall gar fair Scotland greet and grane,
And change the green to the black
liverie.

" A storm shall roar this very hour,
From Ross's hills to Solway sea."—

" Ye lied, ye lied, ye warlock hoar!
For the sun shines sweet on fauld and
lea."

¹ The traditional commentary upon this ballad informs us, that the apple was the produce of the fatal Tree of Knowledge, and that the garden was the terrestrial paradise. The repugnance of Thomas to be debarred the use of falsehood, when he might find it convenient, has a comic effect.

He put his hand on the earlie's head ;
 He showed him a rock beside the sea,
 Where a king lay stiff beneath his steed,¹
 And steel-dight nobles wiped their ee.

"The neist curse lights on Branxton
 hills :
 By Flodden's high and heathery side,
 Shall wave a banner red as blude,
 And chieftains throng wi' meikle pride.

"A Scottish king shall come full keen,
 The ruddy lion beareth he ;
 A feather'd arrow sharp, I ween,
 Shall make him wink and warre to see.

"When he is bloody, and all to bledde,
 Thus to his men he still shall say—
 'For God's sake, turne ye back again,
 And give yon southern folk a fray !
 Why should I lose the right is mine?
 My doom is not to die this day.'²

"Yet turn ye to the eastern hand,
 And woe and wonder ye shall see ;
 How forty thousand spearmen stand,
 Where yon rank river meets the sea.

"There shall the lion lose the gyle,
 And the libbards bear it clean away ;
 At Pinkyn Cleuch there shall be spilt
 Much gentil bluid that day."—

"Enough, enough, of curse and ban ;
 Some blessings show thou now to me,
 Or, by the faith o' my bodie," Corspatrick
 said,
 "Ye shall rue the day ye e'er saw
 ' me."—

¹ King Alexander, killed by falling over a cliff, near Kinghorn, in Fife.

² The uncertainty which long prevailed in Scotland concerning the fate of James IV. is well known.

"The first of blessings I shall thee show,
 Is by a burn, that's called of bread ;¹
 Where Saxon men shall tine the bow,
 And find their arrows lack the head.

"Beside that brigg, out ower that burn,
 Where the water bickereth bright and
 sheen,
 Shall many a falling courser spurn,
 And knights shall die in battle keen.

"Beside a headless cross of stone,
 The libbards there shall lose the gree ;
 The raven shall come, the erne shall go,
 And drink the Saxon bluid sae free.
 The cross of stone they shall not know,
 So thick the corpses there shall be."—

"But tell me now," said brave Dunbar,
 "True Thomas, tell now unto me,
 What man shall rule the isle Britain,
 Even from the north to the southern
 sea?"

"A French queen shall bear the son,
 Shall rule all Britain to the sea ;
 He of the Bruce's blood shall come,
 As near as in the ninth degree.

"The waters worship shall his race ;
 Likewise the waves of the farthest sea ;
 For they shall ride o'er ocean wide,
 With hempen bridles, and horse of tree."

But it is as the author of Sir Tristrem
 that he has excited that modern curiosity
 which has given rise to a not inconsider-
 able literature of itself, and revived an

¹ One of Thomas's rhymes, preserved by tradition, runs thus :

"The burn of breid
 Shall run fow reid."

Bannock-burn is the brook here meant. The Scots give the name of bannock to a thick round cake of unleavened bread.

interest in our early romances, which has led to their reinvestigation and study with greater critical exactness and thoroughness than had previously been applied to them. To do more than briefly indicate the chief points of the controversy to which the authorship and the nationality of Sir Tristrem has given rise, would here be out of place.

This now famous romance was discovered in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, by Ritson, the well-known antiquarian, and forms part of a vellum manuscript volume presented to the Library in 1744 by a judge of the Court of Session, Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, father of James Boswell, Johnson's biographer, and thence called the Auchinleck MS. It contains upwards of forty poems, and fragments of poems, an account of which is given by Scott as an appendix to the introduction to Sir Tristrem. The volume has been much mutilated from the cutting out of the illuminated initials; and the concluding stanzas of Sir Tristrem are lost, but have been supplied, in the published copy, by Scott, after a French romance of the same name, with which it corresponds.

The subject, it is admitted, was a favourite one with the romance writers, and appears to have occupied the pens of the early poets of France, Germany, Denmark, and Iceland, before the time of Thomas; and in 1821 a German professor, in a work on the literature of the Middle Ages, has produced a Greek poem on the Knights of the Round Table, of which Sir Tristrem is a conspicuous member. But for the unsupported evidence of Robert Mannyng, an

English monk, a native of Malton, in Yorkshire, who translated into English rhyme the French Chronicle of England, by Peter de Langtoft, a canon of Bridlington, while resident in the Priory of Brunne, and hence called Robert de Brunne, there was nothing to connect Thomas of Erceldoune with the authorship of Sir Tristrem before the discovery of the Auchinleck MS. De Brunne began his *Chronicle* in 1303, about seven years after the death of Thomas, and may therefore be considered a contemporary, and, from the ecclesiastical intimacy between the churches of the north of England and the south of Scotland, may be supposed to be well acquainted with Scottish affairs. His reference is as follows:—

"I see in song, in sedgeyng tale
Of Erceldoun and of Kendale,
Non tham says as thai tham wrought,
And in ther sayng it semes noght.
That may thou here in Sir Tristrem;
Ouer gestes it hes the 'steem,
Ouer all that is or was,
If men it sayd as made Thomas;
Bot I here it no man so say,
That of som copple som is away.
So thare fayre saying here beforene
Is thare trauayle nere forlorne.
Thai sayd it for pride and noblye,
That non were suylik as thei,
And alle that thai wild ouerwhere,
All that ilk wille now forfare.
Thai sayd in so quainte Inglis
That manyone wate not what it is."

There is considerable obscurity about some parts of this, and, consequently, some diversity of opinion as to its exact meaning; but it may be taken as establishing the fact, that the author was acquainted with a romance of Sir Tristrem that was held in higher esteem

than any other known to him ; that its author's name was Thomas ; and that the minstrels, the reciters of it, were in the habit of repeating it imperfectly, and with omissions, on account of its quaint English. That he heard no man say it as Thomas made it, implies that he must have seen it as made, in writing, or have heard Thomas himself recite it—by no means an impossibility, as he became a monk in 1288, eight years before the death of Thomas.

But the principal difficulty lies in the manner in which the names, Erceldoune and Kendale, are coupled. Warton, in referring to the matter, remarks, that they are written as if they were names of romances, and adds, "that of the latter he finds no traces in our ancient literature." The former, he supposes, may refer to Thomas of Erceldoune, or Ashelington, who wrote prophecies like Merlin, and refers to the MS. romance in the library of Lincoln Cathedral, entitled *Thomas of Erceldown*, the introduction of which is as follows :—

" Lystnys, lordyngs, bothe grete and small,
And takis gude tente what I will say :
I sall yow telle als trewe a tale,
Als euer was herde by nyghte or daye.

And the maste meruelle florowtyn naye,
That euer was herde byfore or syen,
And therefore pristly I yow praye,
That ye will of youre talkyng blyn.

It es an harde thyng for to saye,
Of doghety dedis that hase been done ;
Of felle feghtyngs and battels sere ;
And how that knyghtis hasse wonne thair
schone.

But Ihesu Christ, that sittis in trone,
Safe Inglysche bothe ferre and nere ;
And I sall telle yow tyte and sone,
Of batells done sythen many a yere ;

And of batells that done sall bee ;
In what place, and how and whare ;
And wha shall have the heghere gree ;
And whethir partye sall hafe the werre.

Wha sall take the flyghte and flee ;
And wha sall dye and byleue there ;
But Ihesu Christ, that dyed on tre,
Sawe Inglysche men whare so they fare."

Ritson also failed to find any trace of Kendale ; but Sir Frederick Madden, who ranges himself on the side of those who consider the claims of Thomas of Erceldoune to Sir Tristrem as apocryphal, says, in his notes to Sir Gawayne, &c., Bannatyne Club, 1839, that a passage in the unedited portion of De Brunne shows Kendale's Christian name was also Thomas, and that he wrote a tale about Flayn, the brother of the giant Skardying, the lord of Scarborough Castle ; "a piece of information," he adds, "which I believe to be new to all writers on the subject." It would have been more satisfactory had he given the passage ; but since he has withheld it, we may conclude that it does not help his side of the controversy. Instead of stating his belief that Sir Tristrem is not the work of a native of Scotland, it would have been more ingenuous to have given the grounds on which he came to this conclusion. Besides, his great authority is here much weakened by the way in which, in his notes and glossary, he exhibits his animus against Dr Jamieson. Mr Price, the editor of Warton's *History of English Poetry*, has shown that Scott was in error in claiming, unwittingly, for his Thomas a fame on the continent which belongs to Thomas of Brittany ; but that does not affect the authorship of the

Scottish Sir Tristrem. His objection to Scott's supplying the missing word in the first line of the poem, he does not support by suggesting any word that would suit the measure or the rhyme, and *Erceldoune* suits both. But the fact of the first line being used as a catch-line at the bottom of the preceding page is conclusive on this point.

The argument from the language not answering to De Brunne's description of "*quainte Inglis*," is equally forcible against an English authorship. It would remove a difficulty on both sides if we suppose *Kendale* to be the mysterious "*Y*" who was at *Erceldoune*, and there

spake with *Tomas* and heard *rede in rounne* (told conversationally) "who Tristrem gat and bare." It is a singular coincidence that all manuscripts in reference to Thomas should be English ones, and that they all coincide in speaking of him in the third person, and yet all agree in making him the author of that of which the first person is only the narrator. Can it be that Thomas' papers shared the fate of the national records at the hands of Edward I.? We find a namesake, John Rymour, a freeholder of Berwickshire, in the list of those who did homage to Edward in 1296.

THE STORY OF SIR TRISTREM.

[Constructed from the Romance.]

THE writer, or reciter, relates that being at *Erceldoune*, he there spake with Thomas, and heard read the story of Sir Tristrem's birth, lineage, and adventures. After making some Nestor-like reflections on the changes of the times, he enters upon a description of a war between two chiefs whose territories, for convenience' sake, we may locate in Wales, or what was anciently *Cumbria*. The one is named Duke Morgan, and the other *Rouland Rise*, Lord of *Ermonie*. The war inclines in favour of the latter; however, they agree to a truce for seven years, and resolve to visit together the court of Mark, King of Cornwall. Here, at a tournament in which the Lord of *Ermonie* distinguishes himself, he captivates the heart of the fair *Blaunche Flour*, the sister of the king. She, being skilled in medicine, on pretence of curing a wound of which he was suffering, visits *Rouland* in

his chamber, and to this interview Tristrem owes his birth. Duke Morgan, who appears to have returned from Cornwall before *Rouland*, breaks the truce and invades *Ermonie*. *Rohand*, a faithful vassal, writes *Rouland* of this breach of faith, and he returns accompanied by *Blaunche Flour*, whom he marries on his arrival at the castle of *Rohand*. Morgan advances with a large army, and a sanguinary battle ensues, in which *Rouland* falls through treachery, after having achieved prodigies of valour. *Blaunche Flour* receives tidings of his death at the time of Tristrem's birth, and having consigned her child to the care of *Rohand*, along with a ring well known to King Mark, his uncle, she expires.

Morgan seizes *Ermonie*, and *Rohand* is constrained to yield him a feigned submission; but, to secure the safety of young Tristrem, he brings him up as his

own child, and changes his name to Tramtris. He is carefully educated and trained in all knightly accomplishments, in which he excels. When he is fifteen years old, a Norwegian ship, freighted with hawks and treasure, calls at the port. The captain challenges any one to play him a match at chess for twenty shillings. Rohand and his sons, and along with them Tristrem and his tutor, go on board the vessel. Tristrem wins six hawks and a hundred pounds, and continues the game after Rohand and his sons have left the ship. To avoid paying his losses, the captain put to sea with Tristrem and his tutor on board, but the latter is put ashore in a boat. After being at sea for nine weeks, they are overtaken by a violent tempest, which the sailors considering due to their treatment of Tristrem, they restore all his winnings and rich gifts besides, and land him in an unknown country, which he soon discovers to be Cornwall. After several adventures, he is presented to the king, in consequence of his skill in the art of breaking up a stag, with which King Mark is highly delighted. Tristrem's skill in hunting, in playing the harp, and in other amusements of the court, make him a favourite with Mark, who regards him, under his assumed name, as the son of Rohand.

Rohand is in the meantime inconsolable for his loss, and searches for him through seven kingdoms, but at length traces him to the court of Cornwall. He informs King Mark of Tristrem's real history, who is convinced by the production of the ring of Blaunche Flour. Tristrem is then acknowledged as the king's nephew, and for the first time learns the secret of his parentage, and the particulars of his father's death. Having been knighted by his uncle, he determines to recover his paternal possessions, and with a thousand

men, furnished him by the king, he sails for Ermonie, and takes up his residence at the castle of Rohand.

After some time he presents himself disguised at the court of Duke Morgan, accompanied by fifteen of his knights. Morgan demands his name and business, which leads to an angry altercation, in which Tristrem throws off his disguise, and is struck by Morgan. He draws his sword, and Rohand having at that instant appeared with his followers, an engagement ensues, in which Morgan is slain and his followers routed. Sir Tristrem, of course, recovers his paternal dominions, and after conferring them on Rohand as his vassal, he returns to Cornwall. On his arrival, he finds Mark in great perplexity on account of a demand made upon him by the King of Ireland for a yearly tribute of three hundred pounds of gold, silver, and tin, and every fourth year three hundred children. Tristrem advises the king and his council to dismiss the claim, and undertakes to intimate to the Irish ambassador, Moraunt, a knight of gigantic size and renown, that no tribute is due. Moraunt gives Tristrem the lie direct, whereupon they exchange gages of battle, and retire to a small island to decide the combat. Tristrem turns his boat adrift, saying one would suffice for the return of the victor. A terrible combat ensues, in which the Irishman is slain, and Tristrem wounded in the thigh. As a mark of gratitude for having saved the country from so humiliating an exaction, Tristrem is declared his uncle's heir to the crown of Cornwall; but his wound, which was inflicted by a poisoned weapon, becomes so offensive that no one can abide the stench, and he is deserted by all save his faithful servant Gouvernail.

In this forlorn condition, Tristrem de-

termines to leave Cornwall, and for that purpose obtains a ship from the king, in which, with Gouvernayl as his sole companion, and his harp as his only solace, he sets sail from Carlioun, and, after tossing about for nine weeks at sea, he is at length driven into Dublin harbour. Having learned that he was in Ireland, and knowing that Mourant whom he had slain was a brother of the Queen of Ireland, he resolves to assume his disguised name of Tramtris, and give out that he is a merchant who had been attacked by pirates at sea, who slew the rest of his companions, and wounded himself. He soon wins the good will and admiration of the Irish by his skill upon the harp and as a chess-player; and they swore by St Patrick, that if he were in health, "He were a miri man." His fame soon reached the ears of the queen, who resolves to pay him a visit. Having satisfied herself of his wonderful dexterity at chess, and his skill in music, she undertakes to cure his wound (for she is skilled in medicine), and by the use of a medicated bath he is restored to health. He is then invited to court, and undertakes to instruct the beautiful princess Ysonde in minstrelsy and poetry, in which she delighted. He soon makes her so accomplished in those elegant arts, and so skilful at chess and other courtly games, that she excels every person in Ireland except her preceptor. Having remained a year in Ireland, Tristrem returns to Cornwall, regretted by the queen, and loaded with presents, to the great joy and astonishment of the Cornish.

In giving his uncle an account of his reception in Ireland, and his cure by the queen, he praises the beauty and accomplishments of Ysonde so highly that Mark falls in love with her. His counsellors, jealous of Tristrem's power, urge him to

send him to Dublin to ask the hand of Ysonde. Tristrem at first objects; but to show the nobility that he is not influenced by selfish motives as the king's heir in persuading him against the match, he at length consents.

Accompanied by a chosen body of knights, he takes his departure in a vessel richly laden with presents for the king, the queen, and the princess Ysonde. But on their arrival at Dublin they find the people in the greatest consternation on account of the ravages of a monstrous dragon. So great is the terror inspired by the approach of this monster, that the king offers the hand of the beautiful Ysonde to him who shall slay it. Tristrem undertakes the perilous adventure, and in the first encounter breaks his spear and loses his horse. Having offered up a short prayer, he renews the combat on foot with his sword, and after a terrible struggle, in which the dragon vomits forth flames of fire, Tristrem kills him, and cuts out his tongue, which he puts in his hose. But he had not proceeded about ten paces when he falls down insensible from the effects of the poison. The king's steward chancing to pass that way, cuts off the dragon's head, and, carrying it to court, demands the hand of the princess. Ysonde and the queen, distrusting his story, visit the scene of the encounter, and there find the real champion, and restore him to his senses by the application of treacle. Tristrem vindicates his claim to the victory by producing the dragon's tongue, and offers to make good his right against the steward in single combat. Having again feigned the character of a merchant, Ysonde regrets that he is not a knight; yet, admiring his handsome bearing and his bravery, they conduct him to a bath, and while the queen is getting a drink of "main,"

Ysonde suspects him to be her old preceptor Tramtris. In trying to satisfy herself of his identity, she happens to examine his sword, and finds it to have a piece broken off corresponding to a fragment found in the skull of her uncle Moraunt, from which she concludes that its owner must have slain him. In this belief she rushes on him with his own sword, but the queen entering at that instant, she has to explain to her the cause of her resentment, and both ladies would have despatched him then, but for the timely arrival of the king. Tristrem admits having slain Moraunt, but contends that it was in fair fight, and, smiling upon Ysonde, reminds her of his services to her as her preceptor. Perceiving that his candour had made a favourable impression, he explains his mission, and it is finally arranged that he shall escort Ysonde to Cornwall, as the affianced of his uncle, King Mark.

On their departure, the queen entrusts Brengwain, Ysonde's maid, with a love potion, to be given to the king and his bride on the evening of their marriage; but in consequence of adverse winds on the voyage, they are forced to use their oars, and Tristrem being fatigued with rowing, Ysonde calls for a drink to refresh him, when Brengwain, inadvertently, presents the fatal potion, and Tristrem and Ysonde unwittingly partake of it. In consequence, a violent passion seizes them, which proves the source of all their after misfortunes. The vessel at length arrives, and Ysonde and Mark are married; but not long after, an Irish earl, a former lover of Ysonde's, appears at court disguised as a minstrel, bearing a harp of curious workmanship, on which he refuses to play unless Mark grant him a boon. The king rashly pledges his knighthood to grant his request, and the cunning harper demands Ysonde in fulfilment of his promise. See-

ing no alternative between becoming a forsworn knight and giving up his wife, Mark decides upon the latter, and the disguised earl carries off the queen to his ship. Tristrem, on his return from the chase, rates his uncle on his folly; and, taking up his ivory rote, repairs to the shore near to where the vessel lies ready to sail, and plays so skilfully that Ysonde is overpowered, and feigns sickness in order to be put on shore; which being done, Tristrem mounts her on a horse, and, mounting another himself, they suddenly disappear in a neighbouring forest, leaving the earl to reflect that whom he gained by the harp he lost by the rote. After a seven nights' sojourn in the forest, Tristrem restores Ysonde to his uncle, advising him in future to give minstrels other gifts.

Mark, who is of an easy good-natured disposition, manifests no jealousy of his nephew's attachment to the queen for a long time; but at length his suspicions are excited through the repeated instigations of Meriadock, a companion knight of Tristrem's. Ysonde, to prove her innocence, consents to undergo the fiery ordeal, and Tristrem takes to flight. The trial by fire is appointed to be held at Westminster; and when about to cross the Thames, the queen recognises her lover in the disguise of a peasant, and requests that he may carry her from the shore to the vessel in which they are to cross the river. When the oath, preparatory to the ordeal, is administered, she swears that no other man than her husband had used greater familiarity with her than the peasant who bore her from the shore to the vessel. Mark, who does not see the equivocation, is satisfied, forgoes the application of the test, and again receives her into favour.

Meanwhile, Tristrem retires into Wales,

where he enters the service of King Triamour, whose daughter, Blanche Flour, is sought in marriage by a gigantic knight named Urgan, the brother of Duke Morgan, whom Tristrem defeated and slew. Urgan's suit being rejected, he resents the affront by seizing Triamour's dominions and besieging him in his castle. Triamour offers Tristrem his possessions if he can recover them from the enemy. The champions meet in single combat, and after a dreadful encounter, in which Urgan, upon being pierced through the body, springs over a bridge in his agony. Tristrem generously resigns his claim to Triamour's dominions in favour of Blanche Flour, but accepts of a beautiful dog called Peticrew, coloured red, green, and blue, which he sends as a present to Ysonde. His uncle, having heard of his exploits in Wales, recalls him, and confers on him the office of high steward. But nothing could eradicate the effects of the spell that bound Tristrem and the queen to one another, and their old relations being resumed, Mark's forbearance became at length exhausted, and they are banished from his presence. They take up their residence in a cave in the forest, and live upon the produce of the chase.

About a twelvemonth after their banishment, Mark, while hunting in the forest, is directed by his attendants to the cave where the lovers are found fast asleep, with Tristrem's unsheathed sword laid between them. From this circumstance Mark infers their innocence, and, leaving his glove, departs without disturbing them. They are soon after recalled and again received into royal favour; but nothing could break the force of the spell, and Tristrem is again banished, this time alone, for Ysonde is reconciled to the king.

Tristrem, to drown the anguish of

his separation from her, engages in the most desperate enterprises—travels into Spain where he kills three giants, and then returns to Ermonie, where the sons of Rohand offer to restore his paternal domains, but this he declines, and seeks new adventures in Brittany, the duke of which country was then at war. By the assistance of Tristrem he soon overcomes his enemies. The duke has a lovely daughter of the same name with the Queen of Cornwall, but distinguished from the latter as *Ysonde with the White Hand*. Tristrem having made a song in praise of his mistress, Ysonde with the White Hand, from the identity of their names, concludes that she herself is the object of his affections, and informs her father, who thereupon offers Tristrem the hand of his daughter. After considering the unlikelihood of his ever again obtaining the object of his desires, and the impropriety of their past intercourse, he decides on accepting it. The marriage takes place accordingly; but while he is being led to the bridal chamber, Tristrem drops from his finger the ring given him by the Queen of Cornwall. This incident awakens his suppressed attachment to his former mistress, and the remembrance of her fidelity to him, and he resolves to leave his marriage with the Princess of Brittany unconsummated. The duke is satisfied with Tristrem's explanation of his conduct, and bestows upon him extensive territories near the castle of a savage giant called Beliaog, said to be a brother of those three knights Morgan, Moraunt, and Urgan, whom Tristrem slew. As might be expected, Tristrem was not long in seeking an encounter with such a neighbour. Following his hounds one day into Beliaog's grounds, he is observed by the giant, who, learning his name, threatens to avenge upon him the death

of his brothers. A fierce contest ensues, in which the giant is worsted, and has a foot cut off. Tristrem consents to spare his life on condition of his building a hall in honour of Ysonde and Brengwain. This condition he executes in the most magnificent manner, and employs the most skilful sculptors, when the hall is erected, to furnish it with the most exquisite and life-like statues, representing the incidents of the life of Tristrem.

Ganhardin, a brother of Ysonde with the White Hand, displeased at Tristrem's behaviour toward his sister, remonstrates with him, when he is informed by the knight that he gives up all claims upon her, being previously in love with a lady thrice as fair. Instead of resentment, this declaration only excites Ganhardin's curiosity to see the lady in question; and instead of his foe, he becomes the attached friend of Tristrem. After visiting the castle of Belagog together, Ganhardin falls in love with Brengwain from seeing her statue, and the two set out for England in quest of their loves.

After Tristrem's last flight from Cornwall, Canados, his successor in the stewardship, aspired to succeed him in the affections of the queen. He informed her that Tristrem had proved false to her, and married the daughter of the Duke of Brittany. She, to soothe the melancholy caused by this intelligence, rides into the forest in company with Brengwain, and there they meet Tristrem and Ganhardin. Ysonde is reconciled to Tristrem, and Ganhardin is betrothed to Brengwain; but their movements are watched by Canados, who employs a spy, and raises a force to take his rival prisoner. They are apprised of their danger by Gouvernail, but are compelled to fly in different directions. The queen and Brengwain return to court, and Ganhardin returns to Brittany; but Tris-

trem remains in Cornwall disguised as a beggar, and manages to communicate with the queen. Brengwain, who is present at one of their interviews, upbraids him for his precipitate retreat before the forces of Canados in the forest; and he, to vindicate his courage, requests that a tournament be proclaimed. This is accordingly done, and Canados and Meriadok are the challengers. Ganhardin returns from Brittany, and, with Tristrem, takes up the opposite side. Tristrem first attacks Meriadok, against whom he bears an old grudge, and wounds him desperately. Ganhardin is hard put to in his encounter with Canados, but Tristrem now comes to his assistance, and Canados is unhorsed and slain. Tristrem takes advantage of the consternation occasioned by the fatal issue of the jousts to avenge himself on several others of his enemies at court. After this the champions return to Brittany, where Tristrem, while assisting a young knight, his namesake, to recover his lady from a band of fifteen ungallant knights, receives an arrow in his old wound, and his young namesake is slain. Tristrem avenges him by putting them all to death.

[Here the Auchinleck MS. abruptly concludes, but Sir Walter Scott finishes the story as follows, according to a French metrical romance in the same style.]

Tristrem is carried to his castle, where every remedy is tried to heal his wound, but to no purpose. It daily grows worse and worse, and can be cured by none except the Queen of Cornwall. Ganhardin undertakes to acquaint Ysonde of the desperate condition of her lover, and to try and bring her to his assistance. Tristrem gives him his ring, and desires him to take two sails with him in the ship, a black and a white—the black to be hoisted on

his return should he fail in his mission, and the white in the event of his being successful. Ysonde of the White Hand having overheard the arrangement, resolves to turn it to account in avenging the slight offered to herself through Tristrem's behaviour.

Ganhardin sails for Cornwall in the guise of a merchant, and makes rich presents to King Mark, but to Ysonde he presents a cup containing Tristrem's ring, which token procures him a private interview, in which he acquaints her of the condition of her lover. She undertakes to cure him, and having disguised herself, accompanies Ganhardin to Brittany. As they approach the coast, the white sail is displayed, and is seen by Ysonde of the White Hand, who knows by the token that her rival is on board. She informs Tristrem that the vessel is in sight, whereupon he asks her the colour of the sail. She tells him black; on which, concluding that he is forsaken by Ysonde, he sinks back in despair and dies. The queen, on landing, is informed of his death, and rushing to the castle where his body is laid out in state, she throws herself down beside his body and expires.

TRISTREM'S BIRTH.

I.

I was at [Erceidounne :]
 With Tomas spak Y thare ;
 Ther herd Y rede in rounne,
 Who Tristrem gat and bare.
 Who was King with croun ;
 And who him fostered yare ;
 And who was bold baroun,
 As thair elders ware,
 Bi yere :
 Tomas telles in toun,
 This auentours as thai ware.

II.

This semly somers day
 In winter it is nought sen ;
 This greues² wexen al gray,
 That in her time were grene :
 So dos this world Y say,
 Y wis and nought atwene ;
 The gode bene al oway,
 That our elders haue bene,
 To abide :—
 Of a knight is that Y mene ;
 His name is sprong wel wide.

III.

Wald Morgan thole no wrong,
 Thei Morgan lord wes ;
 He brak his castels strong,
 His bold borwes he ches :
 His men he slough among,
 And reped him mani a res ;
 The wer lasted so long,
 Til Morgan asked pes
 Thurch pine ;
 For sothe, with outen les,
 His liif he wende to tine.

IV.

Thus the batayl it bigan,
 Witeth wele it was so,
 Bitvene the Douk Morgan,
 And Rouland that was thro ;
 That neuer thai no lan,
 That pouer to wirche wo :
 Thai spilden mani a man,
 Bitven hem seluen to,
 In prise ;
 That on was Douk Morgan,
 That other Rouland Rise.

V.

The knightes that weren wise
 A forward fast thai bond,

² Either *greues* or *greenes* ; perhaps a mistake for *groves*.

That ich a man schul ioien his,
 And seuen yer to stond ;
 The Douke and Rouland Riis,
 Therto thai bed her hond,
 To heighe and holden priis,
 And foren til Ingland,
 To lende :
 Markes King thai fond,
 With knightes mani and hende.

VI.

To Marke the King thai went,
 With knightes proude in près ;
 And told him to th'ende,
 His auentours as it wes :
 He preyd hem as his frende,
 To duelle with him in pes :
 The knightes thai were hende,
 And dede with outen les,
 In lede :
 A turnament thai ches,
 With knightes stithe on stede.

VII.

Glad a man was he
 The turnament dede crie,
 That maidens might him se,
 And ouer the walls to lye :
 Thai asked who was fre,
 To win the maistrie ;
 Thai seyde that best was he,
 The child of Ermonie,
 In tour :
 Forthi chosen was he,
 To maiden Blaunche Flour.

VIII.

The maiden of heighe kinne,
 She cald her maisters thre ;
 " Bot yiue it be thurch ginne,
 A selly man is he ;
 Thurch min hert with inne,
 Y wounded hath he me,
 So sone :

Of bale bot he me blinne,
 Mine liif days ben al done." —

IX.

He was gode and hende,
 Stalworth, wise, and wight ;
 Into this londes ende,
 Y not non better knight ;
 Trewe non to frende,
 And Rouland Riis he hight ;
 To batayl gan he wende,
 Was wounded in that fight,
 Ful felle :
 Blaunche Flour the bright,
 The tale than herd sche telle.

X.

Sche seyde wayleway,
 When hye herd it was so ;
 To hir maistresse sche gan say,
 That hye was boun to go,
 To the knight ther he lay,
 Sche swouned and hir was wo ;
 So comfort he that may,
 A knaue child got thai tvo,
 So dere :
 And seththen men cleped him so,
 Tristrem the trewe fere.

DEATH OF TRISTREM AND YSONDE.

I.

The companyons fiftene,
 To death did thai thringe ;
 And sterveth bidene,
 Tho Tristrem the yinge ;
 Ac Tristrem hath tene,
 His wounde gan him wring,
 To hostel he hath gene,
 On bedde gan him flinge
 In ure ;
 Fele salven thai bringe,
 His paine to recure.

¹ Two lines of this stanza are omitted in the MS.

II.

But never thai no might,
With coste, nor with payn,
Bring Tristrem the wight,
To heildom ogayn :
His wounde brast aplight,
And blake was the bane ;
Non help may that knight,
The sothe for to sayne,
Bidene,
Sawe Ysonde the bright,
Of Cornwall was Quene.

III.

Tristrem clepeth aye,
On Ganhardin trewe fere ;
—" Holp me, brother, thou may,
And bring me out of care ;
To Ysonde the gaye,
Of Cornwall, do thou fare ;
In tokening I say,
Mi ring with the thou bare,
In dern ;
Bot help me sche dare
Sterven wol ich gern.

IV.

" Mi schip do thou take,
With godes that bethe new ;
Tuo seyles do thou make,
Beth different in hew ;
That tone schall be blake,
That tother white so snewe ;
And tho thou comest bake,
That tokening schall schew
The end,
Gif Ysonde me forsake,
The blake schalt thou bende."—

V.

Ysonde of Britanye,
With the white honde,
In derne can sche be,
And wele understonde,

That Ysonde the fre,
Was sent for from Inglonde ;
—" Y-wroken wol Y be
Of mi fals husbonde
Saunfayle,
Bringeth he haggards to honde,
And maketh me his stale ?"—

VI.

Ganhardin to Inglonde fares,
Als merchaunt, Y you saye ;
He bringeth riche wares
And garmentes were gaye ;
Marke he giftes bares,
Als man that miche maye,
A cup he prepares,
The ring tharein can laye,
Bidene ;
Brengwain the gaye,
Y-raught it to the Quene.

VII.

Ysonde the ring knewe,
That riche was of gold,
As tokening trewe,
That Tristrem her yold ;
Ganhardin gan schewe,
And prviliche hir told,
That Tristrem hurt was newe,
In his wounde that was old,
Al right :
Holp him gif sche nold
Sterven most that knight.

VIII.

Wo was Ysonde than,
The tale tho sche hard thare ;
Sche schope hir as a man,
With Ganhardin to fare ;
O bord aré thai gan,
A wind at wil thame bare ;
Ysonde was sad woman,
And wepeth bitter tare,
With eighe :
The seyls that white ware,
Ganhardin let fleighe.

IX.

Ysonde of Britanye,
 With the white honde,
 The schipe she can se,
 Seyling to londe;
 The white seyl tho marked sche,
 —" Yonder cometh Ysonde,
 For to reve fro me,
 Miin fals husbonde ;
 Ich sware,
 For il tho it schal be,
 That sche hir hider bare."—

X.

To Tristrem sche gan hye,
 O bed thare he layne,
 —" Tristrem, so mot Ich thye,
 Heled schalt thou bene,
 Thi schippe I can espye,
 The sothe for to sain,
 Ganhardin is comen neighe,
 To curen thi paine,
 Aplight."—
 —" What seyl doth thare flain,
 Dame, for God almight?"—

XI.

She weneth to ben awrake,
 Of Tristrem the trewe,
 Sche seyth—"Thai ben blake,
 As piche is thare hewe."—
 Tristrem threw hym bake,
 Trewd Ysonde untrewde,
 His kind hert it brake,
 And sindrid in tuo ;
 Above,
 Cristes merci him take !
 He dyed for true love.

XII.

Murneth olde and yinge,
 Murneth lowe and heighe,
 For Tristrem, swete thinge,
 Was mani wate eighe ;

Maidens thare hondes wringe
 Wives iammeren and crii ;
 The belles con thai ring
 And masses con thai seye,
 For dole ;
 Prestes praised aye,
 For Tristremes sole.

XIII.

Ysonde to land wan,
 With seyl and with ore ;
 Sche mete an old man,
 Of berd that was hore :
 Fast the teres ran,
 And siked he sore,
 —" Gone is he than,
 Of Ingland the flore,
 In lede ;
 We se him no more ;
 Schir Tristrem is dede !"—

XIV.

When Ysonde herd that,
 Fast sche gan to gonne,
 At the castle gate
 Stop hir might none :
 Sche passed in thereat,
 The chaumbre sche won ;
 Tristrem in cloth of stat
 Lay stretched thare as ston
 So cold—
 Ysonde loket him on,
 And faste gan bihold.

XV.

Fairer ladye ere
 Did Britannye never spyde,
 Swiche murning chere,
 Making on heighe ;
 On Tristremes bere,
 Doun con she lye ;
 Rise ogayn did sche nere,
 But thare con sche dye
 For woe :—
 Swiche lovers als thei
 Never schal be moe.

HUCHOWNE

OF THE "AWLE RYALE" (ROYAL PALACE).

" Men of good discretion
Should excuse and love *Huchowne*
That cunnand¹ was in literature,
He made the great Gest of Arthure,
And the Adventure of Gawane,
The Pystyl also of sweet Susane.
He was curious in his style,
Fair of facund,² and subtile,
And ay to pleassans and delyte,
Made in metre meet his dyte,³
Little or nought nevertheless,
Waverand frae the soothfastness."⁴

THE above specimen of affectionate early criticism, from Wyntoun's *Chronicle*, modernized in the spelling, contains all that we know directly of the writer, whom the best authorities agree in placing second, in point of time, on the list of Scottish poets. His language is more obscure than that of Sir Tristrem; and Sir Frederic Madden considers the MS. of the poems, to which he maintains he has the best claims, the oldest extant of any author born north of the Tweed. But perhaps the best reason for placing him before Barbour is, that all the poetry attributed to him belongs to the romance school.

Dunbar, in his Lament for the Deth of the Makkaris (makers of poetry), mentions that—

"Clerk of Tranent, eik he hes tane,
That made the awenteris of Gawane."

In a second reference to this otherwise unknown poet, in the Maitland MS., the name is written *The Clerk*;

¹ Skilful.² Speech.³ Writing.⁴ Wavering from the truth.

hence it has been assumed, by several Scottish antiquarian writers, that the Huchowne of Wyntoun, and the Clerk of Dunbar, must be the same person; and that Huchowne being the old Scottish form of the name Hugh, the one gives his name, and the other his profession, seeing both agree in making him the author of a poem bearing the same title. Dr Irving objects to this assumption, on the ground that both Wyntoun and Huchowne, in quoting the name Hugh, spell it *Hew*; yet he is disposed to follow Chalmers, who thinks there cannot be any doubt about the matter, in considering "the gude Schir Hew of Eglintoun," mentioned by Dunbar, as the author, on account of his connection with the Court of Robert Second, without seeming to see that, in that case, his name must be taken in the Gaelic form, which he calls the old Scottish. Besides, Dunbar does not make Sir Hugh the author of "The Adventures of Gawane," &c. Sir Frederic Madden says the former assumption "is satisfactorily refuted by the internal evidence of the poem itself;" and that there are so many difficulties about the latter, "as justly to prevent our yielding assent to it without some additional evidence." There is the further objection that Wyntoun does not prefix any title to Huchowne, who, if he were Sir Hugh of Eglintoun, who was knighted in 1342, Wyntoun, about fifty years after, was not likely to

name as simple *Huchoune*. Dr David Laing, in his preface to *The Pystyl of Swete Susan*, says—"It seems however agreed among our poetical antiquaries, that this Hucheon was one and the same person with Sir Hugh of Eglynton, a Scottish poet of the fourteenth century."

Besides the poems ascribed to him by Wyntoun, all of which are still extant, Sir F. Madden credits him with the authorship of other three poems, still in MS., on allegorical or scriptural subjects, possessing great merit, and not previously pointed out. He also prints for the first time, from a MS. in the Cotton Collection of the British Museum, the romance of Sir Gawayne and The Grene Knyght. The *Gret Gest of Arthure*, the *Gest Hystoryale*, and the *Gest of Broytty's Auld Story*, mentioned by Wyntoun, he considers to be the same poem under different titles; and that, what in all probability is the MS. of this poem, is in Lincoln Cathedral Library.

Of the author he remarks—"It is I think certain, that the writer of the romance (*Syr Gawayne and the Grene Knyght*) must have been a man of birth and education; for none but a person intimately versed in the gentle science of *wodecraft*, could so minutely describe the various sports of the chase; nor could any but an educated individual have been so well acquainted with the early French literature. Of his poetical talents, the pieces contained in the manuscript afford unquestionable proofs, and the descriptions of the change of the seasons, the bitter aspect of winter, the tempest that preceded the destruction of Sodom and Gomorra, and the sea storm

occasioned by the wickedness of Jonas, are equal to any similar passages in Douglas or Spenser."¹

We give specimens of all his poems that have been printed. That of *The Pystyl of Swete Susan*, which is founded on the apocryphal story of Susanna, may be taken as a specimen of the class still in MS. only. Dr Irving characterizes it as "a curious relique of our early literature."

THE AWNTYRS OF ARTHURE AT THE
TERNE WATHELYNE.

[*Specimen, unaltered.*]

I.

In Kyng Arthure tyme ane awntir by-tyde,
By the Terne Wahethelyne, als the buke
tellis,
Als he to Carelele was commene, that con-
queroure Kyde,
With dukes and ducheperes that with
that dere duellys,
For to hunnte at the herdys, that lang
hase bene hyde;
And one a day thay tham dighte to the
depe dellis,
To felle of the femmales, in the foreste
wele frythede,
Faire in the fernysone tyme, by frythis and
fellis.
Thus to the wode are thay wente, the
wlonkeste in wedys,
Bothe the kyng and the qwene.
And all the doghety by-dene,
Syr Gawane, gayeste one grene.
Dame Gayenoure he ledis.

¹ Sir Gawayne; a Collection of Ancient Romance-Poems, edited by Sir Frederic Madden, for the Bannatyne Club, 1839, pp. 301-2.

II.

And thus Syr Gawane the gay dame Gay-
enour he ledis,
In a gleterande gyde that glemet fulle
gaye ;
With riche ribanes reuerrssede, who that
righte redys,
Raylede with rubes, one royalle arraye ;
Hir hude was of hawe hewe, that hir hede
hydys,
Wroghte with peloure, and palle, and
perrye to paye ;
Schruedede in a schorte cloke that the
rayne schrydes,
Sett ouer with safyrs, fulle sothely to
saye.
And thus wondirfully was alle the wyghtis
wedys,
Hir sadiile semyde of that ilke,
Semeley sewede with sylke ;
On a myle als the milke,
Gayely scho glydis.

THE KNIGHTLY TALE OF GOLAGROS
AND GAWANE.

[*Specimen, unaltered.*]

I.

In the tyme of Arthur, as trew men me
tald,
The king turnit on ane tyde toward Tus-
kane,
Hym to seik our the sey, that saillese
wes sald,
The syre that sendis all seill suthly to
sane ;
With banrentis, barounis, and bernis full
bald,
Biggest of bane and blude, bred in Bri-
tane.
Thai walit out werryouris with wapianis
to wald,
The gayest grumys on grund, with geir
that myth gane,

Dukis and digne lordis, douchty and deir ;
Sembillit to his summovne,
Renkis of grete renovne,
Cumly kyngis with crowne,
Of gold that wes cleir.

II.

Thus the royale can remove, with his
Round Tabill,
Of all riches maist rike, in riall array ;
Wes neuer fundun on fold but fenzeing
or fabill,
Ane farayr floure on ane feild of fresch
men, in fay,
Farand on thair stedis, stout men and
stabill ;
Mony sterne our the streit stertis on stray.
Thair baneris schane with the sone, of
siluer and sabill.
And vther glemyt as gold, and gowlis so
gay ;
Of siluer and saphir, schirly thai schane ;
Ane fair batell on breid,
Merkit our ane fair meid,
With spurris spedely thai speid.
Our fellis in fane.

SYR GAWAYN AND THE GRENE
KNYGHT

[*Specimen, unaltered.*]

I.

Sithen the sege & the assaut watz sesed
at Troye,
The borz brittened & brent to brondez
& askez,
The tulk that the trammes of tresoun ther
wrozt,
Watz tried for his tricherie, the trewest
on erthe ;
Hit was Ennias the athel, & his highe
kynde,

C

That sithen depreced prouinces, & pa-
trounes bicomme
Welneze of all the wele in the west isles,
Fro riche Romulus to Rome ricchis hym
swythe,
With gret bobbaunce that burze he biges
vpon fyrst,
& neuenes hit his anne nome, as hit now
hat;
Ticius of Tuskan [turnes] and teldes bi-
gynnes;
Langaberde in Lumbardie lyftes vp
homes;
& fer ouer the French flod Felix Brutus
On mony bonkkes ful brode Bretayn he
settez
Where werre, & wrake, and wonder,
Bi sythez hatz wont ther inne
& oft bothe blysse and blunder
Ful skete hatz skyfted synne.
Wyth wyenne.

THE PYSTYL OF SWETE SUSAN.

[Specimen, unaltered.]

There was in Babloine a bern, in that
borw riche
That was a Jeugh jentil, and Joachim he
hiht;
He was so lele in his lawe, there lived non
him liche,
Of all riches that reuke arayes he was riht:
His innes, and his orchardes, weren with-
inne a dep dich,
Halles and herbegages, hey uppon height;
To seche thoru that cité ther was non sich,
Of erbes, and of erberi, so avenauntliche
idiht,

That day.
Within the circle of fees,
Of erberi and alees
Of all maner of trees
Sothely to say.

ANONYMOUS POETRY.

RALPH THE COLLIER.

THIS curious specimen of our early
poetry, though at one time so popular
that, according to Dunbar,

Gentle and simple of every clan
Ken of Ralph Collier, and John the Reive,

yet for about seventy years it was con-
sidered to be lost, when, in 1821, a copy
turned up in a volume of English tracts
in the Advocates' Library, and was re-
printed by Dr David Laing, in *Select
Remains of the Popular Poetry of Scot-
land*, Edinburgh, 1822. Dr Laing re-
marks, that "it has claims to public
attention altogether independent of its
uncommon rarity, as it has no inconsid-
erable share of poetical merit. Although,

like most poems of the same age (about
the beginning of the fifteenth century)
and character, many words are altered
from their usual acceptation, or intro-
duced merely for the sake of the allitera-
tive style, the language is by no means
obscure. The narrative is simple and
circumstantial, the characters are well
described, and a vein of comic humour
runs through the whole." Dr Irving
suggests that it may have been written
by HUCHOWNE, from its similarity in
style to *The Adventures of Arthur*; but
Dr Laing says we are not possessed of such
evidence as might entitle us to ascribe it
in particular to any one Scottish poet.

Of the reasonableness of Dr Irving's
conjecture any one may satisfy himself

by comparing the specimen given with that of *The Awntyre of Arthure at the Terne Wathelyne*.

Notwithstanding what Dr Laing says of the language, by which we understand him to mean the vocabulary, the obscurity of which is not the only obstacle to the understanding of our early poetry, we think a specimen in its original integrity will suffice. It being, however, a representative of a different class of romances from that of the Arthurian, simpler in structure, and, from the contrast in the social condition of their characters—a consideration that greatly heightens their humour—so popular that some of them, as *The King and the Cobbler*, have come down to our own day as chap-books, we give a pretty full outline-rendering of the story or legend of the romance, in which it has been endeavoured to preserve the dramatic humour of the piece.

[Specimen, unaltered.]

In the chieftyme of Charlis, that chosin
Christane,
Thair fell ane ferlyfull flan within thay
fellis wyde,
Quhair Empreouris, and Erlis, and vther
mony ane,
Turnit frae Sanct Thomas befor the yule
tyde ;
Thay past vnto Paris thay proudest in pane,
With mony Prelatis & Princis that was
of mekle pryde,
All thay went with the king to his worthy
wane
Ouir the feildis sa fair thay fure be his syde.
All the worthiest went in the morning
Baith Dukis and Duchesseiris,
Barrounis and Bacheleiris
Mony stout man steiris
Of town with the King.

THE STORY OF THE KING AND THE COLLIER.

[Constructed from the Poem.]

When the Emperor Charlemagne one day, about Christmas time, was hunting in the royal forest, attended by the lords and ladies of his court, it came on such a storm of east wind and snow, that, in the hurry to reach some place of shelter, the king got separated from his train, and lost his way. He wandered about without seeing any one till toward evening, when, much exhausted through fatigue and anxiety, he fell in with a collier, with his horse and creels. "For the love of the rood," said the king, addressing him, "tell me your name?" "Men call me Ralph," said the collier; "I sell coals, and work hard for my living, early and late. Tell me now why you ask?" "So might I thrive," said the king, "I ask for no ill; thou seemest a noble fellow; thy answer is so fine. Myself and my horse are well-nigh worn out with cold and fatigue; for the love of Saint July, direct us to some hostelry where we may pass the night." "I know of none hereabout," said the collier, "except mine own house, which lies at some distance across the moor; if you like to come along with me, you are welcome to such fare as I can give you." "Right glad," said the king, "and a thousand thanks for your offer." "Don't thank me too soon," said the collier, "in case we fall out; for as yet I have given you neither meat nor drink; 'to love and then lack Peter were shame;' the time to praise your host is at parting." "By my faith," said the king, "it is true what you say;" and thus

they talked until they reached the collier's house. Having found the gate, the collier cried out to his wife: "Dame, undo the door quickly, for my guest and I are almost starved to death with cold." She lost no time in letting them in, and with a hearty greeting welcomed her husband and his guest. "Dame," said the collier to his wife, "I think I have dear bought this day's hire, and I trow my guest has not fared better; make a right royal rousing fire, and see the best that thou canst give us, while we see the horses put into the stable." On their return to the house, the collier beckoned the king to go in first; but he, out of courtesy, replied, "After you, sir." "Na, na," said the collier, taking him by the cuff of the neck, and shoving him in before him; "if ever thou learned manners, I'll warrant thou has clean forgotten them, since thou does not know to make me lord in mine own house; so might I thrive, but we shall fall out." When they came in, the fire was blazing brightly, and the two sat them down to enjoy it; but the collier, thinking it time they had some additional cheer, called to Gillian, his wife, to bring the supper; "for," said he, "such a day of striving against such wicked weather is best ended with a merry night." Now the supper is set, and the collier invites the king to take his wife's hand and sit down to the table. The king, out of courtesy, again insisted on his host taking precedence, when the collier, saying, "This is the second time that thou hast forgot thy manners," hit him a blow under the ear that sent him reeling across the hall. The king, with some difficulty, restrained his anger;

but the collier called his wife to take him by the hand and set him at the table, where he should have gone when bidden; and sitting himself opposite, thus addressed the king: "Sir, thou lookest as if thou hadst manners enough, and yet thou hast none. Thou hast travelled, I guess, in many strange lands, and hast less excuse for not knowing how to act the courtier. Though I am but a simple man, yet in my own house all must do as I bid them." The king thought to himself, this is a kind of schooling I have not been used to; but this is an evil life, and the best policy is to give in. So, without more ado, he sat down beside the goodwife, who, not quite relishing her husband's roughness, kindly pressed him to partake of their cheer. When they had enjoyed themselves on everything of the best—bread, capon, venison, and pigeon pie—they became quite confidential over their wine. "Sir," said the collier, addressing the king, "the royal foresters dislike me very much on account of the deer. They say that I aye bring down the fattest, and threaten to bring me to Paris before the king to be punished. But in spite their menacing, I manage always to have enough for myself and a guest, as thou seest; so there is no need to stint in thy eating." "Marry," said Charles, "the king himself has, in his time, been glad of such fare." "Gill," said the collier to his wife, "fill up a cup and let us drink to the health of our guest." Having drank their glasses dry, the king thanked the collier with "ane blythe cheir;" after which they sit round a bright blazing fire, where the collier entertains

them with many stories of his poaching adventures, at which the king is much amused, but holds a good countenance. The collier, at length becoming curious to know something of his guest, says, "Friend, I would like, if it please you, to know where you dwell when at home." "I live mostly at court," said the king, "and have been fifteen years in the service of my lady the queen." "And what kind of office dost thou hold under the queen?" said Ralph. "A groom of her chamber, by Saint James," replied the king; "and though I say it myself, there is no one else farther ben in her majesty's good graces. For my absence to-night I fear I shall have to bear the blame." "And what is your name?" inquired Ralph. "Wymond of the Wardrobe," said the king; "and if you come to the palace I promise you shall have the better sale for your fuel on my account, and something besides for your trouble, worth a load or two." "I do not know," said Ralph, "where the palace is, and I am not fond of going where I am not known." "I shall let you know," said the king, "before I leave. The king and queen spend their Christmas in Paris, and if you come there then, you shall have no reason to regret your trouble. I am known to all the officers about court; you have only to ask if I'm at home. See you remember my name." "By the rood I think I shall need," said the collier; "for if I go to court I know no other; but let us take a parting cup, for it is well on in the night, and nothing is better than a drink before going to bed;" with that they conduct the king to a chamber where

there is a "burly bed" all closed in with curtains, and "comely cled."

The king was up by daybreak, and, having dressed, got his horse, and was about to depart, when he went to take leave of his host. He started up when he saw him ready to go, and pressed him to stay till the weather became more settled; but he excused himself on account of urgent business, and asked the collier to fetch the goodwife, that he might pay her for his entertainment. "God forbid," said the collier, "and thou of Charles' company, chief king of chivalry, that I should charge thee for one night's shelter!" "Then," said the king, "seeing you will have no pay, come to-morrow to the court with a load of coals; I shall require some myself, and I think I can help you to sell the rest; see that you fail not to come." "In faith," said the collier, "you may depend on my being there; but tell me truly what your right name is?" "Wymond of the Wardrobe; have no fear that that will find me," said the king, and without more ado he took his leave.

On his way to court he meets all the nobles—Sir Rolland, and Sir Oliver, and three bishops, with all the chivalry of Paris, who had been wandering about all night to see if they might find out what had befallen him. After the greatest demonstrations of joy for his safety, they all return with him in procession, and give thanks to God for his preservation; and such were the rejoicings that for twenty days were held on account of his deliverance, that that Christmas was held in remembrance as the merriest that ever was spent in France.

The collier lost no time in preparing his load of charcoal to be ready next day to go to Paris.

Early on Christmas morning he is up betimes, and fills two creels with fresh charcoal, and has got all ready for his journey, when Gillian, his wife, gave vent to her doubts about the matter.

"Ralph," said she, "I'm thinking that you man is not so simple as he said. If he had been alone when you gave him such a blow, my faith you should have paid for it; therefore I advise you not to look near the court, for if you do, I'll wager my life, you shall have cause to rue it." "Have no fear for my life, dame; I shall keep my promise, and take my chance, to whatever end it leads;" and with that he starts by the dawn of day, with his horse and creels, and jogs merrily along with his whip in his hand, on his way to court.

The king appointed his trusty squire, Sir Rolland, to watch for any man laden coming into town, with orders to conduct him to his presence. Sir Rolland wondered what should induce the king, on the solemn Christmas-day, to appoint him such an errand, when he should be at his devotions; but, as in duty bound, he takes his way, and after watching a good while without seeing any one, at last he spies the collier.

On meeting, the collier kneeled courteously to the knight, who returned his salute, and then said—"Friend, leave off thy courtesy, and come with me to Paris; it is the king's orders that thou be brought before him without delay." "In faith," said the collier, "though I am but a common man and poorly clad,

I shall know which is the best man of us two before I be bullied in that way."

"I did not mean to bully thee," said the knight; "but I think thou art not wise to disobey the king's orders."

"I am but following my lawful business, and am fetching a load of fuel to Wymond of the Wardrobe, according to promise. I shall be sore beat before I be driven from my purpose."

"So might I thrive," said Sir Rolland;

"I am determined thou shalt neither see Wymond nor Will till I have brought thee before the king." The collier stood

and looked at the knight, who was splendidly mounted, and armed in complete armour, gorgeously adorned with diamonds and rubies, and all kinds of precious stones that gleamed in the sunlight; and he thought to himself, "If he be as manly as he is well made, it will need no small pith to abide his meeting." Provoked at his coolness,

the knight demanded him to cast the creels off his horse, and without more ado to come away to the king. "In faith," said Ralph, "it were great shame did I not keep my promise to fetch these coals to-day; and for all that thou hast said, I will abide by my word."

"By the rood!" said the knight, thou keepest me here half the day; to the court thou must come; to let thee go were false to the king, from which Christ me save! I know not what he wants thee for, nor did he name you more than any other—I was to bring the first man I met; it may be for your advantage for aught I know." "Thou found me," said the collier, "about no unlawful business; and by the Mother and the Maiden! if thou provoke me

further, come after what may, thou and I shall come to blows." "It is like enough," said Sir Rolland, laughing, "that thou would strike stoutly;" but not wishing to bring matters to that pass, he said, "Let me see if we may not manage the matter in a more quiet way. Where does that Wymond, whom you promised to meet to-day, live?" "With the queen, he told me; and I undertook to be at the court to-day without fail." "Then," said Sir Rolland, "see thou keep thy promise; if thou art there by noon it will be soon enough for my errand." "Trust me," said the collier; "as I am a true man, I shall not haste a foot faster to serve your purpose; and if you do not move quickly out of my path, by the rood! you shall rue it." Seeing he could make no better of it, and trusting the collier's word, Sir Rolland was about to leave, when Ralph challenged him to be at the same place at the same time to-morrow on horseback, and he should be ready to meet him on equal terms; and thus they parted.

On Sir Rolland's return to court, he is observed by the king. "Come hither, Sir Knight," said his majesty; "hast thou done my bidding?" "As you bade, my liege," said the knight, "I watched all the ways, and found nobody abroad save one rustic, on his way to Paris with a load of charcoal." "And why hast thou not brought him before me as I bade you?" said the king; "I fear he has outwitted you." Seeing the king was displeased, Sir Rolland went out to learn if the collier had kept his word, when he met a porter, who said—"There is a fellow at the gate, with a horse and two creels, who will not be

persuaded to go away without being let in." "Admit him instantly," said the knight; "but tell me, does he ask particularly after any one?" "After one Wymond," said the porter. "Then tell him thou art not worthy to see Wymond, but let him seek him himself, if there be such a one." So saying, he returned to the royal hall. The porter undid the gate, and told the collier to search for Wymond himself. He inquired at several ushers if they could tell him where Wymond might be found, but none of them knew any one of that name. The collier, distrusting them, pushed his way into the royal hall, in which all the nobility were assembled, keeping the Christmas festivals, with the king and the queen in their midst. He is dumfounded with the splendour that suddenly bursts on his sight—the roof gleaming with all kinds of devices and carvings, and studded with gold and silver and precious stones; the wall covered with banners and mirrors, and the floors with the richest carpets; and he thought to himself, "I have enough of royalty for once; if I had but one word of Wymond, I should soon be on my way back again, but having come thus far, I am loath to be beat." Then pushing forward, he suddenly found himself in sight of the noble king, and could hardly help calling aloud, "Yon's Wymond. I ken him right well, though he be more splendidly clad than when he lived with me. He is of more state than he told me. Alas! I fear I have been misled." But the king observing him, smiled unseen. The collier next cast his eye on the queen, and was so dazzled by the splendour of her royal

robes, glittering with jewels, that he said to himself, "Deil take me, if I manage to get safe out of here, if the wisest man in Paris will persuade me to come back again these seven years to come." While the collier was thus perplexed, the king began to relate to his nobles the story of his adventure in the forest, how he met the collier on the moor, and how he was treated by him. While this was being told, the collier quaked at the prospect of certain destruction, which seemed to await him, and wished to God he were suddenly transported to that same moor with the best knight in the hall. When the king had ended his relation, he put it to the knights present, What should be done to the man who thus guided, and lodged, and used him so lightly? "Hang him!" they all cried out at once; "he deserves nothing better." "God forbid," said the king, "I should in that way thank the man who saved my life on that dreadful night; he seems a stalwart man and a hard hitter; I think, for his courtesy, we shall make him a knight. I hold it a wiser plan than to slay such good Christians, to send them to fight God's enemies." So saying, he advanced to the collier, and dubbed him a knight, and assigned him a pension of three hundred pounds a-year, with a promise of the next free ward that should fall to the crown. "Sir Ralph," said the king, addressing the new-made knight, "thou has worthily won thy spurs, and though of humble descent, art meet to mix with the noblest knights of France; and I pray God of His grace may make thee as good as thou art brave." With that he ordered a squire to bring him a

suit of rich armour, and appointed him a retinue of sixty squires for his company.

Early next morning, Sir Ralph made ready to keep his tryst with Sir Rolland, and was on the ground at the time appointed. After waiting a little while, he saw coming toward him, riding on a camel, the most gigantic knight he had ever seen. Sir Ralph, supposing him his opponent, attacks him at full speed, and in the first encounter both their horses are killed, and their spears splintered over their heads. They then fight for an hour on foot, when Sir Rolland makes his appearance, and rushing in between the combatants, separates them. Sir Ralph's opponent turns out to be Magog, a Saracen knight, sent by the Cham of Tartary to declare war against the King of France. He has fought so bravely, that Sir Rolland is anxious he should turn Christian, and converts him by the following speech:—"If thou remain in thine own land thou shalt go to hell at the last; but if thou change thee in haste, and confess thy sin, thou shalt have pardon and profit. Thou shalt have to wife the gentle Duchess, Dame Jane of Anjou, heir-apparent to two duchies, with many rich towns, and than whom there is none fairer in all France." "I reckon not of thy riches, Sir Rolland," replied the Saracen; "thy God and thy grassum I hold but light; but if thy God be so good as thou sayest, I shall leave Mahomet, and shall cast myself on thy God, and beseech Him for His mercy to give me grace, and to Christ His Son, for I have often seen Christians cry on Him in their distresses." "I thank God for that," said

Sir Rolland, "and Christ His sweet Son that gave thee grace." Then they all three swore on their swords to be fast friends to the end of their lives. Magog is after this brought to the king, and, having taken the sacrament, is dubbed a knight, by the name of Sir Gawtier, after which he is married to the duchess.

News having reached the king of the death of the Marshal of France, Sir Ralph is appointed his successor; and to mark the spot where he found the king, a hostelry is erected, in the name of Saint July, for sheltering those who lose their way, or need its protection.

JOHN BARBOUR.

1316?—1395.

UNLIKE Thomas the Rhymer's, there is no uncertainty about the work which is John Barbour's passport to fame; but about his personal history there is very little to record. The date of his birth is matter of conjecture—1316, 1320, and 1326 being severally assumed for it. The place of his nativity is likewise unknown, the only place having any probability in its favour being Aberdeen. Arbroath is suggested as the place of his early education. Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, says that he was educated at Oxford, but gives no authority for the statement. There is much variation even in the spelling of his name; but Dr Jamieson adopts Barbour on account of its having been so spelled in a charter in the vernacular tongue. In all his passports to England it is spelled Barber. The confirmation of a charter by David II. to the Carmelite friars of Aberdeen, dated May 7, 1360, contains the name of *quondam Andree Barbitonsir*, who is supposed to be Barbour's father. The first authentic link in his history is his promotion, in 1357, to the Archdeaconship of Aberdeen, on which Dr Jamieson

remarks, that, "he was fortunate if he attained this honour by the time that he was forty." This would place his birth in 1317, a year later than Lord Hailes places it.

In the same year, at the request of David II., Edward III. grants him a safe-conduct to repair to Oxford, with three students, in order to study. Some discussion has been raised as to whether Barbour himself went there to study, or only in charge of the three scholars. Dr Irving suggests, with much probability, that Barbour's purpose was to consult such books as were not accessible at home, and to confer with the learned clerks of that celebrated university. His safe-conduct for Oxford is signed by the king at Westminster, 13th August 1357; and on 13th September, he is appointed one of the commissioners who were to meet at Edinburgh about the ransom of David II. That he attended the meeting of commissioners is thought unlikely, as there were two appointed from Aberdeen, with a proviso, that the absence of one of them should not obstruct the progress of business.

Another safe-conduct, dated 6th November 1364, is granted him, with four horsemen, to repair to Oxford, or elsewhere in England, to study; a third, on 16th October 1365, to travel through England, with six companions, on horseback, to St Denis, and other sacred places in France; and a fourth, dated November 30, 1368, to pass through England to France, and back, with two valets and two horses, for the purpose of study. It has been supposed, and with great probability, that the chief object of his various journeys was the collecting of materials for his books.

The statements of former writers in reference to the writing of *The Bruce*, and the pensions granted to Barbour, being inaccurate on several points, Dr Jamieson investigated the matter thoroughly, and concludes that there is no evidence to show that it was written at the request of David II. That Barbour was held in much esteem in David's reign is manifest; but it appears from a passage in Book IX. of *The Bruce*, that Robert II., David's successor, was in the fifth year of his reign when the poem was about half written; and there is no evidence of his having received any pension till the year before Robert's death (1390). He was granted two pensions, one of £10 Scots, from the customs of Aberdeen; and another of 20s. from the rents of *burrow-mails* of that city. The first was during life, but the second was to his assignees whomsoever; and both appear to have been granted in consideration of his having written the Life and Acts of King Robert the First. The settlement of his perpetual pension has been stated

by Hume of Godscroft, in his *History of the House of Douglas* (1644), to have been made in favour of an hospital in Aberdeen, which was in receipt of it till the time of the Reformation; but this, too, has been a misstatement, for the settlement was made to the chapter of the Cathedral Church of Aberdeen, for the purpose of celebrating an annual mass for his soul after his death. When that event took place has only been approximately ascertained, from the fact that the last half-year's instalment of his pension paid him, was that for the first half of 1395.

Of *The Bruce*, two MSS. are preserved. The one in the Advocates' Library was written in 1489 by John Ramsay, who is supposed to be the same that was afterwards prior of the Carthusian Monastery at Perth. The other, written in 1487, is in St John's College Library, Cambridge. Dr Jamieson's well-known edition of *The Bruce*, 1820, is from the text of the former, and that of the latter is now being edited for the Early English Text Society by the Rev. W. W. Skeat.

Besides *The Bruce*, he wrote other two metrical works, one called *The Brute*, of which no manuscript is now known to exist, unless about 2000 lines of two MS. *Troy-books* by Lydgate, discovered by Mr Bradshaw, librarian to the University of Cambridge, be, as Mr Bradshaw supposes, part of it. It seems to have been a genealogical history of the kings of Scotland, from the mythical Brutus, first king of Britain, who is said to have been a son of Ascanius, son of Æneas, the Trojan prince. The fact of its having existed, is placed beyond

doubt by Wyntoun, in the following and various other references :—

" Of Brutus' lineage wha will hear,
He look the treatise of Barbere,
Made intil a genealogy,
Right weel, and mare perfectly,
Than I can on ony wise,
With all my wit, to you devise."

Drs Jamieson and Irving both agree in thinking that Barbour himself is quoting *The Brute* in the following passage from the first book of *The Bruce*:—

" Als¹ Arthur, that through chivalry
Made Britain mistress and lady
Of twelve kinrykis² that he wan :
And alsua,³ as a noble man,
He wan through battle France all free ;
And Lucius Yber vanquished he,
That then of Rome was emperor ;
Bot yet for all his great valour,
Modred, his sister's son him slew
And good men als may then anew,
Through treason and through wickedness ;
The *Broite*³ bears thereof witness."

The other work is his *Book of Legends of the Saints*, recently discovered by Mr Bradshaw in the library of Cambridge University, in a MS. of many thousand lines. It contains so many incidental allusions to himself, as—with the unmistakably Scotch origin of the MS.—to leave no doubt about its author, who thus describes it :—

" Storyss of haly men
That to pless God us may kene."

Although what has been traced regarding him has no direct bearing on his personal character, yet it leaves an impression that he must have been a man of varied talents, and fitted for the discharge of business requiring judgment,

self-restraint, and that instinctive shrewdness which is so much valued amongst his countrymen. His writings are also characterized by so much moderation, dignity, and good taste, that we naturally consider these qualities characteristic of his disposition.

He has been regarded by every writer on the subject of our literature, as our first great writer. Warton says of him, that "he has adorned the English language by a strain of versification, expression, and poetical images, far superior to his age." Mr Ellis, in his *Specimens of Early English Poetry*, in more full and discriminating language, says—"Barbour is to be considered in the double character of historian and poet. In the first, his authority is quoted by writers who immediately succeeded him, as the most authentic that can be adduced." Of the life of his hero, he observes, that "he gives a circumstantial detail of his daily difficulties, of his paternal solicitude for his little army, of his personal exploits, and of the patience with which he submitted to more than a soldier's share of the common hardships. . . . In describing the campaign in Ireland, in which the king has marched an army to the assistance of his brother, Barbour suddenly stops to relate an anecdote which a monkish historian would probably have thought beneath the dignity of history ; but the simple and affectionate heart of our poet would have prompted him to risk a much greater indecorum, for the purpose of illustrating the humane character of his hero." This refers to the incident of the woman and child. Mr Craik, in his *History of English Literature*, also judiciously

¹ Also ² Kingdoms. ³ Brute.

remarks, that "throughout his long work, he shows, for his time, a very remarkable feeling for the *art* of poetry, both by the variety which he studies in the treatment and disposition of his subject, and by the rare temperance and self-restraint which prevents him from ever overdoing what he is about, either by prosing or raving. Even his patriotism, warm and steady as it is, is wholly without any vulgar narrowness or ferocity."

But it is unnecessary to multiply testimonies to his various excellencies: these will be best seen in the specimens which follow:—

PREFACE TO THE BRUCE.

(Modernised in spelling.)

Stories to read are delitable,
Suppose that they be nought but fable:
Then should stories that soothfast were,
And they were said on gude manner,
Have double pleasance in hearing.
The first pleasance is the carpyng;¹
And the tother the soothfastness,
That schawys the thing right as it wes:
And such things that are likand²
Till mannes hearing are pleasand.
Therefore I wald fain set my will,
Giff my wit might suffice theretill,
To put in writ a soothfast story,
That it last aye forth in memory,
Swa³ that nae time of length it let,
Na ger⁴ it hally be forget.
For auld stories that men reads
Represents to them the deeds
Of stalwart folk, that lived ere,⁵
Right as they then in presence were.
And certes, they should weill have prize
That in their time were wight⁶ and wise;

¹ Talk, relating.

³ So.

⁵ Before.

² Agreeable.

⁴ Nor let.

⁶ Strong.

And led their life in great travail,⁷
And oft in hard stour⁸ of bataill,
Wan right great price³ of chivalry,
And were voided of cowardy.
As was King Robert of Scotland,
That hardy was of heart and hand;
And good Sir James of Douglas,
That in his time sae worthy was,
That of his price and his bounty,⁴
In far lands renowned was he.
Of them I think this book to ma;⁵
Now God give grace that I may swa
Treat it, and bring it till ending,
That I say nought but soothfast thing!

THE VALUE OF FREEDOM.

Ah! freedom is a noble thing!
Freedom makes man to have liking!
Freedom all solace to man gives!
He lives at ease, that freely lives!
A noble heart may have none ease,
Na ellys⁶ nought that may him please,
If freedom fail: for free liking
Is yearned⁷ o'er all other thing.
Na he that aye has lived free
May not know well the property,
The anger, na the wretched doom
That is coupled to foul thraldom.
But, if he had essayed it,
Then all perquer⁸ he should it wit,
And should think freedom more to prize
Than all the gold in world that is.
Thus contrary things evermare
Discoverings of the tother are.

BRUCE'S HUMANITY.

And when that they all ready were,
The king has heard a woman cry;

¹ Labour, effort.

⁵ Make.

² Turmoil.

⁶ Nor else.

³ Praise.

⁷ Eagerly desired.

⁴ Goodness, worth.

⁸ Perfectly; parçœur?

He asked what that was in hy.¹
 "It is the layndar,² sir," said ane,
 "That her child-ill right now has tane ;
 And mon leave now behind us here ;
 Therefore she makes yon evil cheer."
 The king said, " Certes, it were pity
 That she in that point left should be ;
 For certs, I trow there is no man
 That he ne will rue a woman than."
 His host all, there arrested he,
 And gert³ a tent soon stented⁴ be ;
 And gert her gang in hastily,
 And other women to be her by.
 While she was delivered, he bade,
 And syne forth on his wayis rade,
 And, how she forth should carried be,
 Or ever he forth fur,⁵ ordained he,
 This was a full great courtesy !
 That swilk a king and so mighty
 Gert his men dwell on this manner
 But for a poor lavender !

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

Bruce's Address.

" Lordings, we ought to love and luff⁶
 Almighty God that sits abuff⁷
 That sends us sa fair beginning.
 It is a great discomfoting
 Till our faes that on this wise
 Sa soon has been rebutted twice.
 For when they of their host shall hear
 And know soothly on what maner
 Their vaward that was sa stout
 And syne yon other jolly rout,
 That I trow of the best men were,
 That they might get amang them there,
 Were rebutted so suddenly ;
 I trow and knows it all clearly
 That many a heart shall wavering be
 That seemèd ere of great bounty.

And frae⁸ the heart be discomfit
 The body is not worth a mite.
 Therefore I trow that good ending
 Shall follow till our beginning,
 And whether I say not this you till,
 For that ye should follow my will
 To fight ; but in you all shall be.
 For if you think speedful that we
 Fight, we shall, and if ye will
 We leave, your liking to fulfill.
 I shall consent on alkyn wise⁹
 To do right as ye will devise
 Therefore say of your will plainly."
 And with a voice then 'gan they cry
 " Good King for owty¹⁰ mare delay
 To morne as soon as ye see day
 Ordain you hale for the battle
 For doute of deed we shall nought fail :
 Nor no pain shall refused be
 Untill we've made our country free."
 When the king had heard, so manfully
 They spake of fighting, and so hardily,
 In heart, great gladship 'gan he ta ;¹¹
 And said : " Lordings, since ye will sa,
 Shape¹² we us therfore in the morning.
 Sae that we, by the sun rising,
 Have heard mass ; and buskyt¹³ weill
 Ilk¹⁴ man in till his own eschell,¹⁵
 Without the pavillions, arrayed
 In battalions, with banners displayed.
 And look ye no wise break array.
 And, as ye love me, I you pray
 That ilk man, for his own honour,
 Purvey¹⁶ him a good banner.
 And when it comes to the fight,
 Ilk man set heart, will, and might,
 To stint¹⁷ our foe's meikle¹⁸ pride.
 On horse they will arrayed ride ;
 And come on you in full great hy.¹⁹
 Meet them with spears hardily ;

¹ In haste. ² Lavender, a laundress,
 washer-woman. Lavendière, Fr.
³ Caused. ⁴ Stretched. ⁵ Fared.
⁶ Praise. ⁷ Above.

⁸ From the time. ⁹ Each.
¹⁰ Every way. ¹¹ Division.
¹² Without. ¹³ Provide.
¹⁴ Degan he to take. ¹⁵ Bring down.
¹⁶ Prepare. ¹⁷ Great.
¹⁸ Ready armed. ¹⁹ Haste.

And think then on the meikle ill
That they and theirs has done us till ;
And are in will yet for to do,
If they have might to come there to.
And certes, me thinks well that ye
Forowt¹ abasing ought to be
Worthy, and of great wasselagis,²
For we have three great advantages.
The first is, that we have the right ;
And for the right aye God will fight.
The tother is, that they coming are,
For lippening³ of their great power
To seek us in our own land ;
And has brought here, right to our hand,
Riches in so great quantity,
That the poorest of you shall be
Both rich, and mighty therewith all,
If that we win, as well may fall.
The third is, that we for our lives,
And for our children, and for our wives,
And for our freedom, and for our land,
Are strained into battle for to stand.
And they for their might anerly⁴
And for⁵ they let of us heychtly,⁶
And for they would destroy us all,
Maiss⁷ them to fight : but yet may fall
That they shall rue their bargaining.
And certes I warn you of a thing ;
That happened them, as God forbid
That died on rood⁸ for mankind heid !
That they win us openly,
They shall of us have no mercy.
And, since we know their felon will,
Me thinks it should accord to skill,
To set stoutness against felony ;
And make so gat a jeopardy.
Wherefore I you require, and pray,
That with all your might, that ye may,
Ye press you at the beginning,
But⁹ cowardice or abasing,

¹ Without. ⁶ Meaning here obscure.
² Valour. ⁷ Make.
³ Trusting. ⁸ Cross.
⁴ Only ; alone. ⁹ Without.
⁵ Because.

To meet them at their first assemble
So stoutly, that the hindmost tremble.
And men of your great manhood,
Your worship¹ and your doughty² deed ;
And of the joy that we abide,
If that us fall, as well may tide,
Hap to vanquish this great battle.
In your hands without fail
Ye bear honour, praise, and riches,
Freedom, wealth, and blythness ;
If ye contene³ you manfully.
And the contrar all halily
Shall fall, if ye let cowardice
And wickedness you suppress.
Ye might have lived into thrawldom :
But, for⁴ ye yearn to have freedom,
Ye are assembled here with me ;
Therefore is needful that ye be
Worthy and wight, but⁵ abasing.
And I warn you well of a thing,
That more mischief may fall us, nane,
Than in their hands to be tane :
For they should slay us, I wate weel,
Right as they did my brother Neil.
But when I mene⁶ of your stoutness,
And of the many great prowess,
That ye have done so worthily :
I trust and trow sicklerly⁷
To have plain vic'try in this fight.
For though our foes have meikle might,
They have the wrong ; and succudry,⁸
And covetous of senyowry⁹
Amowys them for owtyne more.¹⁰
Na us char dread them, but before :¹¹
For strength of this place as ye see
Shall let us environed to be.
And I pray you als¹² specially,
Both more and less commonly,
That none of you for greediness

¹ Valour. ⁷ Believe surely.
² Valiant. ⁸ Presumption.
³ Conduct. ⁹ Lordship.
⁴ Because. ¹⁰ Meaning obscure.
⁵ Without. ¹¹ We need only fear them in
⁶ Think. front. ¹² Also.

Have eye to take of their riches ;
 No prisoneris for to ta¹
 'Untill ye see them contraried sa²
 That the field anerly yours be.³
 And then, at your likeing may ye
 Take all the riches that there is.
 If ye will work upon this wise,
 Ye shall have victory sickerly.⁴
 I wate nocht⁵ what more say shall I.
 But all wate ye what honour is :
 Contene⁶ (you) then on sic awise⁷
 That your honour aye saved be.
 And I hycht⁸ here in leauté ;⁹
 If any dies in this battle,
 His heir, but¹⁰ ward, relief or taile,¹¹
 On the first day shall wield
 All be he never so young of eild.¹²
 Now make you ready for to fight :
 God help us that is maist of might !
 I rede,¹³ armed all night that we be,
 Purwayed in battle so, that we
 To meet our foes aye be boune.¹⁴

Defeat of the English Archers.

The English archers shot so fast,
 That, might their shot have ony last,
 It had been hard to Scottis men.
 But King Robert that well gan ken
 That their archers were perilous,
 And their shot right hard and grievous,
 Ordained forthwith the assemblé,
 His marshal with a great menyé,
 Five hundred armed into steel,
 That on light horse were horsed weel,
 For to prick among the archers ;
 And so assail them with their spears,
 That they na layser¹⁵ have to shoot.
 This marshal that I of mute,¹⁶
 That Sir Robert of Keith was called,

¹ Take. ⁷ Such a manner. ¹³ Advise.
² Defeated so. ⁸ Promise. ¹⁴ Ready.
³ Be yours only. ⁹ Loyalty. ¹⁵ Leisure.
⁴ Surely. ¹⁰ Without. ¹⁶ Treat of.
⁵ Know not. ¹¹ Tax.
⁶ Conduct. ¹² Age.

As I before, here, have you tauld,¹
 When he saw the bataillis sae
 Assemble, and together gae,
 And saw the archers shot stoutly ;
 With all them of his company,
 In hy² upon them 'gan he ride ;
 And overtook them at a side ;
 And rushed among them so rudely,
 Sticking them so dispiteously,
 And in such fashion bearing them down,
 And slaying them for outyn ransoun ;³
 That they them scallèd everilkane.⁴
 And from that time forth there was nane
 That assemblèd, shot to ma.⁵
 When Scottis archers saw, that, they sae
 Were rebutted, they wax hardy
 And with all their might shot eagerly
 Among the horsemen, that there raid ;
 And woundis wide to them they made ;
 And slew of them a full great deal.
 They bare them hardily and weel.
 For frae their fae's archeris were
 Scallèd, as I said till you ere,
 That ma⁶ nae, they were be great thing,
 Sae that they dread nought their shooting.
 They wax sae hardy that them thought
 They should set all their faes at nought.

The thick of the Battle.

Where might men see (a) fell⁶ fight ;
 And men that worthy were and wight,⁷
 Do many worthy to wasselage :⁸
 They fought as they were in a rage.
 For when the Scottish archery
 Saw their faes sae sturdily
 Stand into battle them again ;⁹
 With all their might and all their main
 They laid on as men out of wit.
 And where they, with full stroke, might hit,

¹ Told. ⁶ Fierce.
² Haste. ⁷ Valiant.
³ Without ransom. ⁸ Achievements.
⁴ Scattered every one. ⁹ Against.
⁵ Make not.

There might no armour stynt¹ their strak.
 They too fruchyt² that they might o'ertak;
 And with axes such duschys³ gave
 That they helms and heads clave.
 And their faes right hardily
 Met them, and dang⁴ on them doughtely
 With weapons that were styth⁵ of steel:
 There was the battle strekyt⁶ weel.
 So great din there was of dints,
 As weapons upon armour stynts;⁷
 And of spears sae great brestring⁸
 And sic thrang and sic thursting,
 Sic girming, groaning, and so great
 A noise, as they 'gan other beat;
 And ensigns on ilka side;
 Giving and taking wounds wide,
 That it was hideous for to hear:
 All their four battillis⁹ with that were
 Fighting in a front wholily.
 A mighty God! how doughtely
 Sir Edward the Bruce and his men,
 Among their faes contented¹⁰ them then!
 Fighting in so good covine,¹¹
 So hardy, worthy, and so fine,
 That their vaward rushèd¹² was;
 And, maugre¹³ thair, left the place:
 And till their great rout, to warand¹⁴
 They went; that tane had upon hand
 So great annoy, that they were effrayit¹⁵
 For Scottis, that them hard assayit,
 That then were in a schiltrum¹⁶ all.
 Wha happenèd in that fight to fall
 I trow again he should not rise:
 There might men see, on many wise
 Hardiments eschewed¹⁷ doughtely;
 And many that wight were and hardy,
 Soon lying under feet all dead;

¹ Stand.² Broke.³ Hard blows.⁴ Struck.⁵ Hard.⁶ Extended.⁷ Strikes.⁸ Breaking.⁹ Battalions.¹⁰ Conducted.¹¹ Order and skill.¹² Driven back.¹³ Against their will.¹⁴ Shelter.¹⁵ Frightened.¹⁶ Arranged in round order.¹⁷ Daring achieved.

Where all the field of blood was red.
 Arms and quhytyss¹ that they bear,
 With blood was so defouled there
 That they might not descroyit² be.
 A mighty God! who then might see
 That Stewart, Walter, and his rout,
 And the good Douglas that was so stout,
 Fighting into that stalwart stour,³
 We should say that till all honour
 They were worthy, that, in that fight,
 So fast pressed their foes might
 That them rushèd where they yeid.⁴
 Their men might see many a steed
 Fleeing astray, that lord had nane.
 A Lord! who then good tent⁵ had tane⁶
 Till the good Earl of Murray,
 And his, that so great routs gae,
 And fought so fast in that battle
 Tholing⁷ sic paines and travail
 That they and theirs made sic debate,⁸
 That where they come, they made them
 gate⁹
 Then might men here enseynyeis¹⁰ cry:
 And Scottis men cry hardily
 "On them! On them! On them! they
 fail!"
 With that so hard they 'gan assail,
 And slew all that they might overta,
 And the Scottis archers alsua
 Shot among them so deliverly,¹¹
 Engrieving them so gretumly,¹²
 That what for them, that with them fought,
 That so great routis to them wrought,
 And pressèd them full eagrelly;
 And what for arowis, that felly
 Many great wounds 'gan them ma,¹³
 And slew fast of their horse alsua;
 That they wandyst¹⁴ a little way.

¹ Woollen coats.² Recognised.³ Tumult.⁴ Went.⁵ Heed.⁶ Taken.⁷ Enduring.⁸ Contention.⁹ Way for themselves.¹⁰ War cries.¹¹ Skilfully.¹² Greatly.¹³ Make.¹⁴ Shyed.

They dread so greatly then to-day
That their cowyn was wer and wer.
For they, that fighting with them were,
Set hardiment, and strength, and will,
And heart, and courage, all, there till
And all their main and all their might,
To put them fully to (the) flight.

THE FISHER AND THE FOX, OR DOUGLAS'
ADVICE TO GIVE THE ENGLISH THE
SLIP.

The Lord Douglas said, "By Saint Bride,
It were great folly at this tide
Till us with swilk¹ an host to fight:
It growis, ilk day, of (mare) might,
And has victual therewith plenty;
And in their country here are we,
Where there may come us no succours;
Hard is to make us here resource;
Na we us may ferrar,² meat to get:
Swilk as we have here we mon³ eat.
Do we with our foes therefore,
That are here lyand us before,
As Ik⁴ heard tell this other year
That a fox did with a fisher."
"How did the fox?" the earl 'gan say.
He said, "A fisher whilhom lay
Besides a river, for to get
His nets that he had there set.
A little lodge thereby he made;
And there-within a bed he had,
And a little fire alsua.
A door there was, for outyn ma.⁵
A⁶ night, his nettis for to sec,
He rose; and there well long dwelt he.
And when he had done his deed,
Toward his lodge again he yeid;⁷
And, with light of the little fire,
That in the lodge was bryndand schyr,⁸
Intill his lodge a fox he saw,
That fast on a salmon 'gan gnaw.

¹ Such.

² Farther.

³ Must.

⁴ I've.

⁵ Made for getting out.

⁶ One.

⁷ Went, hied.

⁸ Burning clear.

Then till the door he went in hy,¹
And drew his sword deliverly:
And said, 'Reiffar!² thou mon here out!'
The fox, that was in full great doubt,
Looked about, some hole to see;
But none issüe perceive couth he,
But where the man stood, sturdily.
A lauchtane³ mantle then him by
Lyand upon the bed he saw;
And with his teeth he 'gan it draw
Out o'er the fire: and when the man
Saw his mantle lie bryand than,
To rid it ran he hastily.
The fox got out then in great hy,
And held his way his warand⁴ till.
The man let him beguiled ill,
That he his good salmon had tynt,⁵
And also had his mantle brynt;⁶
And the fox scaithless⁷ got away.
This ensample well I may say
By yon host and us that are here:
We are the fox; and they the fisher,
That steiks⁸ forouth⁹ us the way.
They ween we may na get away,
But right where they lie. But, pardie,
All as they think it shall not be;
For I have gert see us a gate¹⁰
(Suppose that it be some deal wet)
A page of ours we shall not tyne.¹¹
Our foes, for this small tranowntyn,¹²
Wenys¹³ well we shall pride us swa¹⁴
That we plainly on hand shall tá¹⁵
To give them openly bataill:
But at this time their thought shall fail.
For we tomorn here all the day
Shall make as merry as we may;
And make us boune agayn¹⁶ the night;

¹ Haste.

² Be-reaver, reaver, robber.

³ Made of cloth.

⁴ Place of security, warren.

⁵ Lost.

⁶ Burnt; old English, brent.

⁷ Without harm.

⁸ Bars, shuts.

⁹ Before.

¹⁰ Way.

¹¹ Lose.

¹² Stratagem.

¹³ Thinkest.

¹⁴ So.

¹⁵ Take.

¹⁶ Ready against.
D

And then ger make our fires light,
 And blow our horns, and make fare
 As all the world our ane were,
 Quhill² that the night well fallen be;
 And then, with all our harness, we
 Shall take our way homeward in hy.
 And we shall gyit³ be graithly,³
 Quhill we be out of their danger
 That lies now enclosed here.
 Then shall we all be at our will:
 And they shall let them trumpet ill,
 Fra⁴ they wit well we be away."
 To this, wholly, assented they.

SPRING.

To show the author's observation and love of nature—that universal test of poetical genius—we give this specimen in the original spelling, followed by a paraphrased version by Mr Tytler, in Scott's romance measure, which reads like an extract from the *Lord of the Isles*.

This wes in Ver, quhen wynter tyde,
 With his blastis hidwyus to byde
 Was our drywyn, and birdys smale,
 As turturis and the nyctyngale,
 Begouth rycht sairely to syng,
 And for to mak in thair singyng
 Swete notis, and sownys ser,
 And melodys pleasand to her.

And the treis begouth to ma
 Burgeans, and brycht blomis alsua,
 To wyn the helyng of thair hewid
 That wykkyt winter had thaim rewid;
 And all gressys beguth to spryng.
 Into that tyme the nobill Kyng,
 With his flote and a few mengye,
 Thre hundyr, I trow, thal mycht be,
 Is to the se owte of Arane,
 A littil forouth, ewyn gane.

[Paraphrase.]

'Twas in the spring, when winter's tide,
 With blasts that bitter are to bide,
 Was past and gone; when songsters
 small,

The turtle and the nightingale,
 Began, from every bush and bower,
 Sweet notes of various sound to pour,
 Melodious songs of pleasant cheer,
 'Stead piping winds with descant drear;
 When trees their summer weeds assume,
 With opening buds of freshest bloom,
 And tresses green by woods are worn,
 That wicked winter's blasts had torn,
 And fields their emerald mantles wear,
 Then forth the noble king did fare;
 His galleys launch'd, aboard there were
 Scarce full three hundred men—the while
 He steer'd his course from Arran's isle.

ANDREW WYNTOUN.

1355?—1427?

IF John Barbour be designated *poet* and historian, his immediate successor in the annals of Scottish literature, Andrew Wyntoun, may be designated *historian* and poet. He cannot be said

to rival, nor even to approach his predecessor in either capacity, and this he himself modestly professes by using Barbour's work when dealing with the subject of it; nevertheless his *Chronicle*, besides its historical value, has a homely poetical tone, and occasionally a quaint

¹ Until. ² Guised. ³ Promptly. ⁴ Before.

humour, that entitles its author to a place in the list of Scottish poets.

Almost all that is known of him is derived from his own work, where he introduces himself in the prologue thus :—

"And for I wyll nane bere the blame
Of my defawte, this is my name
Be baptisme, Androwe of Wyntowne,
Of Sanct Androwys a chanowne
Regulare, bot nocht forthi
Of thaim all, the lest worthy ;
Bot of thair grace and thair favoure
I wes, but merit, made prioure
Of the Inche within Loch Lewwyne ;"

the sum of which is, that his baptismal name is Andrew of Wyntown ; that he is a canon regular of St Andrews, and though least worthy of them, nevertheless, by their grace, without merit of his own, elected Prior of the Inch, Lochleven.

The monastery was situated on one of the islands of Lochleven, in Kinross-shire, and was subordinate to the priory of St Andrews. It was dedicated to St Serf, or Servanus, whose history Wyntoun duly traces as a son of the King of Canaan, who, under the guidance of a sweet angel, left his native land for Alexandria, from whence, by way of Constantinople, he came to Rome, when he was elected to the popedom, vacant on the death of John III. After seven years, he resigned the popedom, and, led by his angel, he passed through France into England, but did not rest till he found himself in Scotland, where, after visiting a great many places, by the permission of Brude, king of the Picts, he fixed his abode in the above island, and founded the monastery known by his name. At the end of seven years he returned to Culross,

where "his cors found halowit sepulture."

There are no data for ascertaining the date of either Wyntoun's birth or death ; although, in the chartulary of the priory of St Andrews, there are several documents dated between the years 1395 and 1413 bearing his name. That he lived till 1419 is shown by his reference to an event of that date about the end of his *Chronicle* ; and in the prologue to the last book, he refers to the infirmities of age, and the prospect of approaching dissolution, so as to convey the idea of his being an old man. Tytler says—

"The *Chronicle* itself was finished between 3d September 1420 and the return of King James from England in 1424, and its author, in all probability, did not long survive its conclusion." Dr Laing supposes him to have died about 1427 ; and, taking his age at his death at 72, it would place his birth in 1355.

Wyntoun appears more anxious to vindicate his choice of the vernacular from the attacks of the Latin critics than Barbour, and invokes the protection of his patrons in the prologue to his *Chronicle* :—

"Bot Lordys gyve your courtesy,
Forbere me in this juperty ;¹
And fra their Lethe² walde me defende
That can reprove, and will nocht mende.
Havande excusyd my symplynes,
Syne that I set my besynes
Tyl youre pleasans generally :
Suppos this tretys sympylly,
I made at the instans of a Larde
That had my service in his warde,
Schyr Johne of the Wemyss be rycht name,
Ane honest knyght, and of gude fame.

His patron, Sir John Wemyss, of

¹ Jeopardy.

² Hatred.

Reres and Kincaldrum, ancestor of the Earls of Wemyss, was employed as an ambassador to treat for the release of James I. from his captivity in England, and must therefore have been a man of considerable political importance; and if the number of MSS. of the *Chronicle* that have descended to our time be an indication of the interest he took in his friend's literary success, he must have been a worthy patron. At any rate, his discernment and encouragement of the literary talents of the modest prior of St Serf's Isle, is in pleasing contrast with the spirit of an age which is more truly represented by Scott's Earl of Angus, who gives

"Thanks to St Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line."

But Wyntoun's *Chronicle*, though well known in its MS. form, was not printed till 1795, when a splendid edition was published, edited with great care by David Macpherson, author of *The Annals of Commerce*. Macpherson's edition embraced only so much of it as refers to the history of Scotland; but a new and revised edition of Macpherson's is now (1876) being edited by Dr David Laing in three volumes, of which the two first volumes were issued in 1872, in which the general history from the creation is contained. This, when completed, will be the first entire edition published. The three principal MSS. are The Royal and the Cotton, both in the British Museum, and that in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

It has been already indicated that its chief value is historical. Its accuracy, as regards its proper subject, the history of Scotland, is vouched for by such

judges as Macpherson, Tytler, and Laing, and is placed in favourable contrast with the fanciful compilation of Boece. His natural and truth-like account of the history of Macbeth is given as an illustration of his common-sense treatment of his subject.

It is true, he is strongly imbued with the superstitious belief of his age, and relates many stories which were current in his time, evidently believing, if not in their truth, at least in their possibility; but the manner of their relation is not such as to confound the spirit of his history with those fables that adorn or blemish it, according to the standpoint from which they are regarded. From the poetical point of view, which is that with which we are more immediately concerned, they are valuable as pictures of society under the sway of beliefs, whose effects were none the less poetically striking because their influence was malign. But, perhaps, his quaint humour and naturalness are his most pleasing poetical qualities, and it is these homely touches that make him a favourite with such as relish the muse in her unobtrusive antique vestments, rather than in the loud flashy habit of her sensational mood. Mr Tytler, with whom he is a special favourite, remarks, that "the worthy prior can provide from his poetic scrip every species of intellectual ware, from the driest piece of genealogical history, or the uncouthest catalogue of Pictish monarchs, to the animated description of a heavy fight, or the moving picture of a tournament or a hunting party." We have tried to illustrate his various qualities by the extracts given.

THE LAMB OF ST SERF.

This holy man had a ram,
That he had fed up of a lamb;
And usèd him till¹ follow ay,
Wherever he passed on his way.
A thief this sheep in Athren stall,²
And eat him up in pieces small.
When Saint Serf his ram had mist,
Wha that it stall, was few that wist:
On presumption, nevertheless,
He that it stall, arrested was.
And till Saint Serf syne³ was he brought;
That sheep, he said, that stall he not;
And there—till for to swear ane athe.⁴
He said that he would not be lathe,⁵
But soon he worthy⁶ red for shame
The sheep there bleated in his waime.⁷
Sae was he tainted⁸ shamefully,
And at Saint Serf askèd mercy.

SAINT SERF AND THE DEVIL.

While Saint Serf intill a stede,⁹
Lay after matins in his bed;
The devil came in foul intent,
For till fand¹⁰ him with argument.
And said: "Saint Serf by thy werk¹¹
I ken thou art a connand¹² clerk."
Saint Serf said, "If I sae be,
Foul wretch, what is that for thee?"
The devil said, "This question
I ask in our collation.¹³
Say where was God, wit thou aught,
Before that heaven and erde¹⁴ was
wrought?"
Saint Serf said, "In himself stedles¹⁵
His Godhead hampered never was."

¹ To.² Stole.³ Then.⁴ Oath.⁵ Loath.⁶ Became.⁷ Belly.⁸ Attainted, convicted.⁹ Place, as a farm-

stead.

¹⁰ Sound.¹¹ Work.¹² Skilful.¹³ Conference.¹⁴ Earth.¹⁵ Not limited to place.

The devil then asked "What cause he
had,

To make the creatures that he made?"

To that, Saint Serf answered there,

"Of creatures made he was maker;

A maker might he never be

Bot gif¹ creatures made had he."

The devil asked him, "Why God of
nought

His works all, full good had wrought?"

Saint Serf answered, "That God's will

Was, never to make his works ill,

And als envious he had been sene

Gif nought but he full good had been."

Saint Serf the devil askèd then,

"Where God made Adam the first man?"

"In Hebron Adam formèd was,"

Saint Serf said. And till Sathanas

"Where was he eft² that, for his vice,

He was put out of Paradise?"

Saint Serf said, "Where he was made."

The devil, "How long he bade

In Paradise after his sin?"

"Seven hours," Saint Serf said, "he bad
therein."

"Where was Eve made?" said Sathanas.

"In Paradise made," Serf said, "she
was."

And at Saint Serf the devil askèd then

"Why God let Adam, the first man,

And Eve sin in Paradise?"

Saint Serf said, "That monywise,

For God wist and understood

That thereof should come meikle good.

For Christ (took) flesh, mankind to win,

That was to pain put for their sin."

The devil asked, "Why might not be

All mankind deliverèd free

Be themself, set God had not

Them with his precious passion bought?"

Saint Serf said "They fell not in

By their self into their sin.

But by the false suggestion

Of the devil, their fae felloun.³

¹ Unless.² After.³ Fierce.

For that, he choosed to be born
 To save mankind, that was forlorn."
 The devil asked at him than
 "Why not make a new man,
 Mankind for to deliver free?"
 Saint Serf said, "That should not be:
 It sufficed well that mankind
 Once should come of Adam's strynde?"¹
 The devil asked, "Why that ye
 Men, are quite delivered free
 Through Christ's precious passion bought,
 And we devils, sae, are not?"
 Saint Serf said, "For that ye
 Fell through your own iniquity;
 And through ourself we never fell
 But through your fellow false counsel.
 And for² the devils were nought wrought
 Of bruky³ kind, ye would not
 With ruth⁴ of heart forthink⁵ your sin
 That through yourself ye were fallen in;
 Therefore Christ's passion
 Should not be your redemption."
 Then saw the devil that he could not,
 With all the wiles that he sought,
 O'ercome Saint Serf: he said than
 He kened⁶ him for a wise man.
 Forthi⁷ there he gave him quit
 For he wan at him na profit.
 Saint Serf said, "Thou wretch gae I
 Frae this stede;⁸ and noy⁹ na mae
 Into this stede, I bid ye."
 Suddenly then passèd he;
 Frae that stede he held his way,
 And never was seen there to this day.

MACBETH AND THE WITCHES.

A night¹⁰ he thought in his dreaming
 That sittand¹¹ he was beside the king

¹ Strain; race.

⁴ Sorrow.

⁷ Therefore.

⁸ Because.

⁵ Repent.

⁸ Place.

⁹ Fallible.

⁶ Knew.

⁹ Annoy.

¹⁰ One night.

¹¹ Sitting: *and* is the old Saxon termination of the participle.

At a seat in hunting: so
 Intill his leash had grey-hounds two.
 He thought, while he was so sittand,
 He saw three women by gangand;¹
 And they² women, then, thought he,
 Three weird sisters most like to be.
 The first he heard say, gangand by,
 "Lo! yonder the thane of Crumbauchty!"
 The tother woman said again,
 "Of Moray yonder I see the thane."
 The third then said, "I see the king."
 All this he heard in his dreaming.
 Soon after that, in his youth-head,
 Of thyr³ thanedoms, he thane was made
 Syne next he thought to be king,
 Fra⁴ Duncan's days had ta'en ending.
 The fantasy thus of his dream
 Moved him most to slay his eme,⁵
 As he did all forth indeed,
 As before he heard me rede,
 And dame Gruok his eme's wife
 Took, and led with her his life,
 And held her both his wife and queen,
 As before then she had been
 Till his eme, queen living,
 When he was king with crown reigning;
 For little in honour, then, had he
 The grace of affinity.
 All thus when his eme was dead,
 He succeeded in his stead;
 And seventeen winters full, reignand
 As king, he was then intill Scotland.
 All his time was great plenty
 Abounding, both in land and sea;
 He was in justice right lawful,
 And till his lieges all awful.

THE FLIGHT OF MACDUFF.

And in Scotland then, as king,
 This Macbeth made great stirring;

¹ Going. ² These or those. ³ These.

⁴ From; from the time when; as soon as.

⁵ Uncle. Anglo-Sax.

And set him then in his power
 A great house for to make of were
 Upon the hill of Dunsinane.
 Timber theretill to draw, and stane,
 Of Fife and of Angus, he
 Gert¹ many oxen gathered be.
 So on a day in their travail,
 A yoke of oxen Macbeth saw fail;
 Then speired² who that aught
 The yoke, that failed in their draught.
 They answered till Macbeth again
 And said "Macduff, of Fife the thane,
 That ilk yoke of oxen aught,
 That he saw fail into the draught."
 Then spake Macbeth dispiteously,
 And to the thane said angrily,
 Like all writen in his skin,³
 His own neck he should pyt in
 The yoke, and ger him draughts draw.
 Not doubting all his kynny's awe.
 Frae the thane Macbeth heard speak,
 That he would put in yoke his neck,
 Of all his thought he made no song;
 But privily out of the throng
 With slight he got; and the spensere⁴
 A loaf him gave till his suppere.
 And, as soon as he might see
 His time and opportunity,
 Out of the court he past, and ran,
 And that loaf bare with him than
 To the water of Erne. That bread
 He gave the boat-wards, him to lead,
 And on the south half him to set
 But⁵ delay or any let.
 That passage call'd was after than
 Long time Port Naharyan;
 The Haven⁶ of Bread that should be
 Callèd in-tyl property.
 Ower the water then was he set,
 But danger, or but ony let.

POPE JOHN, THAT WAS A WOMAN.

When this Leo the third was dead,
 A woman occupied that stead,¹
 Twa year as pape full, and mare.
 She was too wantown of her ware,
 She was English of nation,
 Right wylie of condition,
 A burgess' daughter, and his heir;
 Pryve pleasant and right fair:
 They called her father Hob of Lyne.
 Frae father and mother and all her
 kin,
 With her love she past off land,²
 A woman young till eild growand;³
 And at Athens in study
 She bade, and leryd ythandly:⁴
 And nane perceived her woman,
 But all time kythyd⁵ her as man,
 And called herself John Magwytne,
 Yea, wit ye well, a shrew fine.
 Syne again frae Greece to Rome,
 As a solem clerk she come,
 And had of clergy sic renown,
 That by concord election
 Pape she was chosen there,
 Yet feel (it) that her cubicular
 By her lay and gat a bairn:
 That all her clergy could not warne.
 Intill procession on a day,
 As she passed intill the way,
 Her child-ill all suddenly,
 Travailed her sae angrily,
 That suddenly there was she dead,
 And erdyd in that ilk stede⁶
 Without prayer or orrison,
 Or ony kind devotion,
 And but all other honesty,
 Solempne or in privity.⁷

¹ Caused.⁴ The dispenser of² Asked.

provisions.

³ The meaning some-
what obscure.⁵ Without.⁶ Properly ferry.¹ Place, position; hence instead.² Eloped.⁶ Buried in that same³ Till grown of age.

place.

⁴ Learned busily.⁷ Either public or⁵ Conducted.

private.

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS' DEFENCE OF
THE SCOTS.

"The question put by the illustrious Duke of Orleans," says Dr Laing, "is sufficiently simple and dispassionate, and leads to a natural and satisfactory conclusion, when he asked how it came that the English, with all their boasting, never were able to vanquish *the fuir folk of Scotland*!—

'Whose gathering into weiris
Micht nocht exceed five hundred speiris,'—

but allowed themselves to be harassed night and day by those whom they pretended to hold in despite; nor could enforce that homage and obedience which, at times, they presumed to say we owed to the crown of England."

Ane thousand year three hundred ninety
and ane,

Frae¹ Jesus Christ had manhood tane,
The bishop of Saint Andrews see,
Master Walter Trail callèd was he,—
By counsel and by ordinance
Of Scottismen, he passèd in France:
For, into Scotland men heard tell,
That the Duke John of Longcastell,
By ane ordinate deliverance
Of Englishmen, he passèd in France.—
And whatsoever they treitèd,² had
Our bishop there twelve monthes bade
And there sorely the Englishmen
The Scottismen defamèd then;—
They said their gaddering into weiris,³
Might not exceed five hundred spears;
The king of France, they said forthy,⁴
Should lat⁵ of Scottismen but lightly.
Thir⁶ wordis were said in the presence
Of the doughty Duke of Orleans,
Whilk had ane special affection
Till Scottismen, and their nation;
And then in haste he made answer,

¹ Since.

² Asked, entreated.

³ Wars.

⁴ Therefore.

⁵ Esteem, reckon.

⁶ These.

As it was said on this manner:—

Ye ween to lak,⁷ but ye commend
That nation, as ye mak it kead:
Was never realm, nor region
Worth mare commendation,
Than are the few folk of Scotland,
As that ye gar⁸ us understand.
Ye say their gaddering into weiris,
May not exceed five hundred spears;
And ye are ane mighty nation,
Excelling in presumption,
For all lands lying you by,
Ye suppress with your seniory,
Either ye win them to your crown,
Or haldis⁹ them in subjection.
But the few folk of Scotland,
Whilk by dry marches are lyand
Near on to you, they hold their own
As it is made untill us known;
And will come with their power,
Playn ye,⁴ or your land, of war,
And day and night will lie therein,
And in your sight your lands bryne;⁵
Your cattle, and your goods they ta;⁶
And spares nothing yourselves to slay;
Thus suffer they on no kind wise,
You of such might to do suppryse;⁷
But even they quit you lill for lall,⁸
Or that ye skail⁹ the market all:
That nation may ye not defame
But gif¹⁰ ye smight your own with shame!
The King of France, therefore, think me,
Should hold them into mair daintie¹¹
That so few folk of so little might
Against you can maintain their fight,
Upon the dry marches lyand,
As it is gart¹² us understand.—
When this was said the Englishmen
Were shamèd of their wordis then,
And hold them still, and spokè no mare
Intil despite, as they did ere.

¹ Depreciate.

⁵ Burn.

⁹ Disperse.

² Make, cause.

⁶ Take.

¹⁰ Without.

³ Hold.

⁷ Suppress.

¹¹ Esteem.

⁴ Ye complain.

⁸ Tit for tit.

¹² Made.

HENRY THE MINSTREL.

1420?—1493?

SOMEWHAT out of chronological order, we have placed Blind Harry, as the minstrel is familiarly called, next Wyntoun, although he must have been born at least a quarter of a century later than James I.; yet no one who compares his *Wallace* with the *King's Quair*, will doubt that the former poetically belongs to the school of Barbour, while the latter marks the introduction of a more modern school.

"Henry, who was blind from his birth, composed, in the time of my infancy, the whole *Book of William Wallace*, and committed to writing in vulgar poetry, in which he was well skilled, the things that were commonly related of him. For my own part, I give only partial credit to writings of this description. By the recitation of these, however, in the presence of men of the highest rank, he procured, as he indeed deserved, food and raiment." Along with a few incidental references by himself, in the *Life of Wallace*, the above quotation from the Latin *History of Scotland*, by John Major, or Mair, published in 1521, is all the direct evidence that we possess regarding the life of this very remarkable man. The date of Major's own birth being unrecorded, makes his statement as to Henry less definite as data for ascertaining the time when he composed his *Life of Wallace*. Buchanan says Major was an old man in 1524, and was still alive, and provost of St Salvator's College in

1549; so that he must then have been very old indeed, and Dr Irving may not be far wrong in supposing him to have reached the age of 94. On this hypothesis, he would have been born in 1455, and, allowing five years of age to be about that which he calls his infancy, this would place the composition of *Wallace* in 1460. Supposing the author to be 40 when he composed it, 1420 would be the year of his birth. The Treasurer's accounts, during the reign of James IV., record several donations of five, nine, and eighteen shillings, having been made to him, of which the last is dated January 1492; and Dr Irving's conjecture, that he died shortly after, is very probable—if we suppose in 1493 it would make his age to be 73 at death.

"All worthi men at redys this rurall dyt,
Blaym nocht the buk; set I be unperfytt.
I suld have thank, sen I nocht travaill spard,
For my laubour na man hecht me reward;
Na charge I had off king nor othir lord
Gret harm I thocht his gud deid suld be
smord.
I haiff said her ner as the process gais;
And fenyeid nocht for frendschip nor for fais.
Costis herfor was no man bound to me;
In this sentence I had na will to be,
Bot in als mekill as I rahersit nocht
Sa worthely as nobill Wallace wrocht."

"Go nobill buk, fullfyllt off gud sentens,
Suppos thou be baran off eloquens.
Go worthy buk fullfillt off suthfast deid;
Bot in language, off help thow has gret neid
Quhen gud makaris rang weil in to Scotland,
Gret harm was it, that name of thaim ye fand."

Yeit thar is part that can the weill avance ;
 Now byd thi tym, and be a remembrance.
 I yow besek, off your benevolence ;
 Quha will nocht low, lak nocht my eloquence ;
 (It is weill knawin I am a bural man),
 For her is said as gudly as I can :
 My speryt felis na termys asperans.
 Now besek God, that gyffar is off grace
 Maide hell and erd, and set the hewyn abuff,
 That he us grant off his der lestand luff.

The above contains almost all the allusions that he makes to himself, if we except his frequent references to the Latin book of his author, "Maister Jhone Blayr."

"A worthy clerk, bath wyss and rycht sawage.
 Lewyt he was befor in Parryss toune.
 Among maistris in science and renoune.
 Wallace and he at hayme in scule had beyne ;
 Sone eftirwart, as verité is syne,
 He was the man pryncipall undirtuk,
 That fyrst compild in dyt the Latyne buk
 Of Wallace lyff, rycht famous of renoune ;
 And Thomas Gray persone of Libertoune.
 With him thai war, and put in story all,
 Oftt ane or bath, mekill of his traull ;
 And tharfor her I mak off thaim mencioune."

The foregoing quotations, which may serve as unaltered specimens of the poem, are not difficult of comprehension, but the first may be paraphrased as follows :—All you who read this rustic lay, blame not the book. Although I be imperfect, yet should I have thanks for the labour and pains which I have bestowed upon it, without promise of reward from king or noble. I thought it a pity such good deeds should be smothered, and have done my best to relate them as they occurred, regarding neither friend nor foe. No man is bound to relieve me of the costs of it ; and I know (but for this I am not to blame), that my description falls far

short of the manner in which such noble deeds should be recorded.

Then, in finishing his task, with a consciousness of having discharged it in no ignoble spirit, yet regretting that the subject was neglected when good poets sung in Scotland, he commits the book to the judgment of posterity, confident that it will not be forgotten, notwithstanding his want of eloquence, which he excuses on the ground of his being a "bural man." The meaning drawn from his use of this phrase is, that he was a peasant by descent, for the word "bural" appears to be our modern word *boorish*.

There is nothing in the book to confirm the uniform tradition that he was a professional minstrel, or that he was blind ; indeed, the impression left upon the mind by the book, in reference to the latter part of the tradition, is one of doubt, at least as to his being blind from his birth. We think Ellis, in his notice of him, was impressed with this feeling of doubt when emphasizing the word *born*, where he says—"That a man *born* blind should excel in any science is sufficiently extraordinary, though by no means without example ; but that he should become an excellent poet is almost miraculous, because the soul of poetry is description. Perhaps, therefore, it may be easily assumed that Henry was not inferior, in point of genius, to either Barbour or Chaucer ; or indeed to any poet of any age or country." Tytler, in endeavouring to vindicate his character as a historian from undeserved neglect, both by himself and his brother historians, says—"Some late researches, and an

attentive perusal of his poem, comparing it as I went along with contemporary documents, have placed the *Life of Wallace* in a different light. I am persuaded that it is the work of an ignorant man, who was yet in possession of valuable and authentic materials. On what other supposition can we account for the fact, that, whilst in one page we meet with errors which show a deplorable perversion of history, in the next we find circumstances unknown to other Scottish historians, yet corroborated by authentic documents, by contemporary English annalists, and by national muniments and records, only published in modern times, and to which the Minstrel cannot be supposed to have had access."

After giving a series of examples to prove the position assumed, he points to the testimony of the Minstrel himself regarding the source of his information, as given in the passage we have quoted in reference to John Blair and Thomas Gray. He sums up his argument thus—"It was, therefore, in all probability, the Latin Buk of Wallace's *Life*, compiled by this worthy ecclesiastic, Master John Blair, who, as we are elsewhere informed, officiated as his chaplain, from which Henry the Minstrel derived those authentic particulars which may be detected cropping out, as geologists say, from beneath the more fabulous superficies of his history." This reasonable view of the Minstrel's literary achievement, is but the adoption of his own account of it; and is indeed the only one which can be held, consistently with respect for his character as a truthful man. At the end of his narra-

tive of the *Life of Wallace*, he gives some additional particulars regarding his Latin authority, which we give modernised in spelling, but verbally unaltered:

"Of Wallace life wha has¹ a further feill²
May show forth more with wit and eloquence;
For I to this have done my diligence,
After the proof given in the Latin book,
Which Master Blair in his time undertook,
In fair Latin compiled it till an end,
With thir witness the mare is to commend.
Bishop Sinclair then lord was of Dunkell,
He got this book and confirmed it himsell
For very true; thereof he had no dread;
Himself had seen great part of Wallace deed.
His purpose was till have send it to Rome,
Our father of Kirk thereon to give his doom.³
But Master Blair and als Sir Thomas Gray
After Wallace they lasted many a day,
Thir two knew best of good Sir Williams deed."

Keeping the circumstance of his blindness in view, and the likelihood of his being ignorant of Latin, so far as he followed this authority, the only rational view of the matter that presents itself is, that he dictated, in rhyme, the translation of it read to him by an ecclesiastic of the monastery in which it was preserved. This would also account for the descriptions of scenery, and the aspect of the seasons with which the poem abounds. That it no longer exists need not excite much surprise.

As evidence of the popularity of the *Life of Wallace*, we find an edition of it published so early as 1570, and many have appeared since then. That edited by Dr Jamieson in 1820 is now reckoned the standard edition. The MS., which was written by John Ramsay, the same who wrote *The Bruce*, in 1488, while the Minstrel was still living, is

¹ Would have.

² Understanding.

³ Judgment.

preserved in the Advocates' Library,
Edinburgh.

YOUNG WALLACE : HIS CHARACTER.

[*Spelling modernised.*]

After a short introductory account of the condition of Scotland since the death of Alexander III., the Minstrel turns to Wallace, the proper subject of his poem.

Scotland was lost when he was but a child,
And o'er set through with our enemies wild.

His father, Malcolm, in the¹ Lennox fled,
His eldest son thither he with him led.
His mother fled with him² from Elersliè,
Till Gowry passed, and dwelt in Kilspindie.

The knight, her father, thither he them sent

Till his uncle, that with full good intent
In Gowry dwelt, and had good living there;

An aged man, the whilek received them fair.

Intill Dundee, Wallace to school they send

Quhill³ he of wit full worthily was kend.

Thus he conteynde⁴ in till his tender age;

In arms syne⁵ did many high waslage,⁶

When Saxons blood into this realm coming,

Working the will of Edward that false king,

Many great wrong they wrought in this region,

Destroyed our lords, and break their buildings down.

Both wives, widows, they took all at their will;

¹ Into.

² Wallace, the second son.

³ While, or until.

⁴ Continued.

⁵ That since.

⁶ Achievements.

Nuns, maidens, whom that they likèd to spill.

William Wallace, or⁷ he was man of arms
Great pity thought that Scotland took such harms,

Meikle dolour⁸ it did him in his mind;

For he was wise, right worthy, wight and kind;

In Gowry dwelt still with this worthy man,⁹

As he increased, and wit abounded than,

Intill his heart he had full meikle care,

He saw the Southron multiplying mare;

And to himself oft would he make his moan:

Of his good kin they had slain many one;

Yet he was then seemly stark⁴ and bold;
And he of age was but eighteen year old.

Weapons he bore, either good sword or knife;

For he with them⁵ happened right oft in strife;

Where he found one without the other presence,

After, to Scottis, that⁶ did no more grievance;

To cut his throat or stick him suddenly

He waynd it⁷ nought, found he them fawely.⁸

Sundry wayntit,⁹ but none wist by what way

For all to him there could no man them say.

Sad of countenance he was both old and ying,

Little of speech, wise, courteous, and benyng.¹⁰

¹ Before.

² Much grief.

³ His uncle.

⁴ Strong.

⁵ The Southrons.

⁶ Person.

⁷ Cared.

⁸ Few in number.

⁹ Were wanted, missed?

¹⁰ Benign.

ADVENTURE OF WALLACE WHILE FISH-
ING IN IRVINE WATER.

So on a time he desired to play.
In Aperil the three-and-twenty day,
Till Irvine water fish to tak he went,
Sic fantasy fell in his intent.
To lead his net a child furth with him
yeid,¹

But he, or² noon, was in a fellow dread.
His sword he left, so did he never again ;
It did him gude, suppose he suffered pain.
Of that labour as than he was not slie,
Happy he was, took fish abundantly.
Or of the day ten hours o'er couth pass.
Ridand there come, near by where Wal-
lace was,

The Lord Percy was captain then of Ayr ;
Frae then' he turned, and couth to Glas-
gow fare.³

Part of the court had Wallace' labour seen,
Till him rade five, clad into ganand green,
And said soon, "Scot, Martin's fish we
wald have!"

Wallace meekly again answer him gave.
"It were reason, methink, ye should have
part,

Waith⁴ should be dealt, in all place, with
free heart."

He bade his child, "Give them of our
waithing."

The Southron said, "As now of thy dealing
We will not tak ; thou wald give us o'er
small."

He lighted down, and frae the child took
all.

Wallace said then, "Gentlemen gif ye be,
Leave us some part, we pray for charity.
Ane aged knight serves our lady to-day :
Gude friend, leave part, and tak not all
away."

¹ Went.

² Ere, before.

³ He was on his way from Ayr to Glasgow.

⁴ Spoil taken in sport.

"Thou shall have leave to fish, and tak
thee mae,
All this forsooth shall in our flitting gae.
We serve a lord ; thir fish shall till him
gang."

Wallace answered, said, "Thou art in the
wrang."

"Whom thous thou, Scot ? in faith thou
'serves a blaw."

Till him he ran, and out a sword 'gan draw.
William was wae he had nae wappins there
But the poutstaff,⁵ the whilk in hand he
bare.

Wallace with it fast on the cheek him took,
With sae gude will, quhill of his feet he
shook.

The sword flew frae him a fur-breid⁶ on the
land.

Wallace was glad, and hint⁷ it soon in
hand ;

And with the sword awkward he him gave
Under the hat, his craig⁸ in sunder drave.
By that the lave⁹ lighted about Wallace,
He had no help, only but God's grace.

On either side full fast on him they dang,
Great peril was gif they had lasted lang.
Upon the head in great ire he strak ane ;
The shearand sword glade to the collar
bane.

Ane other on the arm he hit so hardily,
While hand and sword baith in the field
'gan lie.

The tother twa fled to their horse again ;
He stickit him was last upon the plain.

Three slew he there, twa fled with all
their might

After their lord ; but he was out of sight,
Takand the muir,⁶ or he and they couth
twine.⁷

Till him they rade anon, or they wald
blyne.⁸

⁵ Fishing-net staff.

⁶ Breadth of a furrow.

⁷ Caught.

⁸ Neck.

⁹ Rest.

⁶ Entering the moor.

⁷ Separate.

⁸ Ere they would stop.

THE BOOK OF SCOTTISH POEMS.

And wail, "Lord, abide; your men are
martyred down
Right cruelly, here in this false region.
Five of our court here at the water bade,²
Fish for to bring, though it nae profit
made.
We are 'scaped, but in field slain are
three."
The lord speird,³ "How mony might
they be?"
"We saw but ane that has discomfist us
all."
Then leugh³ he loud, and said, "Foul
mot you fall!
Sin' ane you all has put to confusion.
Wha meins it maist, the devil of hell him
drown!
This day for me, in faith, he bees not
sought."
When Wallace thus this worthy wark had
wrought,
Their horse he took, and gear that levèd
was there,
Gave ower that craft, he yede to fish nae
mare.
Went till his eme, and tald him of this
deed,
And he for woe well near worthit to weid,⁴
And said, "Son, thir tidings sits me sore,
And, be it known, thou may tak scaith
therefore."
"Uncle," he said, "I will no langer bide;
Thir southland horse let see gif I can
ride."
Then but a child, him service for to mak,
His eme's sons he wald not with him tak.
This good knight said, "Dear cousin, pray
I thee,
When thou wants gude, come fetch
enough frae me."
Silver and gold he gart on to him give,
Wallace inclines, and gudely took his
leave.

² Tarried.
³ Inquired.

³ Laughed.
⁴ Nearly went mad.

WALLACE WIGHT.

Wallace stature, of greatness, and of height,
Was judg'd thus, by discretion, of right,
That saw him, both dissembill, and in weid;²
Nine quarters large he was in length in-
deed;
Third part length, in shoulders broad,
was he,
Right semely, strong, and lusty for to see;
His limbs great with stalwart pace and
sound,
His brows hard, his arms great and round,
His hands made right like till a palmer,
Of manlike make with nails great and
clear;
Proportioned long, and fair was his visage;
Right sad of speech, and able in courage;
Broad breast and high, with sturdy craig³
and great;
His lips round, his nose was square and
straight;
Bow and³ brown haird, on brows and breis
light;
Clear aspre eyne⁴ like diamondis bright.
Under the chin, on the left side, was seen,
By hurt, a wain; his colour was sanguine.
Wounds he had in many divers place,
But fair, and well keepèd, was his face.
Of riches he kept no proper thing;
Gave as he wan like Alexander the king.
In time of peace meek as a maid was he,
When war approached, the right Hector
was he.
To Scottismen a great credence he gave,
But knowing enemies, they could not him
deceive.
Thir properties was known into France,
Of him to be in good remembrance,
Master John Blair that patron couth
rasaiff⁵
In Wallace book brewyt it with the layff.⁶

¹ Undressed, and dressed. ⁵ Received these
² Neck. known particulars.
³ Curled. ⁶ Noted them with
⁴ Sharp eyes. the rest.

WALLACE, DISGUISED, VISITS THE
ENGLISH CAMP.

Edward and his army being encamped at Biggar, Wallace, meditating a midnight raid, visits it disguised, in order to observe their arrangements. On his way to the camp he meets a countryman.

Driving a mare, and pitchers had he to sell.
"Good friend," said he, "in truth wilt thou me tell,

With this chaffer where passes thou truly.
Till ony, sir, who likes for to buy ;
It is my craft, and I would (sell) them fain."

"I will them buy, so God me save from pain.

What price let's hear? I will take them ilk ane."

"But half a mark, for sic price have I ta'en."

"Twenty shillings," Wallace said, "thou shall have.

I will have mare, pitchers, and all the lave.
Thy gown and hose in haste thou put off syne,

And make a change, for I shall give thee mine ;

And thy old hood, because it is threadbare."
The man weened well that he had scorned him there.

"Do, tarry not, it is sooth, I thee say."

The man cast off his feeble weed of grey,
And Wallace his, and paid siller in hand.

"Pass on," he said, "thou art a proud merchand."

The gown and hose, in clay that claggèd was,

The hood he klyt,¹ and made him for to pass.

The whip he took, syne forth the mare 'gan call ;

Atour a brae the omast² pot gert fall,
Brake on the ground. The man leuch at his fare,

But³ thou beware, thou tines⁴ of thy chaffre
The sun by then was passèd out of sight,
The day o'er went, and coming was the night.

Among Southernns full busily he past
On either side his eyes he 'gan to cast,
Where Lordis lay, and had their lodging made

The King's pavillion whereon the libbards bade

Spyand full fast, where his avail should be,
And could well look and wink with the tae ee.

Some scornèd him, some, gleed carl, called him there.

Agrievèd they were for their herald's miss-fare.

Some speired at him how he sold off his beast.

"For forty pence," he said, "while they may lest."

Some brake a pot, some priled³ at his ee,
Wallace fled out and privily let them be:
On till his host again he past full right.

LAMENT FOR WALLACE.

Alas, Scotland, to whom shall thou complain !

Alas, frae pain wha shall thee now restrain !

Alas, thy help is falsely brought to ground,

Thy (best) chieftain in braith⁴ bands is bound !

Alas, thou has now lost thy guide of light !

Alas, wha shall defend thee in thy right?

Alas, thy pain approaches wonder⁵ near,

With sorrow soon thou mon be set in feyr!⁶

Thy gracious guide, thy greatest governour,

Alas, o'er near is coming his fatal hour !

Alas, wha shall thee 'bate now of thy baill??

Alas, when shall of harmis thou be haill?⁸

¹ Unless.⁴ Severe.⁷ Evil.² Lose.⁵ Wonderful.⁸ Whole.³ Pricked.⁶ In company.¹ Fastened with a hook.² Topmost.

Wha shall thee defend? Wha shall thee
now make free?

Alas, in war wha shall thy helper be?
Wha shall thee help? Wha shall thee
now redeem?

Alas, wha shall the Saxons from thee
flem?¹

I can no more, but beseech God of grace
Thee to restore in haste to righteousness;
Sen² good Wallace may succour thee no
more.

The loss of him increased meikle³ care,
None of his men in Glasgow still that lay,
What sorrow raise, when they him missed
away?

The cruel pain, the woeful complaining,
Thereof to tell it were owre heavy thing.
I will let be,⁴ and speak of it na mare
Little rehearse is owre meikle of care:
And principally where redemption is nane
It helps nought to tell their piteous mane.⁵
The deed thereof is yet in remembrance
I will let slaik⁶ of sorrow the ballance.

SKETCHES OF NATURE.

Morning.

The merry day sprang frae the orient,
With beams bright illumined the occident.
After Titan, Phoebus up risèd fair,—
High in the sphere the signs made
declair.

Zepherus began his morrow course;
The sweet vapour thus frae the ground
resource;

The humil breath down from the heaven
avail,

In every mead, bathe firth, forest and dail;
The clear rede⁷ among the rockis rang,
Through green branches, where birdis
blithely sang

With joyous voice, in heavenly harmony.

¹ Expel.

⁴ Desist.

⁶ Slacken, let

² Since.

⁵ Moan.

go.

³ Much.

⁷ Voice.

Spring.

In Aperil the one and twenty day
The high calend, thus Cancer, as we say,
The lusty time of Mayis fresh coming,
Celestial great blythness in to bring;
Principal moneth, forsooth it may be seen,
The heavenly hues upon the tender green,
When old Saturn his cloudy course had
gone.

The whilk had been both beast and birdis
bon;

Zepherus eik, with his sweet vapour,
He comfort has, by working of nature,
All fructious thing in till the earth adoun,
That rulèd is under the high region:
Sober Luna, in flowing of the sea,
When bright Phoebus is in his chemagè,
The Bull's course so taken had his place,
And Jupiter was in the Crabis face:
When conryet¹ the hot sign coloryk,
Into the Ram, whilk had his rowmys ryk,
He chosen had his place and his mansion,
In Capricorn, the sign of the Lion:
Gentle (Jupiter) with his mild ordinance,
Both herb and tree revertis in pleasance,
And fresh Flora her flowery mantle spread,
In every vail, both hop, hight, hill, and
mead:

Autumn.

In September, the humyll moneth sweet,
When passèd by the height was, of the
heat,
Victual and fruit are ripèd in abundance,
As God ordains to man's governance.
Sagittarius with his aspre bow,
By the ilk sign, verity ye may know
The changing course whilk makes great
difference;
And leaves had lost their colouris of plea-
sance.

All worldly thing has nought but a season;
Both herb and fruit mon frae heaven come
down.

¹ Disposed.

JAMES THE FIRST.

1394—1437.

JAMES THE FIRST was the fourth in descent from Robert the Bruce, being the great-grandson of his daughter Marjory, and the third of the Steward line of kings. He was the second son of Robert III., an estimable and good man, but wanting that vigour of body and commanding firmness of mind necessary for the government of the turbulent nobility of Scotland in that age. His mother, Annabella Drummond, a daughter of Sir John Drummond of Stobhall, is called by Chalmers "the admirable queen of Robert III." James was born in Dunfermline in 1394, in the thirty-seventh year of the married life of his parents, twenty-one years the junior of his brother David, Duke of Rothesay. His education till his eleventh year was entrusted to Henry Wardlaw, the celebrated bishop of St Andrews.

David, James' brother, as heir to the crown, had for some time shared the government of the kingdom along with his uncle, the Duke of Albany, who, since the accession of his brother Robert III., had been entrusted by him with the administration of affairs. Albany was a man of an unprincipled and ambitious disposition, and, before the birth of James, the Duke of Rothesay was the only obstacle that stood betwixt him and the crown. The duke's behaviour, if not his character, appears to have been reckless and licentious to such a degree as to give

(2)

his uncle specious grounds for putting him under restraint. He was accordingly arrested, and imprisoned in a dungeon of Albany's castle of Falkland, in Fife, from which, after about a fortnight, his dead body was carried to the neighbouring Abbey of Lindores, and buried. It was given out that he died of dysentery, yet public opinion pointed so directly to Albany as his murderer, that he demanded to be brought to trial. But such was his influence, that not only was he acquitted, but he obtained a formal remission, absolving himself and his associate the Earl of Douglas of all guilt in the matter. Although too feeble to cope with his crafty brother, the king appears to have shared the public belief in his guilt; and with his heart all but broken for the loss of his beloved eldest son, his whole thoughts became concentrated upon the safety of the youngest, now his only hope.

James was but eight years old when the death of his brother made him heir to the crown, and the only obstacle that stood in the way of his uncle's ambitious designs upon it. When he attained his eleventh year, his father, with the consent and advice of his excellent tutor Bishop Wardlaw, resolved to send him to France, on the plea of prosecuting his education, and had a vessel equipped for conveying him thither in the spring of 1405. He embarked at the Bass, accompanied by

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his tutor Henry St Clair, Earl of Orkney, and a small retinue of attendants; but they had not proceeded beyond Flamborough Head, on the coast of Northumberland, when they were intercepted by an English squadron, and made prisoners, in violation of a treaty of truce then subsisting between England and Scotland. This breach of good faith, which obtained the subsequent approval of Henry IV. and his council, was perpetrated on the 12th April 1405, and it is strongly suspected to have been instigated by Albany. On receipt of the news of this second calamity, the aged king retired to the seclusion of his castle of Rothesay, in Bute, where he died on the 4th April 1406. He was buried in Paisley Abbey.

The captive James was now proclaimed king by a parliament which met at Perth, and his Uncle Albany was confirmed in his office of Regent; but no remonstrance was made against the illegality of his capture, and no steps were taken to obtain his release.

When James and his retinue were brought before Henry, the Earl of Orkney protested against his being made a prisoner, pleading the peaceful object of his voyage to France on account of his education. The English monarch jestingly replied, that, in that case, it made little difference, that he himself understood French well, and James would be as well educated at his court as at that of France. And Henry seems to have meant what he said, for in the selection of Sir John Pelham to superintend the studies of his captive, "he generously," says Tytler, "selected

for him a military governor, whose character was a guarantee for his being brought up in a manner suitable to his royal rank." Nor did the youthful prisoner discredit the teaching of his excellent master. He greatly excelled in all those military and athletic exercises which formed the physical education of the young knights of the time. Beside those active feats which strengthened the constitution, he did not neglect the cultivation of those more elegant and intellectual studies which give grace to the manners and strength to the mind. His natural genius for music and poetry were of no common order; and the circumstance of his captivity gave him leisure and opportunity for the study of those fascinating arts, which, had he remained at home, might be incompatible with the discharge of more serious duties. He is also said to have been a good Greek and Latin scholar, and to have been well acquainted with the philosophy of the age.

The two first years of his imprisonment were spent in the Tower of London, from whence he was removed to Nottingham Castle, and shortly after to Windsor, where he appears to have spent the greater part of his captivity.

Henry IV. died in March 1413, and was succeeded by Henry V., by whom James was again, for a short time, committed to the custody of the Tower, after several unsuccessful attempts for his liberation on his own part, and on that of the Scottish nobles opposed to Albany. At length, in September 1319, Albany's long lease of power came to an end, through his death, at Stirling, in his eightieth year; but such

was his influence, and the tenacity of his unprincipled ambition, that he contrived to transfer the reins of power, which death alone snatched out of his own firm grasp, into the feeble hands of his son Murdoch. James, now in his twenty-fifth year, saw, with indignation, a renewal of that unjust usurpation which kept him out of his rights, without a protest being made on his behalf. In these circumstances it must have been a mitigation of his misfortunes to have accompanied Henry V. to France, where he commanded a chosen band of Scottish knights who fought with great bravery under the standard of England for two years. He was also present at the magnificent coronation festival of Catherine of France, as Henry's queen, and returned to England in their train.

Henry had not been long in England, when the arrival of a body of 7000 Scots, under the Earl of Buchan, the second son of Albany, enabled the dauphin to renew hostilities, and the first check sustained by the arms of England in France was that of Baugé, where the Scots under Buchan defeated them, killing the Duke of Clarence, Henry's brother, and making many important prisoners. Henry resolved to return, to retrieve the misfortunes of his army, and to bring James along with him, in the hope that the Scots auxiliaries might be induced, by the presence of their king, to desist. On Henry's proposing to James that he should charge them on their allegiance to do so, he replied, with equal good reason and high spirit—"That, so long as he continued a prisoner, and acted under the will of another, it neither became him to

issue nor them to obey such orders; but," he added, "in order to win the prize of chivalry, and become instructed in the art of war under so illustrious a master, was an opportunity he willingly embraced." Accordingly, with a select company of Scottish knights, he accompanied Henry for the love of honour.

In this second visit to France, James obtained some information about the misgovernment of his cousin, Duke Murdoch, and the anxiety of the people for his own return; and Henry, seeing how little he could influence Scottish policy through James, and having now satisfactory evidence of the firm and energetic character of his captive, began to think it might best serve his own interests to bind him by the ties of gratitude and relationship, by restoring him to his dominions, and bestowing upon him the hand of his relative, the Lady Jane Beaufort.

James' introduction to this beautiful and accomplished lady is equally interesting from a poetical and a political point of view; and taking his own delicate but romantic account of it, which there is no reason to believe to be a piece of fanciful feigning, it is as simple, and natural, and artless as the accidental meeting of the most primitive pastoral swains. The lady who thus became the object of James' ardent affection, and inspired his muse, was the daughter of the Earl of Somerset, then dead, and whose mother, a daughter of the Earl of Kent, was married to Henry's brother, the Duke of Clarence, killed by the Earl of Buchan at the battle of Baugé. Her brother, the Duke of Somerset, one of Henry's re-

nowned commanders, was taken prisoner by the Scots in the same engagement.

The feeble Murdoch being unable to prevent Scottish troops being sent to the assistance of France against England, there was no longer any motive, on the part of the latter, for retaining the King of Scots to serve his purposes; all things therefore seemed to favour James' restoration. He was with Henry in France when that monarch was seized with the fatal disorder of which he died in August 1422, and in the capacity of chief mourner accompanied the body to England. This event, however, somewhat retarded the arrangements for his return to Scotland. At length the conditions of his release were agreed upon, whereby £40,000, in the name of expenses for his support during captivity, was to be paid to England. The terms of James' marriage with Lady Jane Beaufort were settled at the same time, and the ceremony was celebrated in the church of St Mary Overy, in Southwark, after which the marriage banquet was held in the house of the bride's uncle, the famous Cardinal Beaufort. All things being thus settled, James returned to his native country, after an exile of eighteen years, and was crowned at Scone, April 28, 1423, amid the rejoicings of his countrymen.

The state of the kingdom demanded the most energetic efforts to reduce to order and system the chaotic confusion to which the weakness of the governor and the turbulence of the nobles had reduced it; and James lost no time in making himself thoroughly acquainted with the condition of affairs; yet so

general was the corruption of the ruling class, and their participation in the maladministration of the Albany, that the utmost caution was required in proceeding to reform the abuses and restore the spoliations in which so many had become interested. His conduct at first towards Albany and his associates was such as to awaken no suspicions that he was diligently informing himself of the intrigues by which he was kept an exile, and preparing to wreak such vengeance upon the perpetrators as showed him to be possessed of a determination and force of character in striking contrast to that of his father. But except so far as they enable us to estimate his intellectual vigour, the details of his administration belong rather to his political than to his literary history; it will therefore be sufficient to relate, that such was the skill with which he planned his measures, both for the reform of the government, and the punishment of past misrule, that, in about twelve months after his return, he had the control of all the strongholds of the kingdom, and condemned and executed the Duke of Albany and two of his sons, along with his father-in-law, the Earl of Lennox. Apart from the retaliation to which such an act of public vengeance was almost sure to lead, it is questionable if, on any grounds, such severity was justifiable, and it would appear as if James, through too acute a sense of the injury his family and himself suffered at the hands of his uncle, was carried beyond his judgment in visiting the sins of the father upon the son and grandson. His solicitude and constant efforts for the humane and just

government of the country lead to this conclusion.

That James was not in advance of his age in his views regarding the freedom of religious opinion, was too plainly manifested in a law passed by him for the secular punishment of heresy, under which Paul Craw, a Bohemian who had visited Scotland in order to propagate the doctrines of Wickliffe, was committed to the flames. Yet it was in his reign, though during his exile in 1413, and on his application to the Pope, that the first university in Scotland—that of St Andrews—was founded; and in his third parliament at Perth, in March 1425, copies of the laws of the realm were ordered to be supplied to such persons in the different counties as had to do with the administration of justice. Nor was he forgetful of the military organization of the country; and especially did he enforce the practice of archery, in which he was himself one of the most skilful adepts of the age.

Such was the energy of James' administration, and his capacity for details in reference to all the interest of the country—its agriculture, home and foreign trade, manufactures, and fisheries—that his parliaments were almost constantly employed devising measures for their improvement. And in nothing is the benevolent character of the monarch more conspicuous than in his efforts to ameliorate the condition of the lower orders of the people, whose well-being at this time was almost as dependent on the will of their superiors as the lives of the cattle upon their estates; and it often happened, when lands were let to new tenants, that the labourers and

subtenants were ordered to quit in the most summary and inconsiderate manner. This being in accordance with the law of the land, James was unable to remedy otherwise than by a request to the greater barons and higher clergy to grant a year's grace to the smaller tenants and labourers who were removable without warning; and it is supposed that this recommendation first familiarized the country with the right of tack or lease. In reference also to matters which the wisdom of later times have left to the regulation of public opinion and individual taste, the enactments of James show the monarch's anxiety for the public welfare, by making regulations regarding burgesses and tradesmen—their occupations, their dress, and even their amusements; in fact, drill, discipline, and legislative regulation were to be applied to almost all the relations of society, with a view to the general efficiency and economy of the nation as an industrial and warlike community.

But James' chief difficulty in governing arose from the spirit of insubordination and jealousy which animated the nobility in reference to the prerogatives of the crown. Accustomed as they had been to almost regal power, each in his own district, even to the extent of keeping armed retainers, and waging internecine war upon one another, they resented the monarch's interference with that rude independence which was entirely incompatible, in his view, with the welfare of the kingdom. James, through conciliating the higher clergy and men of business capacity among the lesser nobility, had systematically set himself

to the task of bringing the privileges and rights of the most powerful of the aristocracy into subordination with those of the crown. And the bold and decided measures which he adopted in the case of some of the most dangerous of them was attended with wonderful success ; yet the spirit of revenge, so characteristic of semi-barbarous times, became widespread among those who considered themselves the victims of a stern tyranny.

Although the conspiracy through which the life of this useful and vigorous sovereign was cut short cannot be traced beyond the inspiration of the personal revenge and ambition of the conspirators, yet the spirit of suppressed mutiny among the nobility was so widespread that it formed an element in favour of their designs, upon which they no doubt calculated. As illustrating the spirit and motives which animated those men, it is of interest to trace the circumstances on which they seemed to justify their proceedings, and rest their hopes of success. The chief actors in the plot were Walter Earl of Athole, his grandson Sir Robert Stewart, chamberlain to the king, and one of his personal favourites ; and Sir Robert Graham, uncle to the young Earl of Menteith, who was absent in England as a hostage for the payment of James' ransom. Athole himself was the son of Robert II. by his second wife Euphemia Ross, and the Earl of Menteith was a grandson of David Earl of Strathearn, the eldest son of the same marriage ; but the Earl of Menteith does not appear to have been personally aware of the conspiracy. It thus

appears that James and his infant heir were the only obstacles to the claims of Athole upon the throne, and there was a prediction that he should wear a crown before he died. But the immediate instigator was Graham, who, on behalf of his nephew Menteith, disputed the king's right to assume, as falling to the crown, the earldom of Strathearn. This earldom James seized, on the plea that it was a male fief—an exception to the general law of heredity in Scotland ; but as compensation to the dispossessed heir, he made him Earl of Menteith. Sir Robert Graham, however, took such advantage of the transaction as to inspire a party of the nobles with a desire to control the action of the king ; and in the royal presence in parliament, went the length of proposing that the sovereign should be subjected to personal restraint. James, with that decision for which he was remarkable, ordered his immediate arrest, and was promptly obeyed. After being imprisoned for some time, he was banished from court, and his estates confiscated. Landless and a fugitive he retired into fastnesses of the Highlands, whence he sent the king a letter renouncing his allegiance, and expressing his determination to slay him wherever he met him. But James, who appeared to treat the matter with indifference, nevertheless issued a proclamation offering a large reward for his head.

The Christmas of 1436 James had resolved to celebrate in Perth ; and it is recorded that when crossing the Forth on his way thither, a Highland woman, who seems to have learned something of the plot that was being hatched by

the outlawed Graham and the Earl of Athole, attempted to warn the monarch of his danger ; but her efforts were frustrated through the carelessness or complicity in the crime of his attendants, and the king soon reached his destination, and with his court took up his residence in the monastery of the Dominican Friars, a short way from the town. Athole and his grandson were in attendance on the king, while Graham conducted the military preparations for the daring and vengeful enterprise in the adjoining Highlands. The night of the 20th February 1437, was that selected for putting it in execution. The court had been unusually gay, and the king sat playing at chess, when the Highland woman, who had already vainly attempted to warn him of his danger, again demanded to be admitted to his presence. On her desire being intimated to the king, he requested her to return to-morrow ; but to-morrow found him the mangled victim of the vengeful sword of Graham, who, with a band of three hundred Highlanders, in concert with Athole and his grandson, took such measures as secured their possession of the monastery, and the easy accomplishment of their villanous design, the details of which it is unnecessary here to introduce.

Thus was cut off, in the midst of his usefulness, one of the best, and certainly the most accomplished king that ever ruled in Scotland. Yet it can hardly have escaped observation that, in his assertion of the claims of the crown, his actions naturally excited, on the part of the nobility, those feelings of distrust and insecurity, than which nothing is better

calculated to serve the aims of men who are ready to sacrifice the public welfare to their own selfish ends.

This summary of James' political career enables us to note those circumstances in his life which moulded and developed a mind which was originally of a superior order ; and it has to be acknowledged, that though these may account for what might be construed into slight blemishes in his political disposition, as regards his literary training and character, they were such as few monarchs have had the advantage of. By his early instructor, before leaving home, he was grounded in those solid elements of knowledge which his mind was so well calculated to retain ; and after his captivity, the leisure of which allowed him the uninterrupted prosecution of his studies, he was equally fortunate in having in Sir John Pelham a governor admirably suited to complete what the sagacious Wardlaw had begun. It is therefore not surprising that we find in James I. the most accomplished scholar, and the most elegant poet of his time. The extent and variety of his accomplishments are recorded by all his biographers, but his memory is mostly indebted to the celebrated antiquary, Tytler of Woodhouselee, and his grandson the historian of Scotland ; the former of whom, after the neglect of centuries, introduced the beautiful poem of "The King's Quair" to the notice of the public in 1783. The manuscript in which it is preserved is unique, and from having been presented to the Bodleian Library, Oxford, by Selden, is called the Seldenian MS.

This poem may be best described

as a love song, which, in the ardour of its devotion, and the beauty of the imagery by which it is expressed, may not inappropriately be compared to the Song of Solomon, although as regards the allegorical framework, so to speak, on which it is constructed, it bears little resemblance to that impassioned lay.

It may be thought a matter of course to find James highly extolled by the literary historians of his own country; we shall therefore—not from disrespect of their judgment or their impartiality—pass over their remarks on the merits of “The Quair,” and give the opinion of an English critic, whose poetical judgment has been largely endorsed by English writers. Mr Ellis, in his *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, calls it the most elegant poem produced during the early part of the fifteenth century. “It is full of simplicity and feeling, and is not inferior in poetical merit to any similar production of Chaucer.” Of a given extract he remarks—“It would, perhaps, be difficult to select, even from Chaucer’s most finished works, a long specimen of descriptive poetry so uniformly elegant as this; indeed, some of the verses are so highly finished that they would not disfigure the compositions of Dryden, Pope, or Gray.” Perhaps the highest compliment to the muse of James is the graceful tribute in which the author of “Anster Fair” conceives of the royal poet as his poetic genius :—

“Last night I dreamed that to my dark bedside
Came, white with rays, the poet of the
‘Quhair’
And drew my curtain silently aside,
And stood and smiled majestically fair ;

He to my finger then a ring applied
(It glittered like Aurora’s yellow hair),
And gave his royal head a pleasant wag,
And said, Go on, my boy, and celebrate thy
Mag !”

The “Quair” only admitted of the exhibition of a serious vein of poetry ; yet James, like Chaucer, was a keen observer of the humorous aspects of life ; and his two poems, “Pebelis to the Play,” and “Christ’s Kirk on the Green,” have been regarded as the most graphic and faithful, though ludicrous, pictures of rustic manners that exist in the language.

“Pebelis to the Play,” the scene of which, as the name implies, is the ancient town of Peebles, has been preserved in the Maitland manuscript, without any author’s name attached to it ; but nearly all our antiquarian writers agree in recognising it as the poem attributed to James I. by Major, the historian, of which he quotes the two first words. It was first introduced to the notice of modern literary historians by Bishop Percy.

“Christ’s Kirk on the Green,” the most popular, and supposed to be the more modern of the two poems from having the title of the former mentioned in it, has been preserved in both the Maitland and Bannatyne manuscripts. An imperfect version of it, under the title of a Ballad of a Country Wedding, was printed as a broadside in 1660, a copy of which is preserved in the British Museum. The next edition—a more perfect one—was published in 1691, at Oxford, under its present title, by Edmund Gibson, afterwards Bishop of London. But Allan Ramsay’s

edition of 1716, to which he added two cantos of his own composition, first gave it an extensive popularity. Several places have been suggested as the scene of the rustic festivities from which the royal poet drew his materials for this amusing sketch. A village named Christ's Kirk, said to have existed in the district of Garioch, Aberdeenshire, is referred to; but the village

of Leslie, in Fife, not far from Falkland, is more likely to have presented a scene such as, not far from the same place, centuries afterwards, inspired the poetic pencil of Wilkie.

It is proper to add that James' title to the authorship of this poem is not undisputed; yet the subject involves too many purely antiquarian considerations to admit of its being popularly interesting.

THE KING'S QUAIR.

[Complete: the text thoroughly revised, but verbally unaltered.]

CANTO I.

I.

HIGH in the heavenis figure circular
The ruddy sterres² twinkling as the fire:
And in Aquary Cynthia the clear,
Rinsed her tresses like the golden wire,
That late tofore, in fair and fresh attire,
Through Capricorn heaved her hornis
bright,
North northiward approachèd the mid
night.

II.

When as I lay in bed alone waking,
New parted out of sleep a lyte tofore,³
Fell me to mind of many diverse thing
Of this and that, can I not say wherefore,
But sleep for craft in earth might I no
more;
For which as though could I no better
wile,
But took a book to read upon a while:

III.

Of which the name is clepit³ properly
Boece, after him that was the com-
piloure,⁴
Shewing counsel of philosophy,
Compiled by that noble senatour

Of Rome, whilom that was the worldis
flower,
And from estate by fortune a while
Foringit¹ was, to povert in exile.

IV.

And there to hear this worthy lord and
clerk,²
His metre sweet full of morality;
His flowered pen so fair he set a werk,
Discrying first of his prosperity,
And out of that his infelicity;
And then how he in his poetly report,
In philosophy 'gan him to comfort.

V.

For which thought³ I in purpose, at my
book, [began,
To borrow a sleep, at thilke⁴ time
Or ever I stent,⁵ my best was more to look
Upon the writing of this noble man,
That in himself the full recover wan
Of his infortune, poverty, and distress,
And in them set his very seckerness.⁶

VI.

And so the virtue of his youth before,
Was in his age the ground of his delights:

¹ Stars. ² Little before. ³ Called.
⁴ Boethius's *Consolation of Philosophy*.

¹ Banished or condemned. ⁴ That.
² Scholar. ⁵ Paused.
³ For though. ⁶ Security.

Fortune the back him turned, and there-
fore

He maketh joy and comfort that he quits
Of their unsekir worldis appetites,
And so aworth¹ he taketh his penance,
And of his virtue made it suffisance.

VII.

With many a noble reason, as him likit,
Inditing in his fair Latine tongue,
So full of fruit, and rethorikly pickit,²
Which to declare my scole³ is over
young;
Therefore I let him pass, and in my tongue,
Proceed I will again to my sentence⁴
Of my matter, and leave all incidence.

VIII.

The long night beholding, as I said,
Mine eyne gan to smart for studying;
My book I shut, and at my head it laid,
And down I lay, bot⁵ any tarrying,
This matter new in my mind rolling,
This is to seyne,⁶ how that each estate,
As Fortune liketh, thame will translate.

IX.

For sooth it is, that, on her tolter⁷ wheel,
Every wight cleverith⁸ in his stage,
And failing footing oft when her lest rele⁹
Some up, some down, is none estate
nor age
Ensured, more the prince than the page,
So uncouthly her werdes¹⁰ she divideth,
Namely in youth, that seldom aught
provideth.

X.

Amongst thir¹¹ thoughtis rolling to and fro,
Fell meto mind of my fortune and ure;¹²

¹ Worthily.⁸ Cleaveth, or clings.² Rhetorically chosen.⁹ Least motion, or in-
clines to turn.³ Learning.¹⁰ Strangely her awards
or, destinies.⁴ Theme, subject.⁵ Without.¹¹ These.⁶ Say.¹² Chance.⁷ Tottering.

In tender youth how she was first my foe,
And eft my friend, and how I got recure
Of my distress, and all my aventure¹
I gan o'erhale, that longer sleep ne rest
Ne might I not, so were my wittis wrest.²

XI.

For-wakit and for-wallowit³ thus musing,
Weary for lying, I listened suddenly,
And soon I heard the bell to matins ring,
And up I rose, no longer would I lie;
But now, how trow ye! such a fantasy
Fell me to my mind, that aye me thought
the bell
Said to me, Tell on man, what thee
befell.

XII.

Thought I tho to myself, what may this
be?
This is my own imagination,
This is no lyf⁴ that speakis unto me,
It is a bell, or that impression
Of my thought causeth this illusion,
That doth me think so nicely in this wise.
And so befell as I shall you devise.⁵

XIII.

Determyt forth therewith in mine intent,
Sen⁶ I thus have imagined of this soun,
And in my time more ink and paper spent
To lyte⁷ effect, I took conclusion
Some new thing to write; I set me down,
And forth withal my pen in hand I took,
And made a+⁸ and thus began my book.

XIV.

Though youth of nature indigest,
Unriped fruit with windis variable,
Like to the bird that fed is on the nest,
And cannot fly, of wit weak and un-
stable,

¹ Events of life.⁶ Since.² Tortured.⁷ Little.³ Kept awake and tired.⁸ The sign of the⁴ Living creature.

cross

⁵ Advise.

To fortune both and to infortune hable,¹
 Wist thou thy pain to come and thy
 travail,
 For sorrow and dread well might thou
 weep and wail.

XV.

Thus stant² thy comfort in unsekerness,³
 And wantis it, that should thee rule and
 gye,⁴

Right as the ship that sailleth steerless,
 Upon the rock must to harms hye,⁵
 For lack of it that should been her supply;
 So standis thou here in this worldis rage,
 And wantis that should guide all thy
 viage.

XVI.

I mean this of myself, as in party,⁶
 Though nature gave me suffisance in
 youth,
 The ripeness of reason lackèd I
 To govern with my will, so lyte I couth,⁷
 When steerless to travel I begouth,⁸
 Among the wavës of this world to drive;
 And how the case, anon I will discrive.

XVII.

With doubtful heart, among the rockis
 blake,⁹
 My feeble boat full fast to steer and row,
 Helpless alone the winter night I wake,
 To wait the wind that forthward should
 me throw.
 O empty sail! where is the wind should
 blow
 Me to the port where 'ginneth all my
 game?¹⁰
 Help, Calliope,¹¹ and wind, in Mary¹²
 name!

¹ Liable.² Stands.³ Uncertainty.⁴ Guide.⁵ Haste.⁶ As to parts, abilities.⁷ Little I could.⁸ Began.⁹ Black rocks.¹⁰ Joy, pleasure.¹¹ The epic Muse.¹² Mary's.

XVIII.

The rockis clepe¹ I, the prolixity
 Of doubtfulness that doth my wittis pall;
 The lack of wind is the difficulty,
 In inditing of this little treaty small:
 The boat I clepe, the matter whole of all;
 My wit into the sail that now I wind,
 To seek conyng,² though I but little find.

XIX.

At my beginning first I clepe and call
 To you Clio, and to you Polyme,³
 With Terpsichore goddess and sisters all,
 In number nine, as bookis specify;
 In this process my wilsum⁴ wittis gye,
 And, with your bright lanternis, well
 convoy
 My pen to write my torment and my joy.

CANTO II.

I.

In vere⁵ that full of virtue is and good,
 When nature first beginneth her enprise,⁶
 That whilom was by cruel frost and flood,
 And showers sharp opprest in many
 wise,
 And Cynthus beginneth to arise
 High in the east, a morrow soft and
 sweet,
 Upward his course to drive in Ariete.⁷

II.

Passed but mid-day four greis even⁸
 Of length and breadth his angel wingis
 bright,
 He spread upon the ground down from
 the heaven,
 That for gladness and comfort of the
 sight,

¹ Name.² Skill.³ For Polymnia.⁴ Wilful or wandering.⁵ Spring.⁶ Operations.⁷ The sign of Aries.⁸ Degrees exactly.

And with the tickling of his heat and light,
The tender flowers opened them and
spread,
And, in their nature, thanked him for
glad.

III.

Not far passèd the state of innocence
But near about the number of years
three,¹
Were it caused through heavenly influence
Of Goddis will, or other casualty,
Can I not say, but out of my country,
By their advise that had of me the cure²
By sea to pass, took I my aventure.

IV.

Purvait³ of all that was us necessary,
With wind at will, up early by the
morrow,
Straight unto ship, no longer would we
tarry,
The way we took, the time I told to
forowe,⁴
With many farewell, and Saint John to
borowe,⁵
Of fellow and friend, and thus with one
assent,
We pulled up sail and forth our wayis
went.

V.

Upon the wavis welt'ring to and fro,
So infortunate were we that fremyt⁶ day,
That maugre plainly whether we would or
no,
With strong hand by force shortly to say,
Of enemies taken and led away,
We weren all, and brought in their
country,
Fortune it schupe⁷ no other ways to be.

¹ About three years past the state of innocence—in his twelfth year.

² Care.

³ Provided.

⁴ Before.

⁵ St John to bless,

or be our surety.

⁶ Strange, adverse.

⁷ Shaped, provided.

VI.

Where as in strait ward, and in strong
prison,
So fare forth of my life the heavy line,
Without comfort in sorrow, abandoune,
The second sister looked hath to twine,¹
Near by the space of years twice nine,
Till Jupiter his mercy list² advert,
And send comfort in release of mysmert.

VII.

Where as in ward full oft I would bewail
My deadly life, full of pain and penance,
Saying right thus, what have I guilt to
faill,³
My freedom, in this world, and my
plesance?
Sen every wight has thereof suffisance,
That I behold, and I a creature
Put from all this; hard is mine aventure!⁴

VIII.

The bird, the beast, the fish eke in the sea,
They live in freedom everich⁵ in his
kind;
And I a man, and lacketh liberty;
What shall I seyne, what reason may I
find,
That fortune should do so? Thus in my
mind,
My folk,⁶ I would argue, but all for
nought,
Was none that might, that on mypeynes
rought.⁷

IX.

Then would I say, Gif God me had de-
vised
To live my life in thraldom thus and
pyne,⁸

¹ Lachesis, the Fate who
twines the thread of life.

² Was pleased to.

³ What have I been guilty

of to forfeit, &c.

⁴ Hap, fate.

⁵ Each.

⁶ His attendants.

⁷ For my pains

cares.

⁸ Pain.

What was the cause that he more me
comprised,¹

Than other folk to live, in such ruyn?
I suffer alone among the figuris nine,²
Ane woful wretch that to no wight may
speed,
And yet of every lyvis³ help has need.

X.

The long dayes and the nightis eke,
I would bewail my fortune in this wise;
For which again⁴ distress comfort to seek,
My custom was, on mornis, for to rise,
Early as day, O happy exercise!
By thee came I to joy out of torment,
But now to purpose of my first intent:

XI.

Bewalling in my chamber thus alone,
Despaired of all joy and remedy,
For-tirit⁵ of my thought and wo-begone,
And to the window gan I walk in hy,
To see the world and folk that went forby,⁶
As for the time, though I of mirthis food
Might have no more, to look, it did me
good.

XII.

Now was there made, fast by the toweris
wall,
A garden fair, and in the corners set
Ane herber⁷ green, with wandis long and
small,
Railed about, and so with treeis set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges
knet,
That life⁸ was none walking thereforby,
That might within scarce any wight
espy.

¹ Adjudged, doomed.

² The nine numbers.

³ Living person.

⁴ Against.

⁵ Wearied, orsated.

⁶ Past.

⁷ Arbour.

⁸ Living person.

XIII.

So thick the bewis⁹ and the leaves green
Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
And myddis every herber might be seen
The sharp green sweet juniper,
Growing so fair with branches here and
there,
That, as it seemed to a life¹⁰ without,
The bewis spread the herber all about.

XIV.

And on the small green twistis¹¹ sate
The little sweet nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear, the ymynis¹² consecrate
Of lufis¹³ use, now soft now loud among,¹⁴
That all the gardens and the wallis rung
Right of their song, and on the copill¹⁵
next
Of their sweet harmony, and lo the text:

XV.

Worship ye that loveris bein this May,
For of your bliss the kalends¹⁶ are begun,
And sing with us, Away winter, away!
Come summer, come, the sweet season
and sun!
Awake, for shame! that have your
heavinis won,¹⁷
And amorously lift up your hedis¹⁸ all,
Thank Love that list¹⁹ you to his mercy
call.

XVI.

When they this song had sung a little
thrawe,²⁰
They stent²¹ a while, and therewith un-
afraid,
As I beheld, and cast mine eyen alawe,²²
From bough to bough, they hippit²³ and
they played,

⁹ Branches.

¹⁰ Person.

¹¹ Twigs.

¹² Hymns.

¹³ Love's.

¹⁴ Alternately.

¹⁵ Meaning

¹⁶ obscure.

¹⁷ First days.

¹⁸ Highest

¹⁹ bliss.

²⁰ Heads.

²¹ Pleased.

²² Turn, while.

²³ Stopped.

²⁴ Below,

²⁵ adown.

²⁶ Hopped.

And freshly in their birdis kind, arrayed
 Their feathers new, and fret¹ them in the
 sun,
 And thanked Love, that had their makis²
 won.

XVII.

This was the plain ditty of their note,
 And wherewith all unto myself I thought,
 What love is this, that makis birdis doat?
 What may this be, how cometh it of
 aught?
 What needeth it to be so dear ybought?
 It is nothing, trowe I, but feignèd cheer,
 And that one list³ to counterfeiten cheer.

XVIII.

Eft would I think, O Lord, what may this
 be?
 That Love is of so noble might and kind,
 Loving his folk, and such prosperity
 Is it of him, as we in bookis find,
 May he our heartes settle and unbind;
 Hath he upon our hearts such mastery?
 Or all this is but feignèd phantasy?

XIX.

For gif he be of so great excellence,
 That he of every wight hath cure and
 charge,
 What have I guilt to him, or done
 offence?
 That I am thrall,⁴ and birdis gone at
 large,
 Sen him to serve he might set my courage,
 And, gif he be not so, then may I seyne
 What makes folk to jangill⁵ of him in
 veyne?⁶

XX.

Can I not else find; but gif that he
 Be lord, and, as a god, may live and
 reign,

¹ Pruned.² Mates.³ Inclines one.⁴ Slave, prisoner.⁵ Rhyme, prate.⁶ Vain.

To bind, and loose, and maken thrallis
 free,
 Then would I pray his blissful grace
 benign,
 To hable¹ me unto his service digne,²
 And evermore for to be one of tho³
 Him truly for to serve in weal and wo.

XXI.

And therewith cast I down mine eye
 again,
 Where as I saw walking under the
 tower,
 Full secretly, new cumyn her to pleyne,⁴
 The fairest or the freshest young flower,
 That ever I saw, methought, before that
 hour:
 For which sudden abate,⁵ anon astert,⁶
 The blood of all my body to my heart.

XXII.

And though I stood abaisit tho a lyte,⁷
 No wonder was; for why? my wittis all
 Were so o'ercome with pleasance and
 deilyte,
 Only through letting of mine eyen fall,
 That suddenly my heart become her
 thrall,
 For ever of free will, for of menace,⁸
 There was no token in her sweet face.

XXIII.

And in my head I drew right hastily,
 And eftsoons⁹ I leaned it out again,
 And saw her walk that very womanly,
 With no wight mo, but only women
 twain,
 Then gan I study in myself and seyne,
 Ah! sweet are ye a worldly creature,
 Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature?

¹ Enable.² Honourable.³ For those.⁴ Playen, amuse.⁵ Impulse.⁶ Started.⁷ Abashed a little.⁸ Haughtiness.⁹ Immediately after.

XXIV.

Or are ye god Cupidis owin princess?
 And cumyn are to loose me out of band,
 Or are ye very Nature the goddess,
 That have depainted with your heavenly
 hand,
 This garden full of flouris, as they stand?
 What shall I think, alas! what rever-
 ence
 Shall I mester¹ to your excellence?

XXV.

Gif you a goddess be, and that you like
 To do me pain, I may it not astert;²
 Gif you be worldly wight, that doth me
 sike,³
 Why lest⁴ God make you so my dearest
 heart,
 To do a silly prisoner thus smart,
 That loves you all, and wot of nought
 but woe,
 And, therefore, mercysweet! sen it is so.

XXVI.

When I a little thrawe had made my moan,
 Bewailing mine infortune and my
 chance,
 Unknowing howor what was best to done.⁵
 So fare⁶ I, falling into lufis dance,
 That suddenly my wit, my countenance,
 My heart, my will, my nature, and my
 mind,
 Were changed clean right in ane other
 kind.

XXVII.

Of her array the form gif I shall write,
 Toward her golden hair and rich attire,
 In fretwise couchit⁷ with perlis white,
 And great balas lemyng⁸ as the fire,
 With many an emerant⁹ and fair sapphire,

¹ Reader proportioned.² Shun, escape.³ Seek, or makes me sigh.⁴ Pleased it.⁵ For do.⁶ Fared, or far.⁷ Interwoven.⁸ Burnt topazes,
shining.⁹ Emerald.

And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue,
 Of plumys parted red, and white, and
 blue.

XXVIII.

Full of quaking spanglis bright as gold,
 Forged of shape like to the amorettys,¹
 So new, so fresh, so pleasant to behold,
 The plumys eke like to the flower
 jonettys,²
 And other of shape like to the flower
 jonettys;
 And, above all this, there was, well I wot,
 Beauty enough to make a world to doat.

XXIX.

About her neck, white as the fire amaille,³
 A goodly chain of small orfeverye,⁴
 Whereby there hung a ruby, without fail,⁵
 Like to ane heart shapen verily,
 That, as a spark of lowe⁶ so wantonly
 Seemed burning upon her white throat,
 Now gif there was good pertye,⁷ God it
 wote.

XXX.

And for to walk that fresh May's morrow,
 Ane hook⁸ she had upon her tissue white,
 That goodlier had not been seen to forowe,⁹
 As I suppose, and girt she was alyte;¹⁰
 Thus halfling loose for haste, to such
 delight,
 It was to see her youth in goodlihead,
 That for rudeness to speak thereof I
 dread.

XXXI.

In her was youth, beauty, with humble
 apert,¹¹
 Bounty, riches, and womanly faiture,

¹ Love knots.² Perhaps the *fonquill*.³ Fire paint, enamel.⁴ Gold work.⁵ Flaw.⁶ Fame, fire.⁷ If it could well

be matched, God

knows.

⁸ Clasp.⁹ Before.¹⁰ Slightly.¹¹ Carriage.

God better wot than my pen can report,
 Wisdom, largesse estate, and conyng
 sure
 In every point so guided her measure,
 In word, in deed, in shape, in conten-
 ance,
 That nature might no more her child
 advance.

XXXII.

Through which anon I knew, and under-
 stood
 Well that she was a worldly creature,
 On whom to rest mine eye, so much good
 It did my woful heart, I you assure,
 That it was to me joy without measure ;
 And, at the last, my look unto the
 heaven
 I threw forthwith, and said these verses
 seven :

XXXIII.

O Venus clear ! of goddis stellified,¹
 To whom I yield homage and sacrifice,
 From this day forth your grace be magni-
 fied,
 That me receivit have in such wise,
 To live under your law, and so service ;
 Now help me forth, and for your mercy
 lead
 My heart to rest, that dieis near for
 dread.

XXXIV.

When I with good intent this orison
 Thus ended had, I styn² a little stound,³
 And oft mine eye full piteously adown
 I cast, beholding unto⁴ her little hound,
 That with his bellis playèd on the ground,
 Then would I say, and sigh therewith a
 lyte.⁵
 Ah ! well were he that now were in thy
 plyte !⁶

¹ Starred.² Stopped.³ Time.⁴ Looking at.⁵ Little.⁶ Place, condition.

XXXV.

An other while the little nightingale,
 That sat upon the twiggis, would I
 chide,
 And say right thus, Where are thy notis
 smale,
 That thou of love has sung this morrow
 tide ?
 Sees thou not her that sittis thee beside ?
 For Venus' sake, the blissful goddess
 clear,
 Sing on again, and make my Lady
 cheer,

XXXVI.

And eke I pray, for all the paynes great,
 That for the love of Proigne,¹ thy sister
 dear,
 Thou suffered whilom, when thy breastis
 wet
 Were with the teares of thine eyen clear
 All bloody ran, that pity was to hear
 The cruelty of that unknighly deed,
 Where was from thee bereft thy maiden-
 head.

XXXVII.

Lift up thine heart, and sing with good
 intent,
 And in thy notis sweet the treason tell,
 That to thy sister true and innocent,
 Was kythit² by her husband false and fell,
 For whois guilt, as it is worthy well,
 Chide those husbands that are false, I
 say,
 And bid them mend in the XX deuill³ way.

¹ Alluding to the story of Tereus, Progne, and Philomela—

" When Philomel had sweetly sung,
 To Progne she deplored,
 How Tereus cut out her tongue,
 And, falsely, her deflower'd."

*Cherry and Slae.*² Shown.³ Perhaps twenty fold. Chaucer has *A twenty deuill way*, meaning as if driven by twenty devils.

XXXVIII.

O little wretch, alas ! mayst thou not see
Who cometh yond ? Is it now time to
wring ?¹
What sorry thought is fallen upon thee ?
Open thy throat ; hast thou no list to
sing ?

Alas ! sen thou of reason had feeling,
Now, sweet bird say once to me pepe,²
I die for woe ; me thinks thou gynis
sleep.

XXXIX.

Hast thou no mind of love ? where is thy
make ?³

Or art thou sick, or smit with jealousy ?
Or is she dead, or hath she thee forsake ?
What is the cause of thy melancholy,
That thou no more list maken melody ?
Sluggard, for shame ! lo here thy golden
hour,
That worth were hail⁴ all thy lyvis
labour.

XL.

Gif thou should sing well ever in thy life,
Here is, in fay,⁵ the time, and eke the
space :

What wostow⁶ than ? Some bird may
come and strive
In song with thee, the mastery to pur-
chase.
Should thou then cease, it were great
shame, alas !
And here to win gree⁷ happily for ever ;
Here is the time to sing, or ellis⁸ never.

XLI.

I thought eke thus, gif I my handis clap,
Or gif I cast, then will she flee away ;
And, gif I hold my peace, then will she nap ;
And, gif I cry, she wot not what I say :

¹ To be melancholy.⁵ Faith.² Chirp, cheep.⁶ Wotest, knowest.³ Mate.⁷ Victory.⁴ Whole.⁸ Else.

(2)

Thus, what is best, wot I not by this day ;
But blow wind, blow, and do the leavis
shake,
That some twig may wag, and make
her to wake.

XLII.

With that anon right he took up a song,
Where came anon mo birdis and alight ;
But then to hear the mirth was them
among,
Over¹ that to see the sweet sight
Of her image, my spirit was so light,
Methought I flew for joy without arrest,
So were my wittis² bounden all to fest.³

XLIII.

And to the notis of the philomene,
Whilkis she sang, the ditty there I made
Direct to her that was my heartis queen,
Withouten whom no songis may me
glad ;
And to that saint walking in the shade,
My beadis⁴ thus with humble heart
entere,
Devoutly I said on this manere.

XLIV.

When shall your mercy rew⁵ upon your
man,
Whose service is yet uncouth⁶ unto you ;
Sen when ye go, there is nought else than ;⁷
But, heart ! where as the body may not
through
Follow⁸ thy heaven, who should be glad
but thou
That such a guide to follow has under-
take,
Were it through hell, the way thou not⁹
forsake.

¹ Over and above.⁶ Unknown.² Sensea.⁷ For then.³ Feasted.⁸ May not follow the
heart through.⁴ Prayers.⁹ Oughtest not.⁵ Have pity.

XLV.

And, after this, the birdis every one
Took up another song full loud and clear,
And with a voice said, Well is us begun,
That with our makis are together here ;
We proyne¹ and play without doubt and
dangere,
All clothèd in a suit full fresh and new,
In lufis service busy, glad, and true.

XLVI.

And ye, fresh May, aye merciful to birdis,
Now welcome be, ye flower of monethis
all ;
For not only your grace upon us bydis,
But all the world to witness this we call,
That strewèd hath so plainly over all,
With new fresh sweet and tender green,
Our life, our lust,² our governor, our
queen.

XLVII.

This was their song, as seemèd me full high,
With full many uncouth³ sweet note and
schill,
And therewithal that fair, upward, her eye
Would cast among, as it was Goddis
will,
Where I might see, standing alone full still,
The fair feature that nature, for mast'ry,
In her visage wrought had full lovingly.

XLVIII.

And, when she walked had a little thrawe⁴
Under the sweet green bewis⁵ bent,
Her fair fresh face, as white as any snawe,
She turned has, and forth her wayis
went ;
But tho begun mine axis⁶ and torment,
To seen her part, and follow I no might,
Methought the day was turned into
night.

¹ Prune.² Love, pleasure.³ Strange.⁴ Turn, while.⁵ Boughs.⁶ Fever, pains.

XLIX.

Then said I thus, Whereto live I longer ?
Wofullest wight, and subject unto pain :
Of pain ? no : God wot ye, for they no
stronger
May worken any wight, I dare well sayen.
How may this be, that death and life
both twain ?
Shall both at once, in a creature
Together dwell, and torment thus
nature ?

L.

I may not else done,¹ but weep and wail,
Within these cold wallis thus ilokin :²
From henceforth my rest is my travail ;
My dry thirst with tearis shall I slokin,
And on myself been all my harmys wrokin :³
Thus bute⁴ is none ; but Venus, of her
grace,
Will shape remede, or do my spirit pace.⁵

LI.

As Tantalus I travail, ay bootless,
That ever ylike⁶ haleth at the well
Water to draw, with bucket bottomless,
And may not speed, whose penance is
a hell ;
So by myself this tale I may well tell,
For unto her that heareth not I plain ;
Thus like to him my travail is in vain.

LII.

So sore thus sighed I with myself alone,
That turnèd is my strength in feebleness,
My weal in woe, my frendis all in fone,⁷
My life in death, my light into darkness,
My hope in fear, in doubt my sekirness ;
Sen she is gone, and God mote her
convoy,⁸
That me may guide from torment and
to joy.

¹ For do.² Locked.³ Wreaked.⁴ Boot, help.⁵ Depart.⁶ Incessantly.⁷ Foes, *foes*.⁸ May God protect her.

LIII.

The long day thus gan I pry and pore,
Till Phebus ended had his beamès
bright
And bade go farewell every leaf and
flower,

This is to say, approach gan the night,
And Hesperus his lampis gan to light,
When in the window, still as any stone,
I bade² at length, and kneeling made
my moan.

LIV.

So long till even for lack of might and mind,
For-wepit and for-pleynit² piteously,
Ourset³ so sorrow had both heart and
mind,

That to the cold stone my head on wry⁴
I laid, and leaned, amazed verily !
Half-sleeping, and half-suoun in such a
wise,
And what I met I will you now devise.

CANTO III.

I.

Methought that thus all suddenly a light
In at the window came where that I lent,
Of which the chamber window shone full
bright,
And all my body so it hath o'erwent,
That of my sight the virtue whole I blent,⁵
And that withal a voice unto me said,
I bring thee comfort and heal,⁶ be not
afraid.

II.

And forth anon it passed suddenly,
Where it came in, the right way ageyne,⁷
And soon methought forth at the door in
hye⁸

¹ Remained.² Weeping and complaining.³ Overwhelmed.⁴ Awry.⁵ Was dazzled.⁶ Healing.⁷ Opposite.⁸ Haste.

I went my way, was nothing me ageyne,¹
And hastily by both the armès twain,
I was araisèd up into the air,
Clippit² in a cloud of crystal clear and fair.

III.

Ascending upward ay from sphere to
sphere,
Through air and water and the hot fire ;
Till that I came unto the circle clear,
Of Signifere,³ where fair bright and
schire,⁴
The signès shone ; and in the glad empire
Of blissful Venus, one cried now
So suddenly, almost I wist not how.

IV.

Of which the place, when I came there nigh,
Was all, methought, of crystal stonès
wrought,
And to the port I lifted was in hye,
Where suddenly, as who says at a
thought,⁵
It opened, and I was anon inbrought,
Within a chamber, large rowm⁶ and fair,
And there I found of people great repair.⁷

V.

This is to seyne, that present in that place,
Methought I saw, of every nation,
Loveris that ended their lyfis space,
In lovis service, many a million,
Of whose chances⁸ made is mention,
In divers bookis, who them list to see ;
And therefore here their namis let I be.

VI.

The whose aventure, and great labour,
Above their headis written, there I fand,
This is to seyne martyrs, and confessor,
Each in his stage, and his make⁹ in his
hand ;

¹ Opposed.² Caught, embraced.³ The Zodiac.⁴ Clear.⁵ Equivalent to, as quick as thought.⁶ Spacious.⁷ Great numbers met.⁸ Fortunes, histories.⁹ Mate, mistress.

And therewith all these people saw I
stand,
With many a solemn countenance,
After as love them likèd to advance.

VII.

Of good folks that fair² in love befell,
There saw I sit in order by them one
With headis hoar, and with them stood
Good-will
To talk and play; and after that anon
Beside them, and next there saw I gone³
Courage, among the fresh folks young,
And with them played full merrily, and
sung.

VIII.

And in another stage, endlong³ the wall,
There saw I stand in capis wide, and
long,
A full great number, but their hoodis all,
Wist I not why, atoure⁴ their eyen hang;
And aye to them come Repentance amang,
And made them cheer disguised in his
weed;
And downward after that yet I took
heed.

IX.

Right overthwart the chamber was there
drawe⁵
A traverse⁶ thin and white, all of plesance,
The which behind standing there, I saw
A world of folk, and by their counten-
ance,
Their heartis seemèd full of displesance,
With billis in their hands of one assent,
Unto the judge their plaintis to present.

X.

And therewithal appeared unto me
A voice, and said, Take heed, man,
and behold :

² Happily.³ For go.³ Along.⁴ Out, over.⁵ For drawn.⁶ Partition.

Yont there thou sees the highest stage and
gree
Of aged folk with headis hoar and old ;
Yon were the folk, that never change,
would
In love, but truly servèd him alway,
In every age, unto their ending day.

XI.

For from the time that they could under-
stand
The exercise of lufis craft, the cure
Was none on life,² that took so much on
hand,
For lufis sake, no longer did endure,
In lufis service ; for, man, I thee assure,
When they of youth receivèd had the fill,
Yet in their age them lackèd no good will.

XII.

Here been also of such as in counsallis,
And all their deedis were to Venus true;
Here been the princes fought the great
bataillis
In mind of whom are made the bookis
new ;
Here been the poets that the science knew,
Throughout the world, of love in their
sweet lays,
Such as Ovid, and Homer, in their days.

XIII.

And after them came down in the next
stage,
There, as thou sees, the young folkis
pleye :
Lo! these were they that, in their middleage,
Servandis were to love in many weye,
And diversely happened for to deye ;
Some sorrowfully for wanting of their
makes,
And some in armès for their ladies
sakes.²

² Alive.² That is, died fighting.

XIV.

And other eke by other divers chance,
 As happen folk all day, as you may see ;
 Some for despair, without recoverance ;
 Some for desire, surmounting their
 degree ;
 Some for despite, and other enmity ;
 Some for unkindness, without a why ;¹
 Some for too much, and some for
 jealousy.

XV.

And after this, upon yon stage down,
 Tho² that thou sees stand in capis wide ;
 Yon were whilom folk of religion,³
 That from the world their governance⁴
 did hide,
 And freely served love on every side
 In secret, with their bodies and their
 goods ;
 And lo ! why so,⁵ they hingen down their
 hoods.

XVI.

For though that they were hardy at assay,
 And did him service whilom privily,
 Yet to the worldis eye it seemèd nay,
 So was their service half cowardly ;
 And for⁶ they first forsook him openly,
 And after that thereof had repenting,
 For shame their hoods over their eyne
 they hing.

XVII.

And sees thou now yon multitude on row,
 Standing behind yon traverse⁷ of delight,
 Some been of them that holden were full
 low,
 And take⁸ by friendis, nothing they to
 wyte,⁹
 In youth from love, into the cloister quite ;

¹ Cause.⁶ Because.² For those.⁷ Curtain.³ Hypocrites.⁸ For taken.⁴ Conduct.⁹ For no blame of their⁵ That is the cause.

own.

And for that cause are coming recon-
 ciled,
 On them to plain that so them had be-
 guiled.

XVIII.

And other been amongis them also,
 That coming are to court on Love to
 plain ;
 For he their bodies had bestowed so,
 Where both their heartis gruch there
 ageyne,¹
 For which, in all their dayis, soth² to seyne,
 When others livèd in joy and plesance,
 Their life was nought but care and re-
 pentance.

XIX.

And where their heartis given were and set,
 Were coupled with other that could not
 accord ;
 Thus were they wronged that did no forfeit,
 Departing them that never would dis-
 cord ;
 Of young ladies fair, and many lord,
 That thus by mast'ry were from their
 choice drive,³
 Full ready were their plaintis there
 to give.

XX.

And other also I saw complaining there
 Upon fortune and her great variance,
 That where in love so well they coupled
 were,
 With their sweet makis,⁴ coupled in
 plesance,
 So suddenly made their disseverance,
 And took them of this worldis company,
 Withouten cause there was none other
 why :

XXI.

And in a chair of estate beside,
 With wingis bright, all plumèd, but his
 face,

¹ Grudge, or revolt against.³ For driven.² Sooth, truth.⁴ Mates.

There saw I sit the blind god Cupide,
 With bow in hand that bent full ready
 was,
 And by him hung three arrows in a case
 Of which the headis grounden were full
 right,
 Of divers metals forged fair and bright.

XXII.

And with the first that headed is of gold,
 He smitis soft, and that has easy cure ;
 The second was of silver, many fold,
 Worse than the first, and harder aven-
 ture ;
 The third of steel is shot without recure ;⁴
 And on his long yellow lockis sheen,
 A chaplet had he all of leavis green.

XXIII.

And in a retreat little of compass,
 Depainted all with sighis wonder sad,
 Not such sighis as heartis doth menace ;
 But such as doeth² loveris to be glad :
 Found I Venus upon her bed, that had
 A mantle cast over her shouldris white :
 Thus clothèd was the goddess of delight.

XXIV.

Stood at the door Fair-calling, her usher,
 That could his office doen in cunying wise,
 And Secrete, her thrifty chamberer,
 That busy was in time to do servise,
 And other mo that I cannot on advise ;³
 And on her head of red roses full sweet,
 A chapelet she had, fair, fresh, and meet.

XXV.

With quaking heart astonate⁴ of that sight,
 Unethis⁵ wist I, what that I should seyen,
 But at the last, feebily, as I might,
 With my handis on both my kneeis
 twain,

² Remedy.
³ Causes.

⁴ Astonished at.
⁵ Scarcely.

⁶ More that I cannot condescend upon.

There I begouth² my caris to complain ;
 With an humble and lamentable cheer³
 Thus salute I that goddess bright and
 clear :

XXVI.

High queen of love ! star of benevolence !
 Piteous princess, and planet merciable !
 Appeaser of malice and violence !
 By virtue pure of your aspectis hable,³
 Unto your grace let now been acceptable
 My poor request, that can no further
 gone,
 To seeken help, but unto you alone !

XXVII.

As ye that been the succour and sweet well
 Of remedy, of careful heartis cure,
 And in the huge weltering wavis fell
 Of lufis rage, blissful haven, and sure ;
 O anchor and trew,⁴ of our good aventure,
 Ye have your man with his good will
 conquest ;⁵
 Mercy, therefore, and bring his heart to
 rest !

XXVIII.

Ye know the cause of all my painis smart
 Bet⁶ than myself, and all mine aventure ;
 Ye may convey, and, as you list, convert
 The hardest heart that formed hath
 nature ;
 Sen in your handis all hale lieth my cure ;
 Have pity now, O bright blissful goddess,
 Of your poor man, and rew⁷ on his
 distress !

XXIX.

And though I was unto your lawis strange,
 By ignorance, and not by felony,
 And that your grace now likèd hath to
 change
 My heart, to serven you perpetually ;

¹ Began.

² Look, countenance.

³ Powerful.

⁴ Trust.

⁵ For conquered,

a conquest.

⁶ For better.

⁷ Pity have.

Forgive all this, and shapeth¹ remedy,
To saven me of your benign grace,
Or do me starven² forthwith in this place.

XXX.

And with the streames of your piercing
light,

Convoy my heart, that is so wo-begone,
Again unto that sweet heavenly sight
That I, within these wallis, cold as stone,
So sweetly saw on morrow walk, and gone,
Low in the garden right tofore mine eye;
Now, mercy, Queen I and do me not to
die.

XXXI.

These wordis said, my spirit in despair,
Awhile I stint,³ abiding after grace;
And therewith all her crystal eyen fair
Me cast⁴ aside, and after that a space,
Benignly she turned has her face
Towardis me, full pleasantly conveyed,
And unto me right in this wise she said:

XXXII.

Young man, the cause of all thine inward
sorrow
Is not unknown to my deity;
And thy request both now and eke to
forowe,
When thou first made profession to me,
Sen of my grace I have inspired thee
To know my law, continue forth, for oft,
There as I mynt⁵ full sore, I smite but
soft.

XXXIII.

Patiently thou take thine aventure,
This will⁶ my son Cupid, and so will I;
He 'gan the stroke, to me longis⁷ the cure,
When I see time, and therefore truly

¹ Prepare, provide.⁵ Aim, threaten.² Also means kill.⁶ For wills.³ Paused, held his breath.⁷ Belongs.⁴ Were cast. She kest.—*Tytler*.

Abide, and serve, and let good hope thee
gye,¹

But for² I have thy forehead here ypent,
I will thee shew the more of mine in-
tent.

XXXIV.

This is to say, though it to me pertain,
In lufis law the sceptre to govern,
That the effectis of my beames sheen
Has their aspectis by ordinance eterne,³
With otheris bind and mynès to discern,
Whilom in thingis both to come and
gone,
That longis⁴ not to me to writh alone.⁵

XXXV.

As in thine awin case now may thou see,
For why, lo that otheris influence,
Thy person standis not in liberty;⁶
Wherefore, though I give thee benevo-
lence,
It stands not yet in mine advertence,
Till certain course ended be and run,
While of true servis thou have heri-won.⁷

XXXVI.

And yet, considering the nakedness
Both of thy wit, thy person, and thy
might,
It is no match of thine unworthiness
To her high birth, estate, and beauty
bright;
As like ye been, as day is to the night,
Or sack-cloth is unto fine cremesye,⁸
Or doken⁹ to the fresh daisye.

¹ Guide.² Because I have thee here present.³ Eternal.⁴ Belongs.⁵ The sense here, somewhat involved, appears to be, that Venus, who governs within the sphere of love by special laws, yet has no power to wrest from their course the destinies they subserve.⁶ Referring to his captivity.⁸ Crimson cloth.⁷ Conquered.⁹ Dock, sorrel.

XXXVII.

Unlike the moon is to the sonne sheen,
 Eke January is unlike to May,
 Unlike the cuckoo to the phylomene;¹
 Their tavartis² are not both made of
 aray,
 Unlike the crow is to the papejay,³
 Unlike, in goldsmith's work, a fishes eye,
 To purcuss with pearl, or maked⁴ be so
 high.

XXXVIII.

As I have said, unto me belongeth
 Specially the cure of thy sickness,
 But now thy matter so in balance hangeth,
 That it requireth, to thy sekerness,
 The help of other mo than one goddess,
 And have in them the meanes and the
 lore,
 In this matter to shorten with thy sore.

XXXIX.

And for thou shalt see well that I intend,
 Unto thy help thy welfare to preserve,
 The straight way thy spirit will I send
 To the goddess that ycleped is Mynerve,⁵
 And see that thou her hestis⁶ well conserve,
 For in this case she may be thy supply,
 And put thy heart in rest as well as I.

XL.

But for the way is uncouth unto thee,
 There as her dwelling is, and her sojourn,
 I will that Good-hope servant to thee be,
 Youralleris⁷ friend, to let thee to mourn,⁸
 Be thy condyt⁹ and guide till thou return,
 And her beseech, that she will in thy
 need
 Her counsel give to thy welfare and
 speed.

¹ The nightingale.⁵ Minerva.² Coats, plumage.⁶ Behests.³ Parrot.⁷ Always, or attached.⁴ Meaning doubtful; per-
 haps to compare with
 pearl, or mated, &c.⁸ To prevent thee⁹ Conductor.

XLI.

And that she will as 'longeth her office,
 Be thy good lady, help, and counsellor,
 And to thee shew her ripe and good advise,
 Through which thou may by process
 and labour
 Attain unto that glad and golden flower,
 That thou would have so fain with all
 thy heart,
 And furthermore, sen thou her servant
 art,

XLII.

When thou descendis down to ground
 again,
 Say to the men, that there been resident,
 How long think they to stand in my dis-
 dain,
 That in my lawis been so negligent,
 From day to day, and list them not repent,
 But broken loose and walken at their
 large,
 Is none that thereof givis charge?

XLIII.

And for, quoth she, the anger and the
 smart
 Of their unkindness doeth me constrain¹
 My feminine and woful tender heart,
 That then I weep, and to a token plain,
 As of my tearis cometh all this rain,
 That ye see on the ground so fast ywet,²
 From day to day, my torment is so
 great.

XLIV.

And when I weep, and stinten³ other while,
 For patience that is in womanhead,
 Then all my wrath and rancour I exile,
 And of my crystal tearis that been shed.
 The honey floweris growen up and spread,
 That prayen me in their floweris wise,
 Be true of love, and worship my service.

¹ Wring.² Wet with.³ Refrain.

XLV.

And eke, in token of this piteous tale,
 When so my tearis dropen on the ground,
 In their nature the little birdis small
 Stinteth their song, and mourneth for
 that stound,
 And all the lightis in the heaven round
 Of my grievance have such compaciencie,¹
 That from the ground they hidden their
 presence.

XLVI.

And yet in tokening further of this thing,
 When floweris spring and freshest been
 of hue,
 And that the birdis on the twistis sing,
 At thilke² time aye gynaen³ folk to renew,
 That service unto love, as aye is due,
 Most commonly has aye his observance,
 And of their sloth tofore have repent-
 ance.

XLVII.

Thus mayest thou sayen that mine effectis
 great,
 Unto which ye ought and mayest weye⁴
 No lyte offence, to sloth is forget;⁵
 And therefore in this wise to them say,
 As I thee here have bid, and convey
 The matter all, the better tofore said;
 Thus shall on thee my charge been laid.

XLVIII.

Say on then, where is becomen, for shame!
 The songis new, the fresh carolis and
 dance,
 The lusty life, the many change of game,
 The fresh array, the lusty countenance,

¹ Compassion, sympathy. ³ Beginning.² The same.⁴ Weigh, inquire.⁵ The sense involved, but appears to be—It is
 no offence to inquire into the effects of love,
 to idle therein is thereby forgotten.

The busy await,¹ the hearty observance,
 That whilom was amongis them so rife;
 Bid them repent in time, and mend their
 life.

XLIX.

Or I shall, with my father old Saturne,
 And with alhale² our heavenly alliance,
 Our glad aspectis from them writhe and
 turn,
 That all the world shall wail their govern-
 ance,
 Bid them betime, that they have repent-
 ance,
 And [in] their heartis hail renew my law,
 And I my hand from beating shall
 withdraw.

L.

This is to say, continue in my service,
 Worship my law, and my name magnify,
 That am your heaven and your paradise;
 And I your comfort here shall multiply,
 And, for your merit here perpetually,
 Receive I shall your soulis of my grace,
 To live with me as gooddis in this place.

CANTO IV.

I.

With humble thank, and all the reverence
 That feeble wit and conyng³ may attain,
 I took my leave; and from her presence,
 Good-hope and I together bothè twain
 Departed are, and shortly for to sayen
 He⁴ hath me led ready wayis right
 Unto Minerva's Palace, fair and bright.

II.

Where as I found, full ready at the gate,
 The master porter, callèd Patience,

¹ The eager lookout or watch.² The whole.³ Skill.⁴ In Canto iii. st. 40, Good-hope is intro-
 duced more appropriately as a female; here
 all the editions have "he."

That freely let us in, unquestionate ;
 And there we saw the perfect excellence,
 The sad renewe,¹ the state, the reverence,
 The strength, the beauty, and the order
 digne,²
 Of her court royal, noble and benign.

III.

And straight unto the presence suddenly
 Of dame Minerva, the patient goddess,
 Good-hope my guide led me readily,
 To whom anon, with dreadful humbleness,
 Of my coming the cause I 'gan express,
 And all the process whole, unto the end,
 Of Venus' charge, as likèd her to send.

IV.

Of which right thus her answer was in brief:
 My son, I have well heard, and understand,
 By thy rehearse, the matter of thy grief,
 And thy request to procure, and to fand³
 Of thy penance some comfort at my hand,
 By counsel of thy lady Venus clear,
 To be with her thine help in this matere.

V.

But in this case thou shalt well know and witt,
 Thou may thy heart ground on such a wise,
 That thy labour will be but little quit;⁴
 And thou may set it in otherwise,
 That will be to thee great worship and prize;
 And if thou durst unto that way incline,
 I will thee give my lore and discipline.

VI.

Lo, my good son, this is as much to sayen,
 As gif thy love be set alluterly⁵

¹ "Unintelligible."—*Tytler*. "Sail rowme, spacious hall."—*Thomson*.—Indistinct in MS.

² Stately, dignified.

⁴ Repaid.

³ Find.

⁵ Wholly.

Of nice lust, thy travail is in vain,
 And so the end shall turn of thy folly,
 To pain and repentance, lo wat thou
 why?
 Gif thee ne list¹ on love thy virtue set,
 Virtue shall be the cause of thy forfeit.²

VII.

Take him³ before in all thy governance,⁴
 That in his hand the steer⁵ has of you all,
 And pray unto his high purveyance,
 Thy love to gye,⁶ and on him trust and call,
 That corner-stone, and ground is of the wall,
 That failis not and trust withouten dread,
 Unto thy purpose soon he shall thee lead.

VIII.

For lo, the work that first is founded sure,
 May better bear apace, and higher be,
 Than otherwise, and longer shall endure,
 By many fold, this may thy reason see,
 And stronger to defend⁷ adversity;
 Ground thy work, therefore, upon the stone,
 And thy desire shall forthward with thee gone.

IX.

Be true, and meek, and stedfast in thy thought,
 And diligent her mercy to procure,
 Not only in thy word, for word is nought,
 Bot gif⁸ thy werk and all thy busy cure⁹
 Accord thereto; and utrid¹⁰ by measure,
 The place, the hour, the manner, and the wise,
 Gif mercy shall admitten thy service.

¹ Not chose.

⁶ Guide.

² Forfeit, failure.

⁷ Defend from.

³ That is, virtue.

⁸ Unless.

⁴ Conduct.

⁹ Care.

⁵ Guidance, helm.

¹⁰ Out-red, regulated

X.

All thing has time, thus says Ecclesiaste;
 And well is he that his time will abite:²
 Abide thy time; for he that can but haste
 Can not of hap,³ the wisé man it writ;
 And oft good fortune flow'reth with good
 wit:
 Wherefore, gif thou will be well fortun-
 ate,
 Let wisdom aye to thy will be joinate.

XI.

But there be many of so brukill³ sort,
 That feignis truth in love for a while,
 And setten all their wittis and disport,
 The silly innocent woman to beguile;
 And so to win their lustis with a wile;
 Such feigned truth is all but treachery,
 Under the umbre⁴ of hypocrisy.

XII.

For as the fowler whistleth in his throat,
 Diversely to counterfeit the bird,
 And feignis many a sweet and strange note,
 That in the bush for his deceit is hid,
 Till she be fast locken in his net amid,
 Right so the satoure,⁵ the false thief, I say,
 With sweet treason oft winneth thus his
 prey.

XIII.

Fie on all such! fie on their doubleness!
 Fie on their lust and beastly appetite!
 Their wolfis heartis in lambis likeness;
 Their thoughtis black, hid under wordis
 white;
 Fie on their labour! fie on their delight!
 That feinen outward all to her honour,
 And in their heart her worship⁶ would
 devour.

XIV.

So hard it is to trusten now on days
 The world, it is so double and incon-
 stant,
 Of which the sooth is hid by many assays;
 More pity is; for which the remanant
 That meanen well, and are not variant,
 For otheris guilt are suspect of untruth,
 And hindered oft, and truly that is ruth.²

XV.

But, gif the heart be grounded firm and
 stable
 In Goddis law, thy purpose to attain,
 Thy labour is to me agreeable,
 And my full help, with counsel true and
 plain,
 I will thee shew, and this is the certain;³
 Open thy heart, therefore, and let me see
 Gif thy remede³ be pertinent to me.

XVI.

Madame, quoth I, sen it is your pleasance
 That I declare the kind of my loving,
 Truly and good, withouten variance,
 I loved that flower above all other thing,
 And would been he, that to her worship-
 ping⁴
 Might aught avail, by him that starf⁵ on
 rood,
 And neither spare for travail, life, nor
 good.

XVII.

And, furthermore, as touching the nature
 Of my loving, to worship or to blame,
 I dare well say, and therein me assure,
 For any gold that any wight can name,
 Would I be he that should of her good fame
 Be blemisher, in any point or wise,
 For weal nor woe, while my life may
 suffice.

² Abide.⁴ Shade, guise.³ Can prosper in nothing.⁵ Satyr, seducer.³ Brittle, inconstant.⁶ Honour.² A pity.⁴ Honour.³ Truth.³ Remedy.⁵ Starve, died on the
cross.

XVIII.

This is th' effect truly of mine intent,
 Touching the sweet that smartis me so
 sore,
 Gif this be feint I can it not repent,
 Although my life should forfeit be there-
 fore :
 Blissful princess ! I can say you no more,
 But, so desire my wittis doth compace,¹
 More joy in earth keep² I nought but³
 your grace.

XIX.

Desire, quoth she, I nyl⁴ it not deny,
 So thou it ground and set in christian
 wise ;
 And therefore, son, open thy heart plainly.
 Madam, quoth I, true withouten fantise,⁵
 That day shall I never [in life] up rise,
 For my delight, to covet the pleasance,
 That may her worship⁶ putten in balance.

XX.

For o'er all thing, lo, this were my glad-
 ness,
 To seen the fresh beauty of her face ;
 And gif I might deserve by process,⁷
 For my great love and truth, to stand in
 grace,
 Her worship safe, lo, here the blissful case
 That I would ask, and thereto attend,
 For my most joy unto my lyfis end.

XXI.

Now well, quoth she, and sen that it is so,
 That in virtue thy love is set with truth,
 To helpen thee I will be one of tho⁸
 From henceforth, and heartily without
 sleuth,⁹

¹ Compass, engross. ⁶ Honour.
² Hold, esteem. ⁷ In process of time.
³ Without. ⁸ For those.
⁴ Ne-will, will not. ⁹ Sloth.
⁵ Fiction.

Of thy distress and excess to have reuth,¹
 That has thy heart, I will pray full sair,²
 That fortune be no more thereto con-
 trair.

XXII.

For sooth it is that all ye creatures,
 Which under us beneath have your dwell-
 ling,
 Receiven diversely your aventuris,³
 Of which the care and principal melling⁴
 Appeared is withouten repelling,
 Only to her that has the cuttis⁵ two
 In hand, both of your weal and of your
 woe.

XXIII.

And how so be, that sum clerkis treat,
 That all your chance caused is tofore,
 High in the heaven, by whose effectis great,
 Ye moved are to wrething⁶ less or more,
 Where in the world, thus, calling that
 therefore,
 Fortune, and so that the diversity
 Of their working should cause necessity.

XXIV.

But other clerks holden that the man
 Has in himself the choice, and liberty,
 To cause his awin fortune, how, or when,
 That him best list,⁷ and no necessity
 Was, in the heaven, at his nativity ;
 But yet the thingis happen in commune,⁸
 After purpose, so cleping⁹ them fortune.

XXV.

And where a person has tofore-knowing¹⁰
 Of it that¹¹ is to fall purposely,

¹ Pity. ³ Destinies.
² Earnestly. ⁴ Meddling, disposal.
⁵ Lachesis, the Fate that controls men's lots.
⁶ Writhing, wrestling, the shiftings that con-
 stitute Fortune. ⁹ Naming.
⁷ Choses, pleasea. ¹⁰ Foreknowledge.
⁸ Common. ¹¹ Of what which.

Lo, fortune is but weak in such a thing,
Thou may well wot, and here ensample
why.

To God it is the first cause only
Of every thing, there may no fortune fall,
And why? for He foreknowing is of all.

XXVI.

And therefore thus I say to this sentence;
Fortune is most and strongest evermore,
Where, least foreknowing, or intelligence
Is in the man; and son, of wit or lore,
Sen thou art weak and feeble, lo, therefore,
The more thou art in danger, and com-
mune¹

With her, that clerkis clepen² so, Fortune.

XXVII.

But for the sake, and at the reverence
Of Venus clear, as I thee said tofore,
I have of thy distress compaciencie,³

And in comfort and release of thy sore,
Thee shewed, here, mine avise, therefore,
Pray Fortune help; for much unlikely
thing

Full oft about she suddenly doth bring.

XXVIII.

Now gothy way, and have good mind upon
What I have said, in way of thy doctrine;
I shall, madame, quoth I, and right anon
I took my leave: as straight as any line,
Within a beam, that from the country
divine,

She, piercing through the firmament, ex-
tended,

To ground again my spirit is descended.

CANTO V.

I.

Where, in a lusty⁴ plain, took I my way,
Endlong⁵ a river, pleasant to behold,

¹ In commune. ² Compassion. ³ Along-
⁴ Call. ⁵ Pleasant, lovely. ⁶ side.

Enbrouden¹ all with fresh floweris gay,
Where through the gravel, bright as any
gold,

The crystal water ran so clear and cold,
That in mine ear made continually
A manner² sound mellét³ with harmony;

II.

That full of little fishes by the brim,
Now here now there, with backis blue
as lead,

Leaped and playèd, and in a rout 'gan swim
So prettily, and dressèd them to spread
Their coral finis, as the ruby red,
That in the sun, on their scalis bright
As gesserant,⁴ aye glittered in my sight.

III.

And by this like⁵ river side alawe⁶
An highway found I like to been,
On which, on every side, a long rawe
Of treis saw I full of leavis green,
That full of fruit delitable⁷ were to seen;
And also, as it come unto my mind,
Of beastis saw I many divers kind:

IV.

The lion king and his fere⁸ homess,
The panther like unto the smaragdyne,⁹
The little squirrel full of business,
The slow ass, the drudger beast of pyne,
The nice¹⁰ ape, the werely porpapyne,¹¹
The piercing lynx, the lufare¹² unicorn,
That voidis venom¹³ with his ivory horn.

¹ Embroidered, decked.

² Kind of, or pleasant.

³ Mixed.

⁴ Plate, armour.

⁵ Same.

⁶ Below.

⁷ Delightful.

⁸ Loving, a supposed characteristic of the rhinoceros.

⁹ Companion,
mate.

¹⁰ The emerald.

¹¹ Cunning.

¹² Warlike por-
cupine.

¹³ Emits poison.

V.

There saw I dress¹ him, new out of haunt,
 The fery² tiger full of felony,
 The dromedare, the standar³ elephant,
 The wily fox, the widow's enemy,
 The climber goat, the elk for alblastrye,⁴
 The herknere⁵ boar, the wholesome grey
 for hortis,⁶
 The hare also, that oft goeth to the
 hortis.⁷

VI.

The bugill drawer⁸ by his hornis great,
 The martrik⁹ sable, the foynzee,¹⁰ and
 many mo,
 The chalk white ermine, tipped as the jet,
 The royal hart, the coning,¹¹ and the roe,
 The wolf, that of the murder not say ho,¹²
 The lésty¹³ beaver, and the ravin¹⁴ bear,
 For camelot the camel full of hair.

VII.

With many other beasts diverse and
 strange,
 That cometh not as now unto my mind;
 But now to purpose: straight forth the
 range
 I held away, o'erhaling in my mind,
 From whence I come, and where that I
 should find
 Fortune, the goddess unto whom in hye
 Good-hope, my guide, has led me
 suddenly.

VIII.

And at the last beholding thus aside,
 A round place wallèd have I found,

¹ Prepare.³ That always
stands.² Fere, fierce.⁴ For shooting with the crossbow.⁵ Meaning doubtful; supposed, teeth-champ-
ing, or quick hearing.⁶ The badger whose grease was good for
hurts.⁷ Gardens.¹¹ Rabbit.⁸ Supposed the buffalo.¹² Hold, stop.⁹ The martin.¹³ Sagacious.¹⁰ Polecat, or fawn.¹⁴ Ravenous.

In myddis where eftsoon¹ I have espied
 Fortune, the goddess, houting² on the
 ground;
 And right before her feet, of compass round,
 A wheel, on which clevering I sye³
 A multitude of folk before mine eye.

IX.

And ane surcoat she wearit long that tyde,
 That seemèd to me of divers hewis,
 Whilom thus, when she would turn aside,
 Stood this goddess of fortune O,⁴
 A chaplet with many fresh anewis⁵
 She had upon her head; and with this
 hung
 A mantle on her shoulders large and long,

X.

That furrèd was with erminè full white,
 Degoutit with the self⁶ in spottis black,
 And whilom in her cheer⁷ thus alyte⁸
 Louring she was, and thus soon it would
 slack,
 And suddenly a manner smiling mak,
 An⁹ she were glad, at one countenance,
 She held not, but aye in variance.

XI.

And underneath the wheel saw I there
 An ugly pit, deep as any hell;
 That to behold thereon I quoke for fear;
 But a thing heard I, that who therein fell,
 Came no more up again, tidings to tell;
 Of which astonied of that fearful sight,
 I ne wist what to done,¹⁰ so was I fright.

XII.

But for to see the sudden weltering
 Of that ilk wheel that slippare¹¹ was to
 hold,

¹ Quickly.⁷ Countenance.² Dwelling.⁸ A little.³ Clinging I see.⁹ As if.⁴ Askewis.¹⁰ I knew not what
to do.⁵ Flowers.⁶ Spotted with the same. ¹¹ Slippery.

It seemèd unto my wit a strong thing,
 So many I saw that then climbing would,
 And failèd footing, and to ground were
 roll'd,
 And other eke that sat above on high,
 Were overthrown in twinkling of an eye.

XIII.

And on the wheel was little void space,
 Well near o'er straight from low to high;
 And they were ware¹ that long sat in place,
 So tolter² whilom did she it to wreye,³
 There was but climb and right downward
 hie,
 And some were eke that falling had ane
 sore,
 There for to climb, their courage was
 no more.

XIV.

I saw also, that where some were slungin,⁴
 By whirling of the wheel, unto the
 ground,
 Full suddenly she hath up ythrunin,⁵
 And set them on'again full safe and sound;
 And ever I saw a new swarm abound,
 That to climb upward upon the wheel,
 Instead of them that might no longer
 reel.

XV.

And at the last, in presence of them all,
 That stood about, she clepit me by name;
 And therewith upon kneeis gan I fall,
 Full suddenly hailsing,⁶ abaist for shame;
 And, smiling thus, she said to me in game,
 What dost thou here? who has thee
 hither sent?
 Say on anon, and tell me thine intent.

XVI.

I see well, by thy cheer and countenance,
 There is some thing lyes thee on heart,

¹ Aware.² Unsteady.³ Awry, turn.⁴ Slipping.⁵ Thrown up.⁶ Saluting.

It stands not with thee as thou would per-
 chance.

Madam, quoth I, for love is all the smart
 That ever I feel, endlong, and overthwart;¹
 Help of your grace me woful wretched
 wight,
 Sen me to cure ye power have and might.

XVII.

What help, quoth she, would thou that I
 ordain,
 To bring thee unto thy heartis desire?
 Madam, quoth I, but that your grace²
 dedeign,
 Of your great might, my wittis to inspire,
 To win the well,³ that slocken may the fire,
 In which I burn: Ah, goddess fortunate!
 Help now my game that is in point to
 mate.⁴

XVIII.

Of mate, quoth she, a very silly wretch,
 I see well, by thy deadly colour pale,
 Thou art too feeble, of thyself, to stretch
 Upon my wheel, to climb, or to hale
 Withouten help; for thou has founden
 stale⁵
 This many day withouten weirdis weal,⁶
 And wantis now thy very heartis heal.⁷

XIX.

Well mayst thou be a wretched man callèd
 That wantis the comfort that should thy
 heart glad;
 And has all thing within thy heart stallèd
 That may thy youth oppressen or de-
 fade.

¹ Through my length and breadth.² Would your grace but.³ See Canto iii. st. 27.⁴ To be checkmated, overcome.⁵ Found confined, chess phrase.⁶ Good fortune.⁷ Heart's health, courage. ⁸ Pent up.

Though thy beginning hath been retrograde,
By froward¹ opposite, where till aspert,
Now shall they turn, and look on thee
dert :²

XX.

And therewith all unto the wheel in hye
She hath me led, and bade me lear to
climb,
Upon the which I steppèd suddenly;
Now hold thy grippis, quoth she, for
thy time,
An hour and more it runis over prime ;³
To count the whole, the half is near
away ;
Spend well, therefore, the remnant of the
day.

XXI.

Example (quoth she) take of this tofore,
That from my wheel be rolled as a ball;
For the nature of it is evermore
After an height to vale,⁴ and give a fall,
Thus when we liketh up or down to fall.
Farewell, quoth she, and by the ear me
toke,
So earnestly, that therewithal I woke.

CANTO VI.

I.

O busy ghost,⁵ aye flickering to and fro,
That never art in quiet nor in rest,
Till thou come to that place that thou
came fro,
Which is thy first and very proper nest
From day to day so sore here art thou drest,⁶

¹ Bold men opposed, enemies.

² Meaning obscure, but seems to refer to the cruelty of his enemies.

³ First division of the day, six till nine; figuratively applied to life.

⁴ Descend. ⁵ Restless spirit. ⁶ Vexed.

That with thy flesh aye waking art in
trouble,
And sleeping eke, of pain so hast thou
double.

II.

Covert¹ myself all this mean I to loke,²
Though that my spirit vexèd was tofore,
In suenyng,³ as soon as ever I woke,
By XX fold it was in trouble more,
Bethinking me with sighing heart and sore,
That none other thingis but dreamis had;
Nor sekernes⁴ my spirit with to glad.

III.

And therewith soon I dressèd s me to rise,
Fulfill'd of thought, pyne, and adversity,
And to myself I said in this wise,—
What life is this? where hath my spirit be?
Ah! mercy, Lord! what will ye do with me?
Is this of my forethought impression?⁶
Or is it from the heaven a vision?

IV.

And gif ye goddis, of your purviance,⁷
Have shewèd this for my recomforting,
In release of my furious penance,
I you beseech full humbly of this thing,
That of your grace I might have more
tokening,
Gif it shall be, as in my sleep before
Ye shewèd have? and forth withouten
more,

V.

In hye unto the window gan I walk,
Moving within my spirit of this sight,
Whe e suddenly a turtur,⁸ white as chalk,
So evenly upon my hand gan light,
And unto me she turned her, full right,
Of whom the cheer in her birdis assort
Gave me in heart kalendis⁹ of comfort.

¹ Within.

² To consider.

³ Swooning, sleeping.

⁴ Surety.

⁵ Addressed, applied.

⁶ The impression.

⁷ Prescience.

⁸ Turtle.

⁹ Beginning.

VI.

This fair bird right in her bill gan hold
 Of red jerofferis,¹ with their stalkis green,
 A fair branch, where written was with gold,
 On every leaf, with branches bright and
 sheen,
 In compass fair full pleasantly to seen,
 A plain sentence, which, as I can devise,
 And have in mind, said right on this wise :

VII.

Awake ! awake ! I bring lufar,² I bring
 The newis glad, that blissful been, and
 sure,
 Of thy comfort ; now laugh, and play, and
 sing,
 That art beside³ so glad an aventure :
 Fore in the heaven decretit⁴ is the cure :
 And unto me the flow'ris fair present ;
 With wingis spread her wayis forth she
 went.

VIII.

Which up anon I took, and as I guess,
 An hundred times, or⁵ I further went,
 I have it read, with heartful gladness ;
 And half with hope and half with dread
 it hent,⁶
 And at my beddis head, with good intent,
 I have it fair pinned up ; and this
 First token was of all my help and bliss.

IX.

The which truly after, day by day,
 That all my wittis mastered had tofore,
 Which be of earth,⁷ the painis did away.
 And shortly so well fortune has her bore,
 To quicken truly day by day my lore
 To my largess,⁸ that I am come again
 To bliss with her that is my sovereign.

¹ Gilly flowers. ³ Near. ⁵ Before.
² Lover. ⁴ Decreed. ⁶ Held.

⁷ Indistinct in MS.

⁸ My wit to my estate ; a proverbial expres-
 sion.

X.

But forasmuch as some might think or
 sayen,
 What needis me, upon so little even,¹
 To write all this ? I answer thus again ;
 Who that from hell were coppin² once in
 heaven,
 Would after, o thank for joy, make VI. or
 VII. ;³
 And every wight his owin sweet or sore,
 Has most in mind ; I can say you no
 more.

XI.

Eke who may in this life have more ple-
 sance,
 Than come to largess from thralldom
 and pain ?
 And by the mean of luffis⁴ ordinance,
 That has so many in his golden chain ;
 Which this,⁵ to win his heartis sovereign,
 Who should me wite⁶ to write thereof,
 let see ;
 Now sufficiance⁷ is my felicity.

XII.

Beseeching unto fair Venus above,
 For all my brethir that been in this place ;
 This is to sayen, that servantis are to love,
 And of his lady can no thank purchase,
 His pain release, and soon to stand in
 grace,
 Both to his worship and to his first ease ;
 So that it her and reason not displease.

XIII.

And eke for them that are not entered in
 The dance of love, but thither-ward on
 way,

¹ Small an event.

² Transported.

³ Stanzas of six or seven verses.—*Tytler*.
 Thanksgivings.—*Thomson*.

⁴ Love's.

⁵ The which.

⁷ Sufficient,
 complete.

⁶ Blame.

In good time and seily¹ to begin
 Their prenticehood ; and furthermore I
 pray²
 For them that passèd been the many
 affray
 In love, and comen are to full plesance,
 To grant them all, lo good perseverance.

XIV.

And eke I pray for all the heartis dull,
 That liven here in sloth and ignorance,
 And has no courage at the rose to pull,
 Their life to mend and their soulis avance,
 With their sweet lore, and bring them to
 good chance ;
 And who that will not for this prayer turn,
 When they would fainest speed, that
 they may spurn.³

XV.

Toreckon of every thing the circumstance,
 As happened me when lessen⁴ gan my
 sore,
 Of my rancour and woful chance,
 It were too long, I let it be therefore ;
 And thus this flower, I can say no more,
 So heartily has unto my help attended,
 That from the death her man she has
 defended.

XVI.

And eke the goddess merciful working,
 For my long pain, and true service in love,
 That has me given wholly mine asking,
 Which has my heart for ever set above
 In perfect joy, that never may remove
 But only death, of whom in laud and
 prise,⁵
 With thankful heart I say right in this
 wise.

¹ Happy.² The fourth line of this stanza comes before the third in the MS. ; a manifest transposition, discovered and corrected by Thomson.³ Stumble. ⁴ To diminish. ⁵ Praise.

XVII.

Blessed mot¹ be the goddis all,
 So fair that glitt'ren in the firmament !
 And blessed be their might celestial,
 That have convoyed whole with one
 assent,
 My love, and² to [so] glad a consequent !
 And thanked [too] be fortune's axle-tree,
 And wheel, that thus so well has
 whirled me.

XVIII.

Thankèd mot be, and fair and love befall
 The nightingale, that with so good intent
 Sang there of love, the notis sweet and
 small,
 Where my fair heartis lady was present,
 Her with to glad, ere that she further went ;
 And thou gerafioure,³ mot it thanked be
 All other flow'ris for the love of thee.

XIX.

And thanked be thee fair castle wall,
 Whereas⁴ I whilom lookèd forth and lent ;
 Thankèd mot be the sanctis merciall,⁵
 That me first causèd hath⁶ this accident :
 Thankèd mot be the green bewis bent,
 Through whom and under first for-
 tunèd me,
 My heartis heal and my comfort to be.

XX.

For to the presence sweet and delitable,
 Right of this flower that full is of plesance,
 By process and by meanis favourable,
 First of the blissful goddis purveyance,
 And syne through long and true continu-
 ance
 Of very faith in love and true service,
 I come am ; and further in this wise :

XXI.

Unworthy, lo, but only of her grace,
 In lufis yoke, that easy is and sure,

¹ May. ³ Gilly flower. ⁵ Saints merciful.² For on. ⁴ Whereat. ⁶ For had.

In guerdon of all my lufis space
 She hath me tak, her humble creature ;
 And thus befell my blissful aventure,
 In youth of love, that now from day to
 day,
 Flow'reth ay new, and yet further I say :

XXII.

Go little treatise, naked of eloquence,
 Causing simpleness and poverty to wit ;
 And pray the reader to have patience
 Of thy default, and to supporten it ;
 Of his goodness thy brukilnesse² to knit,
 And his tongue for to rule and to steer,
 That thy defaultis heal'd may been here.

XXIII.

Alas ! and gif thou comest in the presence,³
 Where as of blame faintest thou would
 be quit,
 To hear thy rude and crooked eloquence,
 Who shall be there to pray for thy
 remit ?
 No wight, but gif³ her mercy will admit
 Thee for good will, that is thy guide and
 steer,
 To whom for me thou piteously requere.⁴

XXIV.

And thus endeth the fatal influence,
 Caused from heaven where power is
 commit,
 Of governance by the magnificence
 Of him that highest in the heaven sit ;
 To whom we think that all our hath writ,
 Who couth it read agone syne many a
 year,
 High in the heavinis figure circular.⁵

¹ Frailty, incoherence.³ Unless.² Of his love.⁴ Plead.

⁵ Meaning obscure ; seems to be—To whom
 we think all we have written was known years
 ago, who could read it in the high circle of the
 heavens.

XXV.

Unto impnis¹ of my maisteris dear,
 Gower, and Chaucer, that on the steppis
 sate
 Of rhetoric, while they were livand here,
 Superlative as poetis laureate,
 Of morality and eloquence ornat,
 I recommend my book in linis seven,
 And eke² their souls unto the bliss of
 heaven.

PEBLIS TO THE PLAY.

I.

At Beltane³ when ilk⁴ body bounis⁵
 To Pebelis⁶ to the play,
 To hear the singing and the sounds,
 The solaoe, sooth to say,
 By firth, and forest, furth they found ;⁷
 They grathit⁸ them full gay,
 God wot, that would they do, that stound,⁹
 For it was their feast day,
 They said,
 Of Pebelis to the play.

II.

All the wenches of the west
 Were up ere the cock crew ;
 For reiling¹⁰ there might no man rest,
 For garray,¹¹ and for glew ;¹²
 One said, my curches¹³ are not prest,
 Then answered Meg, full blue,
 To get a hood I hold it best ;
 By Goddis soul that is true,
 Quoth she,
 Of Pebelis to the play.

¹ Hymns.⁸ Dressed.² Also.⁹ Time.³ First of May.¹⁰ Bustle.⁴ Each.¹¹ Hurry-scurry of⁵ Prepares to go.

preparation.

⁶ The burgh of Peebles.¹² Mirth, sport.⁷ Went.¹³ Kerchiefs, caps.

III.

She took the tippet by the end,
To let it hang she leit¹ not;
Quoth he, thy back shall bear a bend;
In faith, quoth she, we meit² not.
She was so gucket and so gend,³
That day a bite she eat not;
Then spoke her fellows, that her kend,
Be still, my joy, and greit⁴ not,
Now,

Of Peblis to the play.

IV.

Ever, alas! then said she,
Am I not clearly tynt?⁵
I dare not come yon market to,
I am so evil sone-brint:⁶
Among yon merchandis my duds do,
Mary I shall once mynt,⁷
Stand off far, and keik⁸ them to,
As I at home was wont,

Quoth she,

Of Peblis to the play,

V.

Hope, Kailzie, and Cardronow,⁹
Gathered out thick-fold,
With heigh, and how, rohumbelow,¹⁰
The young folk were full bold:
The bag-pipe blew, and they out-threw,
Out of the towns untold;
Lord! such a shout was them among,
When they were o'er the wold,
There west,

Of Peblis to the play.

VI.

Ane young man stert into that stead,¹¹
As cant¹² as any colt,

¹ Let, permitted.

² Mate, match.

³ Foolish and wild.

⁴ Weep, cry.

⁵ Lost, undone.

⁶ Sunburnt.

⁷ Attempt.

⁸ Look stily.

⁹ Three villages near

Peebles.

¹⁰ The refrain of an old

song.

¹¹ Place.

¹² Merry, brisk.

A birkin¹ hat upon his head
With a bow, and a bolt;²
Said, merry maidens, think not long,
The weather is fair and smolt.³
He cleikit⁴ up a high rough song,
"Thair fure ane man to the holt,"⁵

Quoth he,

Of Peblis to the play.

VII.

They had not gone half of the gait⁶
When the maidens came upon them,
Ilk ane man gave his consait,⁷
How that they would dispone them:
One said, the fairest falls to me,
Take ye the lave and fone⁸ them.
Another said, waes me! let be,
On Tweddell side, and on them,

Swythe,⁹

Of Peblis to the play.

VIII.

Then he to go, and she to go,
And ne'er one bade abide you:
One winklot¹⁰ fell, and her tail up;
Wow! quoth Malkin, hide you,
What needis you to make it so?
Yon man will not o'er-ride you.
Are ye ower good, quoth she, I say,
To let them gang beside you,

Yonder,

Of Peblis to the play.

IX.

Then they came to the townis end,
Withouten more delay;
He before, and she before,
To see who was most gay:

¹ Made of birch bark,

or twigs.

² An arrow.

³ Mild.

⁴ Struck up.

⁵ There went a man to the wood,—an old song.

⁶ Way.

⁷ Conceit, ideas.

⁸ Caress, fondle.

⁹ Quick.

¹⁰ Young wench.

All that looked them upon
Leuche^r fast at their array ;
Some said that they were market folk ;
Some said the Queen of May
Was come,
Of Peblis to the play.

2.

Then they to the tavern house
With meikle oly prance ;³
One spoke with wordis wonder crouse,
A done with a mischance !
Braid up the board³ (he hydis, tyt,)⁴
We are all in a trance,
See that our napery be white,
For we will dine and dance,
Thereout,
Of Pebbis to the play.

XI.

Aye as the goodwife brought in
 One scored upon the wauch.⁵
 One bade pay, another said nay,
 Bide till we reckon our lauch.⁶
 The goodwife said, have ye no dread,
 Ye shall pay that ye ancht.⁷
 A young man stert upon his feet,
 And he began to lauche,⁸
 For heydin,
 Of Pebbis to the play.

XII.

He got a trencher⁹ in his hand,
And he began to count :
Ilk man twa and ane halfpenny,
To pay thus, we were wont.
Another stert upon his feet,
And said, thou art ower blunt,
To take such office upon hand ;
By G—d thou 'serves a dunt

Of me,

Of Peblis to the play.

1 Laughed.	5 Wall.
2 Much jolly prancing.	6 Lawing, reckoning.
3 Fold up the leaves.	7 Owe, or ought.
4 Hies to do it.	8 Laugh, mock.
	9 A wooden plate.

XIII.

A dunt ! quoth he, what devil is that ?
By G—d thou dare not do 't,
He stert till ane broggit staff,¹
Winchard² as he were wood :³
All that house was in a reirde ;⁴
One cried, The holy rood !
Help us, Lord, upon this erde⁵
That there be spilt no blood,
Herein,
Of Peblis to the play.

XIV.

They throng out at the door at once,
Withouten any reddin ;⁶
Gilbert in a gutter glayde,⁷
He got no better bedding.
There was not one of them that day
Would do another's bidding ;
Thereby lay three and thirty, some
Thrunland in a midden⁸

Of draff,

Of Pebelis to the play.

XV.

9 A cadger on the market gait¹⁰
 Heard them bargain begin ;
 He gave a shout, his wife came out,
 Scantly she might owerhie him :¹¹
 He held, she drew, for dust, that day,
 Might no man see a styme,¹²
 To red them,¹³
 Of Peblis to the play.

1 Pike-staff. 6 Paying their score.
 2 Wincing, writhing. 7 Glided, slipped.
 3 Mad. 8 Rolling over other
 4 Uproar. in a dunghill.
 5 Earth.
 9 The want of connection between this stanza
 and the previous indicates an omission, and lines
 four and five of this are wanting.
 10 Market road. 12 A blink, glimpse.
 11 Overtake. 13 Rid, separate them.

XVI.

He sterted to his great gray mare,
And off he tumbled the creilis;
Alas, quoth she, hold our good man;
And on her knees she kneelis.
Abide, quoth she; why, nay, quoth he;
Into his stirrups he leapt,
The girthing broke, and he flew off,
And up stert both his heelis,

At anes,

Of Peblis to the play.

XVII.

His wife came out, and gave a shout,
And by the foot she got him,
All be-dirten drew him out:
Lord G—d! right well that set him!
He said, where is yon culroun² knave?
Quoth she, I reid³ you let him
Gang hame his gaitis.³ By G—d, quoth he,
I shall anes have at him,

Yet,

Of Peblis to the play.

XVIII.

You 'fled me, fie for shame, quoth she,
See as you have dress'd me;
How fell you, Sir? As my girthing broke,
What meikle devil may lest⁴ me;
I wot not well what it was,
My own gray mare, that kest⁵ me,
Or if I was forfochten faint,⁶
And syne lay down to rest me,

Yonder,

Of Peblis to the play.

XIX.

By that the bargain was all play'd,
The strings stert out of their nockis;⁷

Sewin some,² that the tulye³ made,
Lay gruffling³ in the stockis.
John Nickson of the Nether ward⁴
Had lever⁵ have given an ox,
Or he had comen in that company,
He swore by Goddis cockis,
And mannis both,
Of Peblis to the play.

XX.

With that Will Swane came sweatand out,
A meikle miller man;
Gif I shall dance, have done, let see
Blow up the bag-pipe than:
The schowman's dance I maun begin,
I trow it shall not pain;
So heavily he hochit⁶ about,
To see him, lord! as they ran,
That tide,
Of Peblis to the play.

XXI.

They gatherd out of the town,
And nearer him they dreuch;⁷
One bade give the dancers room,
Will Swane makes wonder teuch.
Then all the wenchies te-he they play'd;
But lord! as Will Young leuch.
Good gossip come hyen your gaitis,⁸
For we have danced aneuch,⁹
At anes,
At Peblis at the play.

XXII.

So fiercely fire-het was the day,
His face began to freckle,
Then Tibby took him by the hand,
Was new comen frae the heckle;¹⁰
Alas, quoth she, what shall I do?
And our door has no stekill;¹¹

¹ Rascal.³ Go home his ways.² Advise.⁴ Lest makes no sense here. "May" and it together come near Gavin Douglas' "Male-eis" trouble of mind: Eng. molest.⁵ Cast, threw.⁶ Faint from fatigue.⁷ The notches of their bows.¹ The sense requires a proper name; Swainson?—unless it means seven persons,—sevin sum² Squabble.⁷ Drew.³ Sleeping uneasily. ⁸ Haste your way home.⁴ Of Lanarkshire. ⁹ Enough.⁵ Rather.¹⁰ Flax comb.⁶ Hobbled.¹¹ Latch.

And she to go as her tail brynt,
And all the carlis to kekill,¹
At her,
Of Peblis to the play.

XXIII.

The piper said, now I begin
To tire, for playing to you,
But yet have I gotten nothing,
For all my piping to you ;
Three halfpennies for half a day,
And that will not undo you :
And if ye will give me right nought,
The meikle deil go with you,
Quoth he,
Of Peblis to the play.

XXIV.

By that, the dancing was all done,
Their leave took less and mare ;
When the winklotis, and the wowaris
twinit,²
To see it was heart sore ;
Wat Atkin said to fair Alice,
My bird now will I fare :³
The devil a word that she might speak,
But swooned that sweet of swair,⁴
For kindness,
Of Peblis to the play.

XXV.

He fippilits like a featherless fowl,
And said, be still, my sweet thing ;
By the holy rood of Peblis,
I may not rest for greiting :⁵
He whistled and he piped both,
To make her blithe that meeting :
My hony heart, how says the sang ?
"There shall be mirth at our meeting,"
Yet,

Of Peblis to the play.

¹ Laugh like the cackling of a hen.

² Parted.

³ Go away.

⁴ Neck is given as the meaning here, but
"Swairf" faint is needed for the sense.

⁵ Cried, whined.

⁶ Weeping.

XXVI.

By that the sun was setting fast,
And near done was the day :
There men might hear shukin of shafts,¹
When that they went their way.
Had there been more made of this song,
More should I to you say :
At Beltaine ilka body bound,
To Peblis to the play.

CHRIST'S KIRK ON THE GREEN.

I.

Was never in Scotland heard nor seen
Sic dancing nor deray,²
Neither at Falkland³ on the green,
Nor Peblis at the Play ;
As was of wowaris⁴ as I ween
At Christ's-Kirk on a day ;
There came our Kitties⁵ washen clean,
In their new kirtillis⁶ of gray,
Full gay,
At Christ's-Kirk on the green, that day.

II.

To dance thir damysellis them dicht,⁷
Thir lasses licht of laitiss ;⁸
Their gloves were of the raffel right,⁹
Their shune were of the straitiss,¹⁰
Their kirtles were of lyncome light,¹¹
Well prest with many plaitis ;

¹ Meaning obscure :—Shaking their arrows
into their quivers ?

² Revelry.

⁶ Gowns.

³ A royal palace in Fife.

⁷ Dressed, made

⁴ Wooers, suitors.

ready.

⁵ A general name for

⁸ Nimble, light

country girls, now

heeled.

Jennys.

⁹ Roe-skin.

¹⁰ Their shoes were of leather from the Straits
of Gibraltar—Cordovan or Morocco.

¹¹ Wincey, linsey-woolsey.

He chesit a flane as did affeir² him ;
 The t'other said dirdum dardum :³
 Through both the cheikis he thought to
 cheir³ him,
 Or throw the erss have chard⁴ him,
 But by an akerbraid⁵ it came not near him,
 I can not tell what marr'd him,
 There,
 At Christ's-Kirk on the green, that day.

IX.

With that a friend of his cried, fye !
 And up an arrow drew ;
 He forged⁶ it so furiously,
 The bow in flenders⁷ flew ;
 So was the will of God, trow I !
 For, had the tree been true,
 Men said, that kend his archery,
 That he had slain anew,⁸
 That day,
 At Christ's-Kirk on the green.

X.

Ane hasty hensure⁹ callèd Harry,
 Who was an archer heynd,¹⁰
 Tilt up a takill withouten tary,¹¹
 That torment so him teynd ;¹²
 I wot not whether his hand could vary,
 Or the man was his friend ;
 But, he escaped through mights of Mary,¹³
 As man that no ill meynd,
 But gude,
 At Christ's-Kirk on the green, that day.

XI.

Then Lowry as a lion lap,
 And soon a flane can fedder ;¹⁴

² Chose an arrow that suited his purpose. ⁹ A giddy young fellow.
³ An expression of ironical excitement. ¹⁰ Expert, handy.
⁴ Pierced. ¹¹ Fitted up a bow and arrow (tackle) without delay.
⁵ Acre-breadth. ¹² Enraged.
⁶ Pulled ? ¹³ The Virgin.
⁷ Splinters. ¹⁴ An arrow feathered.
⁸ He would have slain enough ; ironically.

He hecht¹ to pierce him at the pap,
 Thereon to wed a wedder ;²
 He hit him on the wame a wae ;³
 It buft⁴ like any bledder ;⁵
 But so his fortune was, and hap,
 His doublet was of ledder ;⁶
 And saved him,
 At Christ's-Kirk on the green, that day.

XII.

The buff so to bousteouslie abaisit⁷ him,
 That he to the erd duscht⁸ down ;
 The other for dead he preissit⁹ him,
 And fled out of the town ;
 The wives come furth and up they paisit¹⁰
 him,
 And fandè life in the loun ;¹¹
 And with three routis¹² they raised him,
 And curèd him of swoon,
 Again,
 At Christ's-Kirk on the green, that day.

XIII.

Ayaip¹³ young man, that stood him neist,¹⁴
 Loos d off a shot with ire ;
 He ettilit¹⁵ the bern¹⁶ in at the breist,
 The bolt flew o'er the byre ;
 Ane cried, fye ! he had slain a priest,
 A mile beyond a mire ;
 Then bow and bag from him he keist,¹⁷
 And fled as fierce as fire
 Off flint,
 At Christ's-Kirk on the green, that day.

XIV.

With forks and flails they let great flappis,
 And flang together like friggis ;¹⁸

¹ Meant. ¹⁰ Poised him up.
² To bet a sheep. ¹¹ Rogue, fellow.
³ A blow on the belly. ¹² Bellowsings, belchings.
⁴ Sounded, retorted. ¹³ Apt, ready.
⁵ Bladder. ¹⁴ Next, nearest.
⁶ Leather. ¹⁵ Aimed at.
⁷ The blow so greatly stunned him. ¹⁶ Man.
⁸ To earth was dashed. ¹⁷ Cast from him the bow and quiver.
⁹ For dead then left him. ¹⁸ Attacked each other like furies.

With bowgaris¹ of barns they beft blue kappis,²

While they of bernis made briggis;³
The reird⁴ raise rudely with the rappis,
When rungis⁵ was laid on riggis;⁶
The wyffis came forth, with cryis and clappis,

Lo! where my liking liggis,⁷
Quoth they,
At Christ's-Kirk on the green, that day.

XV.

They girnit, and let gird, with granes,⁸
Ilk gossip other grievit;
Some struck with stingis,⁹ some gathered stanes,

Some fled, and evil eschewit;¹⁰
The minstrel wan within two wains,¹¹
That day, full well he previt;¹²
For he came home with unbirs'd banes,¹³
Where fechtars were mischievit,
For ever,
At Christ's-Kirk on the green, that day.

XVI.

Heich Huchoun, with ane hissel ryse;¹⁴
To red can through them rummill;¹⁵
He muddlet¹⁶ them down, like any mice,
He was no battie-bummil;¹⁷
Though he was wight, he was not wise,
With such jangleris to jummil;¹⁸

¹ Cross spars used in wattle buildings. ²⁰ Avoided, escaped.

² Struck off blue bonnets. ²¹ Went between two waggons.

³ Made bridges of those who fell—trampled on them. ²² Proved his prudence.

⁴ Uproar. ²³ Unbruised bones.

⁵ Cudgels. ²⁴ Tall Hugh with a hazel stick.

⁶ Riggis; figuratively, men's backs and ribs. ²⁵ To separate, rumbled or wrestled through them.

⁷ Love lies. ²⁶ Tumbled.

⁸ Let drive at each other with groans. ²⁷ Useless tike, figuratively applied.

⁹ Stangs, poles. ²⁸ Wranglers to mix.

For frae his thumb they dang a slice,
While he cried barla-fummil,¹
I'm slain,
At Christ's-Kirk on the green, that day.

XVII.

When that he saw his blood so reid,
To flee might no man let him;
He weend it been for auld done feid;²
He thought one cried, have at him;
He gart his feet³ defend his heid,
The far fairer it set him;⁴
While he was past out of all pleid,⁵
He should been swift, that gat him,
Through speed,
At Christ's-Kirk on the green, that day.

XVIII.

The town soutar⁶ in grief was bowdin,⁷
His wife hang in his waist:
His body was with blood all browdin,⁸
He grainit⁹ like any gaist;¹⁰
His glittering hair, that was full gowden,¹¹
So hard in love him laist;¹²
That for her sake he was na yowdin,¹³
Seven mile while he was chaist,
And more,
At Christ's-Kirk on the green, that day.

XIX.

The miller was of manly mak,
To meet him was no mowis;¹⁴
There durst not ten come him to tak,
So nowtit he their powis;¹⁵
The buschment haill about him brak,¹⁶
And bickert him with bowis,¹⁷

¹ Parley, hold off! ²⁸ Laced, chained in love.

² Old feud. ²⁹ Surrendered, meaning obscure.

³ Caused, he ran off. ³⁰ No joke.

⁴ It became him better. ³¹ Knotted, knocked their heads(?)

⁵ Beyond challenge. ³² The ambush burst out on him.

⁶ Cobbler. ³³ Attacked him with bows and arrows.

⁷ Swelled, filled. ³⁴ Golden.

⁸ Besmeared.

⁹ Groaned.

¹⁰ Ghost.

¹¹ Golden.

ANONYMOUS POETRY.

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.

THIS ballad, though evidently modernized in the course of transmission to our times, is with reasonable probability supposed to have been written soon after the event which it celebrates. Its title being given in *The Complaint of Scotland*, 1548, it may therefore be regarded as the earliest specimen of our historical ballads that has been preserved; and though possessing little poetical merit, it is of interest both on account of the narrative which it gives of a conflict which, next to the battle of Flodden, had been most fatal to the nobility of Scotland, and as a vivid picture of that state of political anarchy which James I. after his restoration did so much to remedy.

The special object of the contest was the possession of the ancient and extensive earldom of Ross, which, like so many of our Scottish possessions, became the heritage of an heiress. This lady, Euphemia Ross, was by the mother's side a grand-daughter of the Regent, Robert Duke of Albany. Having resolved upon taking the veil, she was prevailed upon to assign the earldom to her uncle, the Earl of Buchan, Albany's brother. Her aunt Margaret, the next heir, married Donald, Lord of the Isles, and he, in right of his wife, disputed the legality of the assignation. The claims of both parties were submitted to the arbitration of Albany, who decided in favour of his brother, and against Donald. The island Lord did not acquiesce in the

decision, but determined to assert his claims by force. His maritime power was so great as to make him be regarded worthy of an alliance with England; and he was enabled to raise an army of 10,000 land forces amongst his island retainers. With these he marched into Ross, and after defeating and making a prisoner of Angus Dhu, who with a small force opposed him on behalf of Buchan, he resolved to attack his opponent in his native domains. Having advanced the length of the village of Harlaw, ear Inverury, about 12 miles north of Aberdeen, he was met by the Earl of Mar, a natural son of Buchan by a Highland mistress, and who, from having been the leader of a band of Highland banditti, by bold and unscrupulous conduct worthy of his father, the Wolf of Badenoch, as he was significantly called, became Earl of Mar. Nevertheless his early training and service abroad made him a most able soldier, and he regarded the advance of Donald with such contempt as to meet him with about 1000 of the chivalry of the North, fully armed. The battle which ensued was fought 24th July 1411, and its results are graphically, if roughly, detailed in the ballad, the authorship of which is quite unknown. The composition has an amateur appearance, and must have been written by a partisan of the Lowland side, although it does not display so strong a party animus, considering the vehement race animosity which characterized the combatants, as

might be expected, if written immediately after the event. Dr Laing in his *Early Metrical Tales* says, an edition, printed in 1668, was in the curious library of old Robert Myln. The only edition now known is that preserved in Ramsay's *Evergreen*.

I.

Frae Dunidier as I came through,
Down by the hill of Banochie,
Alangst the lands of Garioch,
Great pity was to hear and see
The noise and dulesome harmonie,
(That ever that dreary day did daw! ¹)
Cryin' the coronach* on hie,
Alas, alas, for the Harlaw!

II.

I marvelled what the matter meant;
All folks were in a fiery-farie: ³
I wist not wha was fae or friend,
Yet quietly I did me carrie.
But since the days of auld King Harrie
Sic slaughter was not heard nor seen;
And there I had nae time to tarrie,
For business in Aberdeen.

III.

Thus as I walkit on the way,
To Inverury as I went,
I met a man, and bade him stay,
Requesting him to make me 'quaint
Of the beginning and the event
That happened there at the Harlaw;
Then he entreated me tak tent, ⁴
And be the truth should to me schaw.

IV.

"Great Donald of the Isles did claim
Unto the lands of Ross some right,
And to the Governour he came,
Them for to have, gif that he might,

Wha saw his interest was but slight;
And therefore answered with disdain.
He hasted hame baith day and night,
And sent nae bodword ¹ back again.

V.

"But Donald, right impatient
Of that answer Duke Robert gave,
He vowed to God omnipotent,
All the hale ² lands of Ross to have,
Or else be graithit ³ in his grave.
He would not quat his right for nought,
Nor be abused like a slave;
That bargain should be dearly bought.

VI.

"Then hastily he did command
That all his weir-men ⁴ should convene;
Ilk ane weel harnessèd frae hand,
To meet and hear what he did mean.
He waxèd wroth and vowèd tein; ⁵
Swearin' he would surprise the North,
Subdue the burgh of Aberdeen,
Mearns, Angus, and all Fyfe to Forth.

VII.

"Thus with the weir-men of the Isles,
Wha were aye at his bidding boun';
With money made, with force and wiles,
Right far and near, baith up and down;
Through mount and muir, frae town to town,
Alangst ⁶ the lands of Ross he roars,
And all obeyed at his bandown,
Even frae the north to southern shores.

VIII.

"Then all the countrie-men did yield,
For nae resistance durst they mak',
Nor offer battle in the field,
By force of arms to bear him back.

¹ Dawn.³ Bustle and confusion.² Dirge, lament.⁴ To take heed.¹ Threatening message.⁴ War-men.² Whole.⁵ Revenge.³ Dressed, made ready.⁶ Along.

But they resolvèd all, and spak',
That best it was for their behove,
They should him for their chieftain tak',
Believing, weel he did them love.

IX.

"Then he a proclamation made,
All men to meet at Inverness,
Through Murray-land to make a raid,
Frae Arthursyre unto Spey-ness ;
And furthermair he sent express
To show his colours and ensenzie,¹
To all and sundry, mair and less,
Throughout the bounds of Boyne and
Enzie.

X.

"And then through fair Strathbogie land,
His purpose was for to pursue ;
And whasoever durst gainstand,
That race they should full sairly rue ;
Then he bade all his men be true,
And him defend by force and slicht ;²
And promised them rewards enow,³
And make them men of meikle might.

XI.

"Without resistance, as he said,
Through all these parts he stoutly passed,
Where some were wae, and some were
glad ;
But Garioch was all aghast.
Through all these fields he sped him fast,
For sic a sight was never seen ;
And then, forsooth, he langed, at last,
To see the burgh of Aberdeen.

XII.

"To hinder this proud enterprise,
The stout and mighty Earl of Mar,
With all his men in arms did rise,
Even frae Curgarf to Craigyvar ;

And down the side of Don right far,
Angus and Mearns did all convene,
To fight, or ' Donald came sae nar '⁴
The royal burgh of Aberdeen.

XIII.

"And thus the martial Earl of Mar
Marched with his men in right array ;
Before his enemy was aware,
His banner boldly did display ;
For weel enough they kenne'd the way,
And all their semblance weel they saw ;
Withouten danger or delay,
Come hastily to the Harlaw.

XIV.

"With him the brave Lord Ogilvy,
Of Angus sheriff principal ;
The Constable of good Dundee,
The vanguard led before them all ;
Suppose in number they were small,
They first right boldly did pursue,
And made their faes before them fall,
Wha then that race did sairly rue.

XV.

"And then the worthy Lord Saltoun,
The strong undoubted Laird of Drum,
The stalwart Laird of Lawriestoun,
With ilk their forces all and some ;
Panmure, with all his men, did come ;
The Provost of brave Aberdeen,
With trumpets and with tuck of drum,
Came shortly in their armour scheen.

XVI.

"These with the Earl of Mar came on,
In the rear-ward right orderly,
Their enemies to set upon ;
In awful manner, hardily,
Together vowed to live and dee,
Since they had marched many miles
For to suppress the tyranny
Of doubted ' Donald of the Isles.

¹ Ensigns. ² Stratagem. ³ Enough.

⁴ Ere, before. ⁵ Near. ³ Redoubted.

XVII.

" But he, in number ten to ane,
Right subtly along did ride,
With Malcomtosh,¹ and fell Maclean,
With all their power at their side ;
Presuming on their strength and pride,
Without all fear or any awe,
Right boldly battle till abide,
Hard by the town of fair Harlaw.

XVIII.

" The armies met, the trumpet sounds,
The dandring² drums aloud did tuck :
Both armies biding on the bounds,
Till ane of them the field should bruik ;³
Nae help was therefor, none would jouk ;⁴
Fierce was the fight on ilka⁵ side,
And on the ground lay many a bouk,⁶
Of them that there did battle bide.

XIX.

" With doubtful⁷ victory they dealt ;
The bloody battle lasted long ;
Each man his neighbour's force there felt,
The weakest aft-times gat the wrong ;
There was nae mows⁸ there them among,
Nothing was heard but heavy knocks ;
That echo made a duleful⁹ song
Thereto resounding frae the rocks.

XX.

" But Donald's men at last gave back,
For they were all out of array ;
The Earl of Mar's men through them brak',
Pursuing sharply in their way,
Their enemies to take or slay,
By dint of force to gar¹⁰ them yield ;
Wha were right blythe to win away,
And sae for fearfulness tint¹¹ the field.

¹ Macintosh.⁷ Doubtful.² Unequally sounding.⁸ Jestings.³ Hold possession of.⁹ Sorrowful, doleful.⁴ Yield, bend.¹⁰ Make.⁵ Each, every.¹¹ Lost.⁶ Body, carcass.

XXI.

" Then Donald fled, and that full fast,
To mountains high, for all his might,
For he and his were all aghast,
And ran till they were out of sight :
And sae of Ross he lost his right,
Though many men with him he brought ;
Towards the Isles fled day and night,
And all he won was dearly bought.

XXII.

" This is (quod he) the right report
Of all that I did hear and know ;
Though my discourse be something short,
Take this to be a right sooth saw.¹
Contrary God and the king's law,
There was spilt meikle Christian bluid,
Into the battle of Harlaw ;
This is the sum, sae I conclude.

XXIII.

" But yet a bonnie while abide,
And I shall make thee clearly ken,
What slaughter was on ilka side,
Of Lowland and of Highland men,
Wha for their awin have ever been ;
These lazy loons² might weel be spared,
Chased like deer into their dens,
And gat their wages for reward.

XXIV.

" Malcomtosh, of the clan head-chief,
Maclean with his great haughty head,
With all their succour and relief,
Were dulefully dung³ to the dead ;
And now we are freed of their feid,⁴
They will not long to come again ;
Thousands with them, without remead,
On Donald's side, that day were slain.

XXV.

" And on the other side were lost,
Into the field that dismal day,

¹ Truthful report.³ Struck down.² Worthless fellows.⁴ Feud.

Chief men of worth (of meikle cost),
To be lamented sair for aye :
The Lord Saltoun of Rothemay,
A man of might and meikle main ;
Great dolour was for his decay,
That sae unhappily was slain.

XXVI.

" Of the best men among them was
The gracious good Lord Ogilvy,
The sheriff-principal of Angus,
Renowned for truth and equity,
For faith and magnanimity ;
He had few fellows in the field,
Yet fell by fatal destiny,
For he naeways would grant to yield.

XXVII.

" Sir James Scrimgeour of Duddop, knight,
Great Constable of fair Dundee,
Unto the duleful death was dight ;¹
The king's chief bannerman was he,
A valiant man of chivalry,
Whose predecessors wan that place
At Spey, with good King William frie²
'Gainst Murray, and Macduncan's³ race.

XXVIII.

" Good Sir Alexander Irvine,
The much renownèd laird of Drum,
Nane in his days was better seen ;
When they were 'sembled all and some ;
To praise him we should not be dumb,
For valour, wit, and worthiness ;
To end his days he there did come,
Whose ransom is remediless.

XXIX.

" And there the Knight of Lawriestoun
Was slain into his armour scheen ;
And good Sir Robert Davidson,
Wha Provost⁴ was of Aberdeen ;

¹ Prepared, sent.³ The clan Robertson.² Nobly.⁴ Chief magistrate.

The Knight of Panmure as was seen,
A martial man in armour bright ;
Sir Thomas Murray, stout and keen,
Left to the world their last good night.

XXX.

" There was not, since King Kenneth's
days,
Sic strange intestine cruel strife
In Scotland seen, as ilk man says,
Where many likely¹ lost their life ;
Which made divorce 'tween man and
wife,
And many children fatherless,
Which in this realm has been full rife ;
Lord! help these lands, our wrongs redress !

XXXI.

" In July, on Saint James his even,
That four-and-twenty dismal day,
Twelve hundred, ten score, and eleven,
Of years since Christ, the sooth to say ;
Men will remember as they may,
When thus the veritie they know ;
And many a ane may mourn for aye
The grim battle of the Harlaw."

COCKELBIE'S SOW.

THIS amusing piece of ancient satiric
humour has been preserved in the
Bannatyne Manuscript. A reference
to Chaucer's "Tale of the Nun's Priest,"
shows it to have been written after that
poet's time. Dr Laing assigns it to the
beginning of the fifteenth century, and
says, "It seems at least to have been
very popular considerably anterior to the
age of Douglas and Dunbar," as it is re-
ferred to by both these poets. It is
also alluded to in the burlesque poem,

¹ Good-looking, handsome.

also preserved in the Bannatyne MS. entitled "Ane Interlude of the Laying of a Gaist;" indeed, "Cockelbie's Sow" and "Cockelbie's Feast" appear to have become proverbial references of a jocular sort. Extracts from it were first published by Dr Leyden, in his *Dissertation on the Complaint of Scotland*, where he observes that it throws much light on the manners and rustic festivities of the Scottish peasantry, during a very early period; but it was first published entire by Dr Laing, in 1822. The Bannatyne MS. copy is the only one that has been preserved; yet another is noted in the contents of the Auchinleck MS., although the text, along with other curious matter, has been abstracted from that valuable relic.

To the literary antiquary it is of great interest, from its having preserved the names of airs, dances, and songs which are now unknown, at least by their ancient names, although it is possible that some of them may exist under other names.

Of its author nothing whatever is known; yet it is evident from the preface that he must have been a well-educated man, and accustomed to good society—possibly a churchman.

Although the list of disreputable and unsavoury professions (here mostly omitted) which grace the harlot's feast, can hardly be thought to have any meaning beyond the obvious one of filling up the coarse but ludicrous ideal of such a banquet with appropriate guests, yet it is probable that the names given to the pigs and the fowls may have conveyed some sly allusions to local personages, which would have

(2)

greatly added to the grotesque humour of the satiric burlesque.

PROHEMUIUM.

[*Modernised in spelling, but verbally unaltered.*]

When royalist, most redoubted, and high
Magnificat crownèd kings, in majesty;
Princes, dukes, and marquises curious;
Earlis, baronis, and knightis chivalrous;
And gentlemen of high genealogy,
As scutiferais, and squires, full courtly
Are assembled, and set in a royal se;¹
With namèd folk of high nobility;
Their talk, that time, in table honourable,
Before lordings and ladies amiable,
Is oft, singing and saws of solace;²
Where melody is the mirthful maistrace;
Ermy deeds in auld dayis done before;
Chroniclis, gestis, stories, and much
more;

Minstralis among musicianis merely;
To have heartis in heavenly harmony.
So seems it well, that soothly so, were
aye.

What is the world without pleasance or
play

But passionale.³ Then let us make some
sport

And recreation, the company to comfort.

After some remarks upon the manner and object of story-telling, the author proceeds to bespeak the company's indulgence for the following invention of his "fantasy," which he professes to have made for

Some solacing to glaid this company.
But for God's love and his Apostle Peter,
Pardon the foolish face of this mad metre.
Sen the sentence to feill⁴ is fantastic,

¹ Seat; castle or palace. ³ A state of suffering.

² Mirthful stories. ⁴ Understand.

Let the letter and language be such like.
 Sen all the world changes so many faces,
 I trust I will caist cases upon cases;
 And so let see what case ye think most
 nice;
 Wisdom umquhile¹ holdis the nicest wise;
 So that it be sport in discretion
 Without odious cruel comparison.

Protesting against being actuated by
 particular malice, or malice of any sort,
 he proceeds to the consideration of the
 case in the said "mad metre."

FITT FIRST.

Here I give you a case;
 Umquhile,² a merry man was,
 Callèd Cockelbie:
 He had a simple black sow,
 And he sold her, but how?
 For pennies three, as after ye may see.
 And verily, as I heard,
 Thus, the money he wared.
 The FIRST PENNY of the three,
 For a girl gave he;
 The SECOND fell in a ford:
 The THIRD he hid in a hoard.
 Now, whilk penny of the three
 Was best bestowèd, say ye?
 The lost penny was uplesit;³
 The girl for the time pleasit;
 But the penny that was hid,
 I hold, least good did:
 For in old proverb we sing,
 "Comes little good of gathering;"
 Where wretched avarice burnis,
 Hiding hoards into hirnīs;⁴
 And knowis never whom till,
 Letting worschep⁵ to go till.
 Great labour is to get gear,
 And to conserve it is feir,⁶

And more anger is to leise,⁷
 And thir⁸ three perversed proprietis,
 I find in scarce keeping,
 And avaricious winning;
 Where measure is not mistress,
 But gathering for greediness.
 The hid penny, thinks me,
 Was worst bestowèd of the three;
 For it was for the use of man:
 Let world's goods go, than,
 With measure and merryness:
 Yet there is more of this case.
 The penny lost in the lake
 Was fundin and uptake;
 And he that fand it did buy,
 With the samyn penny,
 A little pig, for his prow,⁹
 Of Cockelbie's sow.
 A harlot winnit⁴ near by,
 And she would make at mangery;⁵
 And had no substance at all,
 But this poor pig stall,
 To furnish a great feast
 Withoutin stuff, but this beast;
 And yet she callèd to her cheer
 An apostita friar,
 A perversed pardoner,
 And practand palmer,
 A witch, and a wobstar;⁶

and nearly a hundred more guests, of
 which the above are by no means the
 least respectable, or most appropriate to
 grace the table of so disreputable a
 hostess.

Yet many in a great rout,
 For lack of room, stood about.
 Now, would I wit, at this feast,
 Who fure⁷ best of this beast;
 I hold, the folk best fure
 That stood without the dure;⁸

¹ Meanwhile. ⁵ Wealth, not elsewhere
² Once on a time. meant by this word.
³ Recovered. ⁶ Causes fear.
⁴ Corners.

⁷ Vexation is to lose. ⁵ A feast.
⁸ These. ⁶ A weaver.
⁹ Profit. ⁷ Fared.
⁴ Lived. ⁸ Door.

Fro this cursèd company
 And mensless ¹ mangery ;
 Yet of this case there is more
 The poor pig gave a roar,
 Him to kill, when they pynit,²
 So sore, the silly pig qubrynit³
 Qnhill⁴ all the swine thereabout
 Rushèd forth in a rout.
 I keep⁵ not now to commoun,
 All beastis for to blassoun ;⁶
 Of their divers naturis,
 Complexions, and colouris ;
 Whom the law leaves to eat,
 Or who should be no man's meat.
 Nor of the fowlis of the air,
 How some with close feet they fare,
 And some divided the nails ;
 Nor of the fish with their scales :
 All this I set aside now,
 Have, at Cockelbie's sow
 For to say the verity ;
 Lovand⁷ beastis swine be,
 Contrair houndis nature ;
 For brawle⁸ doggis at the dure,
 All, settis on the sorry hound
 That lies ever at the ground ;
 And he that cries most, and roaris,
 Overthrown, schent,⁹ and most sore
 is.
 All the remnant him ruggis,
 Some by leggis, some by luggis.¹⁰
 They are loving to men,
 But not to themself then ;
 For wae is him that hath royne ;¹¹
 But not so of the swine.
 And ¹² one of them be o'erthrowin,
 That his cry may be knowin,
 All the remnant that hearis,
 Comes in their best manneris

To rescue, as they may ;
 So did they this day.
 That sowis sons heard I never
 Win so great worship¹ for ever.
 For Stifapill all the store
 Rushèd out with a roar,
 This pig, when they heard him,
 They come golfand² full grim.
 Many long toothèd boar,
 And many galt³ come before,
 And many great Gunnald,
 Gruntillot and gamald ;⁴

and a whole host of other pigs equally
 noteworthy and appropriately entitled ;

With sic a din and a dirdy,
 A garray, and a hirdy girdy,⁵

that the whole company was dispersed,
 and the hostess herself wounded by the
 tusks of a boar ; while the little pig that
 was designed for the feast made his
 escape in the scramble. Nor did the
 commotion end with the escape of the
 intended victim ; for the owners of the
 swine, alarmed by their violent distrac-
 tion, and seeing so questionable a com-
 pany, concluded that there was a design
 upon their property. They turned out,
 and, with blowing on stock-horns, roused
 the whole rustic community, who rush-
 ed to the rescue mounted and armed :

Gilby on his gray mare,
 And Fergy on his sow fair,
 Hodge Higgin by the hand hint,⁶
 And Simmy that was sun brint,
 With his lad Lowry,
 And his gossip Glowry,

¹ Graceless, greedy.

² Pained.

³ Squeaked, squealed.

⁴ Until, or while.

⁵ Stry.

⁶ Blazon, proclaim.

⁷ Loving.

⁸ Brawling.

⁹ Overpowered.

¹⁰ The ears.

¹¹ Is mangy.

¹² For if.

¹ Honour, renown.

² Rushing forward.

³ A castrated sow.

⁴ A grunter and gob-
 bler up.

⁵ Hurry-scurry, con-
 fusion, noise and
 uproar.

⁶ Led by the hand.

and a motley assemblage of herds of sheep, swine, and cattle, with banners displayed, headed by their minstrels, Dicky Doit playing on his flute, and Davy Doyle, who blew on a pipe made of a "borit boutre," (alder-tree). These are met by another motley array, headed by a piper, who are at first taken for foes, but turn out to be friends. Their meeting brings them to a standstill, and, inspired by the increased accession of music, they, for a while forgetting the object of their turn-out, set to dancing, which gives the humorous bard an opportunity of giving a long list of the airs that were played, and the dances that were danced, led off by "Doby Drymouth" to the air of "The Sone Shene in the South;" until at length

Quhorlorehusty cried,
Oh cease this brangling and bere,¹
Remember why ye come here!

Being thus reminded of the object of their gathering, they proceed to the house of the harlot,

And overthrew all the ediotis,
Both of the swine and the men;

at which pass in the story the bard again reminds the company that it is all a fantasy,

And little in point of poetry,
But sport to make us merry:

After which he opens a new chapter in the history of his little pig, now

Growin to a great boar:
Lo such is this worldis glore!
Now low, now high,

¹ Roaring noise.

Nothing stable we see
In this world of variance;

which he illustrates by putting his boar through all the adventures of his famous prototype of Caledon, with better fortune in his encounter with Hercules; for he escapes all his dangers unhurt. This good fortune of his hero gives the bard another opportunity of insisting upon the advantages of the company's investing their pennies instead of

Scarce spending that scathis gentriss.²

Thus concludes the history of the first penny, which is detailed

To set you in solace;
For our exceeding study
May cause while melancholy;
Therefore, to make us merrier,
Thus did my fantasy fare;
And this hirdy girdy, I,
And dirty, cry you mercy.

Could we be sure that the reference to exceeding study is not ironical, it might be inferred that the author was one of those jolly monks who preferred the private enjoyment of such *Gestes Romanorum* in rhyme, to the reputation of being known as the writer of them. He then proceeds to the history of THE SECOND PENNY.

FITT SECOND.

Of thir mocking metres, and mad mattere,
Your high reverence humbly oft I require;
All ye heareris pardon with patience
My noius noyse, nicety and negligence;
And to satisfy my foresaid simple dite,³
In recompense of it, now will I write

² Spoils gentility

³ Ditty, song.

OF THE SECOND PENNY, for the girl cost,
How it did thrive that once was thrall¹ half
lost.

A year after, walking in his disport
By a river, Cockelbie, saw resort
Ane auld blind man, with a pretty maid,
Not twelve year old I hold of age she
had ;

But sooth to say, she was not like to be.
A wordly wicht,² so wonder fair was she.
So well nurtured, as she had nourished
been

In cloister or court, daughter to king or
queen.

Innocently she salust³ on her knee,
This carlage⁴ man, this foresaid Cockelbie.
Yet, for to tell the very truth of it,
He was ane man both of substance and
wit ;

And said, " daughter have God's blessing
and mine."

The auld man asked, *le pour amour devine*,
Charity ; and he said, " father come to
my house :"

He had him home, and gave him fair
almous ;

And intently inquired, where he had
Gotten that fair innocent goodly maid ;
And if she were his daughter, or kin, to say.
He said soothly, " She is neither *per fay*,
But one palmer, ane honest man was he,
One alien, come from beyond the sea,
With his ain wife, a blessed creature,
Lodged with me, suppose that I be poor ;
And through the will of God, so as it was,
They were wasted with sudden sore sick-
ness,

And deceased therein, both, in ane hour.
This little maid, this tender creature,
Was their daughter, and beluiffit⁵ with me,
That leads me now, since myself may not
see."

¹ Referring to its
being in the ford.

² Worthy person.

³ Saluted.

⁴ Common man.

⁵ Beloved.

Cockelbie said, " I believe it is so."

" But what country that ever they folk
come fro ?

It seems they were of kindred full potent,
Be the daughteris feris this innocent."

" But, good father, if that ye would agree
To let the maid remain here still with me,
For her honour and else so would I reid⁶
you ;

But ye shall have ane boy of mine to lead
you."

The blind man said, " Three sons at home
I have ;

And were I there no more guiding would
I crave ;

But for⁷ the maid hath been a while with
me,

And⁸ ye her have, I should the better be."
Cockelbie said, " I had three pennies
round ;

The first was lost once in a lake, and
found ;

And withit coft⁴ a pig, some calls a grice,
Which increased to high worship, and
pryss⁵

So marvellous, many men of him reads ;
He was the cause of feill ferliful⁶ deeds,
As his legend bears, witness look who so
list ;

The second penny I have here in my fist.
One lies in hoard, this is the case of them.
Three silly pennies soothly I hold the same.
The second penny I shall give thee
For this young maid, gif that thou will,
and she

With my favours in time to come also."

They agreed, and thus I let them go.

This Cockelbie nourished her in his house,
Which grew so fair and very virtuous,
So gentle in all his gestis⁷ and applicable ;⁸
And so sober in spirit, and amiable

¹ Advise.

² Because.

³ For if.

⁴ Bought.

⁵ Praise.

⁶ Very wonderful

⁷ To all his guests ?

⁸ Pliant, good natured.

That all that saw her they lovèd her as
 their life ;
 And specially this Cockelbie's wife ;
 A worshipful woman unto her house,
 They callèd her to name, Bellamerouse.
 Betwixt her and her husband, Cockelbie,
 They had a son, callèd Flammeslie :
 Gallant he was, and good in all his feir ;¹
 And of all others, oddly, the best archer
 In any land, right worshipful and wise,
 Big of bones, a strong man of devise.
 And, as his father and mother did oft espy,
 He coppeit² this young wench attentively :
 In his consait with sad digestion³
 Her most pleasant perfect person.
 Her fresh figure formèd of form and face ;
 Given to all good, fulfilled of God's grace.
 That all bounty and beauty that might be
 Worthy comprise, thereof enough had she.
 He lovèd so well, there was none other,
 But with consent of friends, father and
 mother,
 He wedded her to wife, wit ye for aye.
 This amiable innocent, Adria,
 Wascallèd, to name, and this in France fell,
 Into the first o rising⁴ of it to tell,
 Or⁵ it prevelit planeist and popelus⁶
 Where now Paris city is situate thus.
 This Cockelbie wonèd there, where the case
 Of the pig, fools, and all that foresaid was,
 Till on a time that, he [of] France the
 king,
 Rode to visit the bounds there as reign ;⁷
 And in the place there, as Cockelbie dwelt
 A man of scoir,⁸ with such thing he dealt ;
 For then none could have craft cornis to
 win,
 That king of might lodgèd into his inn ;⁹
 And on the morn a great shooting did they
 try,

¹ Conduct.² Courted (?)³ With serious thought.⁴ Arising.⁵ Before⁶ Meaning obscure ;
 became populous⁷ Of his kingdom.⁸ Eminence.⁹ Castle, mansion.

Where Flammeslie o'er all wan victory.
 The kings saw him so big a man, and strong,
 And goodly als,¹ to tarry you not long,
 For his body, a squire he him made ;
 And in his wars so well he him behaid,
 He was made knight in court to continue ;
 And then he send for his fair lady, true,
 Dame Adria, whom the king did com-
 mend,
 In his chalmers, upon the queen to attend.
 Best belovèd and most perfect was she,
 For his gestis and beauty and bontie,
 O'er all the lave of the ladies that there
 were.

And Flammeslie so well in waris him bare,
 That the king, after, made him earl royal,
 And a corner of a country several,
 Not then invent, inhabit as it lay,
 Gave him by seal heritable for aye ;
 Which he plenishèd with people and policy,
 And namèd it after him and his lady :
 This is to say, Flammeslie and Adria,
 His whole earldom callèd Flandria ;
 Flan frae the first silab of Flammeslie ;
 And Dria driven frae Adria the free :
 The which famous earldom of Flanders aye
 Holds of Frankland and Duchpeir to this
 day.

Of the SECOND PENNY, thus, come great
 grace

With correction, and this I call a case.

Before proceeding with the history
 of the third penny, the humorous bard
 informs his audience that his story is not
 derived from the authentic sources ; but
 from

Ane full auld wife,
 My great grandame, men callèd her
 Gurgunnald ;

She knew the life of many faderis auld ;²
 Notable gestis³ of peace and war in story
 Fresh in her mind, and recent of memory.

¹ Also.² Old fathers.³ Incidents.

Notwithstanding she was well set in eild ;
 Her age I hold of seven score of winters
 held ;
 And saw some deal, but, for to say the
 sooth,
 Into her head, I trust, was not a tooth ;
 Therefore grwew¹ most greedily eat she ;
 And, lacking teeth, famulit her facultie ;²
 That few folk might consave her mumb-
 ling mouth.
 But I that was expert therein³ of youth.
 Then would I say she had great grace of
 God.
 Why so quod she, my son ? and made a
 nod.
 Madam, quod I, for there be many wives
 Through abundance of speech, that never
 thrives ;
 And I would change, might it be at my
 reid,⁴
 For a good tongue, all the teeth in their
 head.
 As ye are now, so should they not be namèd,
 Skaldis,⁵ and baldis,⁶ and therethrough
 schent⁷ and shamèd.
 Then angered she and said, " Saint John
 to borrow !
 Thou light boy, thou meanis meikle sorrow ;
 And shall do more gif thou in life may bide."
 Madam, quod I, that tak I on your side.
 Then would she preis belt⁸ me in angry
 wise ;
 But well was me she might not run nor
 rise ;
 And I would up and whisk away full wild.
 Then would she flatter : " Come in again,
 my child,
 And thou shall have, lo standing in the shelf
 White bread and ream,⁹ conserved for my-
 self."

¹ Meaning doubtful.

² Mumbled her
 speech.

³ Accustomed to it.

⁴ Fate, chance.

⁵ Scolds.

⁶ Shrews.

⁷ Disgraced.

⁸ Attempt to beat.

⁹ Cream.

Then set she me to lear little at the school ;
 Nowder like to be a wise man nor a fool.
 And oft with pyne she made me to report
 Of her tales, and to conclude, in short,
 She said, my son, by this said tale thou shall
 Learn five wits.

Or, as we would say, lessons, which she
 illustrates by the incidents of the fore-
 going stories. The first of them is to
 avoid the company of fools and knaves,
 who lose what they get dishonestly, by
 a silly cry.

The second lesson is, never to presume
 that poverty may not attain to wealth
 and power, as this poor pig, which is held
 up as an example of courage overcoming
 difficulties, and, by monks' logic, its
 career is made to engender the expecta-
 tion that God will assist the man who
 maintains a just quarrel.

The third lesson, drawn from the
 fortunes of Adria, is to respect wit and
 virtue, whether in old or young, rich or
 poor.

The fourth is, never to let money nor
 goods be master of thee :

Therefore hold not pennies over precious,
 But suffer them pass prospering commo-
 dious,

For sooth, a time, a penny thou may spend,
 That may avail thee to thy life's end ;

Therefore, my son, gif thou think to en-
 dure,

Spend with measure, for luck, wit, and
 measure.

The fifth lesson is, never to make a
 hoard of your money, for

At least in the hoard while it lies
 It serves neither the world nor multiples.

How little wat thou, ane other time, who
may
Bruk¹ thy wife and bags, after thy day.
Thus Gurgunnald my great grandame me
kend ;
Have I missaid in ough, I shall amend.

FITT THIRD.

After a long and somewhat metaphysical argument upon his favourite text, of making everything fructify, for the enforcement of which he quotes the Parable of the Talents, the author proceeds to relate the history of the THIRD PENNY, after being released from the hoard.

And hearkenis, how, beside this Cockelbie
There dwelt a man was rich of store and
fie ;

Where Bodyvinant castle standis now in
plain ;

His big neighbour, men callèd him
Bleirblowanc.

A worthy wife had he wedded, and she
Was callèd Susan, on whom a son gat
he ;

And Cockelbie was gossep² to the same ;
And he callèd him Cockalb to his right
name.

Cockelbie with the said third penny bought
Twenty-three hen eggs, and with them
sought

To his godson, for godfatherly reward,
Him to remember, as showed is afterward.
Susan angerèd hereat, as oft woman is ;
While passionate that all consaittis kenns,
Took in disdain this gift, this simple thing,
And said, "Gossepe bear hame your poor
offering :

Mean ye to mock my son and me, no more."
"I will hereof fure³ it away therefore."

¹ Possess, enjoy.² Godfather.³ Fare, carry.

He said, "I shall keep them to my god-
son ;"

And had them home to his place where
he won

And chargèd soon his hen-wife to do her
care,

And make them fruct ; then to set them she
fare.

Her best brood hen, callèd lady Peckelpes,
And young Cockrel her lord and lemman⁴
was,

She maid brood on thir eggs, that in short
space,

Twenty-four chickenis of them she has :

Twelve mail, and twelve female, by
chronicles clear.

And what they were, with their names, ye
shall hear.

The first was the samen Chanticleer, to
look,

Of whom Chaucer treatis into his book ;

And his lady, Partlot, sister and wife ;

For why, folk lived by natural laws then.

The tother brother was clepit Cokade-
man.

He took to wife his fair true sister Toppok.
Coktrawdoun was the third, and his wife,
Coppok.

And to compt just, the fourt Coklykouris,
And little Henpen, his pretty paramouris.

The fifth lord was Lyricook in hall,

And Kekilcrouss they did his lady call.

Bride to Kittilcook that sat on red kail
stock,

And Feklefaw, fairest of all the flock,

Was the sext ; and Cokrusty the seven,

Dame Strange his wife whilk had a stout
stevin.⁵

Cokky the aucht, his lady clepit Lerock.

Coknolus the nynt, spoused his sister
Erok.⁶

Cokoby the tent, and Sprutok his special.

⁴ Lover.⁵ Voice.⁶ A young hen before laying is so called in Gaelic.

Cokobenar the levint, his maik¹ they call
 Dame Juliane ; the twelt was Cokjawbert :
 And lady Wagtail his joy, and all his heart :
 So stout a store come of their brethren
 twelf,

And their fair sisters, I cannot say myself.
 The fift pair they were so fructuous,
 And at schreftis-evin² some was so battalious
 That he would win to his master, in field,
 Forty florans with bill and spuris beild.³
 Some of this store this Cockelbie did sell,
 Some auld, some young, some eggs in the
 shell ;

And coft⁴ therewith other ware, and so, it
 turned,

This penny, that fifteen year it not fowrnit,
 Hemultiplied more than a thousand pound.
 Then his godson he callèd to him a stound,⁵
 Before his father, mother, and friends
 all ;

And said : " Cockalb, my son, receive thou
 shall

All thir goods, for justly they are thine.
 Of thy child gift storèd, through grace
 divine,

Fro twenty-four hen eggs which I thee
 gave ;

Yet thy mother, son, would not them
 receive."

Then as ye heard he told them all the case.
 This Cockalb, after, grew to so great riches
 Through this penny, he grew the might-
 iest man

In any realm ; what did the penny than :
 First hid in hoard, to virtue not applied,
 And syne, out brought, that so far fructi-
 fied ;

Therefore, my son, study never in thy day,
 With avarice world's goods in hoard to lay ;
 Nor be thou not despairèd of God's grace.
 The third penny this was, and the last case
 As my beldame old Gurgunnald told me :

I allege none other authority.

In this sentence made on revill rail⁶

Which seems most to be a wise tale.

With correction, while now, I this con-
 clude,

God that us bought with his own blessed
 blood,

Both you and me to conserve, he diden,
 Through meek meritis of his only son,
 Amen.

THE MURNING MAIDEN.

PINKERTON, who first drew attention to the beauties of this very fine love ballad, in terms if somewhat characteristic of the fervour of a discoverer, yet hardly an exaggeration of the truth, says :—" This capital piece, narrated with exquisite simplicity and beauty, is a kind of rival of the Ephesian Matron ; and, for the age in which it was written, is almost miraculous. The tender pathos is finely recommended by an excellent cadence. An age that produced this might produce almost any perfection in poetry."

It is referred to in *The Complaynt of Scotland*, 1548, by its first line " Still under the levis grene ;" and has been preserved in the Maitland MS., 1586. It was first printed by Pinkerton, and afterwards by Sibbald and by Dr Laing ; but by none of these editors is there any author assigned to it.

Sibbald ventures a conjecture in reference to its authorship, to the effect " that no poet of that age was equal to the task, but one who could produce such a poem as ' Robene and Makyne '

¹ Mate, mistress.

² Shrove-Tuesday.

³ For *beld*, fought.

⁴ Bought.

⁵ Astonished.

⁶ Revelling, raillery.

(Henryson). With these two beautiful compositions, not one poem of Dunbar has the least affinity."

I.

Still under the leavis green,
This hinder day, I went alone;
I heard ane mai¹ sair murne and
meyne;²

To the king of love she made her moan
She sighèd sely³ sore
Said Lord, love thy lore
Mair woe dreeit never woman one !
O langsome life and⁴ thou were gone,
Than should I murne no more !

II.

As red gold-wire shinèd her hair ;
And all in green the mai she glaid ;
Ane bent bow in her hand she bare ;
Under her belt were arrows braid.

followèd on that fre,
That seemly was to see.
With still murning her moan she made.
That bird,⁷ under a bank she bade,
And leanèd to ane tree.

III.

"Wanweird,"⁸ she said, "What have I
wrought,
That on me kyth⁹ has all this care?
True love so dear I have thee bought !
Certes so shall I do no mare.
Sen that go beguiled
With ane that faith has filed.
That gars me of sighs such full sair,
And walk among the holtis hair¹⁰
Within the woodis wild.

¹ Maiden.² Moan.³ Wretched.⁴ Endured.⁵ For if.⁶ Lady.⁷ Bird, lady.⁸ Unhappy lot.⁹ To me caused.¹⁰ Forests hoar.

IV.

"This great disease for love I dree,"¹
There is no tongue can tell the woe !
I love the love that loves not me ;
I may not mend, but murning mo.
Quhill God send some remead,
Through destiny, or dead.
I am his friend, and he my foe ;
My sweet, alas ! why does he so ?
I wrought him never nae feid !²

V.

"Withouten sayen I was his friend,
In word and work, great God I wate !
Where he was placed, there list I leynd,
Doand him service air and late.
He keepand after syne
Till his honour and mine ;
But now he gaes another gait,
And has no ee to my estate,
Which does me all this pyne.

VI.

It does me pyne that I may prove,
That makis me thus murning mo.
My love he loves ane other love—
Alas, sweetheart ! why does he so ?
Why should he me forsake ?
Have mercy on his maik !⁵
Therefore my heart will burst in two ;
And thus, walking with doe and roe,
My life now here I take."

VII.

Than weepèd she, lusty in weid ;⁶
And on her wayis can she went.
In hye⁷ after that heynd⁸ I yeid,⁹
And in my armis could her hent :¹⁰

¹ Suffer, endure.² Feud, ill.³ Pleased I dwell.⁴ Then, at that time.⁵ Mate.⁶ Beautiful garment⁷ Haste.⁸ Lady.⁹ Went.¹⁰ Took, caught.

And said, 'Fair lady at this tide,
With leave ye maun abide.
And tell me who you hither sent?
Or why you bear your bow so bent,
To slay our deer of pride?

VIII.

'In waithman weid¹ sen I you find,
In this wood walkand your alone,
Your milk-white handis we shall bind
Quhill that the blood burst frae the bone.
Chargand you to prison
To the king's deep dungeon.
They may ken by the feathered flane²
Ye have been many beastis bane,
Upon thir bentis³ brown.'

IX.

That free⁴ answered with fair afeir,⁵
And said, "Sir mercy for your might!
Thus maun I bow and arrows bear
Because I am ane banished wight.
So will I be full lang:
For God's love let me gang;⁶
And here to you my truth I plight
That I shall nouthir day nor night
No wild beast wait⁷ with wrang.

X.

"Though I walk in this forest free,
With bow and eke with feathered flane,
It is weill mair than dayis three
And meat or drink yet saw I nane.
Though I had never sic need
Myself to win my breid
Your deer may walk, sir their alane
Yet was I never nae beastis bane;
I may not see them bleed.

XI.

"Sen that I never did you ill
It were no skill ye did me skaith.⁸

¹ Hunting dress. ⁵ Countenance, manner.
² Arrow. ⁶ Go.
³ Brown heaths. ⁷ Watch.
⁴ Lady. ⁸ Injury.

Your deer may walk wherever they will;
I win my meat with nae sic waith.¹
I do but little wrang
Bot gif I flouris fang.²
Gif that ye throw not in my aith,
Tak here my bow and arrows baith
And let my ain self gang."

XII.

"I say your bow and arrows bright!
I bid not have them, by Saint Bryde;
But ye maun rest with me all night,
All naked sleepand by my side."
"I will not do that sin!
Leif you this world to win!"
'Ye are so hail, of hue and hyde³
Love has me fangèd⁴ in this tyde
I may not frae you twyn.'⁵

XIII.

Then lookèd she to me, and leuch;⁶—
And said "Sic love I rid you layne;⁷
Albeit ye mak it never sae teuch,⁸
To me your labour is in vain:
Were I out of your sight,
The space of half a night,
Suppose ye saw me never again—
Love has you strainèd with little pain;
Thereto my truth I plight."

XIV.

I said 'My sweet, forsooth I shall
For ever love you and no mo;
Though others love, and leave withall;
Most certainly I do not so;
I do you true love hecht,⁹
By all thy beauty bright!
Ye are so fair, be not my foe!
Ye shall have sin and ye me slo¹⁰
Thus through ane sudden sight.'

¹ Hunting. ⁶ Laughed.
² Pluck. ⁷ I advise you to conceal.
³ Skin. ⁸ Tough, difficult.
⁴ Caught. ⁹ Promise.
⁵ Part, separate. ¹⁰ If you slay me.

XV.

"That I you slay, that God forshield!
 What have I done or said you till?
 I was not wont weapons to wield;
 But am ane woman—gif you will,
 That surely fearis you
 And ye not me, I trow.
 Therefore, good sir, take in none ill:
 Shall never berne¹ gar brief the bill²
 At bidding me to bow.

XVI.

"Into this wood aye walk I shall,
 Leadand my life as woful wight;—
 Here I forsake both bower and hall,
 And all thir bigings³ that are bright!
 My bed is made full cold,
 With beastis bryme and bold.
 That gars me say, both day and night,
 Alas that e'er the tongue should hecht,
 That heart thought not to hold."

XVII.

Thir words out through my heart so went
 That near I weeped for her woe.
 But thereto would I not consent;
 And said that it should not be so;
 Into my armis swythe⁵
 Embracèd I that blythe:⁶—
 Sayand, Sweetheart, of harmis ho!
 Found shall never this forest fro,
 Till ye me comfort kyth.⁷

XVIII.

Then kneelèd I before that cleir;⁸
 And meikle could her mercy crave;
 That seemly then, with sober cheer,
 Me of her goodliness forgave.

¹ Man.² Put the fact on record (?)³ Those dwellings.⁴ Fierce, cruel.⁵ Quick.⁶ Gay, bright lady.⁷ Show.⁸ Bright, beautiful creature.

It was no need I wis,
 To bid us other kiss;
 There might no hearts more joy receive,
 Nor either could of other have:
 Thus brought were we to bliss.

KING BERDOCK.

DR LAING says:—"This singular fragment, preserved in George Bannatyne's well-known manuscript, has been overlooked by the different editors of early Scottish poetry, except John Leyden, who alludes to it in his interesting and learned introduction to the *Complaynt of Scotland*.

'Although it may now be impossible to ascertain the individual work, the ludicrous nature of this fairy tale plainly intimates that it was intended as a burlesque of some geste or romantic story, which may have been popular at the time of its composition.'

It displays a nimble playfulness of fancy not often associated with the poetry of our sober latitudes; and contains some words and phrases for which we have been unable to find explanations.

Sym of Lyntoun by the ram's horn,
 When Phoebeus rang in sign of Capricorn,
 And the moon was past the gusshe cro,
 There fell in France ane jeopardie forlo,
 By the great king of Babilon, Berdock,
 That dwelt in summer intill ane bowkail-
 stock;¹

And into winter, when the frosts are fell,²
 He dwelt for cold intill a cockle shell:

¹ Cabbage.² Biting, nipping.

Kings used not to wear clothes in they days,

But yeid¹ naked, as mine author says :
Well could he play in clarschot² and on lute,
And ane bend aiprin bow, and nipschot
shoot;

He was ane stalwart man of heart and hand,

He wowitz³ the golk seven year, of Maryland,

Mayiola, and she was but years three,
Ane bony bird and had not but ane ee ;
Nevertheless King Berdock loved her weel,
For her forefoot was longer than her heel.

The King Berdock he fure⁴ o'er sea and land

To reveiss Mayok, the golk of Maryland.
And nane with him but ane bow and ane bolt ;⁵

Syne happenèd him, to come among the nolt ;⁶

And as this Berdock about him could espy,
He saw Mayok milkand her mother's kye ;

And in ane creill⁷ upon his back her kest ;
When he come hame it was ane howlat's⁸
nest

Full of skait birds,⁹ and then this Berdock
grett¹⁰

¹ Went.

² Harp.

³ Wooded.

⁴ Fared, went.

⁵ Arrow.

⁶ Cattle.

⁷ Basket.

⁸ Owl.

⁹ Gulls.

¹⁰ Cried, wept.

And ran again, Mayok for to get.

The king of Fairy her father then blew out,

And fought Berdock all the land about,
And Berdock fled intill a killogy ;¹

There was no grace, but get him or else die.

There was the kings of Pechtis and Portugal,

The king of Naipillis, and Navern all hail,
With bows and brands, with sieges they umbeset² him ;

Some bade tak some slay, some bade bide untill they get him ;

They steald guns to the Killogy laith,
And proppit guns with bulletis of radish :

Then Jupiter prayèd to god Saturn
In likeness of an tod³ he would him turn.

But soon the gracious god Mercurius
Turnèd Berdock intill ane bracken⁴ bush.

And when they saw the bush wag to and fro,

They trowed it was ane ghost, and they to go.

Thir fell kings, thus, Berdock would have slain

All this for love, loveris sufferis pain.

Boece said, of poets hat was flower

Though love be sweet, oft syth⁵ it is full sour.

¹ Air-hole in the fireplace of a kiln.

² Surrounded.

³ Fox.

⁴ Fern.

⁵ Times.

PATRICK JOHNSTOUN.

THE name is almost all that is known of this poet. He is one of those whom Dunbar mentions in his "Lament for the Deth of the Makers," and he is also referred to in "The Treasurer's Accounts, 1488-1492." "The Thre Deid Powis" is the only poem ascribed to him, and even it is claimed by Dr Laing and the Maitland MS. for Henryson. The Bannatyne MS., however, assigns it to Johnstoun, and is followed by Lord Hailes, Sibbald, and Dr Irving. No opinion on the point is here indicated by placing it under his name. Lord Hailes observes that "the fancy of introducing three deaths-heads is odd; and the more so because they all speak at once. The sentiments are such as the contemplation of mortality produces. If likeness inferred imitation, Shakespeare, in the scene of the grave-diggers, might be supposed to have copied from Patrick Johnstoun—an obscure versifier of whom he never heard."

The poem is here given unaltered in the spelling, the better to show the state of the language about the middle of the fifteenth century.

THE THRE DEID POWIS.

I.

O sinfull man ! into this mortall see,¹
 Quhilk is the vaill of murnyng and of cair;
 Withgaistly sicht, behold oure heid is three,
 Oure holkit² eine, oure peillit powis bair.
 As ye ar now, into this warld we wair,

¹ State.² Hollowed.

Als fresche, als fair, als lusty to behald;
 Quhan thou lukis on this suth exemplair,
 Off thyself, man, thou may be richt unbald.

II.

For suth it is, that every man mortall
 Mon suffer deid,³ and de, that lyfe has tane;
 Na erdly⁴ stait aganis deid ma prevaill;
 The hour of deth and place is uncertane,
 Quhilk is referrit to the hie God allane:
 Herefor haif mynd of deth, that thou
 mon dy;
 This fair exampill to se quotidiane,⁵
 Sowld cause all men fro wicket vycis fle?

III.

O wantone yowth! als fresche as lusty May,
 Farest of flowris, renewit quhyt and reid,
 Behald our heidis, O lusty gallands gay!
 Full laithly thus sall ly thy lusty heid,
 Holkit and how,⁴ and wallowit⁵ as the weid,
 Thy crampland⁶ hair, and eik thy cristall
 eine;
 Full cairfully conclud sall dulefull deid,
 Thy example heir be us it may be sene.

IV.

O ladeis quhyt in claithis corruscant,
 Poleist with perle, and mony pretius stane;
 With palpis quhyt, and hals⁷ elegant,
 Sirculit with gold, and sapheris mony ane;
 Your fingeris small, quhyt as quhailis
 bane;⁸
 Arrayit with ringis, and mony rubeis reid;
 As we ly thus, so sall ye ly ilk ane,
 With peillit powis, and holkit thus your
 heid.

¹ Death.⁵ Withered.² Earthly.⁶ Curled.³ Daily.⁷ Throat, neck.⁴ Hollow.⁸ Ivory.

V.

O wofull pryd ! the rute of all distress,
 With humill hairt upoun our powis pens:¹
 Man, for thy miss,² ask mercy with meik-
 ness ;
 Againis deid na man may mak defens.
 The emperor, for all his excellens,
 King and quene, and eik all erdly stait,
 Peure and riche, sall be but 3 differens,
 Turnit in as,⁴ and thus in erd translait.

VI.

This questioun quha can obsove lat see,
 Quhat phisnamour,⁵ or perfynt palmester,
 Quha was farest, or fowlest of us three ?
 Or quibilk of us of kin was gentillar ?
 Or maist excellent in science or in lare,⁶
 In art, music, or in astronomye !
 Heir [in] sould be your study and repair,
 And think, as thus, all your heidis mon be.

VII.

O febill aige ! drawand neir the dait
 Of duly deid, and hes thy dayis compleit,
 Behald our heidis with murning and regrait ;
 Fall on thy kneis, ask grace at God greit,
 With orisonis, and haly salmis sweit,
 Beseikand him on thee to haif mercy,
 Now of our saulis bydand¹ the decreit
 Of his Godheid, quhen he sall call and try.

VIII.

Als we exhort, that every man mortall,
 For his saik that maid of nocht all thing.
 For our sawlis to pray in generall,
 To Jesu Chryst, of hevyn and erd the king,
 That throuch his blude we may ay leif
 and ring,
 With the hie Fader be eternitie,
 The Sone alsua, the Haly Gaist conding,
 Three knit in Ane be perfynt Unitie.

M E R S A R.

MERSAR, whose Christian name is unknown, has his fame thus preserved in Dunbar's famous "Lament"—

"He has reft Mersar his indyte,
 That did in luv so lyfly wryte,
 So schort, so quick, of sentens hie."

He is also referred to by Lindsay in the "Complaynt of the Papyngo," as one of half-a-dozen poets, who—

"Thought thay be deid, thair libellis bene levand."

His only known poem, "Perell of Paramours," which may be reckoned a song, has been preserved in the

Bannatyne MS., subscribed "Quod Mersar." Dr Irvine says of it, that it is too inconsiderable to enable us to ascertain how far he may have merited the commendation bestowed upon him by Dunbar and Lindsay." The spelling of the MS. is here retained, for the same reason as that assigned as regards the last piece. The language of both poems is very much alike, and it will be observed that, apart from the language, the structure of the composition is almost as direct and regular as poetry of the present day. It may be inferred that their authors were contemporaries.

¹ Reflect.⁴ Ashes.² Fault.⁵ Countenance.³ Without.⁶ Learning.¹ Abiding.² Reign.

PERELL OF PARAMOURS.

I.

Allace ! so sobir¹ is the micht
Of wemen for to mak debait,
Incontrair mennis subtell slicht,²
Quhilk ar fulfillit with dissait ;
With tressone so intoxicait
Are mennis mowthis at all ouris,
Quhome in to trest no woman wait ;³
Sic perrell lyis in paramouris.

II.

Sum sueris⁴ that he luvis so weill,
That he will de without remeid,
Bot gife that he hir freindschip feill,
That garris⁵ him sic langour leid,⁶
And thoct he haif no dout of speid,
Yet will he sich⁷ and schaw grit schouris,⁸
As he wald sterfe⁹ in to that steid ;¹⁰
Sic perrell lyis in paramouris.

III.

Aithis to suere, and giftis to hecht,¹
Moir than he has thretty fold,
And for hir honour for to fecht,
Quhill that his blude becummis cold.
But fra scho to his willis yold,²
Adew, fair weill thir somer flouris,
All grows in glass that semit gold ;³
Sic perrell lyis in paramouris.

IV.

Than turnis he his saill annone,
And passis to ane uthir port ;
Thocht scho be nevir so wo-begone,
Hir cairis cauld ar his confort.
Heirfoir I pray in termys schort,
Chryst keip thir birdis⁴ bricht in bowris,
Fra fals luvaris, and thair resort ;
Sic perrell lyis in paramouris.

HOLLAND.

HOLLAND is another of the poets mentioned by Dunbar and Lindsay. His poem of the "Howlat," preserved in the Bannatyne MS., is much longer than those of the two previous poets. Dr Irving calls it "a tedious performance ;" yet, being written in antique language, it is much esteemed by antiquaries. It exhibits very considerable, though unsymmetrical, powers of imagination, and a keen sense of humour. In its general scope it is an elaborate expansion of the fable of "The Jack-daw in Borrowed Feathers," in which all the birds are assigned civil and ecclesiastical offices. Perhaps the best specimen of its humour is the introduction of the rook "with a

rerde and a rane roch" in the character of an Irish bard, at a feast given by the peacock as Pope. The faithful son of the Church is treated in the court of his holiness in the following free fashion :—

In come twa flyrand fulis with a fond fair,
The tutuqueheit and the gukkit gowk and
yede hiddie giddie
Rwischit bayth to the bard and rugged his hair,
Callit him thris thevis nek, to thraw in a widdie.
Than fylit him fra the foirtop to the fute thare.
The bard smaddit lyke a smaik smokit in a
smiddie
Ran fast to the dur, and gaif a gret raire ;
Socht watter to wesh him thairout in ane idy.
The lords leuch upon loft, and lyking thai had
That the bard was so let,
The Folis feud in the flet
And monye mowis at mete
On the flur maid.

¹ Poor, weak. ⁴ Swears. ⁷ Sigh. ⁹ Starve.
² Skill. ⁵ Causes. ⁸ Pangs, ¹⁰ Place.
³ Knows. ⁶ Pretend. sufferings.

¹ Promise. ³ Simile not obvious.
² Yield. ⁴ Bard, lady, ladies.

ROBERT HENRYSON.

1425?—1498?

THE number of poems by Robert Henryson that have been preserved, and the early period at which they were committed to print, make it a matter of surprise and regret that so little is known of their author; and even the little that is known is so vague as to afford a very indefinite conception of the man. One of his poems, "The Bludy Sark," is, on very good grounds, supposed by Dr David Laing to have been printed at Utrecht in 1474; while "Orpheus and Eurydice" forms part of the first product of the Scottish press, the unique collection of Chepman and Myllar, in 1508.

Dr Laing agrees with Sibbald in supposing him to have been born about 1425, but has not been able to say where, nor of what family; indeed, his researches on this last point have disproved the probability of there being any foundation of truth in a tradition, noticed by previous biographers, making him the progenitor of the Henrysons or Hendersons of Fordell, near Dunfermline. The records of neither of the universities of Scotland existing during his time, those of St Andrews and Glasgow, show him to have completed his studies at home; and as he is known to have acted as a notary, from the fact of his having in that capacity witnessed several charters still existing, it is concluded that he must have completed his education, and obtained his degree, at some foreign university. The fact of his having resided in Dunfermline is attested by

(3)

the charters; but the statement of his being a schoolmaster, first recorded in the title page of his "Fables," 1570, has not been traced to any more reliable source; yet there is no reason to doubt its correctness, although it is not quite clear whether the office was a secular or a clerical one. The grammar school of Dunfermline is known to have been situated within the precincts of the abbey, and the appointment of schoolmaster, and the superintendence of the school, were in the jurisdiction of the abbots. But the evidence of his having been a man of academical culture is supplied by the fact, first traced by Dr Laing, of his having been admitted a member of the recently founded university of Glasgow, on September 10, 1462, as "the venerable Master Robert Henryson, Licentiate in Arts, and Bachelor in Degrees." Dr Laing supposes his object in joining the university may have been to enable him to deliver lectures in law; and from the use of the term "venerable," he infers that he must have been somewhat advanced in life—an inference which would justify the placing of his birth somewhat earlier than 1425. In the three deeds granted by the Abbot of Dunfermline, to which he is a witness, his name is written *Magister Robertus Henrison, notarius publicus*; and the fact that few or none but the clergy at that time were sufficiently acquainted with the civil and canon law to act in the capacity of

1

notary public, the authority for which up to 1469 was held of the Pope, affords a presumption of his having been in orders, or at least educated for the church. The existence of a preaching vein in the moral of the Fables, and some other of his poems, very characteristic of the clerical cast of mind, also inclines to the same conclusion.

There is no evidence of his ever having been married, or of his having left any descendants; and there is nothing in his writings which bears upon the question. It has been conjectured that the king's advocate, in the time of James IV., was a son of the poet, but that supposition rests on the already disposed-of conjecture that he was the founder of the Hendersons of Fordell, for the king's advocate was a member of that family, and the first of the name who became proprietor of Fordell. Some others of the name claim to be descendants of the poet or his family; but Dr Laing, who has exhausted the subject, finds no reliable evidence connecting him with any of them.

The date of his death, like that of his birth, has not been ascertained. He is referred to in Dunbar's "Lament," which was written about the beginning of the sixteenth century, in the following couplet:—

"In Dunfermline he hes done roun
Gud Maister Robert Henryson."

From the use of the term "Good," Dr Laing infers that Henryson was but recently dead, and that Dunbar and he were probably intimate.

Sir Francis Kynaston, in the reign of Charles II., published a Latin version

of Chaucer's "Troilus and Cresseid," and added Henryson's "Testament of Cresseid," stating, on the authority of Sir Thomas Erskine, afterwards Earl of Kellie, "and divers aged scholars of the Scottish nation, that it was made and written by one Mr Robert Henderson, sometime cheife Schole Master in Dunfermling;" and adding that he died very aged of a diarrhoea or flux. He then relates a story illustrative of Henryson's sarcastic humour, which, in terms more forcible than polite, marks his contempt of the wretched superstitions which prevailed in his time.

The tradition, that he attained to a good old age, appears to be based upon the fact of his having treated of subjects appropriate to that period of life; and taking all the circumstances into account, it is not improbable. Dr Laing, with that quiet undemonstrative delicacy for which he manifests his regard for his subject, remarks that, "Whatever the year was in which his gentle spirit passed away, we need not doubt that his mortal remains found a resting-place within the precincts of the abbey of Dunfermline."

There is little doubt that Henryson's character, like that of all true and natural poets, may be best read in his poems. That he studied the art of poetry in the works of his two greatest predecessors, Chaucer and James I., is very obvious. His "Testament of Cresseid," which is justly considered his greatest, if not his most successful work, shows most of the manner of his masters, and so much does it resemble Chaucer's poem, of which it forms the conclusion,

that in all the earlier editions of that poet it has been given as his work. Mr Goodwin, in his *Life of Chaucer*, says of it that it "has a degree of merit calculated to make us regret that it is not a performance standing by itself, instead of thus serving merely as an appendage to the work of another." But the pieces most characteristic of Henryson's genius are his "Fables" and the pastoral of "Robene and Makyn," and it is in these that we discover most of the man—his quiet pawky humour, his homely philosophy, and his true observation of nature in all her aspects. It is in these that his verse flows on with that easy simple grace so devoid of all trace of effort, so definite and true, and so comprehensive as to present in a few lines a picture which imparts to the mind a vivid impression of the scene described. Perhaps no one has summed up his characteristic excellencies better than Professor Aytoun, who remarks, in his collection of the *Ballads of Scotland*, that, "of the works of this venerable man, it is difficult, when we consider the period in which they were written, to speak in terms of too warm encomium. In strength and even in sublimity of painting, in pathos and sweetness, in the variety and beauty of his pictures of natural scenery, in the vein of quiet and playful humour which runs through many of his pieces, and that fine natural taste which, rejecting the faults of his age, has dared to think for himself, he is altogether excellent." Mr Tytler is equally hearty in his appreciation; but as we give an ample selection of his most esteemed pieces, it is unnecessary to add more than Dr Irving's observation,

commending a process which we apply with all the care of which we are capable, that "his verses, if divested of their uncouth orthography, might often be mistaken for those of some poet of the present day."

The chief collections in which Henryson's poems have been preserved, are the Asloan MS., a collection of pieces in prose and verse, transcribed in 1515 by John Asloan, and now or lately in the possession of the Auchinleck family; the well known Bannatyne and Maitland MSS.; a manuscript in the Harleian Collection in the British Museum; and the Makculloch MS., in Dr Laing's possession. To these may be added the first printed specimen of Scottish typography, the Collection of Chepman and Myllar, 1508. Numerous editions, all more or less incomplete, had appeared of his poems previous to Dr Laing's having undertaken the production of his edition of 1865, which is the first complete collection, and leaves no excuse for any further editing, unless the chapter of accidents turns up some of those poems of his which have been abstracted from the Asloan MS.

ROBENE AND MAKYNE.

I.

ROBENE sat on good green hill,
Keepand¹ a flock of fie,²
Merry Makyne said him till,
"Robene, thou rew³ on me;
I have thee loved lowd and still,⁴
Thir yearis two or three;

¹ Keeping.² Sheep or cattle.³ Pity.⁴ A phrase meaning on all occasions, open and secret.

My dule in dern² but gif thou dill,³
Doubtless but dread³ I die."

II.

Robene answered, "By the Rood,
Naething of love I know,
But keepis my sheep under yon wood,
Lo! whare they raik on raw.⁴
What has marred thee in thy mood,
Makyne, to me thou shaw;⁵
Or what is love, or to be loved?
Fain would I lear⁶ that law."

III.

"At lovis lair⁷ gif thou will lear,
Tak there ane A, B, C;
Be heynd,⁸ courteous, and fair of feir,⁹
Wise, hardy, and free.
See that no danger do thee deir,¹⁰
What dule in dern thou dreē;¹¹
Preiss thee¹² with pain at all power,¹³
Be patient and privie."

IV.

Robene answered her again,
"I wait¹⁴ not what is love,
But I have marvel incertain,¹⁵
What makis thee this wanrue;¹⁶
The weather is fair, and I am fain,
My sheep gois hail¹⁷ above,
And we¹⁸ would play us in this plain,
They would us both reprove."

V.

"Robene, tak tent¹⁹ unto my tale,
And work all as I reid,²⁰

And thou shall have my heart all hail,²
Eik and my maidenhead.
Sen God sendis boot for bail,³
And for murning remead,³
I dern with thee;⁴ but gif I dail,⁵
Doubtless I am but dead."

VI.

"Makyne, to-morn this ilka tide,⁶
And ye⁷ will meet me here,
Perventure⁸ my sheep may gang beside,⁹
While we have ligg¹⁰ full near;
But maugre¹¹ have I, and I bide¹²
Frae¹³ they begin to steir;
What lies on heart I will not hide;
Makyne, then make good cheer."

VII.

"Robene, thou reavis me roiff¹⁴ and rest,
I love but thee alone.
"Makyne, adieu! the sun goes west,
The day is nearhand gone."
"Robene, in dule I am so drest,¹⁵
That love will be my bone."¹⁶
"Gae love, Makyne, wherever thou list,¹⁷
For lemman¹⁸ I love none."

VIII.

"Robene, I stand in sic a style,¹⁹
I sighed, and that full sair."
"Makyne, I have been here this while,
At hame God gif²⁰ I were."
"My huny,²¹ Robene, talk a while,
Gif thou will do nae mair."

¹ Sorrow in secret. ¹¹ Endure.
² Unless thou share. ¹² Strive thou.
³ Without doubt. ¹³ With all thy might.
⁴ Range in a row. ¹⁴ Know, wot.
⁵ Show. ¹⁵ I wonder certainly.
⁶ Learn. ¹⁶ Uneasiness.
⁷ Learning, lore. ¹⁷ Go healthy.
⁸ Affable. ¹⁸ If we.
⁹ Countenance. ¹⁹ Take heed.
¹⁰ Hurt, dishearten. ²⁰ Advise.

¹ Whole, altogether. ²¹ Ill will.
² Good for evil. ²² If I stay.
³ Mourning, remedy. ²³ From the time.
⁴ I'm in secret with thee. ²⁴ Robe me of quiet.
⁵ If I part. ²⁵ Beset.
⁶ This same time. ²⁶ Bane.
⁷ If you. ²⁷ Pleasest.
⁸ Perhaps. ²⁸ Lover, sweetheart.
⁹ Go aside. ²⁹ Such a state.
¹⁰ Lain. ³⁰ God grant.
¹¹ My honey, sweet.

"Makyne, some other man beguile,
For hameward I will fare."

IX.

Robene on his wayis went,
As light as leaf of tree;
Makyne murned in her intent,
And trowed¹ him never to see.
Robene brayd attour the bent;²
Then Makyne cried on high,
"Now may thou sing, for I am schent!³
What ailis love at me?"

X.

Makyne went hame withouten fail,
Full wery⁴ after couth⁵ weep;
Then Robene in a ful-fair dail
Assembled all his sheep.
By that some part of Makyne's ail⁶
Out-through his heart could creep;
He followed her fast there till assail,
And till her took good keep.⁷

XI.

"Abide, abide, thou fair Makyne,
A word for ony thing;
For all my love it shall be thine,
Withouten departing.
All hail! thy heart for till have mine,
Is all my coveting;
My sheep to-morn, till houris nine,
Will need of no keeping."

XII.

"Robene, thou has heard sung and say,
In gestis and stories auld,⁸
The man that will not when he may,
Shall have not when he wald."⁹

¹ Trusted, expected.² Hastily crossed the pasture.³ Undone.⁴ Sorry.⁵ Could for did.⁶ Ailment, disorder.⁷ Kept her well in view.⁸ Romances and old stories.⁹ Would.

I pray to Jesus every day,
Mot eik their carés cauld,
That first preissis¹ with thee to play,
By firth,² forest, or fauld."³

XIII.

"Makyne, the night is soft and dry,
The weather is warm and fair,
And the green wood right near us by
To walk attour⁴ all where;
There may nae janglour⁵ us espy,
That is to love contrair;
Therein, Makyne, both you and I
Unseen we may repair."

XIV.

"Robene, that world is all away,
And quite brought till an end,
And never again thereto perfy⁶
Shall it be as thou wend;⁷
For of my pain thou made it play,
And all in vain I spend:
As thou has done, sae shall I say,
Murne on, I think to mend."⁸

XV.

"Makyne, the hope of all my heal,⁹
My heart on thee is set,
And ever mair to thee be leal,
While I may live but let;¹⁰
Never to fail, as otheris fail,
What grace that ever I get."
"Robene, with thee I will not deal;
Adieu! for thus we met."

XVI.

Makyne went hame blithe aneuch,¹¹
Attour the holtis hair;¹²

¹ Attempts, presses.² Woodland.³ Field.⁴ Across, beyond.⁵ Talebearer.⁶ Truly, verily.⁷ Expected.⁸ Recover of love's illness.⁹ Health, welfare.¹⁰ Without hindrance.¹¹ Enough.¹² Across the woodland hoar.

Robene murned, and Makyne leuch;¹
 She sang, he sighèd sair;
 And so left him, both woe and wreuch,²
 In dolour and in care,
 Keepand his herd under a heuch,³
 Among the holtis hair.

TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID.

[No early manuscript of this poem is extant. Dr Laing thinks it was published by Chepman and Myllar, though no copy is preserved. It formed part of that portion of the Asloan manuscript (1515) now lost. The earliest existing copy is in the first collected edition of Chaucer's works, 1532, and was first acknowledged as Henryson's in Urry's edition of 1721. The first Scottish edition, of which only a single copy is preserved, in the British, is that of Henrie Charteris, Edinburgh, 1593.]

I.

A dooly season to ane careful dyte⁴
 Should correspond, and be equivalent;
 Right so it was when I began to write
 This tragedy, the weather right fervent,
 When Aries in middis of the Lent
 Showers of hail gan frae the north descend,
 That scanty frae the cold I might defend.

II.

Yet nevertheless within mine orature⁵
 I stood, when Titan had his beamis bright
 Withdrawn down, and sylit⁶ under cure,

¹ Laughed.² Wretched.³ Cliff or steep
bank.⁴ Sorrowful writing,
story.⁵ Oratory.⁶ Concealed.

And fair Venus, the beauty of the night,
 Uprose, and set unto the west full right
 Her golden face, in opposition
 Of God Phoebus, direct descending down.

III.

Throughout the glass her beamis brast¹ so
 fair
 That I might see on every side me by,
 The northern wind had purified the air,
 And shed his misty cloudis frae the sky,
 The frost freezèd, the blastis bitterly
 Frae pole Artick came whistling loud and
 schill,²
 And causèd me remove against my will:

IV.

For I trusted that Venus lovis queen,
 To whom some time I hecht³ obedience,
 My faded heart of love she would make
 green,
 And thereupon with humble reverence
 I thought to pray her high magnificence,
 But for great cold as then I letted⁴ was,
 And in my chamber to the fire gan pass.

V.

Though love be hot, yet in a man of age
 It kindleth not so soon as in youth, head,
 Of whom the blood is flowing in a rage,
 And in the old the courage doif⁵ and dead,
 Of which the fire outward is best remead:
 To help by physick where that nature
 failed,
 I am expert, for both I have assailed.

VI.

I mend the fire and beekèd⁶ me about,
 Then took a drink my spirits to comfort,
 And armèd me well frae the cold thereout:

¹ Shone.² Sharp, shrill.³ Promised.⁴ Hindered, prevented.⁵ Dull.⁶ Warned.

To cut the winter night and make it short
I took a quair,¹ and left all other sport,
Writing by worthy Chaucer glorious
Of fair Cresseid and lusty Troilus :

VII.

And there I found, after that Diomede
Receved had that lady bright of hue,
How Troilus near out of wit abraid,²
And wept full sore, with visage pale of hue;
For which wanhope³ his tearis gan renew,
While Hesperus rejoiced him again ;
Thus while in joy he lived, and while in
pain.

VIII.

Of her behest he had great comforting,
Trustand to Troy that she should make
retour,⁴
Which he desired most of erdly⁵ thing,
For why ! she was his only paramour ;
But when he saw passed both day and hour
Of her gaincome,⁶ then sorrow gan oppress
His woful heart in care and heaviness.

IX.

Of his distress me needeth not rehearse,
For worthy Chaucer in the samen book
In goodly termis and in jolly verse
Complid has his caris, who will look :
To break my sleep another quair I took,
In which I found the fatal destiny
Of fair Cresseid, which ended wretchedly.

X.

Who wote gif all that Chaucer wrote was
true ?

Nor I wote not gif this narration
Be authorised, or feigned of the new
By some poet through his invention,

Made to report the lamentation
And woful end of this lusty Cresseid,
And what distress she walkid¹ and what
dead²

XI.

When Diomede had all his appetite
And more fulfilled of this fair lady,
Upon another set was his delight,
And send to her a libel repudy,³
And her excluded frae his company ;
Then desolate she walkid up and down,
As some men says, into the court common.

XII.

O fair Cresseid ! the flower and *A per se*
Of Troy and Crece, how was thou for-
tunate

To change in filth all thy feminine,
And be with fleibly lust so maculate,
And go among the Greeks early and late
So giglot-like, takand thy foul plesance !
I have pity thousould fall such mischance.

XIII.

Yet, ne'ertheless, whate'er men deem or say
In scornful language of thy brukilness,⁴
I shall excuse, as far forth as I may,
Thy womanhead, thy wisdom, and fairness,
The which Fortune has put to sic distress
As her pleased, and nothing through the
guilt
Of thee, through wicked language to be
spilt.

XIV.

This fair lady, in this wise destitute
Of all comfort and consolation,
Right privily, but⁵ fellowship, on foot,
Disguised, passed far out of the town
A mile or two, unto ane mansion
Builid full gay, where her father Calchas
Whilk then among the Greeks dwelland
was.

¹ A book.² Startled.³ Despair.⁴ Should return.⁵ Earthly.⁶ Come again, return.¹ Suffered.² Death.³ Writ of divorce.⁴ Frailty, brittleness.⁵ Without.

XV.

When he her saw, the cause he gan inquire
Of her coming; she said, sigh and full sore,
Frae¹ Diomedè had gotten his desire
He wax weary, and would of me no more.
Quoth Calchas, "Daughter! weep thou
not therefore;
Peradventure all come for the best.
Welcome to me; thou art full dear a
guest."

XVI.

This old Calchas, after the law was tho,
Was keeper of the temple as a preist
In which Venus and her son Cupido
Were honoured, and his chamber was
them neist,
To which Cresseid with bale eneuch² in
breast
Usèd to pass, her prayers for to say;
While at the last, upon a solemn day,

XVII.

As custom was, the people far and near,
Before the nun, unto the temple went
With sacrifice devout in their manner;
But still Cresseid, heavy in her intent,
Into the kirk would not herself present,
For giving of the people any deeming
Of her expulse frae Diomedè the King.

XVIII.

But passèd into ane secret oratore,
Where she might weep her woful destiny;
Behind her back she closèd fast the door,
And on her kneeis bare fell down in hye;
Upon Venis and Cupid angrily
She cried out, and sayd in this wise:
"Alas that ever I made you sacrifice!

XIX.

"Ye gave me anes a divine responsail
That I should be the flower of love in Troy;
Now am I made an unworthy outwall,³
And all in care translated is my joy:

¹ Since.² Sorrow enough.³ Outcast.

Who shall me guide? who shall me now
convey,
Sen I frae Diomedè and noble Troilus
Am clean excluded, as abject, odious?

XX.

"O false Cupid! is none to wite⁴ but thou,
And thy mother, of Love, the blind goddess
Ye caused me always understand and trow
The seed of love was sown in my face,
And aye grew green through your supply
and grace;
But now, alas! that seed with frost is slain,
And I frae lovers left and all forlain."⁵

XXI.

When this was said, down in an ecstasy,
Ravished in spirit, into a dream she fell,
And by appearance hard where she did lie
Cupid the king ring and ane silver bell,
Which men might hear frae heaven into
hell,
At whose sound before Cupid appears
The seven planets descending frae their
spheres,

XXII.

Which has power of all thing generable,
To rule and steer by their great influence
Weather and wind, and courses variable.
And first of all Saturn gave his sentence,
Which gave to Cupid little reverence,
But as ane basteous⁶ churl in his manner
Came crabbedly with austere look and
cheer.

XXIII.

His face frownèd, his lyre⁴ was like the lead,
His teeth chattered, and shivered with the
chin,
His eyne droopèd, how, ⁵sunken in his head,
Out of his nose the mēdrop⁶ soft gan rin,

¹ None is to blame.⁴ Skin.² Forlorn, forsaken.⁵ Hollow.³ Rough, boisterous.⁶ Moisture.

With lippis blue, and cheekis lean and thin,
The icicles that frae his hair down hang
Was wonder great, and as ane spear was
lang;

XXIV.

Attour¹ his belt his lyart² lockis lay
Felterit³ unfair, o'erfret⁴ with frostis hoar,
His garment and his gyse full gay of gray,
His withered weed frae him the wind out
wore,
A busteous⁵ bow within his hand he bore.
Under his girdle a flasche of felon flains,⁶
Feathered with ice, and headed with hail-
stones.

XXV.

Then Jupiter right fair and amiable,
God of the starnis⁷ in the firmament,
And nurice⁸ to all thing generable,
Frae his father Saturn far different,
With burly face, and browis bright and
brent,⁹
Upon his head ane garland wonder gay
Of flowris fair, as it had been in May;

XXVI.

His voice was clear, as crystal were his een,
As golden wire so glitterand¹⁰ was his hair,
His garment and his gyse¹¹ full gay of green,
With golden listis gilt on every gair,¹²
Ane burly brand about his middle baer,
In his right hand he had a grounden spear,
Of his father the wrath frae us to weir.¹³

XXVII.

Neist¹⁴ after him come Mars, the god of ire,
Of strife, debate, and all dissention,
To chide and fight as fierce as any fire,
In hard harness, hewmond and habergeon,¹⁵

¹ Out over.

² Hoary, grey.

³ Entangled.

⁴ Spangled over.

⁵ Strong and large.

⁶ Sheaf of arrows.

⁷ Stars.

⁸ Nurse, nourisher.

⁹ Smooth, high.

¹⁰ Shining.

¹¹ Fashion.

¹² Part, stripe.

¹³ To ward off.

¹⁴ Next.

¹⁵ Helmet and coat of
mail.

And on his haunch a rusty fell falchion,
And in his hand he had a rusty sword,
Writhing his face, with many angry word:

XXVIII.

Shaking his brand before Cupid he come,
With red visage and grisly glowrand een,¹
And at his mouth a bullar stood of foam,²
Like to ane boar whetting his tuskis keen,
Right tuilyeourlike but temperance in tene,³
Ane horn he blew with many bosteous⁴ brag,
Which all this world with war has made to
wag.

XXIX.

Then fair Phoebeus, lantern and lamp of
light,
Of man and beast, both fruit and flourish-
ing,
Tender nurice, and banisher of night,
And of the world causing by his moving
And influence life in all erdly⁵ thing,
Without comfort of whom, of force to
nought
Must all godie that in this world is wrought.

XXX.

As king royal he rode upon his chair,
The which Phaeton guided sometime un-
right.
The brightness of his face when it was bare
None might behold for piercing of his sight,
This golden cart with fiery beamis bright,
Four yokèd steeds, full different of hue,
But bait⁶ or tiring through the sphereis
drew.

XXXI.

The first was soyr,⁷ with mane as red as rose
Called Eoye into the orient;
The second steed to name hight⁸ Ethios,

¹ Staring wildly about.

² A heap such as floats

on agitated water.

³ Quarrelsome-like,

without restraint

in his rage.

⁴ Blustering.

⁵ Earthly.

⁶ Without halt.

⁷ Sorrel-coloured

chestnut.

⁸ Was called.

Whitely and pale, and some deal ascendent;
The third Peros, right hot and right fervent,
The fourth was black, and callèd Phlegonie,
Which rolleth Phœbus down into the sea.

XXXII.

Venus was there present, that goddess gay,
Her sonnis quarrel to defend, and mak
Her own complaint, clad in a nice array,
The one half green, the other sable black,
White hair as gold, kambèd and shed¹
aback,
But in her face seemèd great variance,
Whiles perfit truth, and whiles incon-
stance.

XXXIII.

Under smiland she was dissumulate,
Provocative with blinkis² amorous,
And suddenly changed and alterate,
Angry as any serpent venomous,
Right pungitive with wordis odious;
Thus variant she was; who list tak keep,³
With one eye laugh, and with the other
weep.

XXXIV.

In tokening that all fleshly paramour,
Which Venus has in rule and governance,
Is sometime sweet, sometime bitter and
sour,
Right unstable, and full of variance,
Mingled with careful joy and false pleas-
ance,
Now hot, now cold, now blithe, now full
of woe,
Now green as leaf, now withered and ago.⁴

XXXV.

With book in hand then come Mercurius,
Right eloquent and full of rethorie,
With polite termis and delicious,
With pen and ink to report all ready,

¹ Combed and divided.
² Glances.

³ Notice, watch.
⁴ Gone, vanished.

Settand⁵ songis and singand merrily.
His hood was red heklit attour⁶ his crown,
Like till ane poet of the old fassown.⁷

XXXVI.

Boxes he bare with fine electuaries
And sugared syrupis for digestion,
Spices belongand to the pothecaries,
With many halesum sweet confection,
Doctor in physic, clad in scarlet gown,
And furred weel, as sic ane ought to be,
Honest and good, and not ane word
could lie.

XXXVII.

Neist⁴ after him came Lady Cynthia,
The last of all, and swiftest in her sphere,
Of colour black, buskèd⁵ with hornis twa,
And in the night she listis best appear,
Haw⁶ as the lead, of colour nothing clear,
For all the light she borrows at her brother
Titan, for of herself she has none other.

XXXVIII.

Her gyse⁷ was gray and full of spottis
black,
And on her breast a churl painted full even,
Bearing a bunch of thornis on his back
Which for his theft might climb no nearer
heaven.
Thus when they gathered were thir goddis
seven,
Mercurius they chosed with one assent
To be fore-speaker in the parliament.

XXXIX.

Who had been there and liking for to hear
His facund⁸ tongue and termis exquisite,
Of rhetoric the practick he might lear,
In brief sermon ane pregnant sentence
write :

⁵ Setting to music.

⁶ Adorned.

⁷ Fastened out over.

⁸ Pale.

⁹ Fashion.

¹⁰ Fashion, dress.

¹¹ Next.

¹² Eloquent.

Before Cupid, veiling his cap a lyte,
Speiris¹ the cause of that vocation,
And he anon showed his intention.

XL.

"Lo," quod Cupid, "who will blaspheme
the name
Of his own god, either in word or deed?
To all goddis he does both lak² and shame,
And should have bitter painis to his meed;
I say [you] this by yonder wretch Cresseid,
The which through me was sometime
flower of love;
Me and my mother starkly³ can reprove.

XLI.

"Sayand, of her great infelicity
I was the cause, and my mother Venus
She callèd a blind goddess that might not
see,
With slander and defame injurious;
Thus her living unclean and lecherous
She would retort on me and on my mother,
To whom I showed my grace above all
other.

XLII.

"And sen we are all seven deifcate
Participant of divine sapience,
This great injury done to our high estate
Methinks with pain we should make
recompense;
Was ne'er to goddes done sic violence;
As weel for you as for myself I say,
Therefore go help to revenge, I you pray."

XLIII.

Mercurius to Cupid gave answer,
And said, "Sir king, my counsel is that ye
Refer you to the highest planet here,
And take to him the lowest of degree,
The pain of Cresseid for to modify,
As god Saturn, with him take Cynthia."
"I am content," quod he, "to take they
twa."

XLIV.

Then thus proceeded Saturn and the Moon,
When they the matter ripely had digest,
For the dispite to Cupid she had done,
And to Venus open and manifest,
In all her life with pain to be opprest,
And torment sair, with sickness incurable,
And to all lovers to be abominable.

XLV.

This doleful sentence Saturn took on hand,
And passed down where careful¹ Cresseid
lay,
And on her head he laid a frosty wand,
Then lawfully on this wise gan he say;
"Thy great fairness and all thy beauty
gay;
Thy wanton blood, and eke thy golden hair,
Here I exclude frae thee for evermair:

XLVI.

"I change thy mirth into melancholy,
Which is the mother of all pensiveness,
Thy moisture and thy heat to cold and dry,
Thine insolence, thy play and wantonness,
To great disease; thy pomp and thy riches
In mortal need; and great penurity
Thou suffer shall, and as a beggar die."

XLVII.

O cruel Saturn! froward and angry,
Hard is thy doom and too malicious:
On fair Cresseid why has thou no mercy,
Which was so sweet, gentle, and amorous?
Withdraw thy sentence and be gracious,
As thou was never; so showeth thou thy
deed
Ane wreakful² sentence given on fair
Cresseid.

XLVIII.

Then Cynthia, when Saturn passed away,
Out of her seat descended down belyve,³
And read a bill on Cresseid where she lay,

¹ Inquires.² Dishonour.³ Stoutly.¹ Sorrowful. ² Revengeful. ³ Presently.

Containing this sentence diffinitive :

" Frae heal¹ of body I thee now deprive,
And to thy sickness shall be no recure,²
But in dolour thy dayis to endure ;

XLIX.

" Thy crystal een minglit with blood I mak,
Thy voice so clear, unpleasant, hoir³ and
hace,⁴

Thy lusty lyre⁵ o'erspread with spottis
black,
And lumpis haw⁶ appearand in thy face,
Where thou comis ilk man shall fly the
place ;

Thus shall thou go beggand frae house to
house

With cup and clapper,⁷ like ane lazarous."

L.

This dooly⁸ dream, this ugly vision
Brought till an end, Cresseid frae it awoke,
And all that court and convocation
Vanished away ; then rose she up and took
Ane polished glass, and her shadow could
look,

And when she saw her visage so deformate
Gif she in heart was wae⁹ enough, God
wate !

LI.

Weeping full sore, " Lo ! what it is," quod
she,

" With froward language for to move and
steer

Our crabbed goddis ! and so is seen on me ;
My blaspheming now have I bought full
dear,

All erdly¹⁰ joy and mirth I set arear ;
Alas this day ! alas this woful tide
When I began with my goddis to chide !"

¹ Health.

² Recovery.

³ Aged, hoar.

⁴ Hoarse.

⁵ Beautiful skin.

⁶ A pale colour between

blue and green.

⁷ A kind of alarm used
by lepers to warn
people off for fear

of infection.

⁸ Doleful.

⁹ Was not and.

¹⁰ Earthly.

LII.

By¹ this was said, ane child came frae the
hall

To warn Cresseid the supper was ready,
First knockèd at the door, and syne couth²
call,

" Madame, your father bids you come in
hye,³

He has marvel so long on grouf⁴ ye lie,
And sayis your beadis been too long
some deal ;

The goddis wate⁵ all your intent full weel."

LIII.

Quoth she, " Fair child, go to my father
dear,

And pray him come to speak with me
anon."

And so he did, and said, " Daughter,
what cheer?"

" Alas !" quoth she, " Father, my mirth
is gone."

" How so?" quoth he ; and she gan all
expone

As I have told, the vengeance and the wreak
For her trespass Cupid on her couth take.

LIV.

He lookèd on her ugly leper face,

The which before was white as lily flower,
Wringand his hands oft times he said, " Alas
That he had lived to see that woful hour !"
For he knew weel that there was no sucour
To her sickness, and that doublèd his pain :
Thus was there care enow⁶ betwixt them
twain.

LV.

When they together mournèd had full long,
Quod Cresseid, " Father, I would not be
kend,

Therefore in secret wyse⁷ ye let me gang⁸

¹ By the time.

² Then did.

³ Haste.

⁴ Lie face downward.

⁵ Know.

⁶ Enough.

⁷ Manner.

⁸ Go.

To yon hospital at the townis end,
And thither some meat for charityme send,
To live upon, for all mirth in this eard¹
Is frae me gone, sic is my wicked weird."²

LVII.

Then in a mantle and a beaver hat,
With cup and clapper, wonder privily
He opened a secret gate, and out thereat
Convoyed her, that no man should espy,
Unto a village half a mile thereby,
Delivered her in at the spital³ house,
And daily sent her part of his almous.⁴

LVIII.

Some knew her weel, and some had nae
knowledge
Of her, because she was sae deformate,
With bylis black o'erspread in her visage,
And her fair colour faded and alterate;
Yet they presumed for her high regrate
And still mourning she was of noble kin,
With better will therefore they took her in.

LVIII.

The day passed, and Phœbus went to rest,
The cloudis black o'erwhelmed all the sky,
God wate gif Cresseid was⁵ a sorrowful
guest
Seeing that uncouth⁶ fare and herbary;⁷
But⁸ meat or drink she dressed her to lie
In a dark corner of the house alone,
And on this wise weeping she made her
moan:—

THE COMPLAINT OF CRESSEID.

LIX.

"O sop of sorrow soaked into care!
O captive Cresseid now and evermare!
Gone is thy joy and all thy mirth in erd;
Of all blithness now art thou blacknit bare;

¹ Earth.² Fate.³ Hospital.⁴ Alms.⁵ Was not.⁶ Unusual.⁷ Lodging.⁸ Without.

There is nae salve that helpen may thy sare;
Fell is thy fortune, wicked is thy weird,
Thy bliss is banished, and thy bail on
breird;¹

Under the earth, God gif I graven² were,
Where men of Greece nor yet of Troy
might hear!

LX.

"Where is thy chamber wantonly beseen,
With burly³ bed and bankouris browdered⁴
been,

Spices and wine to thy collation,
The cuppis all of gold and silver shene,
Thy sweet meatis served in plaitis clean,
With saffron sauce of a good season,
Thy gay garments with many goodly gown,
Thy pleasant lawn pinnéd with golden pin?
All is areir,⁵ thy great royal renown.

LXI.

"Where is thy garden with thy grasses
gay,
And fresh flowris, which the Queen Floray
Had painted pleasantly in every plain,
Where thou was wont full merrily in May
To walk, and take the dew by⁶ it was day,
And hear the merle and mavis⁷ many ane,
With ladies fair in carolling to gane,
And see the royal ranks in their array?
"In garments gay garnished on every
grane,⁸

LXII.

Thy great triumphant fame and high
honour,
Where thou was calléd of erdly wights⁹
flower;
All is decayed, thy weird is welterd so,¹⁰
Thy high estate is turned in darkness dour!¹¹

¹ Thy sorrow has
sprung up.² Buried.³ Stately.⁴ Coverings, em-⁵ broidered.⁶ Put aside.⁷ By the time.⁸ The blackbird and
thrush.⁹ Gair, goar (?)¹⁰ Earthly persons.¹¹ Fate is tossed.¹² Dense (?)

This leper lodge take for thy goodly bower,
And for thy bed take now a bunch of stro,
For wailèd¹ wine and meatis thou had tho²
Take moulded bread, perry and cider sour:
But cup and clapper, now is all ago.

LXIII.

"My clear voice and my courtly carolling,
Where I was wont with ladies for to sing,
Is rawk³ as rook, full hideous hoir and hace,
My pleasant port all otheris precelling,
Of lustiness⁴ I was held most conding.⁵
Now is deformed the figure of my face,
To look on it no leid⁶ now liking has,
Sowped in sight, I say with sair sighing
Lodgèd among the leper leid alas!

LXIV.

"O ladies fair of Troy and Greece! attend
My misery whilk none may comprehend
My frivol fortune, mine infelicity,
My great mischief which nae man can
amend
Beware in time approaches near the end,
And in your mind ane mirror make of me,
As I am now peradventure that ye,
For all your might, may come to that same
end,
Or ellis waur,⁷ if any waur may be.

LXV.

"Nought is your fairness but a fading flower
Nought is your famous laud⁸ and high
honour
But wind inflate in other mennis ears,
Your rosand⁹ red to rotting shall retour,¹⁰
Example make of me in your memour,
Which of sic thingis woful witness bears,
All wealth in earth away as wind it wears;

¹ Choice.² Then.³ Hoarse.⁴ Beauty.⁵ Conding.⁶ Man, person.⁷ Worse.⁸ Praise, renown.⁹ Rose-like.¹⁰ Return.

Beware, therefore, approachis near the
hour;
Fortune is fickle when she begins and
steers."¹

LXVI.

Thus chidand with her dreary destiny,
Weepand she, woke the night frae end to
end,
But all in vain; her dole, her careful cry,
Might not remead, nor yet her mourning
mend;
Ane leper lady rose and to her wend,
And said, "Why spurnis thou against the
wall
To slay thyself, and mend nothing at all?

LXVII.

"Sen thy weeping but doublis thy woe,
I counsel thee make virtue of thy need,
To learn to clap thy clapper to and fro,
And learn after the law of leper leid.²
There was no boot, but forth with them she
yeid³
Frae place to place, while cold and
hunger sare,
Compelled her to be a rank beggar.

LXVIII.

That same time of Troy the garnisoun,⁴
Which had to chieftain worthy Troilus
Through jeopardy of war had stricken
down
Knightis of Greece in number marvellous,
With great triumph and laud victorious,
Again to Troy right royally they raid,
The way where Cresseid with the lepers
baid.

LXIX.

Seeing that company, come with ane
stevin,⁵
They gave a cry, and shook cups, good
speed,

¹ Stirs, wavers.² People.³ Went.⁴ Garrison, a body of
troops.⁵ Voice.

Said, "Worthie lords ! for God's love of
heaven

To us lepers part of your almous deed !"¹
Then to their cry noble Troilus took heed,
Having pity, near by the place gan past
Where Cresseid sat, not witting what she
was.

LXX.

Then upon him she cast up both hereyne,
And with ane blink it came into his
thought
That he sometime her face before had
seen,
But she was in sic plight he knew her not,
Yet then her look into his mind it brought
The sweet visage and amorous blenking
Of fair Cresseid, sometime his own darling.

LXXI.

Nae wonder was, suppose in mind that he
Took her figure so soon ; and lo ! now why ?
The idol² of ane thing in case may be
So deep imprinted in the fantasy,
That it deludes the wittis outwardly,
And so appears in form and like estate
Within the mind as it was figurate.

LXXII.

Ane spark of love then till his heart couth
spring,
And kindled all his body in ane fire
With hot fever ; a sweat and trembling
Him took, while he was ready to expire ;
To bear his shield his breast began to tire,
Within ane while he changed many hue,
And nevertheless not ane another knew.

LXXIII.

For knightly pity and memoriel
Of fair Cresseid ane girdle gan he tak,
A purse of gold, and mony gay jewel,

¹ Alms deign.² Image, impression.

And in the skirt of Cresseid down gan swak,³
Then rode away, and not ane word he
spak,
Pensive in heart, while he came to the town
And for great care oft syis⁴ almost fell down.

LXXIV.

The leper folk to Cresseid then gan draw,
To see the equal distribution
Of the almous ; but when the gold they saw
Ilk ane to other privily gan roun,⁵
And said, "Yon lord has mare affection,
Howe'er it be, unto yon Lazarous,
Than to us all : we know by his almous."

LXXV.

"What lord is yon," quod she, "have ye
no feil,⁶
Has done to us so great humanity ?"
"Yes," quod a leper man, "I know him
weel,
Sir Troilus it is, gentle and free."
When Cresseid understood that it was he,
Stiffer than steel there stert ane bitter
stound
Throughout her heart, and fell down to
the ground.

LXXVI.

When she, o'ercome with sighing sair and
sad,
With many careful cry and called "Ochane!⁷
Now is my breast with stormy stoundis
stad,⁸
Wrappèd in woe ane wretch full will of
wane !"⁹
Then swoonèd she oft or she could refrain,
And ever in her swooning cried she thus,
"O false Cresseid, and true knight Troilus!

³ Throw, cast.⁴ Oft-times.⁵ Whisper.⁶ Knowledge.⁷ Gaelic for Alas !⁸ Acute pains beset.⁹ At a loss for a habita-
tion.

LXXVII.

"Thy love, thy lawty,¹ and thy gentleness,
I counted small in my prosperity,
So elevate I was in wantonness,
And clamb upon the fickle wheel so high,
All faith and love I promised to thee
Was in the self fickle and frivolous :
O false Cresseid, and true knight Troilus !

LXXVIII.

"For love of me thou kept thy continence
Honest and chaste in conversation ;
Of all women protector and defence
Thou was, and helped their opinion :
My mind on fleshly foul affection
Was inclined to lustis lecherous ;
Fie, false Cresseid ! O true knight Troilus !

LXXIX.

"Lovers beware, and take good heed
about
Whom that ye love, for whom ye suffer pain,
I let you wit there is right few thereout²
Whom ye may trust to have true love again ;
Preif³ when ye will, your labour is in vain ;
Therefore I rede⁴ ye take them as ye find,
For they are sad as weathercock in wind.

LXXX.

"Because I know the great unstableness,
Brukkle⁵ as glass, unto myself I say,
Trusting in other as great brukkeness,
As inconstant, and as untrue of fay⁶
Though some be true, I wot right few are
they :
Who findeth truth, let him his lady ruse ;
None but myself as now I will accuse."

LXXXI.

When this was said, with paper she sat
down,
And in this manner made her Testament :
"Here I beteiche⁷ my corpse and carrion,

¹ Loyalty.² Going about.³ Prove, test.⁴ Advise.⁵ Brittle.⁶ Faith.⁷ Praise, extol.⁸ Bequeath.

With wormis and with toadis to be rent,
My cup, my clapper, and mine ornament,
And all my gold, the leper folk shall have,
When I am dead to bury me in grave.

LXXXII.

"This royal ring, set with this ruby red,
Which Troilus in dowry to me send,
To him again I leave when I am dead,
To make my careful¹ death unto him kend :
Thus I conclude shortly and make an end ;
My spreit I leave to Diane, where she
dwells,
To walk with her in waste woodis and wells.

LXXXIII.

"O Diomedes ! thou has both brooch and
belt
Which Troilus gave me in tokening
Of his true love." And with that word she
swelt.²
And soon a leperman took off the ring,
Then buried her withouten tarrying :
To Troilus forthwith the ring he bare,
And of Cresseid the death he gan declare.

LXXXIV.

When he had heard her great infirmity,
Her legacy and lamentation,
And how she ended in sic poverty,
He swelt for woe, and fell down in a swoon,
For sorrow his heart to burst was boun,³
Sighing full sadly, said "I can no more,
She was untrue, and woe is me therefore."

LXXXV.

Some said he made ane tomb of marble
gray,
And wrote her name and superscription,
And laid it on her grave where that she lay,
In golden letters, containing this reason :
"Lo ! fair ladies, Cresseid of Troy is town,
Sometime counted the flower of woman-
head,
Under this stone, late leper, lyes dead !"

¹ Sorrowful, sad.² Fainted.³ Ready.

LXXXVI.

Now worthy women, in this ballad short,
 Made for your worship and instruction,
 Of charity I 'monish and exhort,
 Ming¹ not your love with false deception,
 Bear in your mind this short conclusion
 Of fair Cresseid, as I have said before ;
 Sen she is dead, I speak of her no more.

A VISION OF ÆSOP.

I.

In middis of June, that jolly sweet season,
 When that fair Phœbus, with his
 beamis bright,
 Had dried up the dew frae dale and down,
 And all the land made with his lemys²
 light ;
 In a morning, between mid-day and
 night,
 I rose and put all sloth and sleep on side,
 And to a wood I went alone, but³ guide.

II.

Sweet was the smell of flowris white and
 red,
 The noyis of birdis right delicious ;
 The bewis⁴ broad bloomèd above my head,
 The ground growand with grasses gra-
 cious ;
 Of all pleasance that place was plenteous
 With sweet odours and birdis harmony,
 The morning mild, my mirth was more
 forthy.

III.

The roses red arrayed on rone and ryse,⁵
 The primrose and the purple viola ;
 To hear it was a point of paradise,
 Sic mirth the mavis and the merle couth
 ma.⁶

¹ Mingle, mix.⁴ Branches.² Rays.⁵ Bushes and twigs.³ Without.⁶ Blackbird could make.

(3)

The blossoms blithe brake upon bank
 and brae,
 The smell of herbis, and of fowls the cry,
 Contending who should have the victory.

IV.

Me to conserve then frae the sunis heat,
 Under the shadow of an hawthorn
 green,
 I leanèd down amongst the flowris sweet,
 Syne¹ made a cross and closèd both
 mine een :
 On sleep I fell among the bewis been,
 And, in my dream, me thought come
 through the shaw²
 The fairest man that ere before I saw.

V.

His gown was of a claith as white as milk,
 His chymers³ were of chamelot purple
 brown ;
 His hood of scarlet, borderèd with silk
 In heckle wise,⁴ untill his girdle down ;
 His bonnet round was of the old fashion ;
 His beard was white, his cine were green
 and gray,
 With lokar⁵ hair, whilk o'er his shoulders
 lay.

VI.

A roll of paper in his hand he bare ;
 A swanis pen stickand under his ear ;
 An inkhorn, with pretty gilt pennair,⁶
 A bag of silk all at his belt he wear.
 Thus was he goodly graithèd in his gear.
 Of stature large, and with a feirful⁷ face ;
 Even where I lay he come a sturdy pace ;

VII.

And said, "God-speed, my son ;" and I was
 fain
 Of that couth⁸ word, and of his company.

¹ Then.⁵ Curled.² Wood.⁶ Pen case.³ Cymar.⁷ Grave, austere (?)⁴ Meaning obscure.⁸ Kindly, known.

With reverence I salust² him again,
 "Welcome, father;" and he sat down
 me by.
 "Displease you not, my good master,
 though I
 "Demand your birth, your faculty and
 name;
 Why ye come here, or where ye dwell at
 hame?"

VIII.

"My son," said he, "I am of gentle blood;
 My native land is Rome, withouten nay;
 And in that town first to the schools I yude,"
 And civil law studied full many a day.
 And now my winning is in heaven for
 aye:
 Æsop I hecht;³ my writing and my work
 is couth and kend to many cunnand clerk."⁴

IX.

"O Master Æsop, poet laureate,
 God wot ye are full dear welcome to me;
 Are ye not he that all thir fables wrate,
 Whilk in effect, suppose they feigned
 be,
 Are full of prudence and morality?"
 "Fairson," said he, "I am that samien man.
 God wait gif that my heart was merry
 than."

X.

I said, "Æsop, my master venerable,
 I you beseik,⁵ heartily for charity,
 Ye would dedane⁶ to tell a pretty fable,
 Concludand with a good morality."
 Shakand his head, he said, "My son, let
 be;
 For what is worth to tell a feigned tale,
 When haily preaching may nothing now
 avail."

XI.

"Now in this world methinks that few or
 none
 Till Goddis word that has devotion;

¹ Saluted.² Went.³ Am named.⁴ Skilful, scholar.⁵ Beseech.⁶ Deign.

The ear is deaf, the heart is hard as stone;
 Now open sin, without correction,
 The ee inclinand to the eird¹ aye down;
 Sae rusted is the world with canker black,
 That my talis may little succour mak."

XII.

"Yet, gentle sir," said I, "for my request—
 Not to displease your father-head, I
 pray
 Under the figure of some brutal beast
 A moral fable ye would dedane to say.
 Wha wate nor I may lear² and bear
 away
 Something thereby hereafter may avail."
 "I grant," quoth he, and thus begouth ane
 tale.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

I.

A cruel wolf, right ravenous and fell,
 Upon a time past to a riveir,
 Descending frae a rock unto a well,
 To slake his thirst, drank of the water
 clear;
 Sae upon case, a silly lamb came near,
 But of his foe, the wolf, nothing he wist,³
 And in t'ie stream lapped to cool his
 thirst.

II.

Thus drank they both, but not of ane
 intent;
 The wolfs thought was all in wickedness:
 The silly lamb was meek and innocent.
 Upon the river, in ane other place,
 Beneath the wolf, he drank ane little space,
 While he thought good, believand there
 none ill;
 The wolf him saw, and rampand come
 him till.

¹ The earth.² Knew.³ Who knows but that I may learn?

III.

With girnand teeth, and awful angry look,
Said to the lamb, "Thou cative wretched
thing,
Howdurst thou be so bold to file this brook,
Where I should drink, with thy foul
slavinger?"

It were almons¹ thee fortodraw and hing,²
That should presume, with thy foul lippis
vile,
To glaur³ my drink, and this fair water
file."

IV.

The silly lamb, quakand for very dread,
On kneeis fell, and said, "Sir, with your
leave,
Suppose I dare not say thereof ye leid;⁴
But, by my soul, I wait⁵ ye cannot preive,
That I did any thing that should you
grieve:
Ye wait also that your accusation
Failis frae truth, and contrar is to reason.

V.

"Though I cannot, nature will me defend,
And of the deed perfect experience:
All heavy thing maun of the self descend,
But gif⁶ something on force make resist-
ence;
Then may the stream in no way make
ascence,
Nor run backward: I drank beneath you
far;
Ergo, for me, your drink was never the
waur.⁷

VI.

"Also my lips, sen that I was a lamb,
Touched no thing that was contagious;
But sookèd⁸ milk frae papis of my dam,
Right natural, sweet, and delicious."

¹ Charity.² Hang.³ Bemire, muddle.⁴ Told lies.⁵ Know, wot.⁶ Unless.⁷ None the worse.⁸ Sucked.

"Well," quoth the wolf, "thy language
outrageous,
Commis thee of kind; sae thy father before
Held me at bait, als¹ with both boast and
shore.²

VII.

"He wraithèd³ me; and then I couth⁴ him
warn,
Within a year, and I brukit⁵ my head,
So I should be wrokin on him, or his
bairn;⁶
For his exorbitant and thrawart plead;⁷
Thou shall doubtless, for his deedis, be
dead."
"Sir, it is wrong, that for the father's
guilt,
The saikless⁸ son should punisht be, or
spilt.

VIII.

"Have ye not heard what holy Scripture
says,
Indited with the mouth of God Almighty:
Of his own deed ilk man shall bear the
praise,
As pyne⁹ for sin, reward for workis right;
For my trespass why should my son have
plight?
Who did the miss¹⁰ let him sustain the pain."
"Ya," quoth the wolf, "yet pleyis thou:
again?

IX.

"I let thee wit, when that the father offends,
I will cherish none of his succession;
And of his bairns may weel be tane¹¹ amends
Unto the nynt degree descending down.
Thy father thought to make a strong pus-
sion,¹²

¹ Also.² Threat.³ Angered.⁴ Could for did.⁵ If I broke (?).⁶ Child.⁷ Perverse plea.⁸ Innocent, guiltless.⁹ Pain, punishment.¹⁰ Sin, evil.¹¹ Taken.¹² Poison.

And with his mouth into my water spew."
"Sir," quoth the lamb, "they twa are no-
ways true.

X.

"The law sayis, and ye will understand,
There should no man, for wrong nor
violence,

His adversar punish at his own hand,
Without process of law and evidence;
Quhilk should have leave to make lawful
defence;

And thereupon summons peremptorily
For to propone, contrary, or reply.

XI.

"Set me a lawful court: I shall compear
Before the lion, lord and leal justice;
And, by my hand, I obliiss¹ me right here
That I shall bide ane unsuspect assize.
This is the law; this is the justest wise:²
Ye should proceed therefore, and sum-
mons make

Against that day, to give reason and take."

XII.

"Na," quoth the wolf, "thou would
intruss³ reason,
Where wrong and reif⁴ should dwell in
property.

That is a point and part of false treason,
For to gar reuth⁵ remain with cruelty.
By Goddis woundis, false traitor, thou shall
die

For thy trespass, and for thy father's als."⁶
With that, anon he hint⁷ him by the hals.⁸

XIII.

The silly lamb could do no thing but bleat;
Soon was he dead; the wolf would do no
grace:

Syne drank his blood, and of his flesh
gan eat,

¹ In writing bind.

² Way, process.

³ Intrude.

⁴ Robbery.

⁵ Make pity.

⁶ Also

⁷ Caught.

⁸ Throat.

Till he was full; syne went his way apace.
Of this murthour what shall I say, alas!
Was not this reuth? was not this great
pity?

To gar this silly lamb but¹ guilt thus die?

MORAL.

XIV.

The poor people this lamb may signify,
As mail-men, merchands, and poor
labourers,

Of whom the life is half a purgatory,
To win with lawty² living as effeirs.³
The wolf betokens false extortioners,
And oppressors of poor men, as we see,
By violence, or craft, or subtlety.

XV.

Three kind of wolfis in the world now
rings:⁴

The first are false perverters of the laws,
Quhilk under polite termis falsel mingis,⁵
Lettand⁶ that all were gospel that he
shaws:

But for a bud⁷ the poor man he o'erthraws,
Smoirand⁸ the right, garrand⁹ the wrong
proceed.

Of sic wolfis, hell-fire shall be their meed.

XVI.

Ane other kind of wolfis ravenous
Are mighty men, havand enough plenty;
Quhilk are so greedy and so covetous,
They will not tholl¹⁰ the poor in peace to be,
Suppose he and his household both should
die

For fault¹¹ of food; thereof they give no rack,
But oure his head hismailing¹² they will tak.

¹ Without.

² Loyalty or equity.

³ As is becoming.

⁴ Prevail.

⁵ Falsehood mingles.

⁶ Pretending.

⁷ A bribe.

⁸ Smothering.

⁹ Causing.

¹⁰ Suffer, permit.

¹¹ Want, default.

¹² Farm, rented land.

XVII.

O man! but¹ mercy, what is in thy thought?
Waur² than a wolf, and thou could understand;

Thou has enough; the poor husband³ has nought

But crop and calf,⁴ upon ane clout⁵ of land.

For Goddis awe, how dare thou take on hand,

And thou in barn and byre⁶ so bene⁷ and big,

To put him frae his tack,⁸ and gar him thig?⁹

XVIII.

O man of law! let be thy subtlety,
With gimpis¹⁰ nice, and fraudis intricate,
And think that God in his divinity,
The wrong, the right, of all thy workis wate;¹¹

For prayer, price, for high nor low estate;
Of false quarrel see thou make no defence;
Hold with the right, hurt not thy conscience.

XIX.

The third wolf are men of heritage;
As lordis, that has landis be God's lane,
And sets to the mailleis¹² a village
And forane time grassum¹³ payed and tane,
Syne vexes him or half the term be gane,
With pickèd quarrels, for to make him fain
To flit, or pay this grassum new aga n.

XX.

His horse, his mare, he maun¹⁴ lend to the laird,¹⁵

¹ Without.² Worse.³ Husbandman.⁴ Chaff (?)⁵ Small portion.⁶ Cowhouse.⁷ Well furnished.⁸ Lease.⁹ Make him beg.¹⁰ Quirks, subtleties.¹¹ Know, ascertain.¹² Tenants, rent payers.¹³ Money paid on entering into possession of a farm.¹⁴ Must.¹⁵ Landlord, squire.

To dring¹ and draw, in court² or in carriage;

His servant, or himself, may not be spared,
To swink³ and sweat, withouten meat or wage;

Thus how he stands in labour and bondage,
That scanty may he purchase by his maill,⁴
To live upon dry bread and water kail.⁵

XXI.

Has thou no reuth⁶ to gar thy tennant sweat,

Into thy labour, with faint and hungry wame?⁷

And syne has little good to drink or eat,
With his menyé,⁸ at even when he comes hame;

Thou should be raid⁹ for righteous Goddis blame;

For it cryis vengeance to the heavenis high,

To gar a poor man work, but¹⁰ meat or fee.

XXII.

O thou, great lord, that has riches and rent,
Thou art a wolf thus to devour the poor;
Think, that nothing cruel nor violent
May in this world perpetually endure.

This shall thou throw, and sickerly assure;
For till oppress thou shall have as great pain,

As thou¹¹ the poor had with thy own hand slain.

XXIII.

God keep the lamb, that is, the innocent,
Frae wolvis bite, and men extortioners;
God grant that wrongous men of false intent,

Be manifest, and punisht as effeirs;¹²

¹ Drudge.² In cart (?)³ Labour.⁴ Rented land.⁵ Broth.⁶ Pity, compassion.⁷ Belly.⁸ Family.⁹ Afraid.¹⁰ Without.¹¹ As if thou.¹² As appertains.

And God, as thou all righteous prayer
hears,
Mot save our King, and give him heart
and hand,
All sic wolfis to banish out of the land.

THE PROLOGUE.

I.

Though feigned fables of auld poetry,
Be not all groundèd upon truth, yet than
Their polite terms of sweet rhetoric,
Are right pleasant unto the ear of man ;
And also the cause that they first began,
Was to reprove the hale misliving¹
Of man, by figure of another thing.

II.

In like manner, as through the busteous
erd²
(Sae it be labourèd with great dilligence),
Springis the flowris, and the corn on
breird,³
Wholesome and good to mannis sus-
tenance ;
Sae springis there ane moral sweet
sentence
Out of the subtle dite⁴ of poetry
To good purpose, who could it well apply,

III.

The nuttis shell, though it be hard and
tough,
Holdis the kernel, and is delectable ;
Sae lvis there ane doctrine wise enough
And full of fruit, under ane feigned fable.
And clerkis⁵ sayis, it is right profitable,
Amangis earnest to mingane⁶ merry sport,
To blithe the spirit and gar the time be
short.

¹ Whole misdeeds.

² Rough earth.

³ In blade.

⁴ Diction.

⁵ Authors.

⁶ Mix, mingle.

IV.

For as we see, ane bow that is aye bent,
Worthis unsmart,¹ and dullis on the string
Sae goes the man that is aye delligent
In earnestful thought, and in studying :
With sad² matteris some merryness to ming,
Accordis well, thus Æsop said, I wis,
Dulcius arripent seria picta jocis.³

V.

Of this author, my masteris, with your leave
Submitting me in your correction,
In mother tongue of Latin I would prieve
To make ane manner of translation ;
Not of myself for vain presumption,
But by request, and precept of ane Lord,
Of whom the name it needs not here re-
cord.

VI.

In homely language, and in terms rude,
Me needis write : for why ! of eloquence
Nor rhetoric I never understood ;
Therefore meikle I pray your reverence,
Gif that ye find ought through my negli-
gence,
Be diminute, or yet superfluous,
Correct it at your willis gracious.

VII.

My author in his fables tellis how
That brutal beastis spake and understood,
And to good purpose dispute, and argow,
Ane syllogism propone, and eke conclude ;
Putting example and similitude,
How many men in operation
Are like to beastis in condition.

VIII.

Nae marvel is, ane man be like ane beast
Whilk lovis aye carnal and fowl delight
That shame can not him reinè nor arrest ;
But takis all the lust and appetite,

¹ Becomes, waxed
non-elastic.

² Serious.

³ Take line fifth for
translation.

And that through custom, and the daily
rite
Syne in their minds sae fast is radicate,¹
That they in brutal beastis are trans-
formate.

IX.

This noble clerk, Æsop, as I have told,
In gay metre, as poet laureate,
By figure wrote his book ; for he nought
would
Lack the wisdom of high, nor low estate,
And to begin, first of ane cock he wraite.
Seekand his meat, which found ane jolly
stone,
Of whom the fable ye shall hear anone.

THE COCK AND THE JASP.

I.

Ane cock, sometime with fetheram² fresh
and gay,
Right cant and crouse,³ albeit he was but
poor,
Flew forth upon a dunghill soon by day,
To get his dinner set was all his cure :⁴
Scrapand among the ass,⁵ by adventure,
He found ane jolly jasp right precious,
Was casten forth in sweeping of the house.

II.

As damsellis wanton, and insolent,
That fain would play, and on the street
be seen,
To sweeping of the house they take nae
tent ;⁶
They care naething sae that the floor be
clean :

¹ Rooted.⁴ Care.² Feathers.⁵ Ashes.³ Merry and confident.⁶ Heed, care.

Jewels are tint,⁷ as oft-times has been seen
Upon the floor, and sweepèd forth anone—
Peradventure so was this samen stone.

III.

Sae marvelland upon the stone, quoth he,
"O gentle jasp ! O rich and noble thing ;
Though I thee find, thou gainis nought
for me !
Thou art a jewel for a lord or king ;
Pity it were thou should lie in this midding,⁸
And buried be thus in this muck⁹ and
mould,
And thou so fair, and worth sae meikle¹⁰
gold.

IV.

"It is pity I should thee find, for why,
Thy great virtue, nor yet thy colour clear,
It may me neither extol nor magnify,
And thou to me may make but little cheer.
To great lords though thou be leif¹¹ and dear,
I love far better thing of less avail,
As draff, or corn, to fill my toom¹² entrail.

V.

"I had leiver¹³ have scrapèd with my nails
Amongst this mow,¹⁴ and look my lifis food,
As draff or corn, small wormis or snails,
Or any meat would do my stomach good,
Than of jasps ane meikle¹⁵ multitude.
And thou again upon the samen wise
For thine avail may me as well despise.

VI.

"Thou has no corn, and thereof have I
need ;
Thy colour does but comfort to the sight,
And that is not enough my wame¹⁶ to feed,

⁷ Lost.⁶ Empty.⁸ Dunghill.⁷ Rather.⁹ Mud.⁸ Dust.¹⁰ Much.⁹ Great.¹¹ Loved.¹⁰ Belly, crop.

For wifs says luikand works² are light—
I would have some meat, get it gif I might;
For hungry men may not live on lookis
Had I dry bread, I count nought for nae
cookis.

VII.

"Where should thou make thy habitation?
Where should thou dwell, but in ane royal
tower?
Where should thou sit but on ane kingis
crown,
Exalted in worship and great honour?
Rise, gentle jasp, of all stanis the flower,
Out of this midding, and pass where thou
should be,
Thou gainis nought for me, nor I for thee.

VIII.

Leavand this jewel low upon the ground,
To seek his meat this cock his wayis went;
But when, or how, or whom by it was found,
As now I set to hold no argument;
But of the inward sentence and intent
Of this fable, as mine author does write,
I shall rehearse in rude and homely dite.

THE MORAL.

IX.

This jolly jasp had properties seven:
The first, of colour it was marvellous;
Part like the fire, and part like to the heaven
It makis ane man stark² and victorious;
Preservis als³ frae cases perilous:
Who has this stone, shall have good hope
to speed,
Of fire or water him needs nought to dread.

X.

This gentle jasp right different of hue,
Betokennis perfect prudence and cunning;⁴
Ornate with many deedis of virtue

² Work made for looking at.² Stout.³ Also.⁴ Skill.

More excellent than any earthly thing
Whilk makis men in honour for to ring,⁵
Happy, and stark to win the victory
Of all vices, and spiritual enemy.

XI.

Wha may be hardy, rich, and gracious?
Wha can eschew peril and aventure?
Wha can govern in ane realm, city, or
house,
Without science? over all thing I you
assure,
It is riches that ever shall endure;
Whilk moth nor moist, nor other rust
can freit;⁶
To mannis soul it is eternal meat.

XII.

This cock desirand mair,³ the simple corn
Than any jasp, may till ane fool be peer,
Whilk at science makes but ane mock
and scorn,
And nae good can, as little will be lear;⁴
His heart wamillis wise arguments to hear,
As does ane sow to whom men for the
nones,⁵
In her draff trough would sow the precious
stones.

XIII.

Wha is enemy to science and cunning,
But ignorants that understandis nought?
Whilk is so noble, so precious, and so ding,⁶
That it may not with erdly⁷ thing be
bought.
Weel were that man o'er all other that
mocht
All his life days in perfite study wair,⁸
To get science; for him needs nae mair.

XIV.

But now, alas! science is tint⁹ and hid;
We seek it not nor prize it for to find;
Have we riches, nae better life we bid,

² Resound.⁴ Learn.⁷ Earthly.³ Decay.⁵ The occasion.⁸ Wear.³ More.⁶ Worthy.⁹ Lost.

Of science though the soul be bare and blind.

Of this matter to speak, I wear but wind ;
Therefore I cease, and will no further say,
Gae seek the jasp who will, for there it lay.

THE DOG, WOLF, AND SHEEP.

[LORD HAILES says this fable "contains the *form of process* before the ancient ecclesiastical courts."]

I.

Æsop a tale puttis in memory,
How that a Dog, because that he was poor,
Called a Sheep to the consistory,
A certain bread¹ of him for to recure.*
A fruitful Wolf was judge that time, and bure
Authority and jurisdiction ;
And on the sheep sent forth a strait summoun.

II.

For by the use and course of common style,
On this manner made his citation :
"I, Master Wolf, pairtless³ of fraud or guile,
Under the painis of high suspension,
And great cursing and malediction,
Sir Sheep I charge you straightly to compare,
And answer till a Dog before me here."

III.

Sir Corby Raven was made apparitour,⁴
Wha pickèd had full many sheepis ee ;
The charge has tane, and on the letters bure,

¹ A stated meal.

* Recover.

³ Free from.

⁴ Prosecutor.

Summoned the Sheep before the Wolf,
that he

Peremptorly, within two days or three,
Compear under the painis in this bill,
And hear what Perry Dog will say thee till.

IV.

This summons made before witness enew,⁵
The Raven as till his office well affeird,⁶
Endorsèd has the writ, and on he flew :
The silly Sheep durst lay no mouth on erd,
Till she before that awful judge appeared,
By hour of cause whilk that court usèd than,
When Hesperus to show his face began.³

V.

The Fox was clerk and notar in that cause :
The Gled,⁴ the Graip⁵ up at the bar couth stand
As advocates expert into the laws,
The Dogis plea together took on hand,
Whilk were confederate straitly in ane band,
Agane⁶ the Sheep to procure the sentence;
Though it were false, they have no conscience.

VI.

The clerk callèd the Sheep, and he was there ;
The advocates on this wise couth propone:
"A certain bread, worth five shillings or mair,
Thou owes this Dog, of whilk the term is gone."
Of his ain head,⁷ but⁸ advocate alone,
The Sheep avisitly gave answer in the case:
"Here I decline the judge, the time, and place.

¹ Enough.

² Belonged.

³ After sunset.

⁴ The hawk.

⁵ The vulture.

⁶ Against.

⁷ His own judgment.

⁸ Without.

VII.

" This is my cause in motive and effect :
The law says, it is right perilous
Till enter in plea before a judge suspect ;
And ye, Sir Wolf, has been right odious
To me, for with your tuskis ravenous,
Has slain full many kinismen of mine ;
Therefore, as judge suspect, I you decline.

VIII.

" And shortly, of this court the members
all,

Both assessoris, clerk, and advocate,
To me and mine are enemies mortal,
And ay has been, as many shepherd wate :
The place is far, the time, is feriate,¹
Wherefore no judge should sit in consi-
tory,
So late at even ; I you accuse forthy." ²

IX.

When that the judge on this wise was
accused,
He bad the parties choose, with one assent,
Two arbitours, as in the law is used,
For to declare and give arbitrement,
Whither the Sheep should answer in
judgment
Before the Wolf : and so they did but weir,
Of whom the namis after ye shall hear.

X.

The Beir, the Brok,³ the matter took on
hand
For to decide, gif this exception
Was of nae strength, nor lawfully might
stand :
And thereupon, as judges, they sat down,
And held a long while disputation,
Seekand full many decrettis of the law,
And glossis als, the verity to know.⁴

¹ Holiday time.³ The bear and badger.² For this reason.⁴ Truth to know.

XI.

Of Civil many volumes they revolve,
The codis and digestis new and old ;
Contra and *pro* strait argumentis they re-
solve,
Some ae doctrine, and some another hold ;
For prayer, or praise, trow ye, they would
fold,
But held the gloss and text of the decrees,
As trew judges ; I beschrew them that lies.

XII.

Shortly, to make an end of this debate,
The arbitoris, than swearand full plain,
The sentence gave, and process fulminate.
The Sheep should pass before the Wolf
again,
And end his plea : then was he nothing fain ;
For frae their sentence could he not appeal ;¹
On clerkis I do it, gif this sentence was leal.²

XIII.

The Sheep again before the Wolf deren-
yeit,³
But⁴ advocate, abaishedly couth⁵ stand.
Up rose the Dog, and on the Sheep thus
plainèd ;
" Ane sum I payèd have before the hand
For certain bread ; thereto a borrow⁶ he
fand,
That wrongously the Sheep held frae him
bread,
Whilk he denyèd ; and there began the
plead."

XIV.

And when the Sheep this strife had con-
testait,
The judge into the cause forth gan pro-
ceed :

¹ There is no appeal ³ Accused, arraigned.
from the judgment ⁴ Without.
of arbiters. ⁵ Could for did.² Meaning obscure. ⁶ A pledge.

Lawrence² the actis and the process wrait,
And soon the plea unto the end they speed.
This cursèd court corrupted all for meid,
Agains² good faith, law, and eke conscience;
For this false Dog pronounced the sentence.

XV.

And it to put in execution,
The Wolf chargèd the Sheep, without delay,
Under the pain of interdiction,
The sum of silver, or the bread to pay.
Of this sentence, alas! what shall I say?
Whilk damned has the silly innocent,
And justified the wrongous judgment.

XVI.

The Sheep dreadand³ more persecution,
Obeyed the sentence; and couth⁴ tak
His way unto ane merchant in the town,
And sold the fleece that he bore on his back;
Syne bought the bread, and to the dog
couth mak
Ready payment, as it commanded was;
Naked and bare syne to the field couth
pass.

MORAL.

XVII.

This silly Sheep may present the figure
Of poor commons, that daily are opprest
By tyrant men, that settis all their cure,
With false meanis, to make a wrong conquest,

In hope this present life shall ever lest:
But all beguiled, they will in short time
end,

And after death to lastand⁵ painis wend.

XVIII.

This Wolf I liken to ane sheriff stout,
Whilk buyis ane forfait⁶ at the kingis hand,

¹ The fox has, for unknown reasons, been long called Tod-Lawry in Scotland.

² Against.

³ Fearing.

⁴ Could for did.

⁵ Lasting.

⁶ Forfeiture.

And has with him ane cursèd assize about,
And dytis² all the poor men uponland.³
Fra³ the coroner have laid on him his wand;⁴
Though he were true as ever was Sanct
Johne,
Slain shall he be, or with the judge com-
pone.⁵

XIX.

This Raven I liken to ane false coroner,
Whilk has ane porteous⁶ of the indictment,
And passes forth before the justice air,
All misdoeris to bring till judgement:
But look gif he was of ane trew intent,
To scrape out *John*, and write in *Will* or
Wat.

And so ane bud⁷ at both the parties tak.

XX.

Of this false *Tod*,⁸ of whilk I spake before,
And of this *Gled*, what they might signify,
Of their nature, as now I speak no more
But of the Sheep, and of his careful⁹ cry,
I shall rehearse: for as I passèd by
Where that he lay, on case I lookèd down
And heard him make sair lamentation.

XXI.

"Alas!" quoth he, "this cursèd consistory
In middis of the winter it is made,
When Boreas, with blastis bitterly
And hard frostis, the flowris down can fade
On bankis bare now may I mak nae baid;¹⁰
And with that word into ane coif he crap.
Frae sair weather and frostis him to hap."¹¹

XXII.

Quakand for cold, sair murnand¹² as
among,
Cast up his ee unto the heavens height,

¹ Indicts.

² Countrymen, landward-
men.

³ From the time.

⁴ Rod.

⁵ Compound.

⁶ Roll of persons accused.

⁷ Bribe.

⁸ The fox.

⁹ Full of care,
sorrowful.

¹⁰ Abode.

¹¹ Wrap him up.

¹² Mourning.

And said, "Lord God, why sleepis thou
so long?
Wake and discern my cause, grounded
in right;
Look how I am, by fraud, maistry, and
slight,
Peelèd full bare; and so is many one
Now in this world, right wonder wo-begone,

XXIII.

"See how this cursèd sin of covetice,
Exilèd has both love, lawty,¹ and law;
Now few or nane will execute justice;
In fault of whom the poor man is o'erthrow
The verity suppose the judge it knaw,
He is so blinded with affection,
But dread, for might he lettis the right go
down.

XXIV.

"Sees thou not, Lord, this world o'erturnèd
is,
As who would change good gold in lead
or tin;
The poor is peelèd, the lord may do no
miss;²
And simony is holden for no sin:
Now is he blithe with okker³ most may win,
Gentrice⁴ is slain, and piety is ago;⁵
Alas! good Lord, why tholis⁶ thou it so?"

XXV.

Thou tholis this, even for our great offence,
Thou sendis us trouble and plaguès sore,
Ashunger, dearth, great war, and pestilence;
But few amendis now their life therefor
We, poor people, as now may do no more
But pray to Thee, sen that we are opprest
Into this earth, grant us in heaven good
rest.

¹ Loyalty.² Wrong.³ Usury.⁴ Honour.⁵ Gone away.⁶ Suffers, endures.THE UPLAND MOUSE AND
BURGESS MOUSE.

I.

Æsop, mine author, makis mentiou
Of twa miceis and they were sisters dear;
Of whom the elder dwelt in borrows town:
The younger winnèd uponland¹ well near
Right solitar; while under busk and breir,²
Whiles in the corn, in other menis skaith,³
As outlawis does that livis on their waith.⁴

II.

The rural Mouse into the winter tide
Had hunger, cauld, and tholit⁶ great dis-
tress;
The tother Mouse that in the burgh can
bide,
Was gild-brother, and made ane free
burgess.
Toll-free also, but custom,⁷ mair or less,
And freedom had to gae where ere she list
Among the cheese and meal, in ark and kist.

III.

Ane time when she was full, and unfoot
sare,⁸
She took in mind her sister uponland,
And longèd for to hear of her welfare,
And see what life she led under the wand:⁹
Barefoot, alone with pikestaff in her hand,
As poor pilgrim, she passèd out of town,
To seek her sister, both o'er dale and down.

IV.

Through many wilsum¹⁰ ways couth she
walk,
Through mure and moss, through bankis,
bush, and brier,

¹ Burgh town.² Dwelt inland.³ Bush and briar.⁴ Harm.⁵ What chance brings
them.⁶ Endured.⁷ Having no burgh
dues to pay.⁸ Whole footed.⁹ In subjection.¹⁰ Lonely, wild.

She ran cryand till she came to a balk,¹
 "Come forth to me, my awin sister dear!
 Cry peep anes"²—with that the mouse
 couth hear,

And knew her voice, as kinisman will do
 By very kind; and forth she came her to.

V.

Their heartly cheer, Lord God! gif ye had
 seen,
 Was kithit when that thir³ two sisters met,
 And great kindness was showin them
 between;

For whiles they leuch,⁴ and whiles for joy
 they gret;⁵

Whiles kissit sweet, and whiles in armis
 plet.⁶

And thus they fure, till sobert was their
 mood,

Syne foot for foot unto the chalmer yud.,

VI.

As I heard say, it was a simple wane
 Of fog and fern, full feebly was it made,
 A silly scheill⁸ under a steadfast stane,
 Of whilk the entry was not high nor braid;
 And in the same they went but mair abaid,⁹
 Withouten fire or candle burnand bright,
 For commonly sic pickers likes not light.

VII.

When they were lodgit thus, thir silly mice,
 The youngest sister until her buttrie yeid,¹⁰
 Brought forth nuttis, and peas, instead of
 spice

Gif this was good fare, I do it on them
 beside,

The burgess Mouse prompted forthin pride,

¹ An unploughed strip of land.

² Once

³ These.

⁴ Laughed.

⁵ Cried, wept.

⁶ Embraced.

⁷ Unto the chamber went.

⁸ Slender shed.

⁹ Without more delay.

¹⁰ Pantry went.

And said, "Sister, is this your daily food?"
 "Why not," quod she: "is not this meat
 right good?"

VIII.

"No, by my soul, I think it but ane scorn;"
 "Madam," quoth she, "ye be the mair to
 blame;

My mother said, sister, when we were born,
 That ye and I lay both within ane wame;¹
 I keep the right auld custom of my dame,
 And of my sire living in poverty,
 For landis have we none in property.

IX.

"My fair sister," quoth she, "have me ex-
 cused,

This rude diet and I cannot accord;
 With tender meat my stomach aye is used;
 For why, I fare as well as any lord.

Thir withered peas and nuts, or² they be
 bored,

Will break my teeth, and make my wame
 full slender,

Whilk was before used to meatis tender."

X.

"Weel, weel, sister," quoth the rural
 Mouse,

"Gif it please you sic things as ye see here,
 Both meat and drink, and harbery and
 house,

Shall be your awin, will ye remain all year,
 Ye shall it have with blithe and merry
 cheer;

And that should make the messes that are
 rude,

Among friends right tender, and wonder
 good.

XI.

"What pleasure is in feastis delicate,
 The whilkare given with a gloomand brow;
 A gentle heart is better recreate
 With blithe courage than see the to him a
 cow;

¹ The same womb

² For before.

Ane *modicum* is better, yeill¹ allow,
Sae that goodwill be carver at the dais,²
Than thrawin vult,³ and many spiced mess."

XII.

For all her merry exhortation,
The burgess Mouse had little will to sing,
But heavily she cast her visage down,
For all the dainties she could till her bring;
Yet at the last she said, half in hething,⁴
"Sister, this victual and your royal feast
May weel suffice unto ane rural beast.

XIII.

"Let be this hole, and come into my place,
I shall you show, by good experience,
My Good Friday is better nor your Pace,⁵
My dish washings is worth your hale ex-
pense;
I have houses enow of great defence,
Of cat, nor of fall trap, I have nae dread."
"I grant," quoth she, and on together
they yied.⁶

XIV.

In stubble array through rankest grass and
corn,
And under bushes privily couth they
creep;
The eldest was the guide, and went befor,
The younger to her wayis took good keep;⁷
On night they ran, and on the day can
sleep,
Till in the morning, or the laverock sang,
They found the town, and in blithely couth
gang.⁸

XV.

Not far frae thyne,⁹ unto ane worthy wane,¹⁰
This burgess brought them soon where
they should be.

¹ Ye will.² The head of the
table.³ Displeased counten-
ance.⁴ Scorn, jest.⁵ Easter feast.⁶ Went.⁷ Heed.⁸ Did go.⁹ From thence.¹⁰ Dwelling-house.

Without God-speed their harbery¹ was
tane,

Intill a spence,² with victual great plenty,
Both cheese and butter upon shelves high,
With fish and flesh enough, both fresh
and salt,

And sackis full of meal and eke of malt.

XVI.

After, when they disposed were to dine,
Withouten grace they wash and went to
meat,

With every course that cookis could devine,
Mutton and beaf strikin in tailzies³ great;
And lordis fair thus couth they counterfeit,
Except ane thing—they drank the water
clear

Instead of wine, but yet they made good
cheer.

XVII.

With blitheupcast and merry countenance,
The elder sister speired⁴ at her guest,
Gif that she by reason found difference
Betwixt that chalmers⁵ and her forry nest.
"Yea, dame," quoth she; "but how long
will this lest?"

"For evermair I wate,⁶ and longer too,
Gif that be true ye are at ease," quoth scho.⁷

XVIII.

To eke their cheer, in subcharge⁸ forth
she brought

A plate of grots,⁹ and ane dish full of meal.
Thra¹⁰ cakes als, I trow, she spared not,
Abundantly about her for to deal;

And mane¹¹ full fine she brought instead of
geil,¹²

¹ Lodging.² Larder.³ Cut in slices.⁴ Inquired.⁵ Chamber.⁶ Believe, know.⁷ She.⁸ Second course.⁹ Milled oats.¹⁰ Made of wheat.¹¹ Milk and egg cake.¹² Jelly.

A white candle out of ane coffer stall,¹
Instead of spice, to gust their mouth with-
all.

XIX.

Thus made they merry, while they might
nae mair,
And, "Hail yule! hail!" they cried upon
high;
Yet after joy oft-timis comis care,
And trouble after great prosperity:
Thus as they sat in all their jollity,
The spenser² came with keyis in his hand,
Opened the door, and them at dinner fand.³

XX.

They tarried not to wash, as I suppose,
But on to gae, wha that might foremost
win;
The burgess had ane hole, and in she goes,
Her sister had nae hole to hide her in;
To see that silly Mouse it was great sin,
So desolate and will of ane good reid,⁴
For very fear she fell in swoon, near dead.

XXI.

But as God would, it fell a happy case,
The spenser had nae leisure for to bide,
Nouthir⁵ to seek nor search, to scare nor
chase,
But on he went, and left the door upwide.
The bold burgess his passing weel has
spied,
Out of her hole she came, and cried on
high,
"How, fair sister! crypeip, where'er ye be?"

XXII.

The rural Mouse lay flatling on the ground,
And for the death she was full sair dread-
and,⁶
For till her heart struck many woful stound,
As in a fever she trembled foot and hand;

¹ Stole.² Butler.³ Found.⁴ Without resource.⁵ Neither.⁶ Sore afraid.

And when her sister in sic plight her fand,
For very pity she began to greet;⁷
Synecomfort her with wordis honey sweet.

XXIII.

"Why lie ye thus?" rise up, my sister dear,
Come to your meat, this peril is o'erpast."
The other answered her with heavy cheer,
"I may not eat, sae sair I am aghast:
I had levir⁸ thir forty dayis fast,
With water kail,⁹ or gnaw beanis or peas,
Than all your feast in this dread and
disease."

XXIV.

With fair treaty, yet she gert⁴ her uprise;
To the board they went and together sat;
And scantly had they drunken anes or
twice,
When in come Gib-Hunter, our jolly cat,
And bad God-speid. The burgess up
with that,
And till her hole she fled as fire off flint;
Badrons⁵ the other by the back has hint.⁶

XXV.

Frae foot to foot he cast her to and frae,
While up, while down, as cant⁷ as any kid;
While would he let her run under the strae,⁸
While would he wink and play with her,
buk-hid:⁹
Thus to the silly Mouse great pain he did;
While at the last, through fortune good
and hap,
Betwixt ane board and the wall she crap.

XXVI.

Syne up in haste behind the panelling,
She clamb sae high, that Gilbert might not
get her,

⁷ Cry, weep.⁸ Rather.⁹ Broth made without
meat.⁴ She made.⁵ The cat.⁶ Caught.⁷ Merrily.⁸ Straw.⁹ Hide-and-seek.

Syne by the cluks¹ there craftily can hing,
Till he was gane, her cheer was all the
better.

Syne down she lap, when there was nane
to let² her.

And to the burgess Mouse loud gan she
cry,

"Farewell, sister, thy feast here I defy!"

XXVII.

"Thy mangery is myngit³ all with care,
Thy goose is good, thy gansell⁴ sour as gall;"
The subcharge of thy service is but sair,
So shall thou find here afterward may fall.
I thank yon courtain, and yon perpall⁵
wall,

Of my defence now frae yon cruel beast;
Almighty God, keep me frae sic a feast.

XXVIII.

"Were I into the kith⁶ that I come frae,
For weal nor woe I should never come
again."

With that she took her leave, and forth
can gae,⁷

Whiles through the corn, whilis through
the plain,

When she was forth and free, she was
full fain,

And merrily merkit⁸ unto the mure,

I cannot tell how afterward she fure.⁹

XXIX.

But I heard say she passed to her den,
As warm as wool, suppose it was not great,
Full beinly stuffed¹⁰ was both but and ben,¹¹
With beans and nuts, peas, rye, and wheat,
Whene'er she list she had enough to eat,
In quiet and ease, withouten any dread,
But to her sister's feast nae mair she yeid.¹²

¹ Claws.⁸ Hastened.² Hinder.⁹ Fared.³ Feast is mingled.¹⁰ Comfortably well⁴ Sauce.

stocked.

⁵ Partition.¹¹ Inner and outer⁶ Country, land.

rooms.

⁷ Did go.¹² Went.

MORAL.

XXX.

Friendis, ye may find, and ye will tak heed,
Into this fable a good morality.

As fitchis myngit¹ are, with noble seed,
So intermelled² is adversity

With erdly³ joy; so that no state is free

Without trouble and some vexation;

And namely they that climbis up most high,

That are not content with small possession.

XXXI.

Blessed be simple life, withouten dread;

Blessed be sober feast in quietie;

Wha has enough, of no more has he need,

Though it be little into quantity.

Great abundance, and blind prosperity,

Of times makes ane evil conclusion;

The sweetest life, therefore, in this country,

Is of sickness, with small possession.

XXXII.

O wanton man! that usis for to feed

Thy wame,⁵ and makis it ane god to be,

Look to thyself, I warn thee weel, but dread⁶

The Cat cummis, and to the Mouse has ee,

What vailis then thy feast and royalty,

With dreadful heart and tribulation?

Therefore best thing in erd,⁷ I say, for thee,

Is bithness in heart, with small possession.

XXXIII.

Thy ain fire, my friend, sae it be but ane
gleid,⁷

It warmis well, and is worth gold to thee:

And Solomon sayis, gif that thou will read:

"Under the heaven it cannot better be,

Than aye be blithe and live in honesty;"

Wherefore I may conclude, by this reason,

Of earthly joy it bearis most degree,

Blitheness in heart, with small possession.

¹ Vetches mingled.⁵ Womb, belly.² Allied.⁶ Without doubt.³ Earthly.⁷ On earth.⁴ Security.⁸ Spark, a small fire.

TALE OF THE PADDOCK AND THE MOUSE.

I.

Upon a time, as Æsop could report,
A little Mouse came till a river side;
She might not wade, her shankis were sae
short;

She could not swim, she had nae horse to
ride:

Of very force behovèd her to bide;
And to and fro beside that river deep
She ran, cryand with many piteous peep.

II.

"Help oure,¹ help oure," this silly Mouse
gan cry,
"For Goddis love, some body oure this
bryme."

With that a Paddock in the water by
Put up her head, and on the bank gan
climb;

Which by nature could dook,² and gaily
swim.

With voice full rauk,³ she said on this
manner:

"Good morn, Sir Mouse, what is your
errand here?"

III.

"Sees thou," quoth she, "of corn yon
jolly flat

Of ripe aits,⁴ of barley, pease, and wheat;
I am hungry, and fain would be thereat,

But I am stoppèd by this water great;
And on this side I get nae thing to eat,

But hard nuts whilkis⁵ with my teeth I bore:
Were I beyond, my feast were far the more.

IV.

"I have no boat, here is no mariners,
And though there were, I have no fraught⁶
to pay."

Quod she, "Sister, let be your heavy cheer;
Do my counsel, and I shall find the way
Withouten horse, bridge, boat, or yet
gallay,

To bring you oure safely—be not affeard!
And not wetand the campis⁷ of your
beard."

V.

"I have great wonder," quoth the silly
Mouse,

"How can thou float without feather or fin?
This river is so deep and dangerous,
Methink that thou should drownèd be
therein.

Tell me, therefore, what faculty or gin
Thou has to bring thee oure this water?"

Then

Thus to declare the Paddock soon began.

VI.

"With my two feet," quod she, "lukkan
and braid,⁸

Instead of oars, I row the stream full still;
And though the brime be perilous to wade,
Both to and fro I row at my ain will.

I may not drown, for why?—my open gill
Devoidis aye the water I receive:

Therefore to drupn forsooth no dread I
have."

VII.

The Mouse beheld into her fronsit⁴ face,
Her runklèd cheekis, and her lippis syde;⁵
Her hanging browis, and her voice sae
hace;⁶

Her loggerand⁷ leggis, and her harsky hide,⁸
She ran aback, and to the Paddock cried:

"If I have any skill of phisnomy,⁹

Thou has some part of falset¹⁰ and envy.

¹ The points.

⁶ Hoarse.

² Contrivance.

⁷ Sprawling.

³ Webbed and broad.

⁸ Harsh, rough.

⁴ Wrinkled.

⁹ Physiognomy.

⁵ Hanging low.

¹⁰ Falsehood, deception.

¹ Owe.

³ Hoarse.

⁵ Which.

² Dive.

⁴ Oats.

⁶ Freight.

VIII.

"Før clerkis sayis the inclination
Of mannis thought proceedis commonly
After the corporal complexion
To good or evil, as nature will apply :
Ane thrawart vult,¹ ane thrawart phisnomy.
The auld proverb is witness of this : Lorum
Distortum vultum, sequitur distortio
morum."²

IX.

"Nae," quoth the Toad, "that proverb is
not true ;
For fair things oft-times are fund in faikyn.³
The blaе-berries, though they be sad of
hue,
Are gathered up when primrose is for-
saken ;
The face may fail to be the heartis taken.
Therefore I find this scripture in all place :
Thou should not judge a man after his face.

X.

"Though I unhalosome⁴ be to look upon,
I have no cause why I should lakkit⁵ be ;
Were I as fair as jolly Absolon,
I am nae causer of that great beauty.
This difference in form and quality
Almighty God has causèd dame Nature
To prent, and set in every creature.

XI.

"Of some the face may be full flourishing,
Of silken tongue, and cheer right amorous ;
With mind inconstant, false, and varying,
Full of deceit, and meanis cautelous."⁶
"Let be thy peaching," quoth the hungry
Mouse ;
"And by what-craft thou gar⁷ me under-
stand
That thou would guide me to yon yonder
land ?"

¹ Distorted countenance.⁴ Unpleasant.² Distorted morals follow a
distorted face.⁵ Reproached.³ Found valueless.⁶ Cunning wily.
⁷ Make.

XII.

"Thou wait,"⁸ quoth she, "a body that
has need,
To help themself should many ways cast :
Therefore go take a double twined thread,
And bind thy leg to mine with knottis fast ;
I shall thee learn to swim—be not aghast !
As well as I." "As thou," then quoth
the Mouse,
"To prove that play it were right perilous.

XIII.

"Should I be bound and fast where I am
free,
In hope of help, nae then I schrew us baith ;
For I might lose both life and liberty.
If it were so, who should amend the skaith ?
But if thou swear to me the murthour aith,⁹
But³ fraud or guile, to bring me oure this
flude,⁴
But hurt or harm." "In faith," quoth she,
"I dude."⁵

XIV.

She goikit⁶ up, and to the heaven gancry :
"O Jupiter ! of Nature god and king,
I make an oath truly to thee, that I
This little Mouse shall oure this water
bring."
This oath was made, the Mouse but⁷ per-
ceiving
The false ingyne⁸ of this foul trappald
Taid,⁹
Took thread and bound her leg, as she
her baid.

XV.

Then foot for foot they lap into the brym
But in their minds¹⁰ they were right different :
The Mouse thought of nothing but for to
swim,

⁸ Knows.⁶ Looked squintingly.⁹ The murder oath.⁷ Without.³ Without.⁸ Design.⁴ Flood.⁹ Deceitful toad.⁵ Do it.¹⁰ Designs, intentions.

The Paddock for to drown set her intent.
When they in midway of the stream were
went,

With all her force the Paddock pressed
down,
And thought the Mouse without mercy to
drown.

XVI.

Perceiving this, the Mouse on her gan cry,
"Traitor to God, and mansworn unto me,
Thou swore the murthour oath right now,
that I
But¹ hurt or harm should ferried be and
free;"

And when she saw there was but do or die,
With all her might she forcèd her to swim,
And pressed upon the Toaddis back to
climb.

XVII.

The dread of death her strengthis gart²
increase,
And forcèd her defend with might and
main.

The Mouse upward, the Paddock down
gan press;

While to, while fro, while dookit³ upagain,
This silly Mouse plunged in to great pain,
Gan fight as long as breath was in her
breast;

Till at the last she crièd for a priest.

XVIII.

Fechtand thusgait⁴ the Gled sat on a twist,⁵
And to this wretched battle took good
heed;

And with ane wisk,⁶ or any of them wist,
He claught his cluke⁷ betwixt them in the
thread,

Syne⁸ to the land he flew with them good
speed,

¹ Without.² Caused to.³ Dived.⁴ Fighting this way.⁵ Hawk sat on a branch.⁶ Sweep.⁷ Clutched his claw.⁸ Then.

Fain of that fang,⁹ py pand with mony pew:
Syne loosèd them, and both but¹⁰ pity slew.

XIX.

Syne bowellèd them, that boucheour,¹¹ with
his bill,

And belliflaucht¹² full fettillie¹³ them
flayed;

But all their flesh would scant be half ane
fill,

And guttis als, unto that greedy Glaid.
Of their debate, thus when I heard outraid,¹⁴

He took his flight, and oure the fieldis
flaw:¹⁵

If this be true, speir¹⁶ ye at them that saw.

THE MORAL.

XX.

Mybrother, gif thou will take advertence,¹⁷

By this fable, thou may perceive and see

It passes for all kind of pestilence,

Ane wicked mind with wordis fair and slee.

Beware, therefore, with whom thou fellows
thee:

To thee were better bear the stane barrow,

For all thy days to delve while thou may
dree,¹⁸

Than to be matchèd with ane wicked
marrow.¹⁹

XXI.

A false intent under a fair presence,
Has caused many innocent for to dee;

Great folly is to give ower soon credence,
To all that speakis fairly unto thee.

A silken tongue, a heart of cruelty,

Smitis more sore than any shot of arrow.

Brother if thou be wise, I reid²⁰ thee flee,

Than match thee with a thrawart feignèd
marrow.

¹ Hold, booty.² Without.³ Butcher.⁴ Violently (?)⁵ Keenly.⁶ Settled.⁷ Flew.⁸ Ask.⁹ Warning.¹⁰ Endure.¹¹ Mate.¹² Advise.

XXII.

I warn thee als,¹ it is great negligence
To bind thee fast where thou was frank
and free ;
Frae² thou be bound, thou may make no
defence
To save thy life nor yet thy liberty.
This simple counsel, brother, take of me,
And it to con perqueir³ see thou not tarrow:
Better but⁴ strife to live alone in lee,⁵
Than to be matchèd with ane wicked
marrow.

XXIII.

This hold in mind, right more I shall thee
tell,
Whereby thir beastis may be figurate.
The paddock usand in the flood to dwell,
Is mannis body, swimand air and late
Into this world, with caris implicate ;
Now high, now low, whiles plungèd up,
whiles down ;
Aye in peril, and ready for to drown.

XXIV.

Now dolorous, now blithe as bird on brier ;
Now in freedom, now wappèd⁶ in distress ;
Now hale and sound, now dead and brought
on bier ;
Now poor as Job, now rowand⁷ in riches ;
Now gownis gay, now brattis laid in pres ;⁸
Now full as fish, now hungry as a hound ;
Now on the wheel, now wrappèd to the
ground.

XXV.

This little Mouse here knit thus by the
schyn,⁹
The soul of man betoken may indeed ;
Bounden and frae the body may not win,
Till cruel death come break of life the
thread,

¹ Also.² From the time.³ By heart.⁴ Without.⁵ Peace.⁶ Plunged.⁷ Rolling.⁸ Clothes pawned; (?) *brast*,
forced away.—Douglas.⁹ *Schyn*, thread.

The which to drown should ever stand in
dread,
Of carnal lust, by the suggestion
Which drawis aye the soul, and draggis
down.

XXVI.

The water is the world aye welterand
With many wail of tribulation ;
In which the soul and body were steerand,
Standand right different in their opinion :
The soul upward, the body presses down ;
The soul right fain would be brought over
I wis,
Out of this world unto the heavenis bliss.

XXVII.

The gled is death that comis suddenly,
As does ane theif, and endis soon the
battle,
Be vigilant, therefore, and aye ready,
For man's life is briukle¹ and aye mortal ;
My friend, therefore, make thee ane strong
castle
Of faith in Christ; for death will thee assay
Thou wait not when—even, morrow, or
mid-day.

XXVIII.

Adieu! my friend, and gif that any speirs²
Of this fable so shortly I conclude,
Say thou, I left the lave³ unto the Friers,
To make example and similitude.
Now Christ for us that dièd on the rood,
Of soul and life, as thou art saviour,
Grant us to pass intill ane blessed hour.

THE PREACHING OF THE
SWALLOW.

I.

The high prudence, and working marvel-
lous,
The profound wit of God Omnipotent,
Is so perfect and so ingenious,

¹ Brittle.² Asks.³ Rest, remainder.

Excelland far all mannis judgément.
For why? to Him all thing is aye present,
Right as it is, or onytime shall be,
Before the sight of his divinity.

II.

Therefore our soul with sensuality
So fettered is in prison corporal,
We may not clearly understand, nor see
God as he is, nor things celestial.
Our mirk and deadly corps material,
Blindis the spiritual operation,
Like as ane man were bounden in prison.

III.

In metaphysic Aristotle sayis
That mannis soul is like ane bakkis ee,¹
Which lurkis still as long as light of day is,
And in the gloaming² comès forth to flee;
Hereyne are weak, the sun she may not see:
So is our soul with fantasy opprest
To know the things in nature manifest.

IV.

For God is in his power infinite,
And mannis soul is feeble and our small
Of understanding, weak and unperfite,
To comprehend Him that contains all,
None should presume by reason natural
To search the secrets of the Trinity,
But trow firmly, and let dark reasons be.

V.

Yet nevertheless we may have knowledging
Of God Almighty, by his creaturis,
That he is good, fair, wise, and benign,
Example takis by thir jolly flowers,
Rightsweet of smell and pleasant of colours,
Some green, some blue, some purple,
white, and red,
Thus distribute by gift of his Godhead.

VI.

The firmament painted with sternis³ clear,
From east to west rolland in circle round,

¹ A bat's eye.² Twilight.³ Stars.

And everilk⁴ planet, in his proper sphere,
In moving makand harmony and sound.
The fire, the air, the water, and the ground,
Till understand it is enough, I wis,
That God in all his workis witty⁵ is.

VII.

Look well the fish that swimmis in the sea;
Look well in earth all kind of beastial;
The fowlis fair sae forctly³ they flee,
Sheddand the air with pennis great and
small;
Synelook to man that God made last of all,
Like to his image and his similitude;
By thir we know that God is fair and good.

VIII.

All creaturis He made for the behoof
Of man, and till his supportation,
Into this earth both under and above
In number, weight, and due proportion;
The difference of time, and ilk season,
Concordant till our opportunity,
As daily by experience we may see.

IX.

The Summer with his jolly mantle of green,
With flowers fair furred on everilk fent,⁴
Whilk Flora, goddess of the flowris queen,
Has to that lord, as for his season lent;
And Phoebus with his golden beamis gent,⁵
Has purfellit,⁶ and painted pleasantly
With heat and moisture, stealand from the
sky.

X.

Syne Harvest hot, when Ceres that goddess,
Her barnis beinit⁷ has with abundance;
And Bacchus, god of wine renewèd has
The toom⁸ pipes in Italy and France,
With winis wight, and liquor of pleasance,

¹ Each.⁵ Beautiful.² Wise.⁶ Embroidered.³ Swiftly.⁷ Stored.⁴ Ridge or furrow (?)⁸ Empty.

And Copia temporis to fill her horn,
That never was full of wheat, nor other
corn.

XI.

Syne Winter wan, when austern Eolus,
God of the wind, with blastis boreal,
The green garment of Summer glorious
Has all to rent and riven in pieces small;
Then flowris fair, faded with frost maun
fall,
And birdis blithe changèd their notis sweet
In still murning, near slain with snow and
sleet.

XII.

Thir dailis deep with dubbis¹ drownèd is,
Both hill and holt heillit with frostis hair;²
And bewis bene³ are laiffit⁴ bare of bliss
By wicked windis of the winter wair.
All wild beastis then from the bentis⁵ bare
Drawis for dread into their dennis deep,
Couchand for cold in coiffis⁶ them to keep.

XIII.

Syne comis Ver, when Winter is away,
The secretar of Summer, with his seal,
When columbine up keekis⁷ through the
clay,
Whilk fleyit⁸ was before with frostis fell.
The mavis and the merle begins to mell;
The lark on loft¹⁰ with other birdis small
Then drawis forth frae derne,¹¹ oure down
and dale.

XIV.

That samen season, into ane soft morning,
Right blithe that bitter blastis were ago,
Unto the wood to see the flowris spring,

- ¹ Water pools.
² Hill and forest are
covered with hoar
frost.
³ Pleasant boughs.
⁴ Left or stripped of
their leaves.
⁵ Unsheltered heaths.

- ⁶ Caves.
⁷ The snowdrop or
crocus peeps.
⁸ Put to flight, fright-
ened.
⁹ To pair.
¹⁰ On high.
¹¹ Secret retreats.

And hear the mavis sing, and birdis mo,
I passèd forth, syne lookèd to and fro,
To see the soil that was right seasonable
Sappy, and to receive all seedis able.

XV.

Moving thus gait,¹ great mirth, I took in
mind
Of laboureris to see the business;
Some makand dyke, and some the plough
can wynd,
Some sawand seedis fast from place to
place,
The harrows hoppand in the sower's trace
It was great joy to him that lovèd corn,
To see them labour both at e'en and morn.

XVI.

And as I baid under ane bank full bein,
In heart greatly rejoicèd of that sight,
Unto a hedge under a hawthorn green,
Of small birdis there come ane ferlie² flight,
And down helyve³ gan on the leavis light,
On everilk⁴ side about me where I stood
Right marvellous, a meikle multitude.

XVII.

Among the whilk, ane Swallow loud couth⁵
cry,
On that hawthorn high in the croip⁶ sittand:
"O ye birdis on bewis⁷ hear me by,
Ye shall weel know and wisely understand,
Where danger is, or peril appearand;
It is great wisdom to provide before
If to devoid, for dread it hurt you more.

XVIII.

"Sir Swallow," quoth the Lark again, and
leuch,⁸
"What have ye seen that causes you to
dread?"

- ¹ This way.
² Wonderful.
³ Presently.
⁴ Each and every.

- ⁵ Did.
⁶ Crop (?) the top.
⁷ Branches, boughs.
⁸ Laughed.

"Se ye yon churl?" quoth she, "beyond
yon pleuch,¹
Fast sowand hemp and good linget-seed?²
Yon lint will grow in little time indeed
And thereof will yon churl his nettis make
Under the whilk he thinkis us to take.

XIX.

"Therefore I reid we pass when he is gone,
At even, and with our nailis sharp and small,
Out of the earth scrape we yon seed anon,
And eat it up, for gif it growis we shall
Have cause to weep hereafter, ane and all.
See we remeid, therefore, forthwith in-
stante,
Nam levius lædit quicquid prævidimus
ante.³

XX.

"For clerkis sayis, it is not sufficient
To consider that is before thine ee,
But prudence is ane inward argument,
That garris ane man provide and forsee
What good, what evil is likely for to be
Of everilk thing even at the final end,
And sae frae peril the better him defend."

XXI.

The Lark laughand, the Swallow thus couth
scorn,
And said, "She fishèd long before the net;
The bairn is sith to busk⁴ that is unborn;
All growis not that in the ground is set;
The neck to stoop when it the straik shall
get
Is soon enough; death on the fayest⁵ fall."
Thus scornèd they the Swallow ane and
'all.

XXII.

Despising thus her healthsome document,
The fowlis ferlie⁶ took their flight anon,

¹ Plough.⁴ The child is easy to
dress.² Flax or lint seed.³ St. xx an expansion
of this precept.⁵ The predestined.
⁶ Wondering.

Some with a burr they braided oure the
bent,¹
And some again are to the greenwood
gone.
Upon the land where I was left alone,
I took my club and homeward couth I carry,
Sae ferliand² as I had seen a fairy.

XXIII.

Thus passèd forth till June that jolly tide,
And seedis that were sown of beforne
Were grown heich,³ that haris might
them hide,
And als the qualzie craikand⁴ in the corn;
I movèd forth betwixt mid-day and morn,
Unto the hedge, under the hawthorn green,
Where I before the said birdis had seen.

XXIV.

And as I stood by aventure and case,⁵
The samen birds as I have said you ere,⁶
I hoip because it was their haunting place,
Mare of succour, or yet mare solitair⁷
They lighted down, and when they lighted
were,
The Swallow swith put forth ane piteous
pyme,⁸
Said, "Wae is him cannot beware in time!

XXV.

"O blind birdis, and full of negligence!
Unmindful of your own prosperity;
Lift up your sight and take good adver-
tence,
Look to the lint that growis on yon lea;
Yon is the thing I bade forthwith that we,
While it was seed, should root forth of the
eird,⁹
Now is it lint, now is it heich on breird.¹⁰

¹ Hurried over the plain.⁶ Told you of before.² Astonished.⁷ Meaning obscure.³ High.⁸ Complaint, wail (?)⁴ The corn rail.⁹ Earth.⁵ Adventure and chance.¹⁰ High in blade.

XXVI.

"Go yet while it is tender, young, and small,
And pull it up, let it nae mare increase,
My flesh grewis,¹ my body quakis all;
Thinkand on it I may not sleep in peace."
They cried all and bade the Swallow cease,
And said, "Yon lint hereafter will do good,
For linget is to little birdis food.

XXVII.

"Methink, when that yon lint-bollis² are ripe,
To make us feast and fill us of the seed
Maugre yon churl, and on it sing and pipe."
"Well," quoth the Swallow, "friendis
hardily beid,³
Do as ye will, but certain sair,⁴ I dread
Hereafter ye shall find als sour, as sweet,
When ye are speld⁵ on yon carlis speet.

XXVIII.

"The owner of yon lint a fowler is,
Right cautelous⁶ and full of subtlety;
His prey full sendill⁷ timis will he miss,
But gif we birdis all the warere be;
Full many of our kin he has gart dee,⁸
And thought it but ane sport to spill their blood.—
God keep me fraehim, and the holy rood!"

XXIX.

Thir birdis small havand but little thought
Of peril, that might fall by adventure,
The counsel of the Swallow set atnought,
But took their flight, and forth together
fure;
Some to the wood, some merkit⁹ to the moor

¹ Contracts, shudders. ⁶ Deceitful, wily.² Boles, capsules.⁷ Seldom.³ Be it.⁸ Caused to die.⁴ Much, greatly.⁹ Hastened from merit,⁵ Spread or cut open. to ride.

I took my staff, when this was said and done,
And walkèd home, for it drew nearhand noon.

XXX.

The lint ripèd, the carl pullèd the line,
Rippillit the bollis, and in beitis set,
It steepèd in the burn and dryèd syne,
And with ane beetle¹ knockèd is, and beat
Syne swingillit² is well and hecklèd in the flet.

His wife it span, and twinèd into thread,
Of whilk the fowler nets were made indeed.

XXXI.

The winter come, the wicked winds gan blaw,
The woodis green were wallowèd³ with the weet,
Both firth and fell⁴ with frostis were made faw,⁵
Slonkis and slaik made sliddery⁶ with the sleet;
The fowlis fair for fault they fell off feet;
On bewis⁷ bare it was nae boot to bide,
But hyèd unto houses them to hide.

XXXII.

Some in the barn, some in the stack of corn,
Their lodging took, and made their residence;
The fowler saw, and great althi⁸ has sworn,
They should be tane truly for their expense.
His nettis he has set with dilligence,
And in the snow he schulid⁹ has ane plain,
And heillit¹⁰ it all oure with chaff again.

¹ A wooden mallet. ⁶ Miry and low² Separated from the grounds made core. slippery.³ Withered.⁷ Branches.⁴ Enclosed land and hill pasture.⁸ Oaths.⁵ Fallow.⁹ Shovelled.¹⁰ Covered, concealed.

XXXIII.

Thir small birdis seand the chaff, was glad,
Trowand it had been corn, they lighted
down ;

But of the nettis nae presume they had,
Nor of the fowleris false intention :
To scrape and seek their meat they made
them boun.¹

The Swallow on a little branch near by
Dreadand for guile, thus loud on them
couth cry :

XXXIV.

" Into that chaff scrape till you nailis bleed,
There is no corn, ye labour all in vain ;
Trow ye yon churl for pity will you feed ?
Na, na, he has it here layed for ane train ;
Remove I reid,² or else ye will be slain.
His nettis he has set full privily,
Ready to draw in time, beware forthy.³

XXXV.

" Great fool is he that puttis in danger
His life, his honour, for a thing of nought ;
Great fool is he that will not gladly hear
Counsel in time, while it avail him mought ;⁴
Great fool is he that hast no thing in thought
But thing present, and after what may fall,
Nor of the end has no memorial."

XXXVI.

Thir small birdis for hunger famished near,
Full busy scrapand for to seek their food,
The counsel of the Swallow would not hear,
Suppose their labour did them little good :
When she their foolish heartis understood,
So indurate, up in a tree she flew ;
With that this churl o'er them his nettis
drew.

XXXVII.

Alas ! it was right great heart sore to see,
That bloody butcher beat they birdis down,

And for till hear, when they wist well to
dee,
Their careful song and lamentation.
Some with a staff he stralk to earth on
swoon,
Of some the head he brak, of some the
crag,⁵
Some half on life he stappèd in his bag.

XXXVIII.

And when the Swallow saw that they were
dead—

" Lo ! " quoth she, " thus it happens many
sys,⁶

On them that will not take counsel nor reid³
Of prudent men, or clerkis that are wise :
This great peril I told them more than
thrice,

Now they are dead and woe is me there-
fore.

She took her flight, but her I saw no more.

THE MORAL [*unaltered*].

XXXIX.

Lo worthie folk ! Esope, that nobill clerk,
Ane Poet worthie to be Lawreat,
Quhen that he waikit⁴ from mair autentik
werk

With other ma,⁵ this fairsaid Fabill wrait
Quhilk at this tyme may weill be applicate
To gude morall edificatioun,
Haifand ane sentence according to res-
soun.

XL.

This Carl and Bond of gentrice spoliat,
Sawand this caffe, thir small Birdis to sla,
Is the Feind, quhilk fra the Angelike stait
Exylit is, as fals apostata :
Quhilk day and nycht weryis⁶ nocht for to
ga.

¹ Ready, prepared.

² Advise.

³ Therefore.

⁴ Might.

⁵ The neck.

⁶ Times.

⁴ Ceased.

⁵ More, besides.

⁶ Wearies.

In mannis saul, quhilk Christ full deir hes
bocht
Sawand poyoun in mony wickit thoct.

XLI.

And when the saul, as seid in to the eird,
Givis consent unto delectatioun,
The wickit thoct beginnis for to breird
In deidlie sin, quhilk is dampnatioun :
Ressoun is blindit with affectioun,
And carnall lust growis full grene and gay,
Throw consuetude handit from day to day.

XLII.

Proceeding furth be use and consuetude,
The sin, ryipis, and schame is set on syde ;
The Feind plettis his nettis scharp and
rude,

And under plesance previlie dois hyde ;
Syne on the feild he sawis caffe full wyde,
Quhilk is bot tume¹ and verray vanitie,
Of fleschlie lust, and vaine prosperitie.

XLIII.

Thir hungry Birdis, wretchis we may call
Ayscraipand in this warldis vaine pleasance
Gredie to gadder gudis temporall,
Quhilk as the caffe or tume without sub-
stance

Lytil of availl, and full of variance,
Lyke to the mow² befor the face of wind
Quhiskis away, and makis wretchis blind.

XLIV.

This Swallow, quhilk eschaipit hes the
snair,
The halie Preicheour weill may signifie
Exhortand folk to walk, and ay be war

¹ Emptiness.² The dust.

Fra nettis of our wickit enemye,
Quha sleipis nocht, but ever is reddie,
Quhen wretchis in this warldis wrak³ dois
scaip,
To draw his net, that they may nocht
eschaip.

XLV.

Allace ! quhat cair, quhat weiping is and
wo,
Quhen soul and bodie departit ar in twane ;
The bodie to the wormis keiching⁴ go,
The saul to fire and everlastand pane :
Quhat helpis than this caffe, thir gudis vane
Quhen thou art put in Luciferis bag,
And brocht to hell, and hangit be the crag.³

XLVI.

Thir hid nettis for to persave and se,
This sarie caffe wyslie to understand,
Best is be war in maist prosperitie,
For in this warld thair is na thing lestand,
Is na man wair how lang his stait will
stand,
His life will lest, nor how that he sall end,
Efter his deith nor quhidder he sall wend.

XLVII.

Pray we thairfoir quhill we ar in this lyfe,
For foure thingis : the first, fra sin remufe ;
The secund is, ceiss all weir and stryfe ;
The thrid is, perfite cheritie and lufe ;
The feird thing is and maist for our behufe,
That is in bliss with angellis to be fallow ;⁴
And thus endis the Preiching¹ of the
Swallow.

¹ Goods, contemptu-
ously.² Being throwa.³ By the neck.⁴ Companions.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

1450 ?—1520 ?

IT is an impression derived from the study of Dunbar's works, that they are not so much a full and adequate measure of the range and power of his genius, as an indication of what that genius was capable of accomplishing. Although it is reasonable to suppose that all that he has written has not been preserved, yet there is nothing to indicate that any of his writings have been lost that would, if preserved, have much enhanced his poetical reputation. If it could be placed beyond a doubt that he is the author of the "Friars of Berwick," it would certainly add to his already great fame; yet no one would maintain that his genius was not equal to the production of that remarkable poetical tale; indeed, one of the strongest reasons for attributing it to his authorship is the difficulty, on any other supposition, of believing that another poet, his contemporary and equal, existed in Scotland, and left no trace of his existence.

As, beyond doubt, the greatest of Scotland's ancient poets, it would have been interesting and instructive to know something more of Dunbar's life than has been discovered by the researches of almost all our literary antiquarians; yet we must rest satisfied with the few outside details that have been obtained, and supply the deficiency from his writings, which, although no poet could be less egotistical, afford ample means for estimating his character, and contain not a few incidents of his life and

surroundings. Dr David Laing, the most exhaustive editor of his works, and our best authority in reference to the investigations concerning his life, places his birth about the middle of the fifteenth century, and not later than 1460. Through a misreading by Allan Ramsay of a passage in the manuscript of the famous "Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy," supposed by Allan to refer to Dunbar's birthplace, to the village of Salton in East Lothian—until the discovery of the error—was ascribed that honour; yet the poet's own somewhat indelicate reference to his pair of "Lowthiane hippis" has been accepted as evidence of his being a native of that county.

The name Dunbar, the surname of the once powerful Earls of March, is not an obscure one in the annals of Scotland; and the poet is supposed by Dr Laing to have been a grandson of Sir Patrick Dunbar of Biel, the representative of the only branch of the family that had not suffered through the attainure of the Earl of March by James I. The first definite fact ascertained in his history, is the entry of his name in 1477 in the register of St Salvator's College, St Andrews, among the *Determinantes* or Bachelors of Arts, a degree which could only be claimed after three years' attendance. In 1479 his name is registered among those who had taken the degree of Master of Arts.

In his poem, "The Visitation of St Francis," it is implied, that after having led an irregular life, he entered the order of the Franciscans, or Greyfriars, very much against his inclination,

"Lyk to ane man that with a gaist wes marrit ;"

and he was afterwards employed as an itinerant or preaching friar, in the habit of which order he says :—"I made good cheer in every flourishing town in England betwixt Berwick and Calais ; in it also I have preached in the pulpit at Dernton and Canterbury, crossed the sea at Dover, and instructed the inhabitants of Picardy." Kennedy, in the "Flyting," taunts him with having travelled as a pardoner, begging in all the churches from Ettrick Forrest to Dumfries ; and Dunbar himself, in reference to his life while thus employed, remarks in the poem referred to :—

" Als lang as I did beir the frieris style,
In me, God wait, was mony wrink and wyle ;
In me was falsset with every wicht to flatter,
Whilk mycht be flemit with na haly watter ;
I was ay reddy all men to begyle."

But seeing that the poem is a satire upon the incongruous arrangements of that destiny which placed him in the incompatible profession of a friar, it is not improbable that he may be overstating the case against himself.

There is no direct evidence to show when, or in what capacity, he first made his appearance at the court of James IV. ; but from allusions in his poems to service in the king's interest abroad, it has been reasonably conjectured that he must have acted as

clerk of legation to one or more of the embassies which James is known to have sent to the different courts of Europe.

That most singular composition "The Flyting," or scolding match, a railing abuse of each other indulged in between Dunbar and a brother poet, Walter Kennedy, for the amusement of themselves and their friends at court, contains references to Dunbar's employments in the king's service, and appears to have been conceived when he was away on some foreign mission. It also contains several allusions to the descent and family histories of the poets, and throws some light upon the race prejudices and dislike of each other that animated the Saxon and the Celtic elements of Scottish nationality. Dunbar, as a native of Lothian, maintains the Saxon ; while Kennedy, as a native of Carrick in Ayrshire, takes up the Celtic side. It would be difficult to say which of the doughty combatants has the best of it in this species of wordy tournament not yet quite extinct in its worst—the earnest form of it. The following stanza from each will serve as a specimen of the poem, and as an illustration of the race animus which had long been a source of weakness and division in the counsels of the nation.

DUNBAR TO KENNEDY.

Ersche brybour baird, vyle beggar with thy
brattis,
Carrybald crawdoun Kennedy, coward of
kynd,
Evill farit and dryit, as Denseman on the rattis
Lyk as the gleddis had on thy gule snowt dynd ;
Mismaid monstour, ilk mone out of thy mynd,
Renunce, rebald, thy ryming thow bot rois,
Thy trechour tung hes tane ane Heland strynd ;
Ane Lawland erse wald mak a bettir nois.

KENNEDY TO DUNBAR.

Thou luvis nane Erische, elf I undirstand,
 Bot it sould be all trew Scottis mennis leid;
 It wes the gud langage of this land,
 And Scota it causit to multiply and spreid,
 Quhill Corspatrik, that we of tressoun reid
 Thy forefadder, maid Ersche and Erschemen
 thin,
 Throw his tressoun brocht Inglis rumpillis in,
 So wald thy self, mycht thou to him succed.

That this extraordinary specimen of mutual invective was nothing more than playful pastime, is placed beyond doubt by the kindly reference to Kennedy in Dunbar's "Lament," as

"Gud Maister Walter Kennedy,"

who appears to have been still living, though "at the point of death" when the "Lament" was written. The same conclusion may be inferred from the fact of the poet's contributions being always found together, as if they were common property, being printed as such so early as 1508, while both were probably living.

Connecting the name of the ship—the Katherine—mentioned in the "Flyting," in which Dunbar is said to have embarked for France, with an entry in the Treasurer's Accounts for July 1491, Dr Laing concludes that the piece, or pieces, was written about that date, while Dunbar was in Paris, whither he had gone in the train of the Earl of Bothwell. He does not appear to have returned with the ambassadors in November, but to have remained in France over the winter, with the purpose of crossing the Alps in spring, on some errand for his royal master.

The next notice we find of him is from the register of the Privy Seal, where, on

the 15th August 1500, it is ordained that he be paid a pension of ten pounds a year for all the days of his life, or "untill he be promoted by our sovereign Lord to a benefice of the value of forty pounds or more yearly." The reason for granting the pension is not specified.

To the entry in the Treasurer's Accounts, 20th December 1501, on which day Dunbar was paid the instalment of his pension due at Martinmas, it is added, by way of explanation of the payment being made so long after, "on his return from England." Ambassadors having been sent in October to negotiate the terms of the king's marriage with the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., Dunbar's name is entered in the safe-conduct as one of their attendants. On Christmas week they were entertained at dinner by the Lord Mayor, and Dunbar is mentioned in a contemporary chronicle as a Prothonotary of Scotland, and servant of a bishop ambassador, as having made a ballad on the occasion. The ballad referred to is "In honour of the City of London," and might pass for a translation of an ode by a poet in the suite of the Shah of Persia.

If an entry in the Privy Purse Accounts of Henry VII. of £6, 13s. 4d., on the 31st December, with a similar payment on the 7th January following, to the "Rhymer of Scotland," refers, as is most likely, to Dunbar, he must have returned to England to witness the ceremony of affiancing the princess, which was observed with great splendour at St Paul's Cross, on 25th January 1502. His poem of "The Thistle and the Rose,"

which is an epithalamium on the marriage of James IV. with the princess of England, was finished on the 9th of May 1503, while the marriage was solemnized in Holyrood Abbey on the 8th August ; and the familiar relations which several of his poems indicate as existing afterward betwixt him and the queen, imply that the poem must have pleased her majesty.

Notwithstanding his unrestrained familiarity at the court, a great many of his short poems are vain appeals, in every variety of ingenious pleading, to the king for promotion to some benefice. If these did not produce the effect desired, they were not altogether fruitless, for, besides many special presents from the king, his pension was increased in 1507 to the sum of twenty pounds per annum. An entry in the Treasurer's books of 17th March 1504, records the fact of his having performed his first mass before the king, when he was presented with the sum of £4, 18s. od. Scots, a sum larger than the customary offering on such occasions.

It appears from his "Lament for the Makaris"—which, from the fact of its being printed in 1508 along with the "Golden Terge" and "The Flyting," must have been written shortly before then—that his health had given way about this time, and the poem bears the impress of the despondency incident to such a condition ; yet he soon after recovered, and resumed his usual place in the gaieties of the court circle. On the 26th August 1510, his pension was increased from twenty to eighty pounds "during life, or until promoted to

a benefice of £100 or above." In May 1511 he must have accompanied the queen on a visit which she made to the North of Scotland, for his account of her reception in Aberdeen, though poor enough as poetry, appears to have been written from personal observation.

The next event affecting the circumstances of Dunbar, was the national calamity of the defeat of Flodden. With the disintegration of the court consequent on this sad disaster, his name disappears from the Treasurer's Accounts ; and we have no information as to what may have been the condition of his declining years ; for although, as has been shown, he was in high favour with the queen, yet owing to the distracted state of the kingdom, she herself and her second husband, the Earl of Angus, were obliged in 1815 to seek refuge for a time at the court of her brother, Henry VIII. We are therefore left in unpleasant suspense as to how he may have fared.

His poem of "Ane Orisoun when the Governour passed into France," which is supposed to refer to the first retirement of John Duke of Albany in 1517, shows him to have been alive then, and though sorely grieved for the troubled state of the country, he makes no allusion to personal circumstances. His fine poem "Meditation in Winter," which must be referred to this period of his life, and in which, with all the ease and firmness of touch of his best days, he personifies age as saying :—"Cum bruder by the hand me tak ;" and death as casting up his gates wide, has been supposed to reflect a somewhat lurid light upon the circumstances of his latter years ; yet we

think with Dr Laing, that the passage may more properly be construed in a different sense. Referring to the stern mandate of the grim porter last personified, and who, it must be observed, the Church to which he belonged always held in sufficient veneration, he says:—

For fear of this all day I droop ;
No gold in kist, nor wine in cup,
No ladies' beauty, nor lovis bless
May let me to remember this :
How glad that ever I dine or sup.

The application of the last line is sufficiently indefinite to have given rise to the unfavourable surmises that have been based upon the passage; yet unsupported as it is by anything else, pointing to causes of disquietude beyond those sombre reflections incident to the poetical temperament as age advances, we may hope that his last years were sufficiently provided for; and if, as is most likely, those religious pieces, of which "Love Earthly and Divine" may be taken as a specimen, be the production of the evening of his life, we have sufficient reason for concluding, though information on the point is altogether wanting, that his sun set in a cloudless sky. Dr Laing supposes him to have died about 1520.

The natural leaning of the biographer is, as a rule, towards the moral integrity of his subject, yet the first impressions communicated by the writings of Dunbar militate against this disposition. His genius is so much beyond the range and compass of any of his predecessors—is so many sided, both in its instinctive and artificially cultivated powers—that it requires much greater study and

observation from such a number of points, and under such a variety of conditions, before his poetic and moral character can be justly estimated, that if viewed, so to speak, with the same focus with which ordinary mortals are observed, we are at first apt to be repelled by the coarseness, as well as appalled by the power of some of his sketches. A first view brings all that is worst into prominence. We concur seriously in the inference ironically suggested by himself, that the fiend made him a friar; and we conclude, besides, that the same evil divinity sent him to court as the best school to perfect him in those arts of which he is the promoter and patron. We see in him the chief buffoon among a host of clowns; a hanger on for a benefice for no ultimate end, save its worldly emoluments; a profligate reveller, familiar with, if not a proficient in, all the vices that imagination can conjure up. But on a second view, and with an enlarged focus, what at first repelled fades into the background, and we begin to see that there never was a priest with so little cant and hypocrisy, or one who exposed the vices of his order with a more truthful pen; never a courtier less given to flatter, or more faithful in pointing out the consequences of evil courses—never an expectant who was less of a sycophant, or whose bluntness and candour were less subservient to his self interest. We wonder by what unperceived arts he retained his place at court, and what attractions the court can have had for such a character. But these are questions, considering the little we know of his circumstances, and the impossibility of

our estimating fairly the forces of every kind that influenced him—socially, morally, and religiously—in an age so far removed, and so different in every sense from our own, that we feel quite incapable of answering satisfactorily.

The difficulty of estimating him as a poet, and as a personage of historical significance—a character in which he has hitherto been overlooked—arises from the greatness and variety of the subject. Nature produces no perfect parallels in any of her provinces, and therefore comparisons are not only misleading but proverbially odious; yet a reference to acknowledged characters may help in estimating the force or amount of their specialties in others. Dunbar has been compared to Burns; and so far as the comparison is not competitive, but simply illustrative, it is advantageous. It enables us to define him the more readily, when we can say that, like Burns, he was possessed of a lofty imagination, wonderful descriptive and sarcastic powers, and, what is common to all great poets, an instinctive philosophic sense which enabled him to seize the essentials of his subject with an ease and brevity that no amount of mere artificial training could communicate. In the bold and free handling, and sharply defined features of some of his pictures, he resembles Hogarth, and like that true but grim and graphic delineator of character, preferred to portray the human heart, and human conduct, through an exhibition of their vices and follies. He was a consummate artist, and no one ever showed more clearly how much more severe the satire of truth is than that of caricature.

We have left little space to refer to his historical significance. While the coarseness of David Lindsay has been condoned on the not very consistent plea that it greatly aided the Reformation in Scotland, Dunbar's coarse and free handling of the lives of the clergy was the earliest attack upon the corruptions of the Church. But what he was, as much as what he did, constitutes his historical significance. How ill fitted was such a transparent and honest character to form a member of the Roman priesthood, and what a light from within does his works throw upon the rottenness of that mighty fabric on the eve of its greatest downfall! In the "Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins," a bevy of proud harlots is followed by a company of shaven-headed priests, upon which all the fiends in hell laugh and make *gekks*. That such a picture could be drawn by a priest, seemingly without any remonstrance, speaks volumes for the corruption of the institution; and though celibacy is no where condemned by Dunbar, or even directly referred to, no one who can read between the lines but sees the unnatural fruits of the unnatural prohibition. It would be a breach of the conditions on which this book is projected, to give illustrations of the full extent of Dunbar's genius, or to farther extend this imperfect survey of it. One of his most powerful and longest pieces can only be read with closed doors, yet the specimens given will at least justify most of what is above stated.

The rank here assigned him as the greatest of our ancient poets, has been awarded by all our literary historians and critical writers. His poems have

been mostly preserved in the Bannatyne, Maitland, Asloane, and Reidpeth MSS., and Chepman and Myllar's Collection. The most complete edition of them is that of 1834, by David Laing, LL.D.

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.

[THIS is almost the only one of Dunbar's poems the exact date of the writing of which has been ascertained. It was written, as stated in the last line, on the 9th of May (1503).]

"In this singular but ingenious allegory, Dunbar has interwoven a number of rich and glowing descriptions, much excellent advice, and many delicate compliments, without any fulsome adulation."—*Ellis*.]

I.

When March was with variand windis past,

And Aperil had, with her silver showers,
Tane leave at Nature with ane orient blast,
And lusty May, that mother is of flowers,
Had made the birdis to begin their hours¹

Among the tender odours red and white,
Whose harmony to hear it was delight,

II.

In bed, at morrow, sleeping as I lay,
Methought Aurora, with her crystal een,
In at the window lookèd by the day,
And halsit² me, with visage pale and green;

On whois hand a lark sang fro the spleen³—

"Awake, lovers, out of your slumbering!
See how the lusty morrow⁴ does upspring."

¹ Matins, orisons.

² Hailed, saluted.

(3)

³ The heart.

⁴ Beautiful morning.

III.

Methought fresh May before my bed upstood,

In weed depaint,¹ of many diverse hue,
Sober, benign, and full of mansuetude,
In bright attire of flowers forgèd new,
Heavenly of colour, white, red, brown,
and blue,

Balmèd in dew, and gilt with Phœbus' beams;

While all the house illumined of her lemes.*

IV.

"Sluggard," she said, "awake anon for shame,

And in mine honour something thou go write;

The lark has done the merry day proclaim,
To raise up lovers with comfort and delight;

Yet nought increases thy courage to indite,

Whose heart some time has glad and blissful been,

Sangis to make under the leavis green."

V.

'Whereto,' quoth I, 'sall I uprise at morrow,

For in this May few birdis heard I sing;
They have more cause to weep and plane their sorrow;

Thy air it is not wholesome nor bening;
Lord Eolus dois in thy season ring:³

So busteous⁴ are the blastis of his horn,
Among thy boughs to walk I have forborne'

VI.

With that this Lady soberly did smile,
And said, "Uprise, and do thy observance;

¹ Dress coloured.

² Rays, brightness.

³ Reign.

⁴ Boisterous.

M

Thou did promyt,¹ in Mayis lusty while,
For to describe² the Rose, of most
pleasance.

Go, see the birdis how they sing and
dance,
Illuminèd oure with orient skyis bright,
Enamelèd richly with new azure light."

VII.

When this was said, departed she, this
Queen,

And entered in a lusty³ garden gent;⁴
And then methought, full hastily besene,⁵
In serk and mantle after her I went
Into this garth, most dulce⁶ and redolent,
Of herb and flower, and tender plantis
sweet,
And green leavis doing of dew down fleet.⁷

VIII.

The purpou⁸ sun, with tender beamis red,
In orient bright as angel did appear,
Through golden skyis putting up his head,
Whois gilt tresses shone so wonder clear,
That all the world took comfort, far
and near,
To look upon his fresh and blissful face,
Doing all sable fro the heavens chase.

IX.

And, as the blissful sound of cherarchy,⁹
The fowlis sung through comfort of the
light;

The birdis did with open voices cry,
Oh lovers' foe! away, thou dully night,
And welcome day, that comforts every
wight;

Hail May, hail Flora, hail Aurora sheen!
Hail Princess Nature, hail Venus, lovis
queen!

¹ Promise.² Describe.³ Beautiful.⁴ Elegant.⁵ Provided.⁶ Garden, most sweet.⁷ Dropping.⁸ Purple.⁹ Choir of the angelic
hierarchy.

X.

Dame Nature gave ane inhibition there,
To fierce Neptunus, and Eolus the bold,
Not to perturb the water nor the air,
And that no showris snell¹ nor blastis cold
Effray² should flowres nor fowlis on the
fold:³

She bade eik Juno, goddess of the sky,
That she the heaven should keep amene⁴
and dry.

XI.

She ordered eik that every bird and beast,
Before her Highness should anon com-
pear,⁵

And every flower of virtue, most and least,
And every herb by field far and near,
As they had wont in May, fro year to
year,

To her, their maker, to make obedience,
Full low inclining with all due reverence.

XII.

With that anon she send the swift Roe
To bring in beastis of all condition;
The restless Swallow commanded she also,
To fetch all fowl of small and great
renoun;

And to gar flowers compear of all fas-
soun,

Full craftily conjurèd she the Yarrow,⁶
Whilk did forth swirk⁷ as swift as any arrow.

XIII.

All present were, in twinkling of an ee,
Both beast and bird, and flower, before
the Queen;

And first the Lion, greatest of degree,⁸
Was called there, and he, most fair to
seen,

With a full hardy countenance and keen,

¹ Keen, sharp.² Disturb.³ Field, a field.⁴ Pleasant.⁵ Present themselves.⁶ The herbs sneezewort.⁷ Spring quickly.⁸ Foremost in rank.

Before Dame Nature came, and did incline,
With visage bold, and courage leonine.

XIV.

This awful beast full terrible was of cheer,¹
Piercing of look, and stout of countenance,
Right strong of corps, of fashion fair, but
feir,²

Lusty of shape, light of deliverance,³
Red of his colour, as the ruby glance;
On field of gold he stood full mightily,
With flour-de-lis circled lustily.

XV.

This Lady lifted up his cluvis⁴ clear,
And let him listly⁵ lean upon her knee,
And crownèd him with diadem full dear,
Of radious stones, most royal for to see;
Saying, "The King of Beastis make I
thee,
And the chief protector in woods and
shawes;⁶
Unto thy lieges go forth, and keep the laws.

XVI.

Exercise justice with mercy and conscience,
And let no small beast suffer skaith nor
scorns,
Of great beastis that been of more puissance;
Do law alike to apes and unicorns,
And let no bowgle,⁷ with his busteous⁸
horns,
The meek plough-ox oppress, for all his
pride,
But in the yoke go peaceable him beside."

XVII.

When this was said, with noise and
sound of joy,

All kind of beastis into their degree.
At once cryèd, "Laud !—Vive le Roy !"
And till his feet fell with humility;
And all they made him homage and
fewty,¹
And he did them receive with princely
laitis,²
Whose noble ire³ is *parcere prostratis*.⁴

XVIII.

Syne crownèd she the Eagle King of Fowls,
And as steel dartis sharpèd she his pens,
And bade him be as just to apes and owls,
As unto peacocks, papingoes, or crens,⁵
And make ane law for wight⁶ fowls and
for wrens;
And let no fowl of ravyne do efferay,⁷
Nor devour birdis but his awin prey.

XIX.

Then callèd she all flowers that grew on
field,
Discerning all their fashions and effeirs :⁸
Upon the awful THISTLE she beheld,
And saw him keepèd with a bush of
spears;
Considering him so able for the weirs,⁹
A radius crown of rubies she him gave,
And said, "In field, go forth and fend
the lave."¹⁰

XX.

"And sen thou art a king, thou be dis-
creet;
Herb without virtue thou hold not of
sic price
As herb of virtue, and of odour sweet;
And let no nettle vile, and full of vice,
Her fellow¹¹ to the goodly flour-de-lis;

¹ Aspect.² Fierce.³ Meaning obscure.⁴ Claws, paws.⁵ Pleasedly.⁶ Groves.⁷ Wild ox, buffalo.⁸ Terrible, fierce.¹ Fealty.² Manners.³ Here meant for temper,⁴ disposition.⁵ To spare the prostrate.⁶ Parrots, or cranes.⁶ Strong, large.⁷ Ravenous, attack.⁸ Belongings.⁹ Wars.¹⁰ Defend the rest.¹¹ Compare herself.

Nor let no wild weed, full of churlishness,
Compare her to the lily's nobleness :

XXI.

Nor hold none other flower in sic denty²
As the fresh ROSE, of colour red and
white :
For gif thou does, hurt is thine honesty ;
Considering that no flower is so perfite,
So full of virtue, pleasance, and delight,
So full of blissful, angelic beauty,
Imperial birth, honour, and dignity."

XXII.

Then to the ROSE she turned her visage,
And said, "O lusty daughter, most be-
ning,
Above the lily, illustare² of lineage,
Fro the stock royal rising fresh and ying,³
But⁴ ony spot, or macull⁵ doing spring:⁶
Come, bloom of joy, with gemis to be
crowned,
For oure the lave⁷ thy beauty is renowned."

XXIII.

A costly crown, with clarified stonis bright,
This comely Queen did on her head
inclose,
While all the land illumined of the light ;
Wherefore, methought, the flowers did
rejoice,
Crying at once, "Hail, be thou richest
ROSE !
Hail herbis Empress, hail freshest Queen
of Flowers,
To thee be glory and honour at all hours."

XXIV.

Then all the birdis sang with voice on
height,⁸
Whose mirthful sound was marvellous
to hear ;

² Affection, regard.⁵ Blemish.³ Illustrious.⁶ Upspringing.⁴ Young.⁷ Over all others.⁸ Without.⁸ High, loudly.

The mavis¹ sang, "Hail, ROSE, most rich
and right,
That does up flourish under Phoebus'
sphere ;
Hail, plant of youth ; hail, Princess,
daughter dear ;
Hail, blossom breaking out of the blood
royal,
Whose precious virtue is imperial."

XXV.

The merle² she sang, "Hail, ROSE of
most delight,
Hail, of all flowers queen and sovereign :"
The lark she sang, "Hail, ROSE, both
red and white,
Most pleasant flower, of mighty colours
twane :"³
The nightingale sang, "Hail, Nature's
suffragane,
In beauty, nurture, and every nobleness,
In rich array, renown, and gentleness."

XXVI.

The common voice up raise of birdis small,
Upon this wise, "Oh, blessed be the hour
That thou was chosen to be our principal ;
Welcome to be our Princess of honour,
Our pearl, our pleasance, and our
paramour,
Our peace, our play, our plain felicity ;
Christ thee conserve from all adversity."

XXVII.

Then all the birdis sung with sic a shout,
That I anon awoke where that I lay,
And with a braid⁴ I turned me about
To see this court ; but all were went
away ;
Then up I leant, haflingis in affray,⁵

¹ The blackbird.² The thrush.³ Refers to the white and red roses of York and Lancaster united in the princess.⁴ Sudden start.⁵ Half in fear.

And thus I wrote as ye have heard to-
forrow,¹
Of lusty May upon the nyint² morrow.

THE GOLDEN TARGE.

[THE object of this poem is to demonstrate the general ascendancy of love over reason. The Golden Targe, or the Shield of Reason, is found an insufficient protection against the assaults of the train of love.—*Irvine*.]

I.

Bright as the stern³ of day begouth to
shine,
When gone to bed was Vesper and Lucyne,
I rose, and by a rosier⁴ did me rest ;
Up sprang the golden candle matutine,
With clear depurit⁵ beamis crystaline,
Glading the merry fowlis in their nest,
Or Phoebus was in purpours⁶ cape revest ;⁷
Up rose the lark, the heavenis minstrel fine
In May, intill a morrow mirthfullest.

II.

Full angel-like thir birdis sang their houris⁸
Within their curtains green, into their
bouris,
Apparrellèd white and red, with bloomis
sweet ;
Enamellèd was the field with all collouris,
The pearly droppis shook in silver showeris ;
While all in balm did branch and leavis
fleet.⁹

To part frae Phœbus, did Aurora greet ;¹⁰
Her crystal tears I saw hing on the floweris,
Whilk he for love all drank up with his heat.

¹ Before, already.² Ninth.³ Star.⁴ A rose bush.⁵ Purified.⁶ Purple.⁷ Clothed.⁸ Morning orisons.⁹ Drop down.¹⁰ Weep.

III.

For mirth of May, with skippis and with
hops,
The birdis sang upon the tender crops,
With curious notes, as Venus chapel-clerks.
The roses young, new spreading of their
knops,¹
Were powdered bright with heavenly
berial² drops ;
Through beamis red, burning as ruby
sparks ;
The skyis rang for shouting of the larks,
The purpours³ heaven oure-scalit³ in silver
slopps,
Ouregilt the trees, branches, leaves, and
barks.

IV.

Down through the ryce⁴ ane river ran with
streamis
So lustily agane the lykand lemis,⁵
That all the lake as lamp did leme of light,
Whilk shadowed all about with twinkling
gleamis ;
The bewis⁶ bathèd were in fecund beamis,
Through the reflex of Phœbus' visage bright,
On every side the hedges raise on high ;
The bank was green, the brook was full of
bremys,⁷
The stanneris clear⁸ as sterns⁹ in frosty
night.

V.

The crystal air, the saphire firmament,
The ruby skyis of the orient,
Cast berial beams on emerant¹⁰ bewis green,
The rosy garth depaint¹¹ and redolent
With purpours, azure, gold, and goulisgent,¹²
Arrayèd was by Dame Flora the queen

¹ Buds, already.² Glistening.³ Overspread.⁴ Boughs, bushes.⁵ Against the plea-⁶ Branches.⁷ Brattle or noise (?)⁸ Small stones shin-⁹ Stars.¹⁰ Emerald.¹¹ Garden adorned.¹² Gules fair.

Sae nobilly, that joy was for to seen.
The rock agane¹ the river, resplendent
As low, enluminèd all the leavis sheen.

VI.

What through the merry fowlis harmony,
And through the rivers sound that ran
me by,
On Flora's mantle I sleepèd as I lay;
Where soon into my dreamis fantasy
I saw approach agane the orient sky,
Ane sail, as white as blossom upon spray,
With merse² of gold, bright as the stern of
day.
Whilk tendèd to the land full lustily,
As falcon swift desirous of her pray.

VII.

And hard on burd³ into the bloomèd meads,
Among the green rispis⁴ and the reeds,
Arrivèd she, where fro anon there lands
Ane hundreth ladies, lusty into weeds,
As fresh as floweris that in May upspreads,
In kirtles green, withouten kell or bands,⁵
Their bright hairs hang glittering on the
strands
In tresses clear, wyppèd⁶ with golden
threads,
With papis white, and middles small as
wands.

VIII.

Discryve⁷ I would, but who couth well in-
dite
How all the fieldis, with their lilies white
Depaint were bright, whilk to the heavin
did glete :⁸
Not thou, Homer, als fair as thou could
write,
For all thy ornate stylis so perfite ;
Nor yet thou, Tullius, whose lippis sweet,

Of rhetoric did in till termis fleet ;¹
Your aureat² tongues both been all too lyte,³
For to compile that paradise complete

IX.

Their saw I Nature, and dame Venus queen,
The fresh Aurora, and lady Flora sheen,
Juno, Latona, and Proserpina,
Dyane the goddess chaste of woddis green,
My lady Clio, that help of Makaris⁴ been;
Thetes, Pallas, and prudent Minerva,
Fair feignèd Fortune, and lemand⁵ Lucina,
Thir mighty queens with crownis might
be seen
With beamis blithe, bright as Lucifera.

X.

Their saw I May, of mirthfull monthis
queen,
Betwixt Aprile and June, her sisters sheen,
Within the garden walkand up and down
Whom of the fowlis gladdeth all bedeene ;⁶
She was full tender in her yearis green.
There saw I Nature present her a gown,
Rich to behold, and noble of renown,
Of every hue under the heaven that been
Depaint, and braid by good proportioun.

XI.

Full lustily thir ladies all in fere⁷
Enterèd within this park of maist plesere,⁸
Where that I lay ourhelit⁹ with leavis rank;
The merry fowlis, blissfullest of cheer,
Salust¹⁰ Nature, me thought, on their
manere,
And every bloom on branch, and eke on bank,
Openèd and spread their balmy leavis dank,
Full low inclining to their queen so clear,
Whom of¹¹ their noble nourishing they
thank.

¹ Against.² Mast.³ Meaning obscure.⁴ Rushes, or coarse
grass.⁵ Caul head-dress, or
bandages.⁶ Bound round.⁷ Describe.⁸ Glitter, shine.¹ Flow.² Golden.³ Little.⁴ Poets.⁵ Shining.⁶ Forthwith.⁷ In company.⁸ Great delight.⁹ Covered, concealed.¹⁰ Saluted.¹¹ Used as for.

XII.

Syne to dame Flora, on the samen wise,
They saluse,¹ and they thank a thousand,
sise:²

And to dame Venus, lovis mighty queen,
They sang balletis of love, as was the gise,³
With amorous notis lusty to devise ;
As they that had love in their heartis green
Their hony throatis opened fro the spleen,⁴
With warblis sweet, did pierce the
heavenly skies,
While loud resounit the firmament serene.

XIII.

Ane other court there saw I consequent,
Cupid the king, with bow in hand ybent,
And dreadful arrows grounden sharp and
square.

There saw I Mars, the god armipotent
Awful and stern, strong and corpulent.
There saw I crabbit Saturn, auld and haire,⁵
His look was like for to perturb the air.
There was Mercurius, wise and eloquent,
Of rhetoric that fand the flowris fair.

XIV.

There was the god of gardens, Priapus;
There was the god of wilderness, Phanus;
And Janus, god of entry delightful ;
There was the god of floodis, Neptunus ;
There was the god of windis, Eolus,
With variand look, right like lord un-
stable ;

There was Bacchus, the gladder of the
table ;

There was Pluto, the elrich⁶ incubus,
In cloak of green, this court usèd no sable.

XV.

And every one of thir in green arrayed,
On harp or lute full merrily they played,
And sang ballettis with mighty notes clear :

¹ Salute.⁴ The hearts.² Times.⁵ Old and hoary.³ Custom, fashion.⁶ Unearthly.

Ladies to dance full soberly assayed,
Endlang¹ the lusty river so they mayed ;
Their observance right heavenly was to
hear ;

Then crap I through the leavis, and drew
near,

Where that I was right suddenly affrayed,²
All through a look whilk³ I have bought
full dear.

XVI.

And shortly for to speak, by Lovis Queen
I was espyed, she bade her archers keen
Go me arrest ; and they no time delayed ;
Then ladies fairlet fall their mantles green,
With bowis big, in tressèd hairis sheen,
All suddenly they had a field arrayed ;
And yet right greatly was I nought afraid ;
The party was so pleasant for to seen,
A wonder lusty bikkir⁴ me assayed.

XVII.

And first of all, with bow in hand ybent,
Come dame Beauty, right as she would
me schent ;⁵

Syne followed all her damosells yfeir,⁶
With many diverse awful instrument.
Unto the press Fair-Having with her went ;
Syne Portraiture, Pleasance, and Lusty
Cheer.

Then come Reason, with shield of gold so
clear.

In plate and mail, as Mars armipotent,
Defended me that noble chevalier.

XVIII.

Syne tender Youth come with her virgins
ying,⁷

Green Innocence, and shameful Abasing
And quaking Dread, with humble Obedi-
ence ;

¹ Along.⁵ Destroy.² Frightened.⁶ In company.³ Which.⁷ Young.⁴ Assault, here applied to the beautiful bevy
of assailants.

The Golden Targe harmèd they nothing;
 Courage in them was not begun to spring:
 Full sore they dread to done a violence.
 Sweet Womanhead I saw come in presence,
 Of artilyè² a world she did inbring,
 Servèd with ladies full of reverence.

XX.

She led with her Nurture and Lowliness,
 Contenance, Patience, Good-Fame, and
 Steadfastness,
 Discretion, Gentrise,³ and Considerance,
 Levefell³ Company, and Honest Business,
 Benign Look, Mild Cheer, and Soberness,
 All thir bure ganyeis⁴ to do me grievance;
 But Reason bure the Targe with sic con-
 stance;
 Their sharp assays might do no duress,⁵
 To me for all their awful ordinance.

XX.

Unto the press pursued high Degree,
 Her followed aye Estate and Dignity,
 Comparison, Honour, and Noble Array,
 Will, Wantonness, Renown, and Liberty,
 Riches, Freedom, and eik Nobility;
 Wit ye they did their banner high display,
 A cloud of arrows as hail-shour loused they,
 And shot till wasted was their artelyè,
 Syne went aback reboytè⁶ of their pray.

XXI.

When Venus had perceivèd this rebute,⁷
 Dissimulance she bade go make persuit,
 At all power to pierce the Golden Targe
 And she that was of doubleness the root,
 Askèd her choice of archers in refute.
 Venus the best bade her go wale⁸ at large,
 She took Presence plight anchors of the
 barge,

² Artillery.³ Gentleness.³ Leal true, good.⁴ These bore darts.⁵ Injury.⁶ Rebuted, repulsed.⁷ Repulse.⁸ Chose, select.

And Fair-Calling, that weel a flane² could
 shoot,
 And Cherishing for to complete her charge

XXII.

Dame Hameliness she took in company,
 That hardy was, and heynd² in archery,
 And brought dame Beauty to the field again;
 With all the choice of Venus chivalry
 They come, and bickered³ unabaitedly;
 The shower of arrows rapped on as rain,
 Perilous Presence that many sire has slain,
 The battle brought on bordour⁴ hard us by,
 The salt⁵ was all the sarer sooth to sayen.

XXIII.

Thick was the shot of grounden⁶ darts keen;
 But Reason, with the shield of gold so sheen-
 Warily defended whosoever assayed
 The awful stour he manly did sustain,
 Till Presence cast a pulder⁷ in his eyne,
 And then as drunken man he all forwayed;⁸
 When he was blind the fool with him they
 played,
 And banisht him among the bewis⁹ green;
 That sorry sight me suddenly affrayed.

XXIV.

Then was I wounded till the death well near,
 And yolden¹⁰ as ane woful prisoner
 To lady Beauty, in a moment space.
 Methought she seemèd lustier of cheer,
 After that Reason tint had his eyne clear,
 Than of before, and lovelier of face:
 Why was thou blinded, Reason? why alace!
 And gert¹¹ ane hell my paradise appear,
 And mercy seem where that I found no
 grace.

XXV.

Dissimulance was busy me to syle,¹²
 And Fair-Calling did oft upon me smile,

² An arrow.³ Skilful, expert.³ Attacked.⁴ Jester.⁵ Assault.⁶ Sharpened.⁷ A powder.⁸ Wandered.⁹ Bushes.¹⁰ Yielded.¹¹ Caused.¹² Deceive.

And Cherishing me fed with wordis fair ;
New Acquaintance embraced me a while,
And favoured mewhilemen might go a mile,
Syne took her leave I saw her never mair:
Then saw I Danger toward me repair,
I couth eschew her presence by no wile,
On side she looked with ane fremyt fare.¹

XXVI.

And at the last departing could her dress,
And me delivered unto Heaviness
For to remain, and she in cure² me took ;
By this the Lord of winds, with wodeness,³
God Æolus his bugle blew I guess :
That with the blast the leavis all to shook,
And suddenly, in the space of a look
All was hyne went,⁴ there was but wilder-
ness,
There was no more but birdis, bank, and
brook.

XXVII.

In twinkling of an eye to ship they went,
And, swith⁵ up sail unto the top they stent,
And with swift course attour⁶ the flood
they frak ;⁷
They fired guns with powder violent,
Till that the reik⁸ raise to the firmament,
The rockis all resounded with the rak,
Forreird⁹ it seemèd that the rainbow brak ;
With spirit affrayed upon my feet I sprent¹⁰
Amang the clews,¹¹ sae careful¹² was the
crak.

XXVIII.

And as I did awake of my sueving,¹³
The joyful birdis merrily did sing
For mirth of Phœbus tender beamis sheen ;
Sweet were the vapours, soft the morrow-
ing.¹⁴

¹ Strange aspect.² Care, charge.³ Fury, madness.⁴ Hence gone.⁵ Swift, quick.⁶ Arrows, out over.⁷ Hurried away.⁸ Smoke.⁹ Noise.¹⁰ Started up.¹¹ The cliffs.¹² Fearful.¹³ Dreaming.¹⁴ Morning.

Halesome the vale, depaint with flowris
ying,¹

The air attempered sober, and amene ;²
In white and red was all the field beseen,
Through Nature's noble fresh enamelling,
In mirthful May, of every moneth queen.

XXIX.

O reverend Chaucer ! rose of rhetoris all,
As in our tongue ane flower imperial,
That raise in Britain ever, who reads
right,
Thou bears of makaris the triumph riall,³
Thy fresh enamelled terms celicall :⁴
This matter could illumined have full bright.
Was thou not of our English all the light,
Surmounting every tongue terrestrial,
As far as Mayis morrow does midnight.

XXX.

O moral Gower, and Lydgate laureate !
Your sugared lips, and tongis aureate,
Been to our earis cause of great delight ;
Your angel mouthis most mellifluate,
Our rude language has clear illuminate,
And fair o'ergilt our speech, that imperfite
Stood, or your golden pennis schup⁵ to write ;
This isle before was bare, and desolate
Of rhetoric, or lusty fresh indite.

XXXI.

Thou little quair⁶ be ever obedient,
Humble, subject, and simple of intent,
Before the face of every cunning wight,
I know what thou of rhetoric has spent,
Of all her lusty roses redolent,
Is none into my garland set on hight ;
Eschame therof, and draw thee out of sight :
Rude is thy weid, disteynit,⁷ bare, and rent
Weel aucht⁸ thou be affairit⁹ of the light.

¹ Young.² Pleasant.³ Regal, royal.⁴ Celestial.⁵ Shaped.⁶ Book.⁷ Language under figure
of clothes stained.⁸ Ought, may.⁹ Afraid.

LEARNING VAIN WITHOUT
GOOD LIFE.

Written at Oxinfurde (Oxford).

I.

To speak of science, craft, or sapience,
Of virtue, moral cunning, or doctrine;
Of jure,¹ of wisdom, or intelligence;
Of every study, lair,² or discipline;
All is but tynt,³ or ready for to tyme,⁴
Not using it as it should usèd be,
The craft exerceing,⁵ considering not the
fine:⁶

A perilous sickness is vain prosperity!

II.

The curious probation logical;
The eloquence of ornate rhetorie;
The natural science philosophical;
The dark appearance of astronomy;
The theologue's sermon; the fables of
poetry;
Without good life all in the self⁷ does die,
As Mayis flowers does in September dry:
A perilous life is vain prosperity!

III.

Wherefore, ye clerkis,⁸ greatest of con-
stance,
Fullest of science and of knowledging,
To us be mirrors in your governance!⁹
And in our darkness be lamps of shining!
Or then infrustrar¹⁰ is all your long learning;
Gift to your saws¹¹ your deedis contrar be,
Your maist¹² accuser is your own cunning:¹³
A perilous sickness is vain prosperity.

¹ Jurisprudence, law.² Learning.³ Lost.⁴ To be lost.⁵ Exercising.⁶ The end.⁷ For itself.⁸ Authors, scholars.⁹ Behaviour, deport-
ment.¹⁰ Vain.¹¹ Precepts, sayings.¹² Most, greatest.¹³ Skilfulness.

MEDITATION IN WINTER.

I.

Into thir¹ dark and drublie² days,
When sable all the heaven arrays,
When misty vapours clouds the skies,
Nature all courage me denies
Of songs, balladis, and of plays.

II.

When that the night does lengthen hours,
With wind, with hail, and heavy showers,
My dule spreit³ does lurk forschoir;⁴
My heart for languor does forloir.⁵
For lack of Summer with his flowers.

III.

I wake, I turn; sleep may I nought;
I vexèd am with heavy thought;
This world all o'er I cast about:
And aye the mair I am in doubt,
The mair that I remeid have sought.

IV.

I am assayed on every side.
Despair says aye, "In time provide,
And get something whereon to leif;⁶
Or, with great trouble and mischief,
Thou shall into this court abide."

V.

Then Patience says, "Be not aghast;
Hold hope and truth within thee fast;
And let Fortune work forth her rage;
When that no reason may assuage,
Till that her glass be run and past."

VI.

And Prudence in my ear says aye,
"Why would thou hold what will away?
Or crave that thou may have no space
Thou tending to another place
A journey going every day?"

¹ These, or those.² Gloomy, foggy.³ Dull spirit.⁴ Meaning obscure.⁵ Is forlorn.⁶ Live.

VII.

And then says Age, "My friend, comenear,
And be not strange I thee requir;
Come brother, by the hand me take!
Remember, thou has compt to make¹
Of all the time thou spendèd here!"

VIII.

Syne, Deid² casts up his gatis wide,
Saying, "Thir open shall ye 'bide:
Albeit that thou were ne'er so stout,
Under this lintel shall thou lout;³
There is none other way beside."

IX.

For fear of this, all day I droop.
No gold in kist, nor wine in cup,
No lady's beauty, nor loveis bliss,
May let⁴ me to remember this,
How glad that ever I dine or sup.

X.

Yet, when the night begins to short,
It does my spreit some part comfort,
Of thought oppressèd with the showris.
Come, lusty Summer, with thy flowris,
That I may live in some disport!

NO TREASURE AVAILS WITH-
OUT GLADNESS.

I.

Be merry, man! and take not far in mind
The wavering of this wretched world of
sorrow!
To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,
And with thy neighbours gladly lend
and borrow:
His chance to-night, it may be thine to-
morrow.

Be blithe in heart for any aventure;

¹ Account to give.
² Death.

³ Bend, stoop.
⁴ Prevent.

For oft with wise men it has been said
aforrow,¹
Without gladness availis no treasure.

II.

Make thee good cheer of it that God thee
sends,
For worldis wrak² but welfare, nought
availis:
Na good is thine, save only that thou
spends;
Remenant all thou brookis but with
bales.³

Seek to solace when sadness thee assails:
In dolour lang thy life may not endure;
Wherefore of comfort set up all thy sails:
Without gladness availis no treasure.

III.

Follow on pity; flee trouble and debate;
With famous folkis hold thy company;
Be charitable, and humble in thine estate,
For worldly honour lastis but a cry;⁴
For trouble in earth take no melancholy:
Be rich in patience, gif thou in goods
be poor;
Who livis merry, he lives mightily:
Without gladness availis no treasure.

IV.

Thou sees thir wretches set with sorrow
and care,
To gather goods in all their livis space;
And, when their bags are full, their selves
are bare,
And of their riches but the keeping has;
Till others come to spend it, that has grace,
Which of the winning no labour had
nor cure.⁵
Take thou example, and spend with
merriness:
Without gladness availis no treasure.

¹ A-fore, before.

² Wealth, goods con-
temptuously, with-
out enjoyment.

³ Possesses only with
sorrow.

⁴ Longer than a sound.
⁵ Care.

V.

Though all the werk¹ that ever had livand
wight
Were only thine,² no more thy part does
fall,³
But meat, drink, clais,⁴ and of the lave⁵ a
sight !
Yet to the judge thou shall give 'compt
of all.
Ane reckoning right comes of ane rag-
ment⁶ small.
Be just, and joyous, and do to none
injure,
And truth shall make thee strong as any
wall :
Without gladness availis no treasure.

LOVE, EARTHLY AND DIVINE.

[THIS poem is remarkable for more
than either its poetry or its piety.]

I.

Now coolèd is Dame Venus' brand ;
True lovis fire is aye kindland,
And I begin to understand,
In feignèd love what folly been ;
Now comis age where youth has been,
And true love rises fro the spleen.⁷

II.

Till Venus' fire be dead and cauld,
True lovis fire never burnis bauld ;⁸
So as the tae⁹ love waxes auld,
The tother does increase mair keen :
Now comis age where youth has been,
And true love rises fro the spleen.

¹ Property, worth.² Were thine alone.³ Falls to thy share.⁴ Clothes.⁵ The remainder.⁶ An account for settle-
ment.⁷ From the heart.⁸ Bold, brightly.⁹ One, *tae* with tother.

III.

No man has courage for to write,
What pleassance is in love perfite,
That has in feignèd love delight :
Their kindness¹ is so contrar clean .²
Now comis age where youth has been,
And true love rises fro the spleen.

IV.

Full weel is him that may imprent,³
Or any ways his heart consent,⁴
To turn to true love his intent,
And still the quarrel to sustain :
Now comis age where youth has been,
And true love rises fro the spleen.

V.

I have experience by mysell ;
In lovis court anes did I dwell ;
But where I of ae⁵ joy could tell,
I could of trouble tell fifteen :
Now comis age where youth has been,
And true love rises fro the spleen.

VI.

Before, where that I was in dread,
Now have I comfort for to speed ;
Where I had maugre⁶ to my meed,
I trust reward and thanks between :
Now comis age where youth has been,
And true love rises fro the spleen.

VII.

Where love was wont me to displease,
Now find I into love great ease ;
Where I had danger and disease,
My breast all comfort does contain :
Now comis age where youth has been,
And true love rises fro the spleen.

VIII.

Where I was hurt with jealousy,
And would no lover were but I ;

¹ Must here mean
nature.² Contrary quite.³ Impress.⁴ To consent.⁵ One.⁶ Discountenance.

Now where I love I wald all wy¹
 As weel as I lovèd I ween :
 Now comis age where youth has been,
 And true love rises fro the spleen.

IX.

Before where I durst not for shame
 My love describe, nor tell her name,
 Now think I worship² were and fame,
 To all the world that it were seen :
 Now comis age where youth has been,
 And true love rises fro the spleen.

X.

Before no wight³ I did complein,
 So did her danger me derene ;⁴
 And now I set not by⁵ a bean
 Her beauty, nor her twa fair een :
 Now comis age where youth has been,
 And true love rises fro the spleen.

XI.

I have a love fairer of face,
 Whom in no danger may have place,
 Whilk will me guerdon give and grace,
 And mercy aye when I me mein :⁶
 Now comis age where youth has been,
 And true love rises fro the spleen.

XII.

Unquit I do no thing nor sayen,
 Nor wares a lovis thought in vain ;
 I shall be as weel loved again,
 There may no jangler me prevent :⁷
 Now comis age where youth has been,
 And true love rises fro the spleen.

XIII.

Ane love so fair, so good, so sweet,
 So rich, so rewthful⁸ and discreet,
 And for the kind of man so meet,

¹ Would all men.⁵ Value not.² Honour.⁶ Complain.³ Whit (?), this makes⁷ better sense.⁷ Tatlers me prevent.⁸ Merciful.⁴ Derange.

Never more shall be, nor yet has been :
 Now comis age where youth has been,
 And true love rises fro the spleen.

XIV.

Is none so true a love as He,
 That for true love of us did die ;
 He should be loved again, think me,
 That would so fain our love obtain :
 Now comis age where youth has been,
 And true love rises fro the spleen.

XV.

Is none but¹ the grace of God I wis,
 That can in youth consider this ;
 This false, deceivand worldis bliss,
 So guidis man in flouris green :
 Now comis age where youth has been,
 And true love rises fro the spleen.

TO THE MERCHANTS OF
EDINBURGH.

I.

Why will ye, merchants of renown,
 Let Edinburgh, your noble town,
 For lack of reformation
 The common profit tyne,² and fame?
 Think ye not shame,
 That any other region
 Shall with dishonour hurt your name !

II.

May nane³ pass through your principal
 gates,
 For stink of haddocks and of skates ;
 For crying of carlings and debates ;
 For fensum flyttings⁴ of defame ;
 Think ye not shame,
 Before strangers of all estates
 That sic dishonour hurt your name !

¹ Without.³ None may.² Lose.⁴ Offensive brawlinga.

III.

Your stinkand style¹ that standis dirk,
 Haldis the light frae your parish kirk ;²
 Your fore stairs³ makis your houses mirk,
 Like nae country but here at hame ;
 Think ye not shame,
 Sae little policy to work
 In hurt and slander of your name !

IV.

At your high cross⁴ where gold and silk
 Should be, there is but curds and milk ;
 And at your trone⁵ but cockle and wilk,
 Pansches,⁶ puddings of Jock and Jame ;⁷
 Think ye not shame,
 Sen as the world says that ilk⁸
 In hurt and slander of your name !

V.

Your common minstrel⁹ has no tune
 But "Now the Day Daws," and "Into
 June ;"
 Cunniger men maun serve saint clown,¹⁰
 And never to other craftis claim ;
 Think ye not shame,
 To hold sic mowaris¹¹ on the moon,
 In hurt and slander of your name !

VI.

Tailors, souters,¹² and craftis vile
 The fairest of your streets does file,
 And merchants at the stinkand style,
 Are hampered in ane honey came ;¹³
 Think ye not shame,

¹ A noted narrow
 passage near St
 Giles' Cathedral.

² St Giles' Cathedral.

³ Stairs projecting in-
 to the street.

⁴ The cross, a central

business point in

Old Edinburgh.

⁵ The public weigh-

ing beam.

⁶ Haggis.

⁷ Evidently names

for the nonce.

⁸ The same thing.

⁹ Town pipers.

¹⁰ Better musicians

serve the common

shows.

¹¹ Jesters.

¹² Shoemakers.

¹³ Packed together as

a honey-comb.

That ye have neither wit nor will,
 To win yourself a better name !

VII.

Your burgh of beggars is ane nest,
 To shout they swenyours¹ will not rest ;
 All honest folk they do molest,
 Sae piteously they cry and rame ;²
 Think ye not shame,
 That for the poor has nothing drest,³
 In hurt and slander of your name !

VIII.

Your profit daily does increase,
 Your godly workis less and less ;
 Through streetis nane may make pro-
 gress
 For cry of crooked,⁴ blind, and lame ;
 Think ye not shame,
 That ye sic substance does possess,
 And will not win a better name !

IX.

Sen for the Court and the Session,⁵
 The great repair of this region
 Is in your burgh, therefore be boun
 To mend all faults that are to blame
 And eschew shame ;
 Gif they pass to ane other town
 Ye will decay, and your great name !

X.

Therefore strangers and lieges treat,
 Take not oure meikle⁶ for their meat,
 And gar your merchants be discreet,
 That nae extortions be proclaim,
 Awffrand⁷ ane shame ;
 Keep order, and poor neighbours be it,
 That ye may get a better name !

XI.

Singular⁸ profits so does you blind,
 The common profit goes behind ;
 I pray that God remeid may find,

¹ Sturdy beggars.

² Roar, importune.

³ Provided.

⁴ Deformed.

⁵ The Supreme Courts.

⁶ Too much.

⁷ Offering, causing.

⁸ Individual, personal.

That deit' into Jerusalem,
And gar you shame !
That sometime reason may you bind,
For to reconquess² your good name.

OF JAMES DOIG, KEEPER OF
THE QUEEN'S WARDROBE.

TO THE QUEEN.

I.
The wardrober of Venus bower,
To give a doublet he is as doure³
As it were of ane foot side frog :⁴
Madam, ye have a dangerous Dog !

II.
When that I shaw to him your marks,⁵
He turns to me again and barks,
As he were worrying ane hog :
Madam, ye have a dangerous Dog !

III.
When that I shaw him your writing,
He girns that I am red⁶ for biting ;
I wald he had ane heavy clog :
Madam, ye have a dangerous Dog !

IV.
When that I speak till him friendlike,
He barkis like ane midden tyke⁷
Were chasing cattle through a bog :
Madam, ye have a dangerous Dog !

V.
He is ane mastiff, meikle of might,
To keep your wardrobe over night,
Frae the great Sowdan⁸ Gog-ma-gog :
Madam, ye have a dangerous Dog !

VI.
He is oure meikle⁹ to be your messan,
Madam, I red you get a less ane ;
His gang gars¹⁰ all your chalmers shog :¹¹
Madam, ye have a dangerous Dog !

¹ Died.	⁵ Seal.	⁹ Too big.
² Recover.	⁶ Afraid.	¹⁰ Heavy
³ Obstinate.	⁷ A dunghill	footstep
⁴ Frock, over-	cur.	makes.
coat.	⁸ Sultan.	¹¹ Shake.

OF THE SAID JAMES,

WHEN HE HAD PLEASD HIM
[THE POET].

I.
O gracious Princess, good and fair !
Do weel to James your wardropair ;
Whose faithful brother maist' friend I am:
He is nae Dog ; he is a Lamb.

II.
Though I in ballad did him bound,²
In malice spak I never ane word,
But all, my Dame, to do you gam :³
He is nae Dog ; he is a Lamb.

III.
Your Highness can not get ane meeter
To keep your wardrobe, nor discreeter,
To rule your robes, and dress the same :
He is nae Dog ; he is a Lamb.

IV.
The wife that he had in this inns,⁴
That with the tangs wad break his shins,
I wald she drowned were in a dam :
He is nae Dog ; he is a Lamb.

V.
The wife that wald him cuckold mak,
I wald she were, baith side and bak,
Weel battered with ane barrow tram :⁵
He is nae Dog ; he is a Lamb.

VI.
He has sae weel done me obey
In till all thing, therefore I pray
That never dolour make him dram :⁶
He is nae Dog ; he is a Lamb.

¹ Greatest.	⁴ Lodgings.
² Jest.	⁵ Wheelbarrow shafts.
³ Game, sport.	⁶ Sullen, sad.

TO THE KING.

THE PETITION OF THE GRAY HORSE,
AULD DUNBAR.

Now lovers come with largess¹ loud,
Why should not palfreys then be proud,
When gillies² will be schomd and schroud,³
That ridden are baith with lord and lad?

Sir, let it never in town be tald,
That I should be ane Yulis yald!⁴

When I was young and into ply,⁵
And wald cast gambols to the sky,
I had been bought in realms by,⁶
Had I consented to be sald.

Sir, let it never in town be tald,
That I should be ane Yulis yald!

With gentle horse when I wald nip,
Then is there laid on me ane whip,
To colleveris⁷ then maun I skip,
That scabbit are, has cruik and cald.

Sir, let it never in town be tald,
That I should be ane Yulis yald!

Though in the stall I be not clappèd,
As coursers that in silk been trappèd,
With ane new house I wald be happèd,
Agains⁸ this Christmas for the cald.

Sir, let it never in town be tald,
That I should be ane Yulis yald!

Suppose I were an auld yaid aver,⁹
Shot forth our cleuchs to pull the claver,¹⁰
And had the strength of all Stranaver,¹¹
I wald at Yule be housed and stalled.

Sir, let it never in town be tald,
That I should be ane Yulis yald!

I am ane auld horse, as ye know,
That ever in dule does dring and draw;

Great court horse puts me frae the staw,
To fang the fog¹ by frith and fald.
Sir, let it never in town be tald,
That I should be ane Yulis yald!

I have run long forth in the field,
On pastures that are plain and peeld;
I might be now tane in for eild,
My beiks are spruning² high and bald.
Sir, let it never in town be tald,
That I should be ane Yulis yald!

My mane is turnèd into white,
And thereof ye have all the wyte,³
When other horse had bran to bite
I gat but grass, nip if I wald.
Sir, let it never in town be tald,
That I should be ane Yulis yald!

I was never dauted⁴ into stable,
My life has been so miserable,
My hide to offer I am able
For evil shorn strae that I reive⁵ wald.
Sir, let it never in town be tald,
That I should be ane Yulis yald!

And yet, suppose my thrift be thine,
Gif that I die your aucht⁶ within,
Let never the soutars⁷ have my skin,
With ugly gumis to be gnawin.⁸
Sir, let it never in town be tald,
That I should be ane Yulis yald!

The court has done my courage cool,
And made me ane foreridden⁹ mule;
Yet, to wear trappours¹⁰ at this Yule,
I wald be spurrit at every spald.¹¹
Sir, let it never in town be tald,
That I should be ane Yulis yald!

¹ Gifts.⁶ Without, abroad.² Young mares.⁷ To coal-heavens.³ Decked and covered.⁸ Against.⁴ Christmas, jade or worn-out horse.⁹ Worn-out horse.¹⁰ Clover.⁵ Condition, plight.¹¹ In Sutherlandshire(?)¹ Bite the moss.⁶ Your possession.² Corner teeth are projecting.⁷ Shoemakers.³ Blame.⁸ Meaning obscure.⁴ Petted.⁹ Over-ridden.⁵ Rive and eat.¹⁰ Trappings.¹¹ Every joint.

RESPONSIO REGIS.
[*The King's Answer.*]

After our writings, Thesaurar,
Tak in this gray horse, auld Dunbar,
Whilk in my aucht,¹ with service true,
In lyart² changed is his hue ;
Gar house him now agains this Yule,
And busk him like ane bishop's mule :
For, with my hand, I have indost
To pay whatever his trappours³ cost.

TO A LADY.

I.
Sweet Rose of virtue and of gentleness ;
Delightsome Lily of every lustiness,
Richest in bounty,⁴ and in beauty clear,
And every virtue that is held most dear,
Except only that ye are merciless.

II.
Into your garthe⁵ this day I did pursue,
There saw I flowris that fresh were of hue ;
Both white and red most lusty were to seen,
And halesome herbis upon stalkis green ;
Yet leaf nor flower find could I none of rue.

III.
I doubt⁶ that March, with his cauld blastis
keen,
Has slain this gentle herb, that I of mean,
Whose piteous death does to my heart
sic pain,
That I would make to plant his root again,
So comfortand his leavis unto me been.

OF THE CHANGES ON LIFE.

I.
I seek about this world unstable,
To find ane sentence conveenable,

¹ Possession.	³ Trappings.	⁵ Garden.
² Gray.	⁴ Goodness	⁶ Fear.

N

But I can not in all my wit,
Sae true a sentence find of it,
As say it is deceivable.

II.
For yesterday, I did declare
How that the time was soft and fair,
Come in as fresh as peacock fedder,¹
This day it stangis² like an adder,
Concluding all in my contrair.

III.
Yesterday, fair upsprung the flowris,
This day they are all slain with showris :
And fowls in forest that sang clear,
Now weepis with ane dreary cheer,
Full could are baith their beds and bowris.

IV.
So next to summer winter been ;
Next after comfort caris keen ;
Next after night the mirthful morrow ;
Next after joy aye commis sorrow ;
So is this world, and aye has been.

LAMENT FOR THE MAKARS.

WHEN HE WAS SICK.

[BESIDES its plaintive poetic melancholy, characteristic of Dunbar, this poem has a historical literary interest as a retrospective list of Scottish poets from the author's time, and preserves some names otherwise unknown. Its omission of James I. and Thomas the Rhymer are unaccountable.]

I.
I that in heal³ was and glaidness,
Am troubled now with great sickness,
And feeblèd with infirmity :
Timor mortis conturbat me.⁴

¹ Feather.² Stings.³ Health.

⁴ The fear of death dis-
quiets me : used
by Lydgate.

II.

Our pleasance here is all vain glory,
This false world is but transitory,
The flesh is bruckle,¹ the Fiend is slee;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

III.

The state of man does change and vary,
Now sound, now sick, now blyth, now sary,²
Now dancing merry, now like to die;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

IV.

No state in erd here standis sicker;³
As with the windis waves the wicker,
So waves this warldis vanity;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

V.

Unto the dead goes all estates,
Princes, Prelates, and Potestates,⁴
Baith rich and poor of all degree:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

VI.

He takes the knights into the field,
Anarmèd under helm and shield;
Victor he is at all melee:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

VII.

That strong unmerciful tyrand
Takes, on the mother's breast suckand,
The babe, full of benignity:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

VIII.

He takes the champion in the stour,⁵
The captain closèd in the tower,
The lady in bower full of beauty:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

IX.

He sparis no lord for his pisceance,⁶
Nor clerk for his intelligence;
His awful straik may no man flee;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

¹ Brittle, unstable.² Sorry.³ Secure.⁴ Potentates.⁵ Turmoil of battle.⁶ Power, puissance.

X.

Art-magicians, and astrologyis,
Rethors, logicians, theologyis,
Them helpis no conclusions slee:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XI.

In medicine the most practicians,
Leeches, surgeons, and physicians,
Them self from death may not supply:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XII.

I see that makars,¹ among the lave,²
Plays here their padyances,³ syne goes to
grave,
Sparèd is not their faculty:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XIII.

He has done piteously devour,
The noble Chaucer, of makars flower,
The Monk of Berry,⁴ and Gower, all three:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XIV.

The good Sir Hew of Eglintoun,⁵
And eik Heryot,⁶ and Wyntoun,
He has tane out of this countrie:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XV.

That scorpion fell has done infek⁷
Maister John Clerk,⁸ and James Afflek,⁹
Frae ballat-making and tragedy:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XVI.

Holland and Barbour he has bereavèd;
Alace! that he nought with us leavèd

¹ Poets, makers of poetry.² The rest.³ Pageants.⁴ Lydgate.⁵ See reference under Huchon of the Awle Royal.⁶ Not elsewhere noticed.⁷ Deprived of strength, life (f).⁸ Several Clerks are

known only by name.

⁹ Servitour to the Earl of Rosse.

Sir Mungo Lockhart¹ of the Lee :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XVII.
Clerk of Tranent² eik he has tane,
That made the awnteris of Gawane ;
Sir Gilbert Hay³ ended has he :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XVIII.
He has Blind Harry, and Sandy Traill⁴
Slain with his shot of mortal hail,
Whilk Patrik Johnstoun might not flee :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XIX.
He has left Merseir his indite,
That did in love so lively write,
So short, so quick, of sentence high :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XX.
He has ta'en Roull of Aberdeen,
And gentle Roull of Corstorphine ;
Two better fellows did no man see :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XXI.
In Dunfermline he has done rounne,⁶
Good Maister Robert Henrisoun ;
Sir John the Ross⁷ embraced has he :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XXII.
And he has now ta'en last of aw,
Good, gentle Stobo,⁸ and Quintine Schaw,⁹
Of whom all wightis has pitie :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

¹ Unknown otherwise. ⁶ Whispered, called ;

² See under Huchoon. passage doubtful.

³ Chamberlain to ⁷ Dunbar's contemporay and friend :
Charles VII. of France. no poems preserved.

⁴ See under Henry the ⁸ No one of his poems
Minstrel. are preserved.

⁵ It is uncertain which ⁹ Kennedy's friend :
of the two wrote author of "Advice
Rowl's Cursing. to a Courtier."

XXIII.
Good Maister Walter Kennedy,
In point of dead lies verily,
Great ruth¹ it were that so should be :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XXIV.
Sen he has all my brether tane,
He will not let me live alane,
On force I maun his next prey be :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XXV.
Sen for the death remeid is none,
Best is that we for dead dispoone,²
After our dead that live may we :
Timor mortis conturbat me.

THE DANCE OF THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

I.
Of Februar the fifteen night,
Full lang before the dayis light,
I lay in till a trance ;
And then I saw baith Heaven and Hell :
Me thought, amang the fiendis fell,
Mahoun³ gart cry ane Dance
Of shrews that were never shriven,
Agains the feast of Eastern's even,
To make their observance.
He bade gallants gae graith a gyse,⁴
And cast up gamountis⁵ in the skies,
As varlets does in France.

II.
Heilie⁶ harlots on hawtane wise,⁷
Come in with mony sundry guise,
But yet leuch⁸ never Mahoun,

¹ Pity.

² Prepare, dispoose.

³ Mahomet, used in the middle ages as a name for the devil.

⁴ Prepare a mask. ⁵ Gambola. ⁶ Holy (?) ⁷ In a haughty manner. ⁸ Laughed.

Till priests come in with bare shaven necks ;
Then all the fiends leuch, and made gecks,¹
Black-Belly and Bawsy-Broun.²

III.

Let see, quoth he, now wha begins,
With that the foul Seven Deadly Sins
Begoud to leap at anes.
And first of all in dance was Pride,
With hair wyld³ back, and bonnet on side,
Like to make vaistie wanis ;⁴
And round about him, as a wheel,
Hang all in rumples to the heel
His kethat⁵ for the nanis ;⁶
Mony proud trumpour with him trippèd ;
Through scalding fire, ayeas they skipèd
They gined with hideous granis.⁷

IV.

Then Ire came in with sturt and strife ;
His hand was aye upon his knife,
He brandished like a beir :
Boasters, braggers, and bargainers,⁸
After him passit into pairs,
All bodin in feir of weir ;⁹
In jacks, and scryppis,¹⁰ and bonnets of
steel,
Their legs were chainèd to the heel,¹¹
Frowart was their affair ;¹²
Some upon other with brandis beft,¹³
Some jagged others to the heft,
With knives that sharp could shear.

V.

Next in the dance followèd envy,
Filled full of feud and felony,
Hid malice and despite :
For privy hatred that traitor tremblèd ;
Him followèd mony freik¹⁴ dissemblèd,

¹ Mocking gestures.² Names of fiends.³ Trained, combed.⁴ Obscure.⁵ Cassock.⁶ Nonce, the occasion.⁷ Groans.⁸ Quarrelsome persons.⁹ Having their war-
paint on.¹⁰ Wallets (?)¹¹ Chain armoured to
the heels.¹² Appearance.¹³ Struck blows.¹⁴ Bold fellow.

With feigned wordis quite :
And flatterers in to men's faces ;
And backbiters in secret places,
To lie that had delight ;
And rownaris of false lesings,¹
Alace ! that courts of noble kings
Of them can never be quit.

VI.

Next him in dance came Covettyce,
Root of all evil, and ground of vice,
That never could be content :
Catives, wretches, and ockeraris,²
Hudpikes,³ hoarders, gatheraris,
All with that warlock went :
Out of their throats they shot on other
Hot, molten gold, me thought, a fudder⁴
As fire-flaucht⁵ maist fervent ;
Aye as they toomèd them of shot,
Fiends filled them new, up to the throat,
With gold of all kind prent.

VII.

Syne Swearness,⁶ at the second bidding,
Came like a sow out of a midding,
Full sleepy was his grunye ;⁷
Mony swear humbard belly huddroun,
Mony slut, daw, and sleepy duddroun,
Him served aye with sounyie ;⁸
He drew them forth in till a chain,
And Belial with a bridle rein
Ever lashed them on the lunyie :⁹
In dance they were so slow of feet,
They gave them in the fire a heat,
And made them quicker of cunyie.¹⁰

VIII.

Then Lechery, that laithly corse,
Came berand¹¹ like ane baggit horse,
And Idleness did him lead :

¹ Whisperers of lies.² Usurers.³ Misers.⁴ Quantity.⁵ Lightning, wildfire.⁶ Sloth, unwillingness.⁷ Grunt.⁸ Care.⁹ The loins.¹⁰ Cunning, apprehen-

sion.

¹¹ Neighing.

There was with him ane ugly sort,
And mony stinking foul tramort,
That had in sin been dead :
When they were entered in the dance,
They were full strange of countenance,
Like torches burning red ;
Ilk ane led other by the tarsis ;

It might be no remeid.

IX.

Then the foul monster, Gluttony,
Of wame insatiable and greedy,
To dance he did him dress :
Him followed mony foul drunkart,
With can and collop, cup and quart,
In surfeit and excess ;
Full mony a waistless wally-drag,¹
With wames unwieldable, did forth wag,
In creesh that did increase :
Drink ! aye they cried, with many a gaip,
The fiends gave them hot lead to laip,
Their leveray,² was nae less.

X.

Nae minstrels played to them but doubt,
For gleemen there were halden¹ out,
By day, and eik by night ;
Except a minstrel that slew a man,
So to his heritage he wan,
And entered by brief of right.

XI.

Then cried Mahoun for a Hieland Pady-
ane :²
Syne ran a fiend to fetch Makfadyane,
Far northward in a neuck ;³
By he the coronach had done shout,
Ersche men so gathered him about,
In hell great room they took :
Thae tarmigants, with tag and tatter,
Full loud in Ersche begoud to clatter,
And roup like raven and rook.
The Devil sae deaved was with their yell,
That in the deepest pot of hell
He smorit⁴ them with smook !

WALTER KENNEDY.

As the rival of Dunbar in the famous "Flyting," an interest has attached to the name of Walter Kennedy which none of the few other poems that are ascribed to him serve to increase. His share of the "Flyting"—about two-thirds of the whole piece—may be said to be quite equal to that of Dunbar, and is the best test that we possess of his skill in the use of his poetic weapons. By their contemporary, Gavin Douglas, and their successor Lindsay, Kennedy is ranked at least equal to, if not higher

than, Dunbar ; but this is a position he cannot maintain in the estimation of posterity, who, unfortunately for his fame, have not the means of confirming the judgment of those who must be admitted to have had ampler means for forming an opinion.

Dr Laing says he was born in Ayrshire about 1460, and was the third son of Gilbert first Lord Kennedy. He was educated at Glasgow Univer-

¹ Kept out.

³ Corner.

² Highland pageant.

⁴ Smothered.

⁵ The sixth son of Lord Kennedy, of Cassillis and Dunure.—Paterson's *Life and Poems of Dunbar*, 1860.

¹ Thriftless drab.

² Meaning obscure : thirst (?)

sity, where he took his degree of M.A. in 1478, and in 1481 was elected one of the four Examiners of that University. He appears to have resided principally in Ayrshire, and is supposed, on probable grounds, to have filled the offices of Bailie-depute of Carrick, and Provost of the Collegiate Church of Maybole, founded by his ancestor Sir John Kennedy, whose heirs held the patronage.¹ He also appears to have resided in Edinburgh, and to have had some knowledge of court life.

This is all that is known regarding him, beyond what may be inferred from certain personal allusions in the "Flyting." There are also some references to his history in Dunbar's share of that composition, which, like all caricature, may be supposed to be exaggerations of the truth; yet it is manifest that many circumstances are pure inventions, any modification of which would be dishonourable, if true, of the person to whom they refer. In reference to the sources of his own and Dunbar's poetic inspiration, he not inelegantly says:—

I perambulated of Parnassus the mountain,
Inspired with Mercury frae his golden
sphere;
And dulcely drank of eloquence the fountain,
When it was purified with frost and flow'd
clear!
And thou come fool! in March or Februeir,
There till ane pool, and drank the paddock
rude,²
That gars thee rhyme into thy termis glude,³
And blabberis that, noyis men's ears to hear,

¹ Paterson says he abandoned the church, married, and had two sons, one of whom, his namesake, became Provost of Maybole.

² Frog-spawn.

³ Slimy (?)

He also calls Dunbar his "imperfyte" (inferior) in poetry or prose, and styles himself the Rose of Rhetoric. In reference to his loyalty and relations with the king, he says—

I am the king's blood, his true special clerk,
That never yet imagined his offence,
Constant in mind, in thought, word, and werk,
Only dependant upon his excellence;
Trustand to have of his magnificence,
Guerdon, reward, and benefice bedeen;²
When that the ravens shall rive out both thy
een,
And on the rats² shall be thy residence.

The last stanza gives a good idea of the Billingsgate of the piece, while it confirms the opinion elsewhere stated, as to the sportive, tournamentile character of the composition. The ascription of Lollardism to Dunbar also shows that the tendency of his writings toward Protestantism was not unmarked by his brother churchmen; yet the fact of his being one of the orthodox and more rigid party does not appear to have acted as a restraint upon Kennedy's freedom of vituperative expression.

Duelbeir, thy speir of weir, but feir thou yeild,
Hang't, mangit, eddir stangit stryndie
stultorum,
To me, maist hee Kennydie, and fie the field,
Pickit, wickit, stickit, convickit lamp Lollardorum.
Diffamit, schamit, blamit Primus Pagadorum.
Out! out! I schowt, upon that snout that
sneவில்is.
Tailtellar, rebellar, indwellar with the divillis,
Spink, sink with stink ad Tartara Terma-
gorum.

¹ Shortly, soon.

² A wheel on which the dead bodies of criminals were exposed.

The time of Kennedy's death is not known, and although in Dunbar's "Lament," written between 1503 and 1508, he is referred to as being at the point of death, there is no evidence to show that he did die then. Besides his portion of the "Flyting," other five poems of his, of little merit or interest, have been preserved in the Bannatyne and Maitland manuscripts, and are given by Dr Laing at the end of his edition of Dunbar's works, 1834.

THE PRAISE OF AGE.

I.

At matin hour, in middis of the night,
Wakenèd of sleep, I saw beside me soon,
Ane aged man, seemèd sixty years of sight,
This sentence set, and sung it in good
tune—

Omnipotent, and eterne God in throne !¹
To be content and love thee I have cause
That my light youth-head is opprest and
done,

Honour with age to every virtue draws.

II.

Green youth, to age thou mon² obey and
bow,

They folly³ lustis lastis scant ane May ;
That then was wit, is natural folly now,
As worldly honour, riches, or fresh array,
Defy the devil, dread God and doomisday.
For all shall be accused as thou knawis ;

Blessed be God, my youth-head is away ;
Honour with age to every virtue drawis.

III.

O bitter youth ! that seemis so delicious ;
O holy age ! that sometimes seemèd sour,
O restless youth ! hie, halt, and vicious ;
O honest age ! fulfilled with honour ;
O froward youth ! fruitless and feedand
flowr,

Contrar to conscience, both to God and
lawis

Of all vain glore the lamp and the mirroure
Honour with age till every virtue drawis.

IV.

This world is set for to deceive us even,
Pride is the net, and covetous the train ;
For no reward, except the joy of heaven,
Would I be young into this world again.
The ship of faith, tempestuous wind and
rain

Drives in the sea of Lolledry, that blawis ;
My youth is gane, and I am glad and fain
Honour with age to every virtue drawis.

V.

Law, love, and lawtie, graven¹ low they lie ;
Dissimulance has borrowed conscience
clais ;

Aithis, writ, wax nor seals are nought set
by ;²

Flattery is fostered both with friends and
faes.

The son, to bruik³ it that his father has,
Would see him dead : Sathanus sic seed
sawis⁴

Youth-head, adieu ! ane of my mortal faes,
Honour with age to every virtue drawis.

¹ On throne.

² Must.

³ Foolish.

¹ Entombed.

³ Possess.

² Reckoned of no account.

⁴ Sows.

ANONYMOUS POETRY.

THE FRIARS OF BERWICK.

[THIS very excellent tale has been preserved, in both the Bannatyne and Maitland MSS., without any author's name in either. It has been printed so early as 1603, by Robert Charteris, Edinburgh; but the earliest edition preserved is that of Raban of Aberdeen, 1622, of which only a single copy is known. In 1723, Allan Ramsay made a transcript of it from the Bannatyne MS., on which he founded his tale of "The Monk and the Miller's Wife," without however acknowledging his indebtedness. Pinkerton printed the Maitland MS. version in 1786, attributing the authorship to Dunbar; while Sibbald, in 1802, reprinted Pinkerton's edition, collating it with the Bannatyne MS., and ascribing the authorship to the unknown author of the "Priests of Peebles." Dr David Laing printed the Bannatyne MS. version, in his edition of *Dunbar's Works*, 1834, in which, on the authority of Pinkerton, he places it among poems attributed to Dunbar. He remarks:—"That the *Friars of Berwick* is a composition belonging to the commencement of the sixteenth century, and not later than the minority of James Fifth, cannot, I think, be doubted. That it affords such intrinsic evidence as might warrant an unhesitating ascription of it to Dunbar, seems much less certain. Pinkerton's reasons on this head are certainly not very conclusive."

We have said, in the life of Dunbar,

that no one would dispute that his genius was equal to its production; yet the more we consider it, the less does it seem to us to be his writing. The fact of its appearing anonymously in both the manuscripts in which most of Dunbar's poems are preserved, is perhaps the strongest external objection to his authorship; yet neither this, nor the alleged modernness of the language, would weigh much against the assumption in our estimation, did the literary structure of the composition exhibit that mastery of the art of poetry, which, without exception, marks all Dunbar's poems.

Mr Fraser Tytler remarks that:—"There are few of Chaucer's tales which are equal, and certainly none of them superior to this excellent piece of satire. The whole management of the story, its quiet comic humour, its variety and natural delineation of human character, the freshness and brilliancy of its colouring, the excellence and playfulness of its satire upon the hypocritical and dissolute lives of many of the monastic orders, and the vigorous versification into which it is thrown, are entitled to the highest praise." Without detracting in the least from Mr Tytler's estimate of the piece as a tale, and even admitting it to be superior, in that aspect of it, to anything Dunbar has written, yet we cannot see that in literary finish, and that masterly ironic ease that characterises Dunbar's analysis of character, and that penetrating insight that dissects the motives of human action with a skill that has seldom been equalled, the

"Friars of Berwick" can be said to bear internal evidence of being an emanation from the mind of that great poet.]

As it befell and happened into deed,
Upon a river the whilk is callèd Tweed ;
At Tweedis mouth there stands a noble town,

Where many lords has been of great renown :

Where many a lady (als) been, fair of face,
And many ane fresh lusty gallant was.
Into this town, the whilk is callèd Berwick—
Upon the sea, there standis none it like ;
For it is wallèd well about with stane,
And double stankis² castin many ane,
And syne the castel is so strong and wight,
With stately towers, and turrets high on hight,

With kirkalis² wrought craftily with all ;
The portcullis most subtly to fall,
When that them list to draw them upon hight,

That it might be of nae manner of might,
To win that house by craft or subtlety.
Wherefore it is maist good alluterly ;³
Into my time wherever I have been,
Most fair, most goodly, most pleasant to be seen.

The town, the castle, and the pleasant land ;

The sea wall is upon the other hand ;
The great Cross kirk, and eik the Mason Dew ;⁴

The Jacobine friars of the white hue,
The Carmelettis, and the monkis eik
Of the four orders were not to seek ;
They were all into this town dwelling.

So happened it in a May morning,
That twa of the white Jacobine frieris,
As they were wont and usèd many yearis,

To pass among their brethren upaland,¹
Were send of them best practised and cunnand.

Friar Allan, and friar Robert the other :
Thir silly friars with wifis weel could gludder ;²

Right wonder weel pleased they all wyvis,
And tell them tales of haly Sanctis lyvis.

While, on a time, they purpost till pass hame ;

But very tired and wet was Friar Allan,
For he was old, and might not now travel,

And als he had ane little spice of gravel.
Friar Robert was young, and wonder hait of blood ;

And by the way he bore both clothes and hood,

And all the gear, for he was strong and wight.

By that it drew near hand toward the night ;
As they were command to the town weell near.

Friar Allan said than, "Good brother, dear,
It is so late, I dread the yett³ be closed ;
And I am tired, and very ill disposed
To lodge out of the town ; but gif that we
In some good house this night mot herbered be."

Sae winnèd there ane wonder good hostellar
Without the town, intil ane fair manor ;
And Symon Lawder was he callèd by name.
Ane fair blithe wife he had, of ony ane ;
But she was something dink,⁴ and dangerous.

Thir silly friars when they come to the house,

With fair hailing and becking courteously,
To them she answerèd again in hye.⁵

Friar Robert speirèd⁶ after the goodman,
And she again answerèd them than ;

¹ Ditches.

² Battlements.

³ Altogether, entirely.

⁴ *Maison dieu* ; God's house ; an hospital.

¹ Inland.

² Joke, and feast, &c.

³ Gate.

⁴ Dressy, dandyish.

⁵ Haste.

⁶ Inquired.

"He went frae hame, God wait, on
Wednesday,
Into the country, to see for corn and hay,
And other thingis, whereof we have need."
Friar Allan said, "I pray great God him
speed,
And save him sound in till his travale."
Friar Robert said, "Dame fill ane stoup of
ale,
That we may drink, for I am wonder dry."
With that the wifewent forth right shortly;
And filled the stoup, and brought in bread
and cheese:
They ate, and drank, and sat at their ain
ease.
Friar Allan said to the goodwife in hye,
"Come hither, dame, and sit you down me
by,
And fill this stoup again, anis¹ to me;"
Friar Robert said, "Full weell payed shall
ye be."

The friars were blithe, and merry tales
could tell:
And even with that they heard the prayer
bell
Of their ain Abbey; and then they were
aghast,
Because they wist the yetts were locked
fast,
That they might not frae then get entery.
The goodwife then they prayèd for charity,
To grant them herbery² there that ane
night.
But she to them gave answer with great
hight,
"The goodman is frae hame, as I you told;
And God it wait, gif I dare be so bold
To herber friars in this house with me.
What wald Symon say? Ha benedicite!
I trow I durst ne'er look him in the face,
But³ in his absence I abused his place
Our dear Lady Mary keep frae sic case!
And save me out of peril, and frae shame!"

¹ Once.² Lodging.³ If.

Then auld Friar Allan said, "Nae, fair
dame,
For Godis love hear me what I shall say;
Ye put us out, we will be dead or day.
The way is evil, and I am tired and wet;
And, as ye know, it is now sae late,
That to our Abbey we can not win in;
To cause us perish but⁴ help, ye have great
sin.
Therefore of very need we maun bide still,
And us commit all hail into your will."
The goodwife lookèd at the friars tway;—
And, at the last, to them thus gan she say:
"Ye bide not here, by Him that us all
coft,⁵
But gif ye list to lig³ up in yon loft,
The whilk is wrought into the hallis end,
Ye shall find strae; and claiths I shall you
send;
Where and ye list, pass on baith in feir;⁴
For on no wayis will I repair have hear."

Her maiden then she sendis on before,
And her they followed baith withouten
more.
They were full blithe to do as she them
kend:
And up they went, into the hallis end,
Intill ane loft was made for corn and hay.
She made their bed, and syne went, but⁵
delay,
Closed the trap, and they remained still
Into the loft, they wanted of their will.
Friar Allan liggis⁶ down as he best might.
Friar Robert said, "I hecht⁷ to walk this
night:
Wha wait,⁸ perchance some sport I may
espy?"
Thus in the loft I let the friars lie.

And of the goodwife now I will speak
mair.

¹ Without.⁵ Without.² Bought.⁶ Lies.³ Lie.⁷ Purpose⁴ In company, together.⁸ Knows.

She was full blithe that they were closed
there,
For she had made ane tryst, that samen
night,
Friar John her lovis supper for to dight.¹
And she wald have nane other company ;
Because Friar John all night with her should
be :

Whilk dwelland was into that samen town ;
And ane black friar hewas of great renown.
He governèd all hail the abbacy :
Silver and gold he had abundantly ;
He had ane privy postern of his awin,
That he might issue, when him list,
unknawin.

Now, thus into the town I leave him still,
Bidand² his time ; and turn again I will
To this fair wife, how she the fire could
beit :³

And thrust on fat capons on the speet ;
And fat cunyngs⁴ to the fire gan she lay,
Syne bade her maid, in all the haste she
may

To flawme,⁵ and turn, and roast them
tenderly.

And till her chalmer syne she went in hye.
She pulled her mawkin,⁶ and gave her
buffets tway

Upon the cheeks, syne till her could she
say,

Ye should be blithe and glad at my request,
Thir mullis of yours, are called to ane feast.
She cleithis⁷ her in a kirtle of fine red ;
Ane fair white curch⁸ she put upon her head.
Her kirtle was of silk, her keyis gingling
syne,

Her other garments as the red gold did
shine,

On ilkane⁹ finger she wearèd ringis two :

¹ Prepare, dress.

² Waiting.

³ Replenish.

⁴ Rabbits ; Gaelic,
conan.

⁵ Baste.

⁶ Young servant girl.

⁷ Dresses, clothes.

⁸ Coif, cap.

⁹ Every.

She was als proud as any papingo.¹
The board she coverèd with cloth of costly
green,

The napry above was wonder weel beseen.
Then but² she went to see gif any come,
She thought full lang to meet her love,
Friar John.

Syne shortly did this friar knock at the
yett.

His knock she kend, and so did him in
let,

And welcomèd him in all her best maneir.
He thankèd her, and said, " My awin love
dear,

There is ane pair of bossis,³ good and fine,
They hold ane gallon-full of Gascon wine,
And als ane pair of pertrijs⁴ right new
slain ;

And eik ane creell⁵ full of bread of mane.⁶
This have I brought to you, my sweet love
dear :

Therefore I reid⁷ now that we make good
cheer.

Sen it is so that Symon is frae hame,
I will be hamely now, with you good dame."
She says, " Ye are right heartily welcome
here,

At any time, when that ye list appear."

With that she smilèd wonder lustily :

He thristed her hand again right privily.

Then in het love they talkèd other till.

Thus at their sport I will them leaven still,

Bidand their time ; and turn again I will

To tell you of thir silly friars twa,

That ligged in the loft among the straw.

Friar Allan still into the loft can ly :

Friar Robert had a little jelosy ;

For in his heart he had ane persaving.

And through the burde he made, with his
bodkin,⁸

¹ Parrot.

² To the outer room.

³ Earthenware bottles.

⁴ Partridges.

⁵ Basket.

⁶ Finest wheat bread.

⁷ Advise.

⁸ Small knife.

A little hole on sic a wise made he,
 All that they did there-down he might
 weel see :
 And every word did hear that they did say.
 When she was proud, right wonder fresh
 and gay ;
 She callèd him baith heart, lemman, and
 love,
 Lord God, gif then his courage was above.
 So prelate like sat he into his cheer !
 She rownis then ane pistill¹ in his ear ;
 Thus sportand them, and makand melody.
 And when she saw the supper was ready,
 She goes, and coveris the board anon ;
 And syne the pair of bossis has she tone,
 And set them down upon the board him by.
 And evin with that they heard the good-
 man cry.

And knockand at the yett he cryèd fast.
 When they him heard, they were then all
 aghast.

And als Friar John was in a fellow fray ;
 And start up fast, and wald have been away.
 But all for nought he might nae way win
 out.

The goodwife spake then, with a vissage
 stout,

"Yon is Symon that makis all this fray,
 That I might now have thought was weel
 away.

I shall him quit, an I live half a year,
 That has encumbered us in this maneir.
 Because for him we may not bide together ;
 I sair repent me now that he come hither.
 For we were weel gif, he had been away."
 "What shall I do, alas?" the friar gan say.
 "Into this case, lord, how shall I me bear?
 For I am schent² and Symon find me here."
 "Perchance," quoth she, "it maun be for
 the best,
 That I you hide till he be brought to rest ;
 The kneadin trough, that lay intill the
 neuk,³

It held ane boll of meal when that we
 buik:"⁴

Right intill it she gart him creep in hye,
 And bade him lurk there very quietly.

Syne to her maiden speedily she spake,
 "Gae to the fire, and the meats frae it take.
 Be busy als, and sloken out the fire.
 Go clear the board ; and take away the
 cheer.

And lock up all into yon almery ;
 Baith meat and drink, baith wine and ale
 put by.

The cunnyngs, capons, and wild fowlis
 syne ;

The mane bread als thou hide it with the
 wine.

That being done, thou soop⁵ the house
 right clean,

That no likness of feast-meats here be
 seen."

And syne withouten any mair delay,
 She castis off all hail (her) fresh array.
 Then bounèd her right till her bed anon
 And tholèd³ him to knock his fill, Symon.

When he for knocking tired was, and
 cryed ;

About he went unto the other side,
 Till ane window that was at her beds head ;
 And cryed, "Alisoun, awake for Goddis
 stead !"

And aye on Alisoun fast couth he cry.

And at the last she answered crabbedly,

"Say wha be this that knows sae weel
 my name ?

"Go hence," she says, "for Symon is frae
 hame,

And I will herbery no ghaistis here, perfoy ;
 Therefore I pray you to wend on your
 way ;

For at this time ye may not lodgèd be."

Then Symon said, "Fair dame, know ye
 not me ?

I am your Symon, husband of this place."

¹ Whispers a speech. ² Done for. ³ Corner.

⁴ Baked.

⁵ Sweep.

³ Allowed.

Are ye my spouse, Symon?" she said.

"Alas!

Through misknowledge I had almaist misgane:

Wha weend that ye sae late wald have come hame?"

She startis up and gettis light in hye;

And opened then the yett full hastily.

She took fae him his gear, at all devise:

Syne welcomed him on maist hearty wise.

He bade the maiden kindle on the fire,

"And graith¹ me meat, and tak ye all thy hire."

The goodwife said right shortly, "Ye me trow,

Here is nae meat that ganand is for you."

"How sae, fair dame? Gae get me cheese and bread;

And fill the stoup; hold me nae mair in plead;

For I am tired, and very wet and cold."

Than up she raise, and durst nae mair be bold:

But covered the board; thereon set meat in hye;

And syne cold meat she brought deliverly:²

Ane sowsed foot,³ and sheep head, hastily;

And filled the stoup; and feigned to be blithe.

Than sat he down, and swore, "By Allhallow

I fair right weell, had I but ane good fellow.

Dame eat with me, and drink gif that ye may."

Said the goodwife, "Devil inch cun⁴ I;—nay;

It were mair meet into your bed to be,

Than now to sit desirand company."

The friars twa, that in the loft can lie,

They heard him weell desirand company.

Friar Robert said, 'Allan, good brother dear,

I wald the goodman wist that we were here!

Wha wait perchance some better wald he fair!

For fickerly¹ my heart will aye be sair Gifyon sheep head with Symon birneist² be; When sae meikle good cheer is in yon almery."

And with that word he gave ane host³ anon. The goodman heard, and speired, "Wha is yon?

Methink that there is men into yon loft."

The goodwife answered, with wordis soft, Yon are your awin friars brether tway."

Symon said, "Tell me what friars are they?"

"Yon is friar Robert, and silly friar Allan, That all this day has gane with meikle pain.

By they came here it was sae very late, Curfew was rung and closed was their gate.

And in yon loft I gave them harbery.'

The goodman said, "Sae God have part of me,

They friars twa are heartly welcome hither,

Gae call them down, that we may drink⁴ together."

The goodwife said, "I reid⁴ you let them be.

They had levir⁵ sleep, nor sit in company. To drink, and doat, it gainis nought for them."

"Let be, fair dame, thy wordis are in vain, I will them have, by Goddis dignity!

Make no delay, but bring them down to me,"

The goodman said unto his maiden thon,⁶

"Go pray them baith to come till me anon."

And soon the trap the maiden opened than,

¹ Certainly.

² Picked clean,

³ Cough.

⁴ Advise.

⁵ Rather, prefer

⁶ For then.

¹ Prepare. ² Quickly. ³ Cowheel. ⁴ Taste.

And bade them baith come down to the
goodman.

Friar Robert said, "Fair maiden, by Sanct
Jame,

The goodman is full dearly welcome hame,
And for his welfare daily do we pray,
And we shall come down anon, ye may him
say."

Then with that word they start up both
atone,

And down the trap deliverly¹ are gone :
Syne halsit² Symon soon as they him see ;
And he again them welcomèd heartfully.
He said, "Come ben, mine ain brether
dear !

And set you down ye both beside me here,
For I am now alone, as ye may see ;
Therefore sit down, and bear me company,
And take you part of sic good as we have."
Friar Allan said, "Sir, I pray God you
save !

Here is enough I trow of Goddis good."
Then Symon, answered, "By the Holy
Rood,

Yet would I give ane crown of gold for me
For some good meat and drink among us
three."

Friar Robert said, "What meatis wald ye
crave ?

Or what kind drink desire ye for to have ?
For I have many sundry practiks seir³
Beyond the sea in Paris did I leir,⁴
Whilk I wald preif,⁵ sir, gladly for your
sake,

And for your dame's, that herbery couth⁶
us make.

I take on hand, and ye will counsel keep,
That I shall gar you have, or that ye sleep,
Of the best meat that is in the country ;
And Gascon wine, gif ony in it be ;
Or be there ony within ane hundredth mile,
It shall be here within ane little while."

¹ Quickly, nimbly.

⁴ Learn.

² Saluted.

⁵ Prove, test.

³ Magical tricks.

⁶ Lodgings did.

The goodman marvels meikle of this tale ;
And syne he said, "My heart will neir be
hale,

But gif ye preif that practik, or we part,
Be what kin science, micromancy, or art."

Friar Robert said, "Of this have ye no
dread ;

For I can do far mair, and there be need."
Then Symon said, "Friar Robert, I you
pray,

For my sake, that science ye wald essay
To make us sport." And then the friar
uprose,

And took his book, and to the floor he
goes.

He turns it oure, and reads ane little space ;
And to the east he turned first his face,
And made ane cross ; and then the friar
couth lout,¹

Syne to the west he turned him right about :
Then to the north he turned, and looked
down ;

And took his book and read ane orrison.
And aye his eyne were on the almery,²

And on the trough, where Friar John did
lie.

Then sat he down, and cast aback his
hood ;

He groaned, and glowred, and gaped as
he were wood.

And whilis he sat still in studying ;
And whilis on his book he was reading,
And whilis both his handis he wald clap ;
And other whilis wald he glowr and gape.
And on this wise he yeid³ the house about,
Weel twice or thrice ; then lowly could
he lout

When that he came near hand the almery.
Thereat our dame had wonder great
invy ;

For in her heart she had ane perceiving
That he had wit of all her governing :
She saw him give the almery sic ane stralk.

¹ Did bow.

³ Went.

² *Almery*, a cupboard or press.

Until herself she said, "Full weel I wait
I am but schent;¹ he knowis all my thought.
What shall I do? Alas, that I was wrought!
Get Symon wit it will be my undoing."
By that the friar has left his studying;
And on his feet he startis up full sture,
And come again, and said, "All-hail! my
cure

Is done. Anon and ye shall have plenty
Of meat and wine, the best in this country.
Therefore, fair dame, get up deliverly,
And gang belyve² unto yon almyer,
And open it; and see ye bring us syne
Ane pair of bossis³ full of Gascon wine,
They hold ane gallon and mair, that wait
I weel:

And bring us als the mane bread in the
creel.

Ane pair of cunings,⁴ fat and het pipand,
Ane pair of capons shall ye bring frae
hand;

Twa pair of pertriks, I wait there is no ma,
And eik of plovars see ye bring us twa."

The goodwife wist it was nae variance:
She knew the friar had seen her governance.⁵
She wist it was no boot for to deny:
With that she yeid⁶ unto the almyer,
And opened it, and then she fond right
there

All that the friar had spoken of before.
She start aback, as she were in affray;
And sained her; and smiland couth she say,
"Ha, Benedicite! what may this mean!
Wha ever afore has sic ane ferlie⁷ seen?
Sae great a marvel as now has happened
here!

What shall I say? He is ane holy friar!
He said full sooth of all that he did say."
She brought all forth, and on the board
could⁸ lay

Both meat, and bread, and wine, with-
outen more;

The capons, cunings, as ye have heard be-
fore,

Pertriks and plovars before them has she
brought.

The friar knew, and saw there wanted
nought;

But all was forth brought, even at his
devise.

When Symon saw it opened on this wise,
He had great wonder; and swears by the
moon,

"Friar Robert has right weel his devoir
done:

He may be callèd ane man of great science,
So suddenly made all this purveyance,
Has brought us here, all through his
subtlety,

And through his art, and his philosophy.
It was ane right good time that he came
hither.

Now fill a cup that we may drink together;
And make us cheer after this langsome
day;

For I have ridden a wonder wilsum¹ way.
Now God be lovèd, here is suffisance
Untill us all, through his good govern-
ance!"

And then anon they drank all round
about

The Gascon wine; and aye they played
cup out.²

Thay ate, and drank; and made right
merry cheer

With sangis loud, both Symon and the
friar;

And on this wise the long night they our
drave;

They wanted nothing thay desired to have.
Then Symon said to the goodwife in hye,
"Come here, fair dame, and set you down
me by;

¹ Undone.

² Go presently.

³ Earthen bottles.

⁴ Rabbits.

⁵ Behaviour.

⁶ Went.

⁷ Wonder.

⁸ For did.

¹ Wildsome, dreary. ² Drink out the cup.

And take part of sic good as we have here,
And heartily, I you pray, to thank the friar
Of his bening great business and cure¹
That he has done to us upon this floor ;
And brought us meat and drink abundantly ;

Wherefore of right we ought merry to be."
But all their sport when they were maist
at ease,

Untill our dame it did her nothing please.
For other thing was more intill her thought ;
She was so red, her heart was all on flought,²
Lest through the friar she should discovered be.

To him she looked oft times affairitly,³
And aye despairèd in her heart was she,
That he had wit of all her purveyance to.
Thus sat she still, and wist no other wane ;⁴
What ever they say, she lute⁵ them all
alane.

But she drank with them into company
With feigned cheer, and heart full woe
and heavy.

But they were blithe enough, God wait,
and sung,

For aye the wine was rakand⁶ them among,
Till at the last they waxèd blithe ilkone.⁷

Then Symon said unto the friar anon,
" I marvel meikle how that this may be !
Intill short time that ye, so suddenly,
Has brought us forth so many dainties
dear ! "

" Thereof have ye no ferlie,"⁸ quoth the
friar ;

" I have ane page, full privy, of my ain ;
Will come to me when that I list,
unknawin ?

And bring to me sic thing as I wald have.
What I so list, me needis not to crave.
Therefore be blithe, and take in patience ;
And trust weel I shall do diligence.

Gif that ye list, or likis to have more,
He shall it bring, that I shall stand there-
fore.

Incontinent that samen shall ye see,
But I protest that ye keep it privie ;
Let no man wit that I can do sic thing."
Then Symon said, " I swear by heavens
king

It shall be keptèd privy, as for me.
But, brother dear, your servant wald I see,
Gif that ye please, that we may drink to-
gether ;

For I wait not gif ye may aye come hither,
When that we list, or want sic feast as
this."

Then Robert said, ' Sae have I heavens
bliss,

You to have the sight of my servant,
It can not be, ye shall weel understand ;
That ye may see him graithly in his ain
kind,²

But ye anon should go out of your mind.
He is so foul and ugly for to see,
I dare not venture for to take on me
To bring him hither here into your sight,
And namely now, so late into the night.
But gif it were on sic a manner wise,
Him to translate into ane other guise,
Frae his awin kind intill ane other state."
Then Symon said, " I make nae more de-
bate.

However ye please so likis weel to me,
As how ye list, but fain wald I him see."
Friar Robert said, " Sen that your will is so,
Tell unto me, withouten wordis mo,
Into what shape list ye that he appear."

Then Symon said, " In likness of a friar,
In white habit, sic as yourself can wear:
For colour white will to no man do deir."²
Friar Robert said, " That sae it may not be
For causes sic as ye may weel foresee.
That he appear intill our habit white ;
For till our order it were great despite,³

¹ Transaction.⁵ Let.² In a flutter.⁶ Circulating.³ Affrightedly.⁷ Each one.⁴ Manner.⁸ Wonder.¹ Dressed in his proper shape.² Harm.³ Disgrace.

That any sic unworthy wight as he
Into our habit any man should see.
But, gif it pleases all you that are here,
Ye shall him see in likness of a friar
In habit black, it was his kind to wear;
Into sic wise that he shall no man deir,
Sae that ye do as I shall you devise,
To hold you close, and rule you on this
wise.

Whatever it be ye either see or hear,
Ye speak no word, nor yet make any stear:¹
But hold you close, till I have done my
cure.

And, Symon, ye maun be upon the floor
Near beside me, with staff into your hand:
Have ye no dread, I shall you aye warrand."
And Symon said, "I assent that it be sae.
Syn e up he gat, and took ane libberlae²
Intill his hand, and on the floor he start,
Something affrayed, though stalwart was
his heart.

Then Symon said unto Friar Robert soon,
"Now tell me, master, what ye will have
done."

"Nothing," he said, "but hold you close,
and still;

And what I do take ye good tent³ theretill.
And near the door ye hide you privily;
And when I bid you strike, strike hardily.
Into the neck see that ye hit him right."
"I warrand that," quoth he, "with all my
might."

Thus on the floor I leave him standand
still,
Bidand his time; and turn again I will
To friar Robert, that took his book in hie,⁴
And turned oure the leavis busily
Ane full long space,⁵ and when he had
done sae,
Toward the trough, withouten wordis mae
He goes belyve,⁶ and on this wise said he,

"Ha! how! Hurlybass! now I conjure
thèe!

That up thou rise, and syne to me appear,
In habit black, in likness of a friar.
Out frae this trough, where that thou dois lie,
Thou rax⁷ thee soon, and make no din nor
cry:

Now turn out of the trough, that we may
see

And syne till us thou show thèe openly.
And in this place see that thou no man
grieve;

But draw thy handis both into thy sleeve,
And pull thy cowl down outour thy face;
Thou may thank God thou gettis sic a
grace.

Therefore thou turss⁸ thèe to thine ain
resett,³

Let this be done, and make nae mair
debate.

In thy departing, see thou make no deray
Unto no wight, but freely pass thy way.

And in this place see that thou come no
more,

But I command thèe, or else charge before;
And oure the stair, see that thou gae with
speed;

Gif thou does not, on thine own peril beid."⁴

With that the friar under the trough
that lay

Raxèd him soon, for he was in affray;
Then out the trough he tumbled oure the
stane,

And to the door he shapest him to be gane,
With heavy cheer, and dreary counten-
ance,

For never before him happened sic a
chance.

But when Friar Robert saw him gangand⁶
by,

Then unto Symon loudly couth he cry,

¹ Stir, ado.

⁴ Haste.

² A baton, or heavy stick.

⁵ Space of time.

³ Heed.

⁶ Presently.

O

⁷ Stretch.

⁴ Be it.

⁸ Bundle up.

⁵ Direct, prepares.

³ Place of abode.

⁶ Going.

"Strike, strike hardily, for now is time to thèe,"

With that Symon ane fellow flap¹ let flee;
With his burdoun² he hit him on the neck;
He was so fierce he fell outour the seck,³
And brak his head upon ane mustard⁴ stone.
By that the friar outour the stair was gone,
In sic ane wise he missed has the trap;
And in the mire he fell, sic was his hap,
Was forty foot in breadth, under the stair:

Yet gat he up with cleithing⁵ naething fair,
Full drearily upon his feet he stood,
And through the mire full smartly then he yude.⁶

And oure the wall he clamb right hastily,
Which round about was laid with stonis dry.
Of his escape in heart he was full fain.
I trow he shall be laith to come again.

With that Friar Robert start aback, and saw

Where that the goodman lay so wonder law

Upon the floor; and bleedand was his head.
He start till him, and weend he had been dead;

And claught him up, withouten wordis more,

And to the door deliverly him bore.

And, for the wind was blawand in his face,
He soon ourecome⁷ within a little space.

And syne the friar has franit⁸ at him fast,

"What ailed you to be so sair aghast?"

Hesaid, "Yon friar has made me in affray."

"Let be," quoth he, "the worst is all away;

Make merry man, and see ye murne nae mair;

Ye have him striken quite outour the stair.

I saw him skip, gif I the sooth can tell,

Down oure the stair, intill a mire he fell,
Let him now gae; he is ane graceless ghaist:
And bounye to your bed and take your rest."

Thus Symon's head upon the stone was broken;

And oure the stair Friar John in mire has loppin,

And tap oure tail he filed was wonder ill:
And Alisone on nae ways gat her will.

This is the story that happened of that friar;

No more there is, but Christ us keep most dear.

THE THREE PRIESTS OF PEEBLES.

[THE first notice of these Tales is found in the *Complaint of Scotland*, 1548; but the earliest copy that has been traced is an edition printed by Robert Charteris, Edinburgh, 1603.

Pinkerton, on the ground that the kingdom of Granada is referred to as not yet Christian, supposes them to have been written before 1492, and assigns their authorship to Dean David Steill, the author of "The Ring of the Roy Robert," a poem of over 200 lines, but of no poetic value, preserved in the Maitland MS. Sibbald refers them to between 1533 and 1540, and attributes their authorship to John Rolland. Dr Laing says that a portion of them, including the title, is contained in a MS. which appears to have been transcribed twenty years earlier than the date assigned them by Sibbald.

¹ Stroke.

² Pikestaff, baton.

³ Over a sack.

⁴ Supposed to mean a stone mortar used for crushing pot-barley.

⁵ Clothing.

⁶ Went.

⁷ Recovered.

⁸ Inquired.

¹ From top to toe.

Their inferiority to "The Friars of Berwick," in the telling as well as in the structure of the stories, is very apparent; yet they bear considerable resemblance to that admirable tale; although it were unwarrantable on this ground alone to assign them to the same authorship. The Prelude and "The First Tale" only, are here given; the second, or Master Archibald's Tale, being somewhat unsuitable; and the third, or Master William's, being a more developed allegory than the others, is somewhat dull.]

PREFACE.

IN Peebles town sometime, as I heard tell,
The foremost day of Februar, befel,
Three priests went unto Collation,
Into ane privy place of the said town,
Where that they sat right soft and unfoot
sair;
They loved not nae rangald nor repair.¹
And, gif I should the sooth reckon and
say,
I trust it was upon saint Brydis day;
Where that they sat, full easily and soft;
With many loud laughter upon loft.
And, wit ye well, thir three they made
good cheer;
To them there was nae dainties then too
dear,
With three fed capons on a speet with
creesh,
With many other sundry divers meils.
And them to serve they had not but a
boy;
Frae company they keepèd them sae coy;
They loved not with ladry,² nor with lown,³
Nor with troupours⁴ to travel through the
town;

Both with themself what they would tell
or crack;

Umquhile sadly,¹ umquhile jangle and
jack;²

Thus sat thir three beside ane felloun fire,
Till their capons were roasted limb and
lyre.³

Before them was soon set a roundel⁴ bright;
And with ane clean cloth finely dight,
It was oureset, and on it bread was laid.
The eldest then began the grace, and said,
And blessed the bread with benedicite,
With Dominus, Amen, sae mot I thee.
And by⁵ they had drunken about a quart,
Then spake ane thus, that Master was in
Art,

And to his name there callèd John was he;
And said, "Sen that we here are priestis
three,

Syne wantis nought by him that made the
moon,

Till us methink ane tale should come in
tune."

Then spake ane other, to name hight⁶ M.
Archibald:

"Now by the highest heaven," quoth he,
"I hald

To tell ane tale, methink I should not
tire,

To hold my foot out of this felloun fire."
Then spake the third, to name hight S.

William:

"To great clergy I cannot count nor claim;
Nor yet I am not travelled, as are ye,
In many sundry lands beyond the sea.
Therefore methink it neither shame nor
sin,

Ane of you twa the first tale to begin."

"Here I protest," then spake Master
Archibald,

"Ane travelled clerk suppose that I be
called,

¹ Rabble gatherings. ³ Worthless fellow.

² Common people. ⁴ Idle stragglers.

¹ Sometimes seriously.

⁴ A round table.

² Tittle tattle.

⁵ The time when.

³ Fleahy parts.

⁶ Called.

Presumptuously I think not to presume,
As I that was never travelled but to Rome.
To tell ane tale but ¹ error I suppose,
The first tale told, mot be by Master John :
For he hath been in many uncouth land,
In Portugal and in Seville the grand ;
In five kinrikes ² of Spain all has he been
In four christian and ane heathen, I ween.
In Rome, Flanders, and in Venice town,
And other sundry landis up and down.
And for ³ that he spake, first of ane tale,
Therefore, (for) to begin he should not
fail."

Then speaks Master John, "Now by the
Rood,
Me to begin ane tale sen ye conclude,
An I deny, ⁴ then had I sair offended
The thing begun the sooner it is ended."

THE FIRST TALE, TOLD BY MR JOHN.

A King there was sometime, and eik a
Queen ;
As many in the land before had been.
This king gart set ane plain parliament,
And for the lordis of his kinrik ⁵ sent ;
And, for the welfare of his realm and guide
The three estates concluded at that tide :
The king gart ⁶ call to his palace all three,
The estates, ilkane ⁷ in their degree.
The Bishops first, with prelatis and abbots
With their clerkis servantis and varlotts
Into ane hall, was large, right high, and
huge ;
Thir prelates all right lustily could lodge.
Syne in ane hall, full fair farrand, ⁸
He lodg'd all the lordis of his land.
Syne in ane hall, was under that full clean
He harboured all his burgesses rich and
bein. ⁹

¹ Without.² Kingdoms.³ And because.⁴ If I refuse.⁵ Kingdom.⁶ Caused.⁷ Each one.⁸ Spacious and hand-

some.

⁹ Well provided.

Sae of thir three estatis all and sum,
In thir three halls he gart the wisest come.
And of their merry cheer what make I
mair ?

They fure ¹ as well as any folk might fare
The king himself come to this burgesses
been ;

And thir words to them carps ² I ween ;
And says, "Welcome, burgesses, my beild ³
and bliss !

When ye fare well I may nae mirthis miss
When that your ships (at sea) hold hale
and sound.

In riches, goods, and welfare I abound.
Ye are the cause of all my life and cheer,
Out of far lands your merchandise comes
here.

But ane thing is, for short, the cause (is)
why

Together here you (now) gart come have I.
To you I have ane question to declare
Why burgess' bairns thrives not to the
third heir ?

But casts away it that their elders wan :
Declare me now this question, gif ye can ;
To you I give this question, all and sum
For to declare, again the morn I come."
Unto his lords then comen is the king :
Does gladly all he said both old and
ying : ⁴

"My lusty lords, my lieges, and my life
I am in sturt ⁵ when that ye are in strife.
When ye have peace, and when ye have
pleasance,

Then I am glad, and derfly ⁶ may I dance,
Ane head on body dow not ⁷ stand alane,
Forout ⁸ memberis, to be of might and main ;
For to uphold the body and the head,
And sickerly ⁹ to gar it stand in stead, ¹⁰
Therefore my lordis and my barons bold

¹ Fared.² Speaks.³ Support, stay.⁴ Young.⁵ Trouble.⁶ Vigorously.⁷ Is not able.⁸ Without.⁹ Securely.¹⁰ Its place.

To me all hale ye are help and uphold.
And now I will ye wit, with diligence,
Wherefore that I gart come sic confluence:
And why ye lordis of my parliament
I have gart come, I will tell my intent
Ane question I have, ye maun¹ declare,
That in my mind is ever mair and mair,
Wherefore, and why, and what can be the
cause,

Sae worthy lords were in mine elder's days,
Sae full of freedom, worship, and honour,
Hardy in heart to stand in every stour.²
And now in you I find the hale contrair?
Therefore this doubt and question ye de-
clare,

And it declare, under the highest pain
The morn this time when that I come
again."

Than till his clergy come this noble king,
"Welcome Bishops," he said, "with my
blessing ;

Welcome, my beidmen, my bless, and all
my beild :

To me ye are both helmet, spear, and
shield :

For right as Moses stood upon the Mont,
Prayand to God of heaven, as he was wont ;
And right sae, by your devout orrison,
Mine enemies should put to confusion.
Ye are the gainest gait,³ and guide to God ;
Of all my realm ye are the rule and rod.
It that ye doom⁴ (I) think it should be done,
When that ye shrink I have ane sunyie⁵
soon.

Thus be you aye ane example men tais ;⁶
And as ye say then all and sundry says ;
It that ye think is right or yet reason,
To that can I nor nae man have ches-
soun,⁷

And that ye think unreason (is), or wrang,
We all and sundry sings the samen sang.⁸

¹ Must.⁵ Excuse.² Turmoil.⁶ Takes.³ Most suitable means.⁷ Objection, blame.⁴ Decide, judge.⁸ Same song.

But ane thing is I would ye understood,
The cause into this place for to conclude,
Wherefore and why I gart you hither
come,

My clergy and my clerkis all and sum ;
To you I have nae other tale, nor theme,
Exceptand to you, bishops, a probleme,
Whilk is to me ane question and doubt ;
Out of my mind I would ye put it out.

That is to say, the cause wherefore and
why

In auld times and days of ancestry,
Sae many bishops were and men of kirk,
Sae great will had aye, good works to
work ;

And through their prayers, made to God
of might,

The dumb men spake, the blind men gat
their sight ;

The deaf men hearing, the crooked got
their feet,

Were none in bale¹ but well they could
them beil.²

To sick folks, or into sairness syne,
Till all they wald be mends and medicine.

And wherefore now in your time ye vary ;
As they did then wherefore sae may not ye ;

Wherefore may not ye as they did than ?
Declare me now this question gif ye can.

TO THE BURGESSES.

Upon the morn, after service and meat,
The King came in, and sat down on his
seat,

Into the hall among the burgess men ;
With him ane clerk, with ink, paper and
pen,

And bade them that they should, forout-
ten mair,³

His question read, assolye,⁴ and declare.
And the burgesses, that this question
well knew,

¹ Trouble.³ Without more ado.² Relieve, help.⁴ Resolve, solve.

Has ordained ane wise man, and ane true,
The question (for) to read, forouten
fail ;
And he stood up and thus began his tale.

THE ANSWER TO THE FIRST QUESTION.

Excellent, high, right mighty prince, and
King !
Your highness here would fain wit of this
thing
Why burges bairns thrives not to the
third heir :
Can never thrive, but of all bags is bare ;
And ever mair that is for to say
It that their elders wan, they cast away ?
This question (then) declare full well I can :
They begin not where their fathers began ;
But with ane heily¹ heart both doft and
derft,²
They aye begin where that their fathers
left.
Of this matter largely to speak mair,
Why that they thrive not to the third
heir ;
Because their fathers poorly can begin,
With hap, and halfpenny, and a lambskin.
And poorly run frae town to town on feet ;
And then right oft wetshod, weary and
weet.
Whilk at the last, of many smalls couth
mak,
This bonny pedder³ ane good foot pack.⁴
At ilkane fair this chapman aye was
found ;
Till that his pack was worthy forty pound.
To bear his pack, when that he feel'd force,
He bought full soon ane meikle stalwart
horse ;
And at the last so worthily upwan,
He bought ane cart to carry pot and pan ;

¹ Proud, inflated.³ Pedlar.² *Daft*, silly and
reckless.⁴ A pack carried by a
traveller on foot.

Baith Flanders coffers, with counters and
kist ;⁵

He wax ane grand rich man or any wist.
And syne into the town, to sell and buy
He held a shop to sell his chaffery ;
Then bought he wool and wisely couth it
weigh ;

And after that soon sail'd he the sea ;
Then come he hame, a very potent man,
And spous'd syne a mighty wife right than.
He sail'd oure the sea sae oft and oft,
Till at the last ane seemly ship he coft ;⁶
And wax sae full of worldis wealth and
win,

His hands he wash in ane silver basin.
Forouten gold³ or silver into hoard,
Worth three thousand pound was his
cupboard.

Rich was his gowns with other garments
gay ;

For Sundaysilk, for ilk day green and gray ;
His wife was comely clad in scarlet red ;
She had no doubt⁴ of dearth of ale nor
bread.

And after that within a twenty year,
Hisson got up ane stalwart man and steir.⁵
And after that this burges we of read
Died, as we maun all do indeed.

And frae he was dead, then come his son,
And enter'd in the wealth that he had
won.

He stepp'd not his steps into the street,
To win his wealth, nor for it was he weet.
When he would sleep he wanted not a
wink

To win his wealth, nor for it sweat nor
swink,⁶

Therefore that lightly comes will lightly
gae ;

To win his wealth he had no work nor
wae.

To win his good he had not ane ill hour ;

⁵ Chest.⁴ Fear, dread.⁶ Bought.⁵ Stout, commanding.³ Without reckoning.⁶ Laboured, hard.

Why should he have the sweet, had not
the sour?

Upon his fingers with rich rings in row,
His mother thold not the reek¹ on him to
blow;

And will not hear, for very shame and sin,
That ever his father sold ane sheepis skin:
He would him sain with benedicite,
Who spake of any degrading of his degree.
With twa men and ane varlot at his back;
And ane libberly ful little to lack,²
With ane would he wax both wood and
wroth

Who at him speird³ how he sold his cloth?
At hazard would he derfly⁴ play at dice
And to the tavern eith he was to tyce,
Thus wist he never of wae, but aye of weel,
Till he had slyly slidden frae his seil;⁵
Syne to the court then can he make repair,
And fellows him syne to ane lordis heir.
He wits not for nae worldis wealth, nor win,
Till drink and dice have poored him to the
pin:

He cannot make by craft to win ane egg,
Whatferly⁶ is though burgess bairnis⁷ beg?
And, sir, this is the cause, as I declare,
Why burgess baith thrives not to the
third heir.

"Weel," quoth the king, "thou serves⁸
thy reward;

For wisely has thou this question declared.
Sir Clerk! take ink, with pen on paper
write;

And as he said thou duly put on dyte."⁹

TO THE LORDS.

Then to the lords come is this noble king,
Desirand for to wit the soleying¹⁰
Of this question, this problem, and doubt;

¹ Suffered not the smoke. ⁶ Wonder.

² Meaning obscure.

³ Inquired.

⁴ Recklessly.

⁵ Wealth, happiness.

⁷ Children.

⁸ Deserves.

⁹ Record.

¹⁰ Solving.

The whilk the lordis had all round about
Avisedly, as well as should accord,
Their language laid upon ane aged lord,
The whilk stood up, and right wisely did
vail¹

Unto the king, and thus began his tale:

THE ANSWER TO THE SECOND
QUESTION.

Excellent, high, right mighty prince and
sure!

Aye at your will we are, under your cure.
And now sen ye have gart us hither come,
This doubt for to declare both all and sum,
That is to say, the cause wherefore and why
Your justice are sae full of sucquedry,²
Sae covetous and full of avarice.
That they your lords impairs of their
price.³

They dyte your lords, and herrys⁴ up your
men:

The thief now frae the leal man wha can
ken?

They write up leal and false baith all and
sum,

And dytes them als under ane pardon.

Thus, be the husbandman never sae leal,

He dyted is as ane thief is to steal,

They look to nought but if a man have
good,

And it I trow maun pay the justice food,
The thief full well he will himself oureby;⁵

When the leal man into the lack will lie.

The leal man for to compone will not con-
sent,

Because he waits⁶ he is ane innocent.

Thus are the husbands dyted all but doubt;

And herried⁷ quite away all round about.

Sometime, when husbandmen went to the
weir,⁸

¹ Made obeisance.

² Presumption.

³ Praise, good name.

⁴ Indite and plunder.

⁵ Purchase pardon.

⁶ Knows.

⁷ Plundered.

⁸ War.

They had ane jack, ane bow, or else ane
spear :

And now before where they had ane bow,
Full fain is he on back to get ane fow.¹
And for ane jack ane ragged cloak has tane;
Ane sword, sweir out,² and rusty for the
rain.

What should sic men to gang (for) to ane
host,

Liker to beg than enemies to boast?
And your lords frae³ their tenants be poor,
Of gold in kist nae coffer has nor cure.
Frae they be all poor that are them under,
Though they be poor your lordis, is nae
wonder,

For rich husbands, and tenants of great
might,

Helpsaye their lordis to uphold their right.
And when your lords are poor, thus to
conclude,

They sell their sons and heirs for gold and
good,

Unto ane mokrand carl⁴ for dearest price,
That wist never yet of honour or gentrice.
This worship, and honour of lineage,
Away it wears thus for their disparage,
Their manhood, and their mense, this gait
they murle;⁵

In marriage thus united with ane churl.
The whilk wist never of gentry nor
honour,

Of freedom, worship, vassalage, nor valour.
This is the cause dreadless, for withouten
doubt,

Frae all your lordis, how honour is all out,
And thus my lordis bade me to you say,
How honour, freedom and worship is away.

Then spake the king, your conclusion is
quaint ;

And thereattour⁶ ye make to us a plaint :

And in your sentence thus ye mean to say,
Leal men are hurt and thicfis get away.
And thus methink ye mean justice is
smooored;⁷

Your tenants, and your leal husbands are
poored ;

And when that they are poored then are
ye poor.

The whilk to you is both (the) charge and
cure ;

That ye for (love of) gold both wed and
wage ;

Ye sell your sons and heirs in marriage
To carls of kind,⁸ and but for their riches,
In whom is nae nurture, nor nobleness,
Freedom, worship, manhood, nor honour
The whilk to us and you is dishonour.

In sae meikle this shortly I conclude,
As ye that are descendant of our blood,
For the whilk thing I will ye understand
With Goddis grace, we take it upon hand
To see for this as reason can remeid ;

In time to come thereof there be nae plead.
With our justice there shall pass ane doctor
That lovis God, his soul, and our honour.

The whilk shall be ane doctor in the law,
That shall the faith and verity well know :
And frae henceforth he shall both hear
and see

Both thief punisht, and leal men live in
lee.³

For well I wate there can be nae waur thing
Than covetous, in justice or in king.

After this tale in us ye shall not taint ;⁴
Nor yet of our justice to make ane plaint,
And afterward sae did this king but ches-
soun ;⁵

On him might nae man plenie of reason.⁶
Syne bade his clerk, but⁷ any variance,
Write this in his book of remembrance.

¹ A club or pitchfork.

² Handle out (?)

³ From the time.

⁴ Miser.

⁵ Their manners thus
decay.

⁶ There about, regard-
ing.

⁷ Smothered.

⁸ Rich vulgar men (?)

³ Peace, quiet.

⁴ Prove, find.

⁵ Without exception.

⁶ Complain, with
reason.

⁷ Without.

TO THE CLERGY.

Then to the clergy come this noble king
Of his question to hear the absolving.
And they as men of wisdom in all werk,
Had laid their speech upon ane cunning
clerk ;
The whilk in vain in school had not tane
gree ;¹
In all science seven he was an A per se ;²
And in termis short, and sentence fair,
The question he began for to declare.
That as to say the cause wherefore and
why
In auld times, and days of ancestry,
Sae many bishops were and men of kirk,
Sae great will had aye good works to work ;
And through their prayers made to God
of might,
The dumb men spake, the blind men got
their sight ;
The deaf men hearing, the crooked got
their feet ;
Was nane in bale, but well they could
them beir,
And wherefore now all that cure can vary,
Methink ye mean wherefore sae may not
we ?
And thus it is your quodlibet³ and doubt,
Ye give to us, to read, and gif it out.

THE ANSWER TO THE THIRD QUESTION.

This is the cause, right mighty king ! as
short,
To your highness as we shall thus report.
The lawd folks this law would never cease
But with their use, when bishops were to
chese⁴
Unto the kirk they gathered, auld and
ying,
With meek heart fasting and praying ;
And prayd God, with wordis not in waste

To send them wit down by the Holy Ghaist,
When them among was any bishop dead,
To send to them ane bishop in his stead.
And yet among us are found wayis three
To chose ane bishop, after ane other die.
That is to say the way of the Holy Ghost,
Whilk token is of might and vertue most.
The second is, by way of election,
Ane person for to chose of perfection,
In that cathedral kirk, and in that see
In place where that bishop should chosen
be :

And gif there be none able there that can
That office weel steer, what shall they
than

But to the third way to gae forthi,
Whilk is callèd (the) *via scrutavi*.¹
That is to say, in all the realm and land,
Ane man to get for that office gainand.
But thir three ways, withouten any plead,
Ane should we chose after ane other's
dead.

But, Sir, (is) now the contrar (that) we find
Whilk puttis all our heavenis behind.
Now shall there nane of thir wayis three
Be chosen now ane bishop for to be ;
But that your might and majesty will mak
Whatever he be, to lose or yet to lack ;
Then highly (for) to sit on the rainbow
Their bishop comes in at the north window ;
And not in at the door, nor at the yett ;²
But over waine and wheel in will he get.
Gif that he commis not in at the door,
Goddis plough may never hold the fir.³
He is nae herd to keep they silly sheep.
Nought but ane tod⁴ in ane lambskin to
creep.

How should he kythe⁵ miracle and he sae
evil ?

Never but by the dismel,⁶ or the devil.
For now on days, is neither rich nor poor
Shall get ane kirk, all through his literature.

¹ His degree.³ Quibble, question.² Perfect, A-I.⁴ Chose.¹ By way of scrutiny. ⁴ Fox.² Gate.⁵ Practise, produca.³ A proverb.⁶ Magic (?)

For science, for virtue, or for blood,
Getsname¹ the kirk, but baith for gold and
good.²

Thus, great excellent King! the Holy
Ghaist

Out of your men of good away is chast :
And were not that, doubtless, I you declare,
That now, as then, would heal both sick
and sare.

Sic wickedness there is this world within,
That simony is counted now nae sin ;
And this (Sir) is the cause, both all and
sum,

Why blind nae sight, nor speaking gets
nae dumb.

And this (als) is the cause, the sooth to
say,

Why holiness frae kirk men is away."

"Then," quoth the King, "well under-
stand I you,

And here to God I make ane oath and
vow ;

And to my crown, and to my country
too,

With kirk-good shall I never have ado,
It to dispoone to little or to large ;
Kirkmen to kirk, sen they have all the
charge.

Then had this noble king long time and
space ;

And in his time was meikle look and
grace.

His lordis honoured him after their degree ;
The husbands peace had, and tranquillity ;
The kirk was free while he was in his
life ;

The burgess' sons began then for to
thrive.

And after long was never king more wise :
And lived, and died, and ended in God's
service.

And then spake all that fellowship, but ³fail,
God and Saint Martin quit you of your
tale.

¹ None get. ² For goods. ³ Without.

THE WOWING OF JOK AND JYNNY.

[THIS ludicrous but humorous song, or ballad, is the most ancient of those remains of Scottish minstrelsy that have been preserved by tradition. Modern versions of it are found in most collections of Scottish song ; it is therefore given here in the exact words and spelling of the Bannatyne MS., as published by Lord Hales. The note in the MS. attributing the authorship to Clerk has been obliterated, evidently by the transcriber. To prevent encumbering the text with too many references, an alphabetical glossary of the items of mutual *plenishing*, by Lord Hales, is added at the end].

I.

Robeyns Jok come to wow our Jynny,
On our feist evin quhen we wer fow ;
Scho brankit¹ fast, and made hir bony,
And said, Jok, come ye for to wow ?
Scho birneist hir baith breist and brow,
And maid hir cleir as ony klok ;²
Than spak hir deme,³ and said, I trow,
Ye come to wow our Jynny, Jok.

II.

Jok said, forsuth, I yern full fane,
To luk my heid, and sit down by yow.
Than spak hir modir, and said agane,
My bairne hes tocher-gud to ge yow.
Tee hee, quoth Jenny, keik, keik, I se yow ;
Muder, yone man makis yow a mok.
I schro the, lyar ! full leis me yow,⁴
I come to wow our Jynny, quoth Jok.

¹ Hasted away.

⁴ Curse you for a liar,

² As shining as a beetle : proverbial. ³ I love you heartily. *Hales.*

³ Dame.

III.

My berne, scho sayis, hes of hir awin,
 Ane guss, ane gryce, ane cok, ane hen,
 Ane calf, ane hog, ane fute-braid sawin,
 Ane kirm, ane pin, that ye weill ken,
 Ane pig, ane pot, ane raip thair ben,
 Ane fork, ane flaik, ane reill, ane rok,
 Dischis and dublaris nyrie or ten ;
 Come ye to wow our Jynny, Jok ?

IV.

Ane blanket, and ane wecht also,
 Ane schule, ane scheit, and ane lang
 flail,
 Ane ark, ane almry, and laidills two,
 Ane milk-syth, with ane swyne taill,
 Ane rowsty quhittil to scheir the kail,
 Ane quheill, ane mell the beir to knok,¹
 Ane coig, ane caird wantand ane naill ;
 Come ye to wow our Jynny, Jok ?

V.

Ane furme, ane fureit, ane pott, ane pek,
 Ane tub, ane barrow, with ane quheil-
 band,
 Ane turs, ane troch, and ane meil-sek,
 Ane spurtill braid and ane elwand.
 Jok tuk Jynny be the hand,
 And cryd, ane feist ; and slew ane cok,
 And maid a brydell up alland ;²
 Now haif I gottin your Jynny, quoth
 Jok.

VI.

Now, deme, I haif your bairne mareit ;
 Suppois ye mak it never sa tuche,
 I latt you wit scho is nocht miskareit,
 It is weill kend I haif anuch ;
 Ane crukit gleyd fell our ane huch,³
 Ane spaid, ane speit, ane spur, ane sok
 Withouttin oxin I haif a pluche
 To gang to gidder, Jynny and Jok.

¹ A mallet to crush pot-barley.² Was married up the country.³ An old horse that fell over a cliff.

VII.

I haif ane helter, and eik ane hek,
 Ane coird, ane creill, and als ane cradill,
 Fyve fiddler of raggis to stuff ane jak,¹
 Ane auld pannell of ane laid sadill,
 Ane pepper-polk maid of a padill,²
 Ane spounge, ane spindill wantand ane
 nok,
 Twa lusty lippis to lik ane laiddill,
 To gang to gidder, Jynny and Jok.

VIII.

Ane brechame, and twa brochis fyne,
 Weill buklit with a brydill renye,
 Ane fark maid of the linkome twyne,³
 Ane gay grene cloke that will nocht
 steyne,⁴
 And yit for mister I will nocht fenyne,⁵
 Fyve hundreth fleis⁶ now in a flock
 Call ye nocht that ane joly menye,⁷
 To gang to gidder, Iynny and Jok.

XI.

Ane trene truncheour, ane ranehorn sponne,
 Twa buttis of barkit, blasnit ledder,
 All graith that ganis to hobbill schone,
 Ane thrawcruk to twyne ane tedder,
 Ane brydill, ane girth, and ane swyne
 bledder,
 Ane maskene-fatt, ane fetterit lok,
 Ane scheip⁸ weill keipit fra ill wedder,
 To gang to gidder, Jynny and Jok.

X.

Tak thair for my parte of the feist ;
 It is weill knawin I am weill bodin ;⁹
 Ye may nocht say my parte is leist,
 The wyfe said, speid, the kail are soddin,

¹ A quantity of rags ⁶ Obscure : probably
 to stuff a doublet. *feis* sheep.² A pedlar's wallet.⁷ Family, company,³ Finest thread.

lot.

⁴ Stain easily (?)⁸ A bee-hive, *Gaelic*.⁵ I will not feign ne- ⁹ Well furnished.
 cessity (?)

And als the laverok is fust and loddin ;¹
 Quhen ye haif done tak hame the brok,²
 The rost wes tuche, sa wer thay bodin ;
 Syne gaid to gidder bayth Jynay and
 Jok.

GLOSSARY OF CHATTELS.

Almry, cupboard ; *ark*, corn or meal chest ; *blasnit - ledder*, probably *basnit*, tanned leather ; *brechame*, a horse's collar ; *brockis*, clasps ; *brydill-ryne*, bridle rein ; *coig*, a pail or trough ; *creill*, basket ; *dulbaris*, probably dishes with covers ; *etwand*, an ell-measure, or rod ; *fetterit-lok*, fetter-lock ; *fiddier*, 128 hundred-weight ; *flaikh*, hurdle, *furem*, form or bench ; *furlet*, a fourth of a boll measure ; *fute-braid sawing*, corn sufficient to sow a foot breadth ; *graitth*, girth ; *gryce*, pig ; *guss*, goose ; *hek*, raik ; *hobbil-schone*, clouted shoes ; *hog*, a sheep of two years old ; *jak*, that piece of warlike dress called a *doublet of fors*, or defence ; *kaill*, coleworts ; *kirn*, churn ; *laid-saddill*, load-saddle ; *maskene fatt*, vessel to boil malt in for brewing ; *milk-syth*, milk strainer ; *nok*, button of a spindle ; *pek*, a sixteenth of a boll measure ; *polk*, poke, bag ; *guhittill*, knife ; *raip*, rope ; *rok*, distaff ; *sark*, shirt ; *schule*, shovel ; *spounge*, probably *spung*, purse ; *spurtle*, spatula for turning cakes ; *throw-cruk*, a crooked stick for twisting straw ropes ; *trene*, spout ; *truncheonr*, trenchar, platter.

THE WIFE OF AUCHTER-
MUCHTY.

[THE earliest version of this poem, of which it is no exaggeration to say that it has been a universal favourite, has been preserved in the Bannatyne MS. It has also been transmitted by tradition, and consequently there are con-

siderable variations in the different versions of it. In the MS. it is subscribed "Quod Mofat," and has therefore been attributed to Sir John Moffat, The subscription being in a much more modern hand than the rest of the poem, has left the question of authorship a matter of doubt. Allan Ramsay is its first known publisher.]

I.
 In Auchtermuchty there dwelt ane man,
 An husband,¹ as I heard it told,
 Wha weel could tippie out a can,
 And neither loved hunger nor cold :
 While anes it fell upon a day,
 He yokèd his plough upon the plain ;
 Gif it be true, as I heard say,
 The day was foul for wind and rain.

II.
 He loosèd the plough at the lands end,
 And drave his oxen hame at even ;
 When he come in he lookèd ben,
 And saw the wife baith dry and clean.
 And sittand at ane fire beik, and bauld²
 With ane fat soup, as I heard say ;
 The man being very wet and cauld,
 Between they twa it was nae play.

III.
 Quoth he, where is my horses' corn ?
 My ox has neither hay nor strae ;
 Dame, ye maun to the plough to morn,
 I shall be hussy,³ gif I may.
 Husband, quoth she, content am I
 To take the plough my day about,
 Sae ye will rule baith calves and kye,
 And all the house baith in and out.

IV.
 But sen that ye will hussyskep ken,⁴
 First ye shall sift, and syne shall knead,

¹ Meaning obscure : leveret (?).² Take home the fragments.³ Husbandman,
farmer.⁴ Housewife.⁵ Know housekeeping.⁶ Warm and comfortable.

And aye as ye gang but and ben,¹
 Look that the bairns file not the bed.
 Yeis² lay ane soft wisp to the kiln,
 We have ane dear farm on our head;³
 And aye as ye gang furth and in,
 Keep weel the gaislings⁴ frae the gled.⁵

v.

The wife was up right late at even,
 I pray God give her evil to fare,
 She kirked the kirk⁶ and scummed it clean,
 And left the goodman but the bledoch⁷
 bare:
 Then in the morning up she gat,
 And on her heart laid her disjune,⁸
 She put als meikle in her lap
 As might have served them both at noon.

vi.

Says Jock, weel, thou be master of wark,
 And thou shall had, and I shall kall;⁹
 Ise promise thee ane good new sark,¹⁰
 Either of round claith or of small.
 She loosed the oxen eight or nine,
 And hynt¹¹ ane gadstaff in her hand;
 Up the goodman raise after syne,
 And saw the wife had done command.

vii.

And cawd¹² the gaislings forth to feed,
 There was but seven sum of them a';
 And by there comes the greedy gled,
 And licked up five, left him but twa;
 Then out he ran in all his main,
 How soon he heard the gaislings cry;
 But then or¹³ he come in again,
 The calves break loose and sucked the kye.

¹ Go out and in.⁷ Buttermilk.² Ye will.⁸ Breakfast.³ A form of expressing responsibility.⁹ Caw, drive.⁴ Goatings.¹⁰ Shirt.⁵ The hawk.¹¹ Caught up.⁶ Butter churn.¹² Drove.¹³ Ere, before.

viii.

The calves and kye met in the loan,¹
 The man ran with ane rung to red;²
 Then by there comes ane ill-wily cow,
 And broded³ his buttock till that it bled.
 Then hame he ran to ane rock of tow,⁴
 And he sat down to say⁵ the spinning;
 And I trow he lout it oure near the low,⁶
 Quoth he this work has ill beginning.

ix.

Then to the kirk that did he stoure,⁷
 And jumled at it till he swat;
 When he had fumbled a full lang hour,
 The sorrow a scrap of butter he gat.
 Albeit nae butter he could get,
 Yet he was cummerit⁸ with the kirk,
 And syne he het⁹ the milk oure het,
 And sorrow a spark of it would yerne.¹⁰

x.

Then ben there came ane greedy sow,
 I trow he cund¹¹ her little thank;
 For in she shot her meikle mow,¹²
 And aye she winked and she drank.
 He cleikèd¹³ up ane crooked club,
 And thought to hit the sow a rout,
 The twa gaislings the gled had left,
 That straik dang baith their harnis¹⁴ out.

xi.

He gat his feet upon the spire,¹⁵
 To have gotten the flesh down to the pat,
 He fell backward into the fire,
 And brack his head on the kening stock:
 Yet he got the meikle pat upon the fire,
 And got two cannas and ran to the spout,

¹ Lane or common.⁸ Vexed.² Stick to separate.⁹ Heated.³ Progged, pricked.¹⁰ Curdle.⁴ Spindle of hemp.¹¹ Owed.⁵ Essay, try.¹² Her big mouth.⁶ He let it too near the flame.¹³ Caught.⁷ Stirred violently.¹⁴ Brains.¹⁵ Chimney post.

Ere he came in, what think ye of that?
The fire burnt all the pat arse out.

XII.

Then he bare kending to the kiln,
But she start all up in ane low,¹
What ever he heard, what ever he saw
That day he had nae will to mow.²
Then he gaed to take up the bairns,
Thought to have found them fair and clean,
The first that he got in his arms
Was all bedirten to the een.

XIII.

The first that he got in his arms
It was all filed up to the een;
The devil cut off their hands, quoth he,
That filled you all as fou yestreen.³
He trailed the foul sheets down the gait,
Thought to have washed them on a stane;
The burn was risen great of spait,⁴
Away frae him the sheet's has tane.

XIV.

Then up he got to ane knowe⁵ head,
On her to cry, on her to shout;
She heard him, and she heard him not,
But stoutly steired the stotts⁶ about.

She drave the day into the night,
She loosed the plough and syne come
hame,
She found all wrong that should been
right,
I trow the man thought right great shame.

XV.

Quoth he, my office I forsake,
For all the dayis of my life,
For I would put ane house to wreck
Had I been twenty days good-wife.
Quoth she, weel mot ye bruke² your place,
For truly I will never excep it;²
Quoth he, fiend fall³ the liar's face
But yet ye may be blithe to get it.

XVI.

Then up she gat ane meikle rung,⁴
And the good-man made to the door;
Quoth he, dame I shall hold my tongue,
For and we fecht I'll get the wran.
Quoth he, when I forsook my plough,
I trow but I forsook my seill,⁵
And I will to my plough again,
For I and this house will ne'er do weel.

SIR JOHN MOFFAT.

THE annexed poem from Lord Hales' selections from the Bannatyne manuscript, subscribed "Sir Johne Moffett," is the only composition known, on indisputable authority, to be written by this poet. As stated in the prefatory note to "The Wife of Auchtermuchty," that poem is subscribed "quod Mofat"

in a much more modern hand than the rest of the MS.; and though this has not satisfied our antiquaries of his being the author of that excellent specimen of ancient Scottish humour, it has excited an interest in him, which the short poem admitted to be his does not tend to diminish. It has an easy

¹ Blaze.⁴ Overflow.² Joke.⁵ Hillock.³ Full yesterday.⁶ Guided by the oxen.¹ Keep possession of.⁴ A big cudgel.² Accept.⁵ Happiness³ Evil befall, devil take.

natural flow, with a finish that strongly resembles Dunbar's small pieces in a similar strain, and is so modern in language as scarcely to need any explanation. All that is recorded of its author is, that he was one of the Pope's Knights, and is supposed to have lived in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

REMEMBER THE END.

I.

Brother, be wise, I reid¹ * you now,
With ladies, gif it happenis you,
That wealth no way your wit make blind;
Obey, and for the better bow,
Remember what may come behind.

II.

Though ye be flowand in the rage
Of fresh youthhead, and green courage,
And light as any leaf on lind,²
And be extolled on Venus stage,
Remember what may come behind.

III.

Suppose that love be natural,
And in youthhead most principal,
Run not out far into the wind,
At thy foot though thou have the ball;
Remember what may come behind.

IV.

Though thou be stark³ as Hércules,
Sampson, Hector, or Achilles,
By force, though thou may loose and bind

Pentagora to prief in press,
Remember what may come behind.

V.

Ane other thing I do you say,
Preif never thy pith so far in play,
That thou fore think that thou come ind,
And murn when thou no mendis may;
Remember what may come behind.

VI.

Though thou be wise as Solomon,
Or fair of feir⁴ as Absolon,
Or rich as Croesis out of kind,
Or princis peer Ipomedon;
Remember what may come behind.

VII.

Gif thou be wise, so is there mo;
Gif thou be stark there is also;
Gif thou be good, good shall thou find,
Gif thou be ill, thou finds thy foe:
Remember what may come behind.

VIII.

Thus shall thou stand in no degree
Sover forout⁵ perplexity;
Though thou be never so noble of kind,
Nor gree so great of dignity;
Remember what may come behind.

IX.

In all thy doings have good skill:
Continue in good, reform thy ill,
Do so that dolour may be dynd;⁶
Thus may thou think, gif that thou will,
Of good and ill what comes behind.

¹ Advise.² Lime tree.³ Strong.⁴ Countenance.⁵ Take great care.⁶ Secure without.⁷ Overcome.

QUINTINE SHAW.

THIS poet is the last mentioned in Dunbar's list of dead "makars" in "The Lament." He was the son of John Schaw of Haily, in Ayrshire, who was one of the ambassadors to Denmark in 1469, in reference to the marriage of James III. By the Treasurer's accounts it is shown he was in receipt of a pension of £10 a year, and received various other presents from King James IV. July 1504 is the last entry of payment of his pension; and as he is mentioned by Dunbar as dead about 1505, it is obvious that he died about the end of 1504. In "The Flying," Kennedy calls him his cousin and commisar; and Gavin Douglas, in his "Palace of Honour," mentions him, in company with Dunbar and Kennedy, as the only Scottish poets he observed in the court of the Muses. Sir David Lindsay, in "The Complaynt of the Papyngo," referring to the merits of Bellenden, says:

"Get he into court auctoritie,
He will precell Quintyn and Kennedy."

The only poem known to be his, is preserved in the Maitland MS., and was first published by Pinkerton. It is characterised by much of that easy grace, and, in the last stanza, by somewhat of the vigour and directness, that distinguishes Dunbar's short pieces.

ADVICE TO A COURTIER.

I.

Suppose the court you cheer and treats,
And fortune on you shines and beats,

I reid¹ you then ware luff! ware lee;²
Suppose ye sale betwixt twa sheets;³
Others has sailed as well as ye.

II.

Gif change the wind on force ye mon
Bolyn, hook haik, and shield hold on;⁴
Therefore beware with ane sharp blower:
Gif ye be wise avise⁵ hereon;
And set your sail a little lower.

III.

For gif ye hold your sail oure strek,⁶
There may come bubbs⁷ ye not suspek;
There may come contrair⁸ ye not know;
There may come storms and cause a lek;
That ye maun cap by wind and waw.⁹

IV.

And though the air be fair and stormless,
Yet there hold not your sail oure press;¹⁰
For off high lands there may come slags¹¹
At Saint Tabbs Head, and Buchan Ness,
And rive your foresail all in rags.

V.

Be thou vexèd, and at under,
Your friends will frae, and on you wonder;
Therefore beware, with our high lands
Sic slags may fall, suppose a hunder
Were you to help, they have no hands.

VI.

Dread this danger, good friend and brother,
And take example before of other:
Know courts and winds has oft-times
varied:
Keep weel your course, and rule your
rudder;
And think with kings ye are not married.

¹ Advise.⁶ Too close hauled.² Sea phrases advising⁷ Gusts.

careful steering.

⁸ Contrary winds.³ With two sails to⁹ Wave.

your bark.

¹⁰ Too great a pres-⁴ Pull up, heave anchor.

sure of sail.

⁵ Consider, reflect.¹¹ Gusts.

GAVIN DOUGLAS.

1474—1522.

No family from the days of "The Good Sir James," the trusted friend of Bruce, and eighth lord of that ilk, till the fatal battle of Flodden, occupies such a prominent position in the annals of Scotland, as that which bears the surname of Douglas. Hume of Godscroft, the historian of *The Houses of Douglas and Angus*, relates a legendary incident accounting for the origin of the name, but which is as likely to owe its existence to the name, as the name to it. Yet, as a characteristic specimen of an etymological application of Gaelic nomenclature,—a study requiring and deserving more careful handling than it has hitherto received,—it is worthy of notice. Sholto, chief of the Brigantes, with his son Hugh, and a company of their followers, about A.D. 767, rendered such signal assistance to the King of Scotland, in a particular battle, as to have decided the victory in his favour. Wishing to be introduced to the man to whom he owed so much, the king desired one of his generals to point him out to him. On observing the chief, he exclaimed in Gaelic, *Sholto duine Du glasse*, "See yonder dark grey man." The king, struck with the aptness of the designation, called him *Du Glasse*, and, along with other marks of royal favour, gave him an extensive grant of land.

George Chalmers, the author of *Caledonia*, gives the family a much more recent and less romantic origin, tracing the founder to one Theobald, a

Fleming, who, about 1170, obtained a grant of land on the Douglas water, in Lanarkshire, from Arnold, abbot of Kelso. The fact of the Celtic designations, Gavin and Archibald, being family names, taken in connection with the etymology of the surname, *Dhuglas*, dark grey, which appears to have been the characteristic complexion of the race, at least infers an infusion of Celtic blood. Douglas has been interpreted *black water*, but the term has no reference to water; and dark grey, the literal meaning, would be as inappropriate a description of a river in Gaelic as it is in English.

Although the military sphere was that in which the genius and natural force of character of the Douglasses was mostly exhibited, this may have been owing to the fact that it was almost the only field open to distinguished talent during the times of their ascendancy; yet since the advent of peaceful times, the name has not maintained its ancient distinction; from which it might be inferred that the instincts of the race were better suited to times of turmoil and strife.

Gavin Douglas, if not the first, at least the first conspicuous member of the family who sought distinction in a peaceful profession, has been characterized as of a peace-loving disposition; yet a considerable portion of his life was spent in strife and party contention, more in keeping with the traditions of

his family than with the principles of his professions. But it is not to be inferred from this that he was not of a peace-loving disposition; for it has to be observed that it would have taken a very peaceable disposition indeed to occupy the position he did, and, inheriting such family traditions and connections as his, to have kept out of trouble during the trying times in which his lot was cast.

He was a scion of the Angus branch of the Douglas tree, being the third son of Archibald, the fifth earl, known as the great Earl of Angus, but popularly best known as "Bell the Cat," and one of the chief characters in Scott's *Marmion*. His mother, Elizabeth Boyd, was the daughter of Robert Lord Boyd, Lord High Chamberlain of Scotland.

The exact date of his birth, or at which of the many seats of the family in Scotland he was born, has not been ascertained; but in a minute of the proceedings of the Lords of Council, in 1515, he is described as of forty years of age or thereby; which refers his birth to 1474-75. Prior to the date of his entering the University of St Andrews, in which he matriculated in 1489, it is not known where his education was conducted, but it is supposed to have been, according to the custom of the times, in some monastic seminary. He continued at St Andrews till 1494, in which year he took his degree of Master of Arts; but it is related by Warton, that he completed his studies at the University of Paris.

He entered the Church soon after finishing his education, for in 1496 he obtained a grant of the teinds of Mony-

musk, in Aberdeenshire. In 1498, he was presented to the parsonage of Glenquhom, and sometime after was made parson of Linton and rector of Hauch, which has been mistaken for Hawick in Roxburgh, owing to the name being afterwards dropped in favour of Prestonkirk or East Linton. This mistake has been discovered through Dr David Laing's more exact reading of the ms. of Douglas's translation of Virgil, in which he is styled "Provost of Sanct Geyls Kirk in Edinburgh, and Person of Lyntoun in Lothian." About 1501, he was made Provost of the Collegiate Church of St Giles in Edinburgh, yet retaining his other appointments.

His first essay in literature, "The Palace of Honour," was finished this year; and it is supposed by Dr Laing that it was on account of this poem, which is dedicated to the king in a poetical address at the end, that he was preferred to the opulent city appointment of Provost of St Giles.

From this time till the battle of Flodden, an event so fatal to his country, his family, and his own interests, little is known of him; yet this decade may be regarded as the most useful and possibly the most happy of his life, while it is also that in which was composed the greatest of his literary achievements, his *Translation of the Æneid of Virgil*, which he finished in the space of eighteen months, in July 1513, about two months before the calamitous event of Flodden. It is supposed that, previous to undertaking Virgil's great work, he translated Ovid, but this work appears to be lost. It is

also probable that during this tranquil period of his life, he diversified the routine of his professional duties, and the severer labours of his literary studies, with occasional visits abroad, particularly to Rome. Although he does not appear to have taken any share in matters of public interest beyond occasionally attending the meetings of the Lords of Council, yet in September 1315, he was presented with the freedom of the City of Edinburgh, of which his father was then Provost.

On September 9, 1573, was fought the battle of Flodden, the sad conclusion of a reckless war, undertaken against the advice of the sagacious Earl of Angus, who, on hearing of the result, retired to a monastery in Galloway, where in twelve months after he died of grief for the loss of his two eldest sons, along with two hundred knights and gentlemen of the name of Douglas.

Another event which ultimately proved more prejudicial to the interests and happiness of the poet, and perhaps not less to those of the nation than that by which it was brought about, was the marriage of the queen, less than twelve months after the fall of her husband, without the advice or approval of the national representatives, to Douglas's nephew, the young Earl of Angus. Immediately after the death of the king, the queen was appointed regent during the minority of her son James V.; and Gavin Douglas was one of the Lords of Council appointed to advise and comfort her; but the effect of her hasty marriage was to destroy the national confidence in her discretion, which the

character of her husband was not calculated to restore. As a natural consequence, most of the nobility, who were jealous of the ambitious aspirations inherent in the Douglas race, and particularly resentful at the assumption of the young and inexperienced member of the family, who, as the husband of the queen-regent, aspired to monopolise the government of the nation, formed a party for the purpose of bringing the Duke of Albany, with French assistance, to assume the government. The poet, as was natural, took the side of his family; and did we possess evidence that he exercised a wise control, and endeavoured to persuade the party to the adoption of measures calculated to enlist the sympathy and support of those who might be reconciled by moderation and firmness, and a manifest regard for the national welfare, his adherence to the side of his nephew might not only have been that in which he could best serve the interests of the country, but would have been to his credit. It is recorded to his honour that he did interfere for the purpose of controlling the fury of party strife, and saved the life of the Archbishop of Glasgow from the resentment of the soldiers of his party; yet there is no evidence that he so endeavoured to direct the aims of the party as to prevent the outbreak of those struggles, which were simply the overt outcome of the intrigue and counterplotting of each side, selfishly bent on its own advancement, to the entire neglect of the commonweal. As was not long afterwards manifest enough, neither the queen nor her husband was actuated

by motives that would incline them to listen to salutary advice.

Meanwhile, the vacancies caused in the Archiepiscopal See of St Andrews, and of several bishoprics, through the death of their occupants in the carnage of Flodden, constituted the apple of discord which stirred the ecclesiastical vanity of a set of as selfish intriguers as ever formed the hierarchy of that Church, whose history is no less distinguished for the inordinate worldliness and ambition of its prelates, than for the disinterested self-denial and abnegation of its missionary emissaries.

It is unnecessary to enter upon the details of these schemings, further than to see how far Douglas's share in them enables us to estimate his character and the motives by which he was actuated. It is necessary to keep in view the relative position of the court of Rome, and the local government, as an important factor controlling the party moves in these contentions for ecclesiastical preferment. The terms of these relations were, that the king, or local government, should appoint to the higher offices in the Church, but that the assent of the Pope was indispensable to the complete validity of the election. The policy for the first part of the arrangement will appear from the following extract of a letter to Pope Leo. X. in name of James V., requesting his approval of the king's appointment to the Archbishopric of St Andrews, and several bishoprics, of which that of Arbroath was for Gavin Douglas:—"For the greater sees and benefices cannot, consistently with our own safety, and that of our kingdom,

be conferred on persons different from those nominated by our sovereign authority; because the ecclesiastical order, the first in the kingdom, is so superior to the others, that Prelates and Abbots, our chief counsellors, enjoy the highest offices of the government, and the greatest weight in the deliberations on affairs of state; and the custody of the royal person belongs to the Archbishop of St Andrews by ancient custom." It might be difficult to find so plain a statement of the policy which dictated the latter part of the arrangement; yet what it really has been, and how it has been directed to control the former, is no obscure chapter in the Church's history.

Douglas was appointed Abbot of Arbroath, about June 1514, by the queen, who wrote the Pope a special letter, asking his confirmation of the appointment, and reminding his holiness that he was already administrator of its revenues, from which office he could only be extruded by superior force. But the confirmation never was completed, and the queen's marriage with Angus, on the 6th August 1514, was considered to have legally terminated her regency. On the 18th September, at a meeting of the Lords of Council, which Gavin Douglas attended as the queen's mandatory, it was resolved that the Duke of Albany be sent for as governor; and that the queen, by virtue of her marriage, had forfeited the office of tutrix to the king her son; while the Earl of Angus was to be summoned to answer for his boldness in marrying her without the consent of said lords.

Both parties now assumed a hostile

attitude—Angus and the queen making Stirling and Perth their headquarters, while the Lords of Council met in Edinburgh. The first act of aggression was committed by the Angus party. James Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow and Lord Chancellor of the kingdom, was arrested in Perth and deprived of the great seal of Scotland by the Earl of Angus, who entrusted it to the keeping of his uncle Gavin, who was also appointing him at the same time to the office of Chancellor.

While the Lords of Council looked to France, the Angus party looked to England for support; and Henry VIII., as the king's uncle and the queen's brother, claimed the governorship of Scotland; but finding it impossible to get matters so arranged as to establish his sister's authority, he tried, through her, to get the custody of the king into his own hands in England. Gavin Douglas, who was at this time the chief adviser of the party, disapproved of this arrangement, although he indicated his desire that the king of England should send a military force to Scotland to establish the authority of his party; yet the queen herself seemed disposed to comply with her brother's wishes. While negotiations for this object were being carried on, the Archbishopric of St Andrews again became vacant through the death of Elphinstone; and the queen at once recommended Douglas as his successor. To this end she got her brother Henry VIII. to write the Pope, strongly advocating his claims, and deprecating those of the Bishop of Moray, his rival claimant.

Douglas, on being nominated by the queen, took possession of the Castle of St Andrews; but the monks of the priory assumed the right of electing their prior, John Hepburn, in virtue of an alleged right vested in the order from the times of the Culdees. Hepburn expelled the servant of Douglas from the castle, and taking possession, prepared to defend it against the party of his rival, who, however, did not attempt its recapture. Forman, the Bishop of Moray, who was also Scottish ambassador at the court of France, obtained the Pope's bulls for his appointment to the Primacy as well as to the abbeys of Dunfermline and Arbroath; yet from the known antipathy to papal bulls in Scotland, he hesitated in publishing them without military assistance, which he induced the Earl of Home to provide, in consideration of giving up the Priory of Coldingham, which he held in Northumberland, to the earl's brother. Home, with a force of 10,000 men, enabled Forman to be proclaimed Primate, in Edinburgh, and then marched to St Andrews; but found Hepburn fully prepared to defend both the castle and church. Forman, instead of resorting to force, came to terms with Hepburn, who yielded up his claims to the archbishopric in consideration of an annual allowance, and the right to retain what of its revenues he had already levied. This compromise not only settled the possession of the primacy, but that of the abbacy of Arbroath as well, which was subject to the archbishopric.

In January 1515, a vacancy occurred in the Bishopric of Dunkeld; and the

Angus or queen's party, being located at Perth, nominated Douglas to the charge; but the Duke of Athole had his brother elected through his influence with the canons, and he was at once put in possession of the episcopal palace. The queen again wrote the Pope urging her adviser's claims, and requesting confirmation of his appointment. She also wrote her brother, the king of England, to use his influence at the Vatican to the same effect. Nor did Douglas himself fail to urge Lord Dacre, warden of the English marches, who was charged by Henry to look after the affairs of Scotland, to use his influence with the king of England regarding the confirmation of his appointment. The Pope now assented, and intimated his approval in a letter to the queen, in which, however, concurrence in the settlement of the Primacy is insisted upon as a condition. But there were others to reckon with before matters were finally arranged.

In May 1515, John, Duke of Albany, who had been declared regent after the queen's marriage, arrived in Scotland, and held a parliament in Edinburgh in July, of which Gavin Douglas was elected a member. One of the first subjects that engaged its attention was the recent ecclesiastical appointments. Forman, archbishop of St Andrews, alarmed at the objections which were threatened against their validity, resigned his into the regent's hands; but he was reinstated in them all except Arbroath.

On enquiring into the appointment to Dunkeld, it was resolved to intercept the Pope's bulls confirming it. This accordingly was done, and these documents, with accompanying letters,

clearly showed the regent the influences by which the ratification was obtained. He summoned a meeting of the Lords of Council for 6th July, to consider the matter; and Douglas, aware that his appointment was to be taken into consideration, sought a private interview with the regent, at which, on being informed that it was known to the governor that the ratification was obtained through the solicitation of the king of England, Douglas denied his knowledge of the fact, saying he had rather have been hanged, than take any part in obtaining any benefice in the kingdom through such means. He was then examined before the Lords of Council, a minute of whose proceeding records his deposition as follows:—
 "Comperit Master Gavin Douglas, postulate of Arbroth, and shew how he was ane man of 40 yearis of age or thereby, and ane gentelman of gude blude, and has passit his time in Scotland, Inghland, France, and Rome, without defamation or ony reprimand of his honeste, as was knawin to divers of their lordis that ware then present for the time. Howbeit, as he was informit, he was delated to be ane evil man in divers poynts, and had committed crimes in contrar the King's Majesty and commonwele of the realme, the whilk, he said, God willing, suld not be fundin in veritie." In the same minute it is recorded that the queen also denied to the governor that she was accessory to such proceedings.

The matter was postponed till the 9th July, when Douglas, on the plea of being "ane spiritual man," objected to the jurisdiction of a temporal court, and

produced the letter of his appointment to the bishopric, signed by the queen and eleven of the Lords of Council. His objection was overruled, and he was found guilty of violating the acts of parliament regulating the appointment to bishoprics, in purchasing the Bishopric of Dunkeld without the king's licence or recommendation to the Pope. He was therefore condemned to be confined in the castle of Edinburgh, but was afterwards removed to that of St Andrews. After some time he was sent to the castle of Dunbar, and then back again to Edinburgh.

No effort, however, was spared by his friends to obtain his release, and the Court of Rome was appealed to in his behalf. The Pope wrote the Duke of Albany a severe rebuke for the insult to the Holy See implied in the imprisonment of the bishop, and threatened punishment if it were continued. The duke now began to get uneasy at the consequences that might follow his treatment of various members of the queen's adherents, and even of herself, who fled to her brother's court, and drew up a statement of her complaints against him. He therefore sent her proposals of a conciliatory kind, to which she replied, requesting the bishop's release. Douglas's imprisonment, which lasted about a year, was now terminated, and Albany even wrote the Pope for a renewal of his approval of the appointment to Dunkeld, to remove any objections that might be urged in behalf of Steward, the Earl of Athole's brother. Douglas was consecrated by Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow, and afterwards, at St Andrews, by Forman,

who affected to consider the Glasgow consecration a nullity. He was inducted into the see with much formal splendour; and, after some slight opposition on the part of Steward's friends, he at length obtained peaceable possession.

In May, 1517, he was appointed one of the ambassadors sent to France to renew the ancient bond of amity between Scotland and that country. Their negotiations resulted in the treaty of Rouen. Albany, anything but satisfied with the success of his administration of Scotland, returned to France on the pretext of signing the treaty, and delegated his authority during his absence to a convention of nobles and clergy, of which the Earl of Angus, and Hamilton, Earl of Arran, became the rival leaders. Hamilton's party, displeased with the ascendancy of Angus, devised a plot for bringing it to a termination. They met in Edinburgh, in the house of Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow, to arrange their plans for carrying it into execution. Angus, becoming aware of their designs, sent his uncle Gavin to intimate his willingness to retire from the city, if permitted to do so in safety. Meeting Beaton, who was a partizan of the Hamiltons, he tried to impress him with his duty, as a churchman, to preserve peace. The archbishop, protesting that he was unable to prevent what was about to happen, appealed to his conscience, and, striking his hand upon his breast, the coat of mail which he wore under his dress was heard to rattle, upon which Douglas replied: "How now, my lord! methinks your conscience clatters." Returning to his nephew he said: "Defend,

yourself like a man ; as for me, I will go to my chamber, and pray for you." In the encounter which followed, the Hamilton party were entirely defeated. Beaton, who took an active part in the fray, sought sanctuary behind the altar of the Black Friar's Church, and owed his life to Douglas's intervention. From the clean sweep that was made of the Hamiltons, this street fight has been known by the name of "Clean-the-causeway."

The queen now returned to Scotland, but her husband and she soon quarrelled to such an extent that she sought to divorce him on account of his infidelity and abuse of her interests during their separation. True to the indiscriminating nature of feminine resentment, her vengeance extended all his relations, and his uncle Gavin did not escape. As the most effective means of gratifying her hatred of her husband, who, it must be admitted, deserves no sympathy, she tried every means to get Albany to return to Scotland, and at last succeeded.

The duke returned in November 1521, and was welcomed by the queen. Angus retired to the borders, whence he sent his uncle Gavin to the court of Henry VIII. with a commission, the undertaking of which is the greatest reflection upon his political sagacity. His instructions were in the form of a manifesto by Angus, and the Lords Home and Somerville, suggesting danger to the life of the King of Scotland from the ambition of Albany, and that Henry his uncle should adopt measures for his safety. It also declared that a scandalous intimacy existed between the queen and the duke. On

these grounds, Henry was requested to assist the said lords to expel the duke from Scotland. Albany, who had been informed of Douglas's mission, contrived to have him summoned to Rome, and the queen sent messengers to her brother denying the accusations in the Bishop of Dunkeld's instructions, and intimating his deprivation of the bishopric by the regent. His mission, as might be foreseen, entirely failed ; and, to complete his misfortunes, he was informed that Angus had abandoned his own cause, and was negotiating with the regent for permission to retire to France. In a letter to Cardinal Wolsey, Douglas confesses the shame, mortification, and grief which he felt on finding himself betrayed by such unworthy men, and expresses his determination not to return to Scotland while Albany ruled there. He made out a memorial to be shown to Henry VIII., containing a variety of reasons why the duke was disqualified to rule Scotland, and containing a series of accusations against his behaviour, which, were they all true, manifested a species of political infatuation on the part of the man who could suppose any good end to be served by their presentation, and on the word of an agent whose principals had abandoned their own cause.

War having been declared against Scotland by England on account of the alliance with France, a proclamation, drawn up by Beaton, was issued, declaring Douglas guilty of treason for being without permission resident in an enemy's country.

It is a more pleasing spectacle to see Douglas, while thus an exile in London,

renewing his early interest in literature. Having become intimately acquainted with Polydore Vergil, an Italian, who wrote a "History of England," Douglas, says Vergil, "vehemently required me, that in relation of the Scottish affairs, I should in nowise follow the president of a history of a certain countryman of his (referring to John Major), promising within few days to send me of those matters not to be contemned, which, indeed, he performed." But Douglas's interest in literature and politics came to a premature end by his death, in September 1522, in the 48th year of his age. He died of the plague, at the house of his friend, Lord Dacre, in St Clement's parish, and was buried at his own request, in the Hospital Church of the Savoy.

Douglas is not one of those poets whose character may be best traced in his writings; hence the necessity of giving with some fulness an account of his political career. The chief defects of his poetry—confused indefiniteness of outline in the imaginative structure, disproportion and want of symmetry in the grouping, and of concert in the action, of the crowd of indistinct and half-developed allegorical figures, which appear and depart without leaving any impression of their reality, with a background of which the imagination fails to trace the lineaments—are to a certain extent paralleled by corresponding discordances in his political conduct. Their origin must have been due to some deflection in his moral and imaginative perceptions.

The moral deflection may have been due to training and external influences,

but the imaginative must have been constitutional. Even his political character has been highly praised by Buchanan; but all who have read his private correspondence with Henry VIII., through his agents, must admit that it is marred by serious blemishes. The times were not those of political purity, and he may be said to compare favourably with most of his contemporaries; yet this is the most that can be said in behalf of his political character.

Having already indicated the leading defects of his original compositions, it is but just to summarize their general merits, their special qualities being noticed in the notes prefixed to the specimens given. Luxuriant richness of imagination, vivid and striking powers of description, with a wonderful command of language, constitute his chief poetic faculties. In his most remarkable literary work, the *Æneid*—where his imagination is kept within the well-defined and regular limits of the splendid symmetrical structure of a genius highly imbued with a sense of poetic perspective—these qualities, added to his extensive and varied learning, enabled him to make it a work of high poetic merit, as well as of great philological interest. In this last respect his works mark an era in Scottish literature.

Several excellent manuscripts of his writings are preserved, the principal being one in Trinity College, Cambridge, and two in the Edinburgh University Library. The first edition of his works was printed in London in 1553. That of Thomas Ruddiman, Edinburgh, 1710, is noted for its copious and learned

vocabulary, the groundwork of the Scottish Dictionary. The last and most complete edition is that of Mr Small, Librarian to the Edinburgh University, in 4 volumes 8vo, Edinburgh, 1874.

KING HART.

[THE following outline of "King Hart" is prefixed to Pinkerton's edition, in imitation ancient spelling, which need not here be followed :—

This poem is an allegorical representation of human life. The heart of man, being his most noble part, and the fountain of life, is here put for man in general, and holds the chief place in the poem under the title of King Hart. This mystical king is first represented in the bloom of youthhood, with his lusty attendants, the attributes or qualities of youth ; next is pictured forth the Palace of Pleasure, near by the castle of King Hart, with its lovely inhabitants. Queen Pleasance, with the help of her ladies, assails King Hart's castle, and takes him and most of his servitors prisoners. Pity at last releases them, and they assail Queen Pleasance, and vanquish her and her ladies in turn. King Hart then weds Queen Pleasance, and solaces himself long in her delicious castle. So far is man's dealings with pleasure ; but now, when King Hart is past mid-age, comes another scene. For Age, arriving at the castle of Queen Pleasance, insists for admittance, which he gains. So King Hart takes leave of Youthhead with much sorrow. Age is no sooner admitted, than Conscience also comes to

the castle and forces entrance, beginning to chide the King, whilst Wit and Reason take part in the conference. After this and other adventures, Queen Pleasance suddenly leaves the king, and Reason and Wisdom persuade him to return to his own palace :—that is, when pleasure and passions leave a man, reason and wisdom render him his own master. After this Decrepitude attacks and mortally wounds King Hart, who dies after making his testament.

Mr Tytler remarks of it : " Although insipid and tedious to our modern taste, it was probably delightful, in all its intricate and endless personifications, to its feudal readers. . . . But although uninteresting and somewhat heavy as a lengthened allegory, "King Hart" abounds with much noble poetry ; and we often forget, in the vivid descriptions and stirring incidents, the moral aim of the author."]

CANTO FIRST.

I.

King Hart into his comely castle strong,
Closed about with craft and meikle ure.¹
So seemly was he set his folk among,
That he no doubt had of misaventure :
So proudly was he polisht, plain and pure,
With youthhead and his lusty leavis green ;
So fair, so fresh, so likely to endure,
And also blithe as bird in summer sheen.

II.

For was he never yet with showris shot,
Nor yet ourerun with rouk² or any rain ;
In all his lusty lecam³ not ane spot,
Nor never had experience into pain,

¹ Much labour.

² Moisture.

³ Body.

But alway into liking,¹ not to layne;²
Only to love, and very gentleness,
He was inclinèd cleanly to remain,
And wonn³ under the wing of wantonness.

III.

Yet was this worthy wight King under
ward;

For was he not at freedom utterly.
Nature had lymmit⁴ folk, for their reward,
This goodly king to govern and to gy;⁵
For so they cast their time to occupy
In wealth this for to wonn for they him teachèd,
All lustis for to love and underly;
So privily they press him, and him
preachèd.

IV.

First were there Strength, and Rage, and
Wantonness,
Grein⁶ Lust, Disport Jealousy and Envy;
Freshness, Newgate,⁷ Waste-good, and
Willfulness,
Deliverness, Foolhardiness thereby:
Gentrice, Freedom, Petty-privy I espy,
Want wit, Vainglory, Prodigality,
Unrest, Night-walk, and felon Gluttony,
Unright, Dim-sight, with Slight, and
Subtlety.

V.

Thir were the inward ythand⁸ servitouris,
Whilk governoris were to this noble king,
And kepted him inclinèd to their curis,⁹
So was there nought in erde¹⁰ that ever
might bring
Ane of thir folk away from his dwelling.
Thus to their term they serve for their
reward:
Dancing, disport, singing, revelling,
With busyness all blithe to please the
laird.¹¹

¹ Pleasure.² Lie, untruth.³ Dwell.⁴ Engaged, fitted.⁵ Guide.⁶ Eager, longing.⁷ Love of novelty.⁸ Busy, active.⁹ Cares, concerns.¹⁰ Earth.¹¹ Lord of the manor.

VI.

Thir folk with all the female they might
fang,¹

Whilk numberèd ane million, and weel mo,
That were upbred as servitors of lang,
And with this king would wonn in weal
and woe,

For favour nor for feard, would found²
him fro;

Unto the time their date be run and past:
That gold, nor good, might gar³ them fro
him go,

Nor grief, nor grame,⁴ should graith⁵ them
so aghast.

VII.

Five servitors⁶ this King he had without,
That teachèd were aye treason to espy.
They watchèd aye the wallis round abo ut
For enemies that of happening⁷ aye come
by.

Ane for the day, whilk judgèd certainly,
With cure to ken the colour of all hue,
Ane for the night that harkened busily
Out of what airt⁸ that ever the windis blew.

VIII.

Syne was there ane to taste all nutriment,
That to this king was servèd at the deiss;⁹
Ane other was of all fovelis¹⁰ for scent,
Of liquor, or of any lusty meiss:
The fift there was whilk could all ken, but
leis,¹¹

The heat, the cauld, the hard, and eik
the soft;

Ane ganand¹² servant both for war and
peace.

Yet has thir folk their King betrayèd oft.

¹ Get hold of.² Go, depart.³ Cause, compel.⁴ Sorrow, anger.⁵ Prepare.⁶ The five senses.⁷ Chance.⁸ Direction, quarter.⁹ Raised platform at the
head of the table.¹⁰ Provisions.¹¹ Without lies, or mis-
take.¹² Useful.

IX.

Honour pursuèd to the Kingis yett,
Thir folk said all they would not let him
in ;
Because they said their lord to feast was
set,
With all his lusty servants more and myn.¹
But he ane port had enterèd with ane gyn,
And up he can in haste to the great tower :
And said he should it parall all with fyn
And fresh delight, with many florist flower.

X.

So strong this King him thought his
castle stood,
With many tower and turret crownèd high :
About the wall there run ane water void,
Black, stinkand, sour, and salt as is the
sea,
That on the wallis wiskèd,² gree by gree,
Boldning³ to rise the castle to confound ;
But they within made sae great melody,
That for their reird⁴ they might not hear
the sound.

XI.

With feastis fell, and full of jollity,
This comely court their King they cast⁵
to keep,
That noy has none but newly novelty,
And are not wont for woe to woun⁶ and
weep,
Full sendill⁷ sad, or soundly set to sleep,
Nor wandereth wait,⁸ aye weenis wealth
endure ;
Beholdis not, nor lookis not the deep,⁹
As them to keep frae all misaventure.

XII.

Right as the rose upspringis from the root,
In ruby colour red most rich of hue ;
Nor waindis¹⁰ not the leavis to outshoot,
For shining of the sun that does renew

¹ Less.² Struck gently.³ Swelling.⁴ Noise.⁵ Contrived.⁶ Howl, whine.⁷ Seldom.⁸ Danger expects.⁹ Meaning obscure.¹⁰ Fears.

Thir other flowris green, (red), white,
and blue,
Whilk has nae craft to know the winter
weet,
Suppose that summer's shine does them
rescue,
That does them while ourehaill¹ with
snow and sleet.

XIII.

Dame Pleasance had ane pretty place
beside,
With fresh effeir,² and many folk in feir ;³
The whilk was paralld⁴ all about with
pride,
So precious that it prisèd was but peer,⁵
With bulworks broad and many bitter bier,⁶
Syne was ane bridge, that hedged was and
strang ;
And all that couth attain the castle near,
It made them for to mer amiss, and
mang.⁷

XIV.

With towris great and strong for to behold
So craftily with kinnellis⁸ carven high ;
The fitchand chainis floreist⁹ all of gold,
The grounden dartis sharp, and bright to
see,
Would make ane heart of flint to fold and
flee
For terror, gif they would the castle sail,¹⁰
So carven clear that might ne cruelty
It for to win in all this world avail.

XV.

Servèd this Queen Dame Pleasance, all at
right,
First, High-apport,¹¹ Beauty, and Humble-
ness ;

¹ Overhaul.² Surroundings, things
appropriate to.³ Company.⁴ Adorned.⁵ Without equal.⁶ Sharp stakes.⁷ Disarrange and
mingle.⁸ Battlements.⁹ The hoisting chains
embossed.¹⁰ Assail.¹¹ Noble bearing.

With many other maidens fair and bright,
Reuth, and Good-fame, Freedom, and
Gentleness ;
Constance, Patience, Raddour,¹ and
Meekness,
Cunning, Kindness, Heyndness² and
Honesty,
Mirth, Lustihood, Liking, and Nobleness,
Bliss, and Blithness, Goodness, and pure
Piety.

XVI.

This were the staitis worthiest and ding,
With many mo that servèd to this Queen.
Ane legion leal were aye at her leading,
When that her court list semble³ fair and
clean.

In their effeir⁴ Fair-service might he seen,
For was there nought that seemèd by avise⁵
That no man might the pointing of ane
preen⁶
Reprove ; nor peice, but painted at devise.

XVII.

Happenèd this worthy Queen, upon ane
day,

With her fresh court arrayèd weel at right,
Hunting to ride, her to disport and play,
With many a lusty lady fair and bright.
Her banner sheen displayèd and on hight,
Was seen abone⁷ their headis where they
raid ;

The green ground was illumined of the
light ;

Fresh Beauty had the vanguard, and was
guide.

XVIII.

Ane legion of thir lusty ladies sheen
Followed this Queen (truly this is no nay) ;
Hard by this castle of this King so keen,⁸
This worthy folk has wailèd⁹ them a way ;

¹ Fear, shyness.² Handyness.³ Pleased to assemble.⁴ Affairs.⁵ Fashion, order.⁶ To the extent of a
pin point.⁷ Above.⁸ Bold.⁹ Chosen.

Whilk did the dayis watches to effray,¹
For seildin² had they seen sic folk before
So merrily they muster, and they play,
Withouten either brag, or boast, orschore.³

XIX.

The watches, of the sight was sae affayèd,
Thèy ran and told the King of their
intent :—

" Let not this matter, sir, be long delayèd
It were speedful some folk ye outward
sent,

That could rehearse what thing yon people
meant ;

Syne, you again thereof to certify ;
For battle bide they boldly on yon bent ;⁴
It were but shame to feign ye cowardly."

XX.

Youthhead upstart, and cleikèd⁵ on his
cloak,

Was browden⁶ all with lusty⁷ leavis green ;
" Rise, fresh Delight, let not this matter
soak ;⁸

We will go see what may this muster mean ;
So weel we shall cope (with) it, us between,
There shall nothing pass away unspied.
Synè shall we tell the King as we have seen,
And there shall nothing truly be denièd."

XXI.

Youthhead forth past, and raid on
Innocence,

Ane milk-white steed that amblèd as the
wind ;

And fresh Delight raid on Benevolence,
Throughout the mead that would not
bide behind.

The beamis bright almost had made them
blind,

That frae fresh Beauty spread under the
cloud ;

¹ So frighten.² Seldom.³ Threat.⁴ Field.⁵ Hooked.⁶ Embroidered.⁷ Fresh, beautiful.⁸ Rest.

To her they sought, and soon they could
her find,
Nor saw they nane never was half sae
proud.

XXII.

The bernis¹ both was basèd of the sight,
And out of measure marrèd in their mood;
As spreitless folks on blonkis heavèd² on
hight,
Both in a study starand still they stood.
Fair-calling freshly on her wayis yude,³
And both their reinis cleikèd in her hands;
Syne to her castle raid as she were wood,⁴
And fastenèd up thir folks in Venus bands.

XXIII.

Because there come no bodeword⁵ soon
again,
The King out sent New-Gate,⁶ and Want-
onness
Greenlove, Disport, Waste-good that
nought can lane,⁷
And with them freshly fair Foolhardiness:
He bade them spy the case how that it
was,
And bring bodeword, or he himself outpast.
They said they should; and soon they
can them dress,
Full glad they glide as groomis unaghast.⁸

XXIV.

On ground no greif⁹ till they the great host
see,
Would they not rest, the rinkis¹⁰ so they
ride.
But frae they saw their suit and their
'sembly,
It could them bre, and biggèd¹¹ them to bide

Dread of Disdain, on foot'ran them beside,
Said them, beware, sen Wisdom is away;
For an ye prick¹ among thir folk of pride
A pane² ye shall be 'rested by the way.

XXV.

Foolhardiness full freshly forth he flang,
A fur length far before his feiris³ five
And Wantoness, suppose he had the wrang,
Him followed on as fast as he might drive.
So they were like among themself to strive:
The foursome bade and huvit⁴ on the green.
Fresh Beauty with ane wisk come up be-
lyve,⁵
And them all 'rested, were they never so
keen.⁶

XXVI.

With that the foursome fain they would
have fled
Again unto their castle, and their King.
They gave ane shout, and soon they have
them sched⁷
And busily they gan them bounden bring.
Again unto their Guen; and bandis thring⁸
About their handis and their feet so fast,
Till that they made them with their tor-
menting
Wholly of their livis half aghast.

XXVII.

The watches on the kingis walls has seen.
The chasing of the folk and their surprise.
Upstart King Hart in proper ire and tein⁹
And boldly bade his folk all with him rise.
I shall not sit, he said, and see them thrice
Discomfit clean my men, and putat under
No, we shall wirk¹⁰ us on ane other wise;
Set¹¹ we be few to them by fifty hunder.

¹ Youths.² On horses raised.³ Went.⁴ Mad.⁵ Message.⁶ Novelty, or fashion.⁷ Conceal, hide.⁸ Men not afraid.⁹ Admonition.¹⁰ Courses, ways.¹¹ Astonished and in-
clined.¹ Ride.² Against your wills.³ Companions.⁴ Lingered.⁵ Presently.⁶ Bold.⁷ Dispersed.⁸ Fasten.⁹ Rage.¹⁰ Wreak, revenge.¹¹ Although.

XXVIII.

Then out they raid all to a randoun¹ right,
This courtly King, and all his comely host,
His buirtly² banner brathèd³ upon hight
And out they blew with brag and meikle
boast,

That lady and her lineage should be lost.
They cried on high their seinye⁴ wonder
loud :

Thus come they keenly carband on the
cost ;

They prick, they prance, as princes that
were woud.⁵

XXIX.

Dame Pleasance has her folk arrayèd weel
Frae that she saw that they would battle
bide,

So Beauty with her vanguard gan to reel,
The greatest of their host she can oure-
ride.

Syne fresh Apport come on the totherside ;
So busily she was to battle boun,⁶

That all that ever she might ouretake that
tide,

Horses and men with brunt she stralk all
down.

XXX.

Right there King Hart she has in handis
tane,

And purely was he present to the Queen ;
And she had fairly with ane featherèd flane⁷
Wounded the King right wonderful to
ween.

Delivered him Dame Beauty unto, syne,
His wound to wash, in sobering of his sore ;
But always as she castis it to clean
His malady increases more and more.

XXXI.

Wounded he was, and where yet he nae
wait ;⁸

And many of his folk has tane the flight.

¹ Quick motion.

² Stately.

³ Flapped (?)

⁴ Warcry.

⁵ Mad.

⁶ Made ready.

⁷ Arrow.

⁸ Know not where.

He said, "I yield me now to your estate,
Fair Queen ! sen to resist I have no might.
What will ye say me now for whaten
plight ?

For that I wait I did you never offence.
And Gif I have done aught that is unright,
I offer me to your benevolence."

XXXII.

By this battle was near vanquished all ;
The Kingis men are tane, and many slain.
Dame pleasance then can on fresh Beauty
call,

Bade her command the folk to prison
plain.

King Hart sair wounded was, but he was
fain,

For weel he trusted that he should recure.¹
The lady and her host went home again,
And many prisoner taken under her cure.

XXXIII.

King Hart his castle leavèd has full waste,
And Heaviness made captain, it to keep.
Raddour ran hame full fleyèd and fore-
chased,

Him for to hide crap in the dungeon deep.
Lanquor he lay upon the walls but² sleep,
But meat, or drink, and the watch-born he
blew ;

Ire was the porter, that full sair can weep ;
And Jealousy ran out ; he never was true.

XXXIV.

He said he should be spy and bodeword
bring,

Both night and day how that his master
fure.³

He followèd fast on foot after the King
Unto the castle of Dame Pleasance pure.
In the prison found he many creature ;
Some fettered fast, and others free and
large

Wherever them list within the wallis fure,
Soon Jealousy him hid under ane targe.

¹ Recover.

² Without.

³ Fared.

XXXV.

There saw he Lust by law lie under lock,
In stringye strong fast fetterèd foot and
hand ;
Green Love lay bounden with ane fallen
block,
About the craig¹ was clasped with ane
band ;
Youthhead was loose, and aye about
waverand ;²
Desire lay stockèd by ane dungeon door ;
Yet Honesty could keep him fair farrand,
And Waste-good followed him wherever
he fure.

XXXVI.

Discretion was as then but young of age,
He slept with Lust wherever he might
find him ;
And he again was crabbed at the page.
Ane ladle full of love, stood him behind
He swakèd³ in his een, and made him blind,
Sae that frae that time forth he might
not see :
Speak thou ane word, thy four feet shall
I bind,
Synè I wak thee oure the wallis in the sea.

XXXVII.

Business, New-gate, Freshness, and syne
Disport,
Freedom, Gentrice, Cunning and Fair-
manner,
All thir were loose daily, and yeid oure-
thort⁴
To close⁵ before the dungeon window near,
Where winnèd⁶ fair Dame Pleasance, that
was clear,
Whilk has espyèd right weel their govern-
ance ;⁷
And, laughan high, commanded times seir⁸
Them to await upon their observance.

¹ Neck.⁵ Lane, entry.² Wandering.⁶ Fair, beautiful.³ Cast violently.⁷ Behaviour.⁴ Went across.⁸ Several times.

XXXVIII.

This lusty Queen, within her dungeon
strong
Could dysyde¹ aye her ladies her about.
And as she list she learèd them to mong,²
That would be in all folk that were without.
For High Apport she is her captain stout ;
Beauty her banner bearis her befor ;
Dame Chastity her chalmerer but³ doubt ;
And Strangeness her porter can weel scorn.

XXXIX.

Fair-Calling is great garitour⁴ on height,
That watches aye the wallis high abone,
And Sweet Semblance is marshal in her
sight ;
As she commandis, so swith⁵ all is done.
Sae is there lack not music nor of tune ;
The ladies sweet they make sic melody,
What wight that might it hear should judge⁶
it soon
To Angel song, and heavenly harmony.

XL.

King Hart untill ane privy closet crap
Was near the dungeon wall, near by the
ground ;
Saes⁷ he might hear and see, sic was his
hap,
The meikle mirth, the melody, and sound,
Whilk frae the wallis sweetly can resound
In at his ear, and sink unto his heart ;
And therein workis many privy wound,
That does oftsys⁸ him strong with stoundis
smart.

XLI.

Aye sick he is, and ever he has his heal⁹
In battle strong, and has both peace and
rest ;
The sharp, and als the soft can with him
deal ;

¹ Placed on either side.⁶ Compare.² Learned to mix.⁷ So as.³ Without.⁸ Ofttimes.⁴ Watchmen.⁹ Health.⁵ Quickly.

The sweet, the sour, both rule, and als
unrest ;
Dame Danger has of dolour to him drest
Ane pallioun² that nae proudness has with-
out,
With tearis wet are rotten, may not lest
Fast breakand by the borderis all about.

XLII.

But Youthhead had him made ane courtly
coat,
As green as grass, with golden streamis
bright
Brouden³ about, fast bucklèd to his throat :
A worthy weed, weel closand, and full
light.
Ane visor, that was painted for the sight,
As ruby red and part of white among ;
Of colours might there none be fresher
dight,³
But Heaviness had fashioned it all wrong.

XLIII.

This worthy King in prison thus could lie,
With all his folk, and could there none
out break.
Full oft they can upon Dame Pity cry :
Fair thing ! come down a while and with
us speak.
Come : fairer way ye might your harmes
wreak,
Than thus to murder us that yolden⁴ are.
Would ye us rue,⁵ wherever we might
ourereik,⁶
We should be men to you for evermair.

XLIV.

Then answered Danger, and said, That
were great doubt,⁷
A maiden sweet among sae many men
To come alane, but⁸ folk were her about ;
That isane craft myself could never ken.

¹ Cloak.

² Embroidered.

³ Adorned.

⁴ Yielded.

Q

⁵ Pity.

⁶ Overreach.

⁷ Fear, danger.

⁸ Unless.

With that she ran unto the lady keen ;
Kneeland, Madam, she said, keep Pity
fast.
Sythen¹ she ask, no license to her len ;
May she win out, she will play you a cast.²

XLV.

Then Danger to the door took good keep,³
Both night and day, that Pity should not
pass ;
Untill all fordwart⁴ in default of sleep,
She busily fortravellèd⁵ she was ;
Fair Calling gave her drink into ane glass :
Soon after that to sleep she went anon.
Pity was 'ware that ilk⁶ was pretty case,
And privily out at the door is gone.

XLVI.

The door on chare⁷ it stood ; all was on
sleep ;
And Pity down the stair full soon is past.
This Business has seen, and gave good
keep :
Dame Pity has he hint⁸ in armes fast.
He called on Lust, and he come at the last,
His bandis gart he cast in pieces, small :
Dame Pity was greatly feared and aghast.
By that⁹ was Comfort croppin in oure the
wall.

XLVII.

Soon come Delight, and he begouth to
dance ;
Green Love upstart, and can his spirits tae,¹⁰
Full weel is me, said Disport, of this
chance,
For now I trust great melody to mae.
All in ane rout unto the door they gae ;
And Pity put therein first, them before.

¹ Although.

² Trick.

³ Heed, care.

⁴ Weary, overcome.

⁵ Greatly fatigued.

⁶ That same.

⁷ Ajar.

⁸ Caught.

⁹ By that time.

¹⁰ Take courage.

What was there mair, Out ! Harro ! take
and slay !
The house is won withouten brag or
schore.¹

XLVIII.

The curtains all of gold about the bed
Weel stented² were where fair Dame
Pleasance lay :
Then new Desire, as greedy as a gled,³
Came runnand in, and made a great deray.
The Queen is wakened with ane felloun
fray,
Up glistnèd⁴ and beheld she was betraysèd.
Yield you, madam, on hicht can Sir Lust
say :
A word she could not speak, she was so
abaisèd.

XLIX.

Yield you, madam ; grein Lust could
say all soon ;
And fairly shall we govern you and yours.
Our lord King Hartis will must now be
done,
That yet is law among the nether bowers.
Oure long, madam, ye keepèd thir high
towers ;
Now thank we none but Pity us supplièd.
Dame Danger then into ane neuk⁵ she
cowers,
And quakand there the quene⁶ she lay for
dread.

L.

Then Bousteousness⁷ come with brag and
boast,
All that gainstoo⁸ he straik dead on the
floor.
Dame Pleasance said, Shall we thus gait⁹
be lost ?
Bring up the king, let him in at the door ;

¹ Threat.² Stretched, drawn.³ Hawk.⁴ Glanced.⁵ Corner.⁶ Wench.⁷ Fierceness, or huge-

ness.

⁸ Resisted.⁹ This way.

In his gentrice¹ right weel I dare assure.²
Therefore sweet Comfort cried upon the
King :
Then Business, that cunning creature,
To serve Dame Pleasance, soon there can
him bring.

LI.

So sweetaneswell as strake unto his heart,
When that he saw Dame Pleasance at
his will.
I yield me, Sir, and do me nought to smart,
The fair Queen said upon this wise him till.
I save yours, suppose it be no skill.
All that I have, and all that mine may be,
With all my heart I offer here you till,
And askis nought but ye be true to me.

LII.

Till that whilk Love, Desire and Lust
devisèd,
Thus fair Dame Pleasance sweetly can
assent.
Then suddenly Sir Hart him now disguisèd,
On got his amorous cloak or ever he stent,
Freshly to feast thir amorous folk are went.
Blitheness was first brought bodeword to
the hall ;
Dame Chastity, that silly innocent,
For wae yied wood,³ and flew out oure
the wall.

LIII.

The lusty Queen she sat in midds the deis,⁴
Before her stood the noble worthy King.
Servèd they were of many divers meis,
Full savours sweet, and swith they could
them bring.
Thus made they ane right merry
marshalling :
Beauty and Love ane hait burde has begun
In worship of that lusty feast so ding,
Dame Pleasance has gart pierce Dame
Venus tun.

¹ Honour.² Confide.³ For grief went mad.⁴ Raised platform

across the head

of the table.

CANTO II.

LIV.

Wha is at ease, when baith are now in bliss,
But fresh King Hart that clearly is above;
And wantis nought in world, that he would
wis,
And trustis not that ever he shall remove.
Seven year and more Sir Liking and Sir
Love,
Of him they have the cure and governance,¹
Till at the last befell, and sae behove,
Ane changing new that grieved Dame
Pleasance.

LV.

At morrowing tide, when that the sun so
sheen
Out rush'd had his beamis from the sky,
Ane auld goodman before the yett was
seen,
Upon ane steed, that raid full easily,
He rapped at the yett, but courteously,
Yet at the strake the great dungeon can
din;
Syne at the last he shouted felonly,
And bade them rise and said he would
come in.

LVI.

Soon Wantonness come to the wall aboon,²
And cried out, What folk are ye thereout?
My name is Age, said he, again full soon;
May thou not hear? Longer how could I
shout!
What were your will? I will come in but³
doubt.
Now God forbid! In faith ye come not
here;
Run on thy way or thou shall bear ane
rout:⁴
And say, the porter he is wonder sweir.⁴

¹ The care and
management.

² Above.

³ Without.

⁴ A severe blow.

⁵ Lary, disinclined.

LVII.

Soon Wantonness he went unto the King,
And told him all the case, how that it stood.
That tale quoth he I trust be nae leising;¹
He was to come. That wist I, by the rood.
I does me 'noy, by God, in bane and blood,
That he should come so soon! What
haste had he?
The Queen said then, To hold him our
were good.
That would I fain were done, and⁴ it might
be.

LVIII.

Youthhead upstart and kneeled before
the King:
Lord, with your leave I may no longer
bide.
My warrison² (I would that with me bring),
Lord, pay to me, and give me leave to
ride.
For might I longer reside you beside,
Full fain I would, no were my fellowen fae.
For doubt³ of Age, Sir King, ye let me
slide;
For and⁴ I bide, in faith he will me slay.

LIX.

Sen thou maun⁵ pass, fair Youthhead, wae
is me!
Thou was my friend and made me good
service.
Frae thou be went never so blithe to be,
I make ane vow although that it be nice,
Of all blitheness thy body bears the price.⁶
To warrison I give thee or thou gae
This fresh visor, was painted at device.
My lust away with thee see that thou tae.

LX.

For sake of thee I will no colour red,
Nor lusty white, upon my body bear,
But black and grey, alway till I be dead,
I will none other wanton weedis wear.

¹ Lying.

² Reward.

³ Fear, dread.

⁴ For if.

⁵ Since thou must.

⁶ Praise, prize.

Farewell, my friend! thou did me never
deir!¹
Unwelcome Age, thou come again² my will!
I let thee wit I might thee weel forbear.
Thy warrisson should be right small, but
skill.

LXI.

Then Youthhead said, Disport and Wan-
tonness,
My brether both, dispone you with me ride.
Upstart on foot lively Deliverance;³
Said, Sirs, I pray you take me for your
guide.
Trow ye that I shall lie herein to hide
This worthy craft that Nature to me gave?
Na! Na! this cowardness shall not betide!
Fare on! I shall be foremost of the lave.⁴

LXII.

Out at ane privy postern all they past;
And would not bide all-out to take their
leave.
Then fresh Delight come runnand wonder
fast,
And with ane pull got Youthhead by the
sleeve:
Abide! Abide! good fellow, thee nought
grieve;
I lend me thy cloak, to guise me for ane
while;
Wart! I that weed in faith, I will mischief;
But I shall follow thee within ane mile.

LXIII.

Delight come in and all that saw his back,
They wonderd! it had been Youthhead
housen self.
But afterward when that they with him
spak
They knew it was ane feignt made them
ill.

¹ Harm. ² Against. ³ Activity. ⁴ The last.

Soon when he had disported him his fill,
His courtly cloak begouth to fade of hue;
Thrifless, threadbare and ready for to
spill,
Like faild black whilk was before time
blue.

LXIV.

Yet would he not away allutterly,¹
But of retinue feit² he him as than;
And, or he wist, he spendid speedily
The flower of all the substance that he
wan:
So wourde he poor and poverit to the pan.³
Yet Appetite, his son, he bade dwell still.
But wit ye weel, he was ane sorry man;
For fault of good he wanted all his will.

LXV.

By that was Age enterd, and yet first
His branches braid out bayr he many bore,⁴
Unwelcome was the noy, when that they
wist,
For followand him there come five hunder
score
Of hairis that King Hart had never before.
And when that fair Dame Pleasance had
them seen,
She grieved, and she angerd weel more;
Her face she wryed about for proper tein.⁵

LXVI.

Scantly had Age him rested there ane while,
When Conscience come cryand our the
wall:
How long think ye to hold me in exile?
Now, on my soul ye are but hardanes all!
And some of you, by God, shall have a fall;
May I him meet frae presence of the King;
All false traitors! may you fall weel call,
That served weel be draw both head and
king!

¹ Altogether.² Feit for him.³ Became impoverished.⁴ or the skull.⁵ Meaning obscure.² Masters.³ Very rage.⁴ Blackheads.⁵ Deserve to be be-
headed and hanged.

LXVII.

Frae Age had heard that Conscience was coming,
Full soon he raise belyve and let him in.
Sadness he had, ane cloak frae meture muming¹
He had upon, and was of Age's kin :
It was right hard they twa in sunder twin,²
Therefore after his back he ran anone.
In mid the close there Conscience met with Sin,
Ane felon rout³ he laid on his rig-bone.⁴

LXVIII.

Conscience to Sin gave sic ane felon dunt,
Till to the erd he flaw⁵ and lay at under ;
Yet Conscience his breast hurt with the dunt :
But Sadness has to put this twa in sunder.⁶
Folly and Vice into their wit they wonder
How sic ane master-man so soon should rise,
In mid the close, onlookand near five hunder,
The kingis folk to ding⁷ and to supprise.

LXIX.

They were adread, and soon has tane the flight ;
Syne in an hirne⁸ to hide soon gan they hye.⁹
Then Conscience come to the kingis sight ;
Out at ane door ran Falset,¹⁰ and Envy,
Greedy Desire, and gamesome Gluttony,
Vaunt, and Vainglore, with new green Appetite ;
For Conscience lookèd sae felonly,
They ran away out of his presence quite.

LXX.

God bless the lord ! thus Conscience can say,
Thiswhile by ganethou has been all too glad.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|
| ¹ Better acting. | ⁶ Asunder. |
| ² Separate. | ⁷ Beat. |
| ³ Severe blow. | ⁸ Corner. |
| ⁴ Backbone. | ⁹ Hasta. |
| ⁵ Flew, fell. | ¹⁰ Falsehood. |

Yae, Conscience ; and yet fain would I play ;
But now my heart it waxes wonder sad.
They have been wicked counsellors thou had ;
Wist thou the sooth, as thou shall after hear ;
For, wit thou weel, their bourding¹ aye was bad ;
The root is bitter, sharp as any briar.

LXXI.

Thy treasure have they falsely frae thee tane,²
Thir wicked folk thou weened had been true ;
And stowen³ away frae thee ane and ane,
For think they never come thee for to glew.⁴
Where is thy garment green and goodly hue?
And thy fresh face that Youthhead to thee made?
Thou bird⁵ think shame, and of thy riot rue,
Saw thou thyself unto thy colour sad.

LXXII.

Now marvel not, suppose I with thee chide ;
For, wit thou weel, my heart is wonder wae.
Ane other day when thou may naething hide,
I maun⁶ accuse thee as thy proper fae.
Of thy vain work first witness thou me tae.
When all thy jollity beis justified ;
It grievis me that thou should graceless gae
To waste thy welfare, and thy wealth so wide.

LXXIII.

As Conscience was chidand thus on hight,
Reason, and Wit, right at the gate they rang.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------|
| ¹ Jestng, dallying. | ⁴ Make merry. |
| ² Taken. | ⁵ Damsel, lady |
| ³ Stolen. | ⁶ Must. |

With rappis loud, for it drew near the
night ;
Bade let them in, for they had standing
long.
Said Conscience, In good faith this is
wrong !
Give me the key, I shall be porter now.
So come they in, ilk ane¹ through other
throng,
Syne with ane wisk² almost I wate not how.

LXXIV.

Reason ran on where at Discretion lay,
Into ane neuk,³ where nae man could him
find ;
And with his knife he schure⁴ the flesh away
That bred upon his een, and made him
blind.
Syne gave he him the thud⁵ even behind ;
Now may thou see ! Get up ! no longer lie ;
And scouner⁶ not to ride in rain and wind.
Wherever I be, see that thou be near by.

LXXV.

The King begouth to speak upon this wise:
Fair Conscience, ye are too crabbèd now.
Your sovereign and your lord for to sup-
prise,
There is no man of good will you allow.
What have I done, that thus has crabbèd
you ?
I followed counsel always for the best ;
And gif they were untrue, I dare avow,
Nature did miss⁷ sic folk upon me cast.

LXXVI.

Nature me bred ane beast unto my nest,
And gave me Youthhead (my) first servi-
tour ;
That I no foot might find, by east nor west,
But ever in ward, in tutorship and cure ;⁸

¹ Each one.² Quick bound.³ Corner.⁴ Cut.⁵ Blow.⁶ Shrink, dread.⁷ Wrong.⁸ Care, charge.

And Wantonness, who was to me more
sure :
Sic Nature to me brought, and first de-
vised
"Me for to keep frae all misaventure.
What blame 'serve I, this way to be sup-
prised ?

LXXVII.

Ye did great miss, fair Conscience, by your
leave,
Gif that ye were of kin and blood to me,
That slothfully should let your time oure-
sleif,¹
And come thus late. How should ye ask
your fee ?
The steed is stolen, steek² the door ; let see
What may avail ; God wate ! the stall is
toom !³
And gif that ye be ane counsellor slee,⁴
Why should ye slothfully your time for-
sume ?⁵

LXXVIII.

Of all my harm and dreary indigence,
Gif there be aught amiss, me think, perdee,⁶
That ye are cause verray⁷ of my offence,
And should sustain the better part for me.
Make answer now. What can ye say ? let
see !
Yourself excuse and make you foul or
clean,⁸
Reason, come here, ye shall our judge
now be,
And in this cause give sentence us between.

LXXIX.

Sir, by your leave, unto my proper cause
Suppose I speak, ye should not be dis-
pleased.
Said Conscience, This is ane villanous
cause,
Gif I should be the cause ye are diseased.

¹ Slip past.² Shut.³ Empty.⁴ Skilful.⁵ Consume, waste.⁶ Truly.⁷ Very, greatly.⁸ Commit or acquit.

Na, young counsel in you sae long was
seizèd,
That has your treasure and your goods
destroyèd.
Right fain would I with measure it were
meisit,¹
For of your harm God wate gif I be noyèd.

LXXX.

Ye put great wyte² that I so long abade
Gif that I could with counsel you avail ;
Sir, trust ye weel ane very cause I had,
Or ellis³ were no reason in my tale,
My term was set by order naturale,
To what work alway I most obey ;
Nor dare I not by no way make travaile,
But where I see my master get a sway.

LXXXI.

For stand he on his feet, and stagger not,
Thir hundreth year shall come into his
bold.
But nevertheless, Sir, all thing ye have
wrought
With help of Wisdom, and his willis would,⁴
I shall reform it blithely. Be ye bold,
And Youthhead shall have wyte of your
misdeed.
Therefore require ye Reason many fold,
That he his rollis raithly⁵ to you read.

LXXXII.

Reason rose up, and in his rolls he brought.
Gif I shall say, the sentence shall be plain ;
Do never the thing that ever may skaith
thee ought ;
Keep measure and truth, for therein lies
nae train.⁶
Discretion should aye with King I...
remain ;

¹ Mitigated.² Blame.³ Else, otherwise.⁴ Power of will.⁵ Writings quickly.⁶ Deceit, trick.

Thir other young folk-servants are but
fools.

Experience mais¹ knowledge now again,
And bairnis young should learn at auld
men's schools.

LXXXIII.

Wha gustis sweet, and feeled never of the
sour,
What can he say ? How may he season
judge ?
Wha sittis hait, and feeled never cauld ane
hour,
What weather is thereout under the ludge ?
How should he wit ? That were ane
marvel huge !
To buy right blue, that never had ane hue
seen !
Ane servant be, that never had seen ane
fuge !³
Suppose it rhyme it accordis not all clean.

LXXXIV.

To wis the right, and to disuse the wrong,
That is my school⁴ to all that list to leir.⁵
But Wisdom, gif ye should dwell us among,
Methink ye dwell our long ; put down
your spear ;
Ye might weel make an end of all this weir,⁶
Would ye forth show your worthy docu-
ment.
For is there none that ever can forbear
The work of Vice, withouten your assent.

LXXXV.

Wit said, Sir King, beware, or ye be wae,
For Foresight has now full lang been
flemit⁷
Unto know thy friend forby⁸ thy fae,
Gif thou will have thy country all weel
yemit,⁹

¹ Mitigates or ripens.² Arbour.³ An agricultural in-
strument.⁴ Learning, advice.⁵ Learn.⁶ War.⁷ Expelled, fled.⁸ Besides.⁹ Guarded.

And be thou weel, to hold thee so it
seemèd
Ne'er weenand aught to do that were
amiss :
After thy death thy deedis maun be deemèd
By thy desert, either to bale or bliss.

LXXXVI.

Honour he raid the castle round about,
Upon ane steed that was as white as milk.
Is Ease therein? cried he, with ane (loud)
shout.

Dame Pleasance spake, her face hid with
ane silk :

He is ane governor of ours, that ilk.¹
Wit said, Come in ! full welcome to thir
wains.²

I count not all your workis worth ane wilk,
Ye shall not harbour me and Ease at ains.³

LXXXVII.

Worship-of-war come to the tother side,
Upon ane steed, rampand, was red as
blood.

He cried on Strength, Come out, man ! be
my guide,

I cannot ride out-oure this water wude.⁴

Dame Pleasance heard, and on her ways
she yude⁵

Right to the King, and bade him Strength
arrest ;

I would not, Sir, for meikle worldly good
Want Strength ane hour when ever we go
to feast.

LXXXVIII.

In all disport he may us greatly vail ;
Give him nae leave, but hold him while
ye may.

The King full well has heard Dame
Pleasance' tale,

And Strength he has arrested by the way.
Abide ! he said : we shall ane other day
Seek Worship⁶ at our will, and us advance.

¹ That same.⁴ Wood, wild.² These dwellings.⁵ Went.³ At once.⁶ Honour.

I dread me sair, Sir Strength, of that
delay :

For armes has both happy time and
chance.

LXXXIX.

Strength said : Now I am green, and in
my floutris,

Fain would I follow Worship, and ¹ I might ;
For, gif I bide, in faith the fault is youris,
I maun obey to you, sen that is right.

Now see I weel, Dame Pleasance has
great slight ;²

And fye on Ease that holdis Honour out.
He is the man might bring us all to hight ;
Lo where he ridis backward with his
rout !

XC.

With this Beauty come in the Kingis sight ;
Full reverently she kneeled in his presence :
Dame Pleasance says, Sir, that ye do un-
right.

Durst I it say unto your high reverence,
Ye have displeased her high magnificence,
That should let Conscience in her castle
come ;

He is her foe, and does her great offence,
And oft-times can her servitors ourecome.

XCL.

Therewith the King upstart and turned
aback

On Conscience, and all his court in feir ;³
And to the Queen the rightway can he tak,

Full suddenly in arms hint the cleir.⁴
She wryed⁵ about, to kiss she was full
sweir.⁶

Then he again full fairly to her spak ;
No ! Be not wroth with me, my lady
dear !

For as I may I shall you merry mak.

¹ If.⁴ Caught the fair.² Skill.⁵ Twisted.³ In company.⁶ Disinclined.

XCII.

Though Conscience, and Wisdom, me to keep
Be cunning both, I shall them weel beguile;
For truly when that they are gone to sleep,
I shall be here within ane bonny while :
My solace shall I silyly thus oursyle.¹
Right shall not rest² me alway with his rule,
Though I be whilum bowsum as ane waile,³
I shall be crookèd till I make him fool.

XCIII.

Dame Pleasance said, My friendis now are fled ;
The lusty folk that ye forth with you brought :
Methink thir carlis are not courtly cled !
What joy have I of them? I compt them nought.
Youthhead, and fresh Delight, might they be brought,
For with their service I am right weel kend :
Fain would I that ye send men and them sought,
Although it were unto the worldis end.

XCIV.

The Queen wourde⁴ wroth ; the King was sore adread,
For her disdain he could not goodly bear.
They supped soon, and syne they bound to bed ;
Sadness come in and rowndèd⁵ in his ear.
Dame Pleasance has perceivèd her new feir⁶
And early, 'fore the sun, she gan to rise
Out of the bed, and turst⁷ up all her gear.
The King was sound on sleep, and still he lies.

XCV.

Horses and harness hint⁸ she has in haste;
With all her folk she gan her wayis fare.
By this it was full near mid-day almaist ;

¹ Conceal.

² Arrest.

³ Pliant as a rod.

⁴ Became.

⁵ Whispered.

⁶ Companion.

⁷ Bundled.

⁸ Seized, caught.

Then come Disease in ridand with ane rair.¹
The Queen is went, alas I know not wherel
The King began to wake, and heard the beir :²

Then Jealousy come strekand³ up the stair
To serve the King, and drew him wonder near.

XCVI.

Reason come in : Sir King, I reid⁴ ye rise,
There is ane great part of this fair day run.
The sun was at the hight and downward hies.

Where is the treasure now, that ye have won ?

The drink was sweet ye fand in Venus tun.
Soon after this it shall be stale and sour ;
Therefore of it I reid no more ye cun :⁵
Let it lie still and please your paramour.

XCVII.

Then Wisdom says, Shape for some governance,
Sen fair Dame Pleasance on her ways is went.

In your last days ye may yourself avance,
Gif that ye wourde⁶ of the same indigent.
Go to your place and you therein present ;
The castle yet is strong enough to hold.
Then Sadness, said Sir King, ye maun assent ;

What have ye now ado in this waste fold?

XCVIII.

The King has heard their counsel at the last,
And halily assented to their saw.⁷

Make ready soon, he says, and speed you fast.

Full suddenly they can the clarion blaw ;
On horse they leap, and raid then all on raw⁸

¹ Riding with a roar.

² Noise, berr.

³ Stretching.

⁴ Advise.

⁵ Know, try.

⁶ Become.

⁷ Counsel.

⁸ Rode in a row.

To his ain castle, therein he was upbred.
Languor the watch attour the girnale¹
flaw ;
And Heaviness to the great dungeon fled.

XCIX.

He cried, Sir King, welcome to thy ain
place !
I have it keepéd truly sen thou past.
But I have meikle marvel of thy face,
That changèd is like by ane winter blast,
Yea, Heaviness, the King said at the last,
Now have I this with far mo harmes hint,²
Whilk grievis me, when I my comptis cast,
How I fresh Youthhead and his fellows
tynt.³

C.

Strength was as then fast faded of his
flouris,
But still yet with the King he can abide,
Till at the last in the hochis he cowris⁴
Then privily out at the yett can slide.
He stole away, and went on wayis wide,
And sought where Youthhead and his
feiris⁵ wonned :
Full suddenly, suppose he had nae guide,
Behind ane hill he has his feiris found.

CI.

Sae, on ane day, the dayis watchis twae
Come in, and said they saw ane felloun
mist.
Yea, said Wisdom, I wist it would be
wae :
That is ane sign before ane heavy trist !⁶
That is peril to come wha that it wist,
For, on some side there shall us folk assail.
The King sat still, to travel he nought list ;
And hearkenèd syne ane while to Wit his
tale.

bove the tower.
ought.
est.

⁴ Fails in the houghs.
⁵ Companions.
⁶ Affliction.

CII.

Desire was daily at the chalmèr door ;
And Jealousy was never of his presence ;
Ire kept aye the gate, with meikle cure ;¹
And Wretchedness was hid unto the
spence.²
Sic folk as thir, he said, to make defence,
With all their family fully hundreds five !
Sir Ease he was the greatest of reverence,
Best lovèd with the King of leid on live.³

CIII.

Unto the gate come ridand on ane day
Worship of Weir, whilk sawis honours
high :
Go to the King, with sture⁴ voice can he
say,
Speir⁵ gif any office he has for me ;
For, and him list,⁶ I will him serve for fee.
Wisdom come to the wall, cryand ourè
again :
Man seek thy fortune with Adversity ;
It is not here, sic thing as thee should gain.⁷

CIV.

Strength is away outstolling like ane thief,
Whilk keepéd aye the treasure of estate ;
There is nae man should cherish thee sae
leif,
Thir other folk of worship are full blate.⁸
Worship of Weir again with Wisdom flate ;⁹
Why would ye not me see when strength
ye had ?
Therewith come Ease ; said, I sit warm
and hait,
When they thereout¹⁰ shall be with stouris
stad.¹¹

CV.

Worship says, Ware,¹² I wait ye have at
hand,

¹ Much care.² Larder.³ Man alive.⁴ Strong.⁵ Inquire.⁶ If it please him.⁷ Profit thee.⁸ Bashful.⁹ Quarrelled, scolded.¹⁰ Without, outside.¹¹ With storm beset.¹² Beware, or war.

Whilk shall assail your wallis high and strang.

Then Wisdom said, Dame Pleasance, sweet sembland
In youthhood would not thole¹ us worship fang.²

Adieu, farewell! Worship says, now I gan
To seek my craft unto the worldis end.
Wisdom says, take now Disease amang,
And wait on me als whilum³ where ye wend.

CVI.

For, do ye nought, ye may not weel eft heave.

What is your name? Wisdom, forsooth, I hight.⁴

All wrong, God wait! oft-times, Sir, by your leave,

Mine aventure will shape⁵ out of your sight:
But nevertheless may fall that ye have right.
Reuth have I none, out-tak⁶ fortune and chance,

That maun I aye pursue both day and night,
Ease I defy so hinges in his balance.

CVII.

Right⁷ as thir two were talkand fast in feir,⁷
Ane hideous host they saw come oure the moor;

Decrepitus, his banner shone not clear,
Was at the hand with many chieftains sture.⁸

A crudge back⁹ that careful caitive bure,
And crooked were his laithly limbis baith,
But¹⁰ smirk, or smile, but rather for to smoor,¹¹

But scoup, or skift,¹² his craft is all to skaith.

¹ Suffer.

² Seize, hold.

³ Also at times.

⁴ Am named.

⁵ Prepare to depart.

⁶ Except.

⁷ Together.

⁸ Strong.

⁹ Crouch back.

¹⁰ Without.

¹¹ Smother.

¹² Scope or shift (!)

CVIII.

Within ane while, the castle all about
He siegèd fast with many sow and gyne:¹
And they within gave many hideous shout,
For they were wonder wae King Hart tyne.

The grounden ganyeis,² and great gunnis syne,

They shoot without: within they stanis cast.
King Hart says, Had³ the house, for it is mine;

Give it not oure as long as we may last.

CIX.

Thus they within had made full great defence,

Aye while they might the wallis high have yemit,⁴

Till, at the last, they wanted thair dispence,
Evil purvayèd folk, and sae weel stemit⁵ is
Their tunnys, and their tubbis were all temit,⁶

And failèd was the flesh that was their food;

And at the last Wisdom the best has deemèd
Comfort to bid them keep, that he ne youde.⁷

CX.

And he be tynt,⁸ in peril put we all;
Therefore had wait and let him not away.
By this they heard the meikle fore-tower fall,
Whilk made them in the dungeon to effray.
Then raise their meikle dirdum and deray!⁹
The barmekin¹⁰ burst, they entered in at large:

Heidwerk, Hoist, and Parlasay,¹¹ made great pay,¹²

And Murmourris mo with many spear and targe.

¹ Battering-ram and engine.

² Darts.

³ Hold, keep.

⁴ Guarded.

⁵ Hemmed in.

⁶ Emptied.

⁷ That he is not gone.

⁸ If he be lost.

⁹ Uprou and disorder.

¹⁰ Rampart.

¹¹ Headache, cough

and palsy.

¹² Defeat.

THE BOOK OF SCOTTISH POEMS.

CXI.

It was that they saw nae boot was to de-
~~and~~
~~from in they let~~ Decrepitus full tyte.¹
~~for ought~~ King Hart, for he full weel him
~~humb~~
~~and with~~ ane sword he can him smartly
~~unite~~
 His back in two, right pertly for despite ;
 And with the brand syne brak he baith
 his shins.
 He gave ane cry, then Comfort fled out
 quite,
 And thus this balefull bargane² he begins.

CXII.

Reason forfoughten³ was and evil drest ;
 And Wisdom was ayè wanderand to the
 door :
 Conscience lay him down ane while to rest,
 Because he saw the King wound⁴ weak and
 poor ;
 For so in dool he might no longer dure.
 Go send for Dead, thus said he verament ;⁵
 Yet for I will dispone of my treasure,
 Upon this wise make I my testament.

CXIII.

To fair Dame Pleasance, aye when she
 list ride,
 My proud palfrey, Unsteadfastness, I
 leave,
 With fickleness her saddle set on side ;
 This, outh there none of reason her to
 reave.
 To fresh Beauty because I could her heave
 Grein Appetite her servant for to be,
 To craik, and cry alway till he her deave
 That I command him straightly till he dee.

CXIV.

Grein Lust, I leave to thee at my last end,
 Of fantasy ane fostell⁶ fillèd fow.

¹ Quickly.

² Contest.

³ Overcome.

⁴ Become

⁵ Truly.

⁶ A cask full.

Youthhead, because that thou my bairn-
 head kend

To Wantonness aye will I that thou bow,
 To Gluttony that oft made me oure fou,
 This meikle wame, this rotten liver als,
 See that ye bear, and that command I you
 And smartly hing them both above his hals.¹

CXV.

To Rere-Supper,² be he among that rout,
 Ye me commend ; he is ane fellow fine ;
 This rotten stomach that I bear about,
 Ye rug it out, and reik³ it to him syne :
 For he has hindered me of many dine,
 And many time the mess has gart me sleep,
 My wittis has he wasted oft with wine,
 And made my stomach with hait lustis leap.

CXVI.

Deliverness has oft-times done me good,
 When I was young, and stead in tenderage,
 He gart me run full reckless, by the rood,
 At ball and bool ; therefore greet weel that
 page :
 This broken shin, that swells and will not
 swage,
 Ye bear to him ; he break it at the ball ;
 And say to him that it shall be his wage ;
 This breissèd⁴ arm ye bear to him at all.

CXVII.

To Chastity, that silly innocent,
 Here leave I now my conscience for to
 scour
 Of all the wicked rust that through it went,
 When she for me the tearis down could
 pour.
 That fair sweet thing, benign in every
 bower,
 That never wist of vice nor violence,
 But evermore is married with measure,
 And clean of lustis curst experience.

¹ Neck.

² Second supper.

³ Reach, hand over.

⁴ Bruised.

CXVIII.

To Freedom shall ye found,¹ and fairly bear
 This thread-bare cloak, sometime was thick
 of wow;²
 And bid him for my sake that he it wear,
 When he has spende of that he has
 now.
 And when his purse of pennies is not fow,³
 Where is his freedom then? full far to
 seek,
 Ah! yon is he, was whilum till allow.
 What is he now? No fellow worth ane
 leek.

CXIX.

To Wastegood take and bear need that I
 leave;
 To Covetous syne give this bliss of fire
 To Vaunt and Voky⁴ ye bear this rowm⁵
 slieve,
 Bid them therein that they take their hire.
 To Business, that never was wont to tire,
 Bear him this stool, and bid him now sit
 down,
 For he has left his master in the mire,
 And would not draw him out though he
 should drown.

CXX.

Foolhardiness, bear him this broken
 brow,
 And bid him boldly bind it with ane clout;
 For he has gotten morsels on the mow,
 And brought his master oft in meikle
 doubt.
 Syneshall ye after fair Dame Danger shout.
 And say, because she had me aye at
 feid,⁶
 This broken spear, sometime was stiff and
 stout,
 To her I leave, but see it want the head.

¹ Go.² Wool.³ Fow, full.⁴ Boasting and vanity.⁵ Roomy, wide.⁶ Freed, strife.

THE PALACE OF HONOUR.

["King Hart," as the shorter of Douglas's original compositions—simpler in structure, and the product of his matured powers—has been given entire. Of the "Palace of Honour," his earliest work, an unaltered specimen, with Mr Tytler's critical estimate and modern renderings, and Dr Irving's analysis, will give a sufficient idea of the poem.]

"The 'Palace of Honour' cannot lay claim either to a high moral tendency or to much unity of composition and effect. It is, on the contrary, confused in its arrangement, often obscure in its transitions, and crowded with persons and scenery of all ages and countries, heaped together "in most admired disorder;"—palaces and princes, landscapes and ladies, groups of Pagan sages and Christian heroes, populous cities and silent solitudes, succeed so rapidly, that we lose ourselves in the profusion of its actors and the unconnected but brilliant variety of its scenery. Yet it is justly characterized as exhibiting, in many places, an exuberant fancy and an extraordinary extent of learning for the age in which it was written. The learning, indeed, is rather ambitiously intruded in many parts, communicating a coldness and tedium to the narrative, and betraying an anxiety in the author to display at once the whole extent of his stores; whilst making every allowance for the obscurities, which are occasioned by a purer Scottish dialect, it is impossible not to feel that the poetry is inferior in genius to Dunbar. There is not that masterly clearness of outline

and brilliancy of colouring in his grand groups—that power of keeping under all minor details—the perspective of descriptive poetry, which is necessary for the production of a strong and uniform effect. All is too much of equal size, crowded into the foreground ; and the author loses his purpose in the indiscriminate prominence of his details. Yet there are many charming passages. In the month of May, the poet, as is usual with his tuneful brethren of these olden times, rises early, before dawn, and wanders into a garden of pleasance and delight. Aurora, with her countenance sweet yet pale, and her mantle bordered with sable, had not yet unclosed the curtains of the couch within which lay Flora, the goddess of flowers, but a delicious fragrance was breathed from its flowery carpet, and a rich melodious song burst from the groves around it :—”

Unaltered Specimen.

The fragrant flouris blomand in the irseis,
Ourspreid the levis of Natures tapestries ;
Abone the quhilk, with heavenly harmonies,
The birdis sat on twistis and on greis,
Melodiously makand their kindlie gleis,
Quhais schill notis fordynned all the skyis ;
Of repercust air the echo cryis,
Amang the branches of the blomend treis,
And on the laurers silver droppis lyis.

Quhill that I rowmed in that paradyce,
Replenishit and full of all delice,
Out of the sey Eous alift his heid,
I mene the hors quhilk drawis at device
The assiltrie and golden chair of price
Of Tytan, quhilk at morrow semis reid ;
The new collour that all the nicht lay deid
Is restorit, baith foulis, flouris, and rice
Recomfort was, throw Phoebus gudlyheid.

The daisy and the mariguld unlappt,
Quhilks all the nicht lay with their levis
happit,
Thame to preserve fra rewmes pungitive,
The umbrate treis, that Titan about
wappit,
War portrait and on the eirth yschappit,
Be golden bemis vivificative ;
Quhais amenè heit is maist restorative ;
The grèshopperis amangis the vergers
gnappit,
And beis wrocht material for their hyve.

Richt hailsome was the sessoun of the
yeir,
Phoebus furth yet depured bemis cleir,
Maist nutritive till all things vegetant ;
God Eolus of wind list nocht appeir ;
Nor auld Saturne, with his mortall speir
And bad aspect—contrair till everie plant,
Neptunus nold within that palice hant ;
The bereall stremis rynnand men nicht
heir ;
By bonkis grene with glancis variant.

[Modernized by Tytler.]

In broider'd beds unnumber'd flowers
were seen,
Of Nature's couch the living tapestry ;
And, hid within their leafy curtains green,
The little birds pour'd forth such
harmony,
As fill'd my very heart with joy and glee ;
A flood of music follow'd, wave on wave,
Which Echo answered from her airy cave ;
And, sprinkled o'er the laurels blooming
near,
The silver dewdrops shone, like diamonds,
bright and clear.

Whilst in this paradise my senses fed,
And filled my heart with every rich delight,
Up from the sea Eous raised his head,
I mean the horse to whose ætharial might
Is given to draw the golden chariot bright

Of Titan—which by night looks dark and dead,
But changeth in the morn to ruby red ;
Whilst birds, and fields, and flowers, on
holm and hight,
New life assume in glittering vests bedight.

The daisy sweet, the marigold and rose,
That all the night their silken buds did close,
Lest icy rimes their tender twigs should sear,
Expanded fragrant ; and, as Titan rose,
Each ancient tree his greeny glories shows.
Emerging joyous from the darkness drear,
All living things the kindly warmth did cheer ;
The idle grasshoppers both chirpt and play'd,
The sweet laborious bees melodious music made.

Delightful was the season, May's first hour,
The glorious sun uprising in his power,
Bathed with a kindly heat all growing things,
Nor boisterous Eolus, with blast and shower,
Nor Saturn, with his aspect sad and sour,
Dar'd in that place unfurl his icy wings,
But sweet Favonius thither fragrance brings,
And little streams, half hid in moss, do run,
Making a pleasant chime, and glancing in the sun.

Encircled with these varied delights,
the poet desires anxiously to pour forth
a strain worthy of the occasion, to

Nature queen, and eke to lusty May ;

when, for what reason he fails to inform us, his faculties become weak, and he is seized with a trembling which incapacitates him—

With spreit arraisit, and every wit away,
Quaking for fear both pulse and vein
and nervis.

Upon this he very sensibly determines to go home, but is suddenly arrested on his road by an extraordinary incident, which he thus describes :—

Forth from the skies a sudden light did glance,
That threw me into ecstasy or swoon ;
Instant I fell in an enchanted trance,
And feeble as a woman sunk I down :
With that strange gleam, all faded was my might,
Silent my voice, and dizzied grew my sight ;
Sans motion, breath, or hearing, tranced I stood—
Was never seen so weak a living wight.
Nor was it strange, for such celestial light
Confounds the brain, and chases back the blood
Unto the sinking heart in ruby flood :
And the faint members of the body, all
Refuse to work—when terror doth appal.

'Twere hard to tell how long the fit did last ;
At length my colour came, though sore aghast,
And a wild wondrous vision met mine ee.
Thro' a huge forest I did seem to roam,
In lonely gloom, far far from mortal home,
Fast by the margin of a sullen sea,
In whose dead waters grisly fishes be :
'Twas hideous all—yet here I shall essay
To tell mine aventure, though rude maybe the lay.

Finding himself in this doleful region—(I follow Dr Irving's analysis of the "Palace of Honour")—he begins to complain of the iniquity of Fortune ; but his attention is soon attracted by the arrival of a magnificent cavalcade "of ladies

fair, and guidlie men," who pass before him in bright and glorious procession. Having gone by, two caitiffs approach, one mounted on an ass, the other on a hideous horse, who are discovered to be the arch-traitors Sinon and Achitophel. From Sinon the poet learns that the brilliant assembly whom he has just beheld is the court of Minerva, who are journeying through this wild solitude to the Palace of Honour. He not unnaturally asks how such villains were permitted to attend upon the goddess, and receives for answer, that they appear there on the same principle that we sometimes find thunder and tornadoes intruding themselves into the lovely and placid month of May. The merry horns of hunters are now heard in the wood, and a lovely goddess is seen surrounded by buskined nymphs, mounted upon an elephant, cheering on her hounds after an unhappy stag, who proves to be Actæon, pursued by Diana and his own dogs. Melodious music succeeds to this stirring scene, and through an opening in the forest the court of Venus approaches, shedding a transcendent brightness over the groves, and composed of every hero and heroine of classical and romantic story. The description of Mars upon his barded courser "stout and bald," is noble :—

The mighty Mars a barded courser bore,
Grim was his look, his body large and square,
His sinewy neck in breadth a span or more,
Round which did shortly curl his crisp brown hair ;
His limbs well-knit, and of proportion fair,
Were clothed in panoply of radiant steel.
On Venus still he gazed with amorous air,

And she her knight him call'd in woe or weal,
Whilst o'er his noble form her love-lit glances steal.

This brave apparition is scarcely past, when it is succeeded by the court of Minerva, composed of "wise, eloquent fathers, and pleasant ladies of fresh beauty," all of them directing their course to the Palace of Honour, and cheering the tedium of the journey by rehearsing Greek and Latin histories, and chanting to their lyre sapphic and elegiac odes. We regret it is impossible to follow them in their progress ; but some of the insulated pictures are beautiful. The poet mounts a gallant steed, caparisoned with woodbine ; and, under the guidance of a sweet nymph to whom he had been introduced by Calliope, he takes his joyous way with the Muses, and at length arrives at the Castalian fount :—

Beside that fount, with clearest crystal blest,
Alighted down the Muses, bright of hue,
Themselves to solace and their steeds to rest ;
And all their followers on the instant drew
To taste the stream, which sparkling leapt to view,
Thro' freshest meads with laurel canopied.
Then trembling to the well-renown'd I flew,
But the rude crowd all passage there defied,
Nor might I snatch a drop of that celestial tide.
Our horses pastured in a pleasant field,
Verdant and rich, beneath a mountain green,
Where, from the mid-day heat a shade to yield,
Some ancient cedars wove a leafy screen ;
On the smooth turf unnumber'd flowers were seen

Weaving a carpet 'neath umbrageous trees,
And o'er their channels, paved with
jewels sheen,
The waters gliding did the senses please,
Mingling their quiet tunes with hum of
honied bees.

On many an instrument of breath or
string
These gentle ladies play'd or playing sung.
Some sat beneath the trees in lovely ring.
Some solitary stray'd the flowers among;
Ev'n the rude elements in silence hung,
And wooed their music with intense de-
light;
Whilst from their charms such dazzling
rays were flung,
As utterly amazed all mortal sight,
And might have thaw'd the heart of stern-
est anchorite.

Far doth it pass all powers of living
speech,
To tell the joy that from these sighs I took;
And if so high the wondrous theme doth
reach,
How should my vein the great endea-
vour brook!
We may not soar so high, my little book;
But pass we on:—Upon the field I spied,
Woven of silk, with golden post and hook,
A goodly tent unfold its wings of pride,
To whose delightful porch me drew my
lovely guide.

Obeying his sweet conductress, Master
Gavin enters this rich pavilion, and
there sees the Muses sitting on "deissis,"
or elevated seats of distinction, served
by familiars with ippocras and mead,
and partaking, much in the same fashion
as mortal ladies, of delicate meats and
varied dainties. After the feast, Cal-
liope commands Ovid, whom she
quaintly calls her "Clerk Register," to

(5)

recreate them with a song; and this
favoured minstrel chants the deeds of
the heroes of ancient days, not forgetting
a digression upon transfigurations and
the art and remedy of love. He is
followed by other eminent bards; but
the enumeration forms rather a ludicrous
catalogue than a characteristic or ani-
mated picture. It is wound up by

Poggius, who stood, a groaning, girning
fallow,
Spitting, and cryand, Fy, on great
Laurentius Valla.

The trumpet now sounds to horse, and
the Muses, with their whole attendants
and followers, throwing themselves on
their steeds, gallop on at a goodly pace
till they reach a charming valley,
wherein a mighty rock is seen, which
we immediately discover to be some
sacred and glorious place, for the
moment it is descried the whole as-
sembly bow their heads and give thanks
that they are permitted to behold the end
of their journey.

It is here that the allegory, in its pro-
fane admixture of the Pagan mythology
with the Christian system, becomes un-
natural and painful. We find that the
palace built upon this rock is intended
to shadow forth the bliss of heaven; and
that under the word Honour, which, to
our modern ears, conveys a very differ-
ent idea, we are to understand that
heavenly honour and distinction to
which the Christian aspires.

On entering the Palace of Honour,
the poet beholds Venus seated on a
splendid throne, having before her a
magic mirror, supported by three golden
trees:—

R

In terraced pomp before the Cyprian queen,
 Rose twelve bright stages, as the emerald green ;
 Above them waved, most glorious to behold,
 Three wondrous trees with leaves of rustling gold ;
 And on their stems supported, clear and bright,
 A magic mirror stood, and shed unearthly light.

This mirror reflects the shadowy train of past ages—the most remarkable events recorded in history float over its surface—and the poet, of course, beholds an infinite variety of incongruous personages. Amongst the ancient warlike worthies, the supporters of the authenticity of Ossian will be pleased to discover the mighty Fingal, and Gaul the son of Morni; Great Gowmakmorne, and Fyn Mac-Cowl; and how

"Thai suld be goddis in Ireland, as thai say."

It reflects, also, the necromantic tricks of the famous Roger Bacon and other astrologers, who are seen diverting themselves by many subtle points of juggling, changing a nutmeg into a monk, and a penny pie into a parish church :—

The necromancy there saw I eke anone,
 Of Benytas, Bungo, and Frier Becone,
 With many subtil point of jugglery ;
 Of Flanders pyes made mony precious stone,
 Ane great laid saddle of a chicken bone ;
 Of a nutmeg they made a monk in hy ;
 A parish kirk out of ane penny pie :

And Benytas of ane mussil made an ape,
 With many other subtle mow and jaip.

What connection these amusements of the astrologers are supposed to have with the Palace of Honour, it would be hopeless to inquire. The poet now presses on to an eminence, from which he beholds the attempts of the multitude to scale its walls, and the disasters with which they are accompanied. Equity stands as warder on the battlements, denouncing vengeance against Envy, Falselood, and Covetousness ; Patience officiates as porter, and instantly admits him and his conductress. We shall give the description of the palace, and the monarch, King Honour, who inhabits it, in a modern garb.

In high relief of rich and massive gold,
 The borders round the doors and windows shone ;
 Each tower and turret, beauteous to behold,
 Of polish'd ivory form'd—ne was there one
 That did not show, inlaid its walls upon,
 Bright shapes of birds, midst sweet enamell'd flowers,
 And curious knots, carved in the snow-white bone,
 With matchless cunning, by the artist's powers—
 So perfect and so pure were Honour's lordly bowers.

But pass we on—the nymph and I did wend
 Straight to the hall—and climb'd a radiant stair,
 Form'd all of topaz clear—from end to end.
 The gate was shut—but through a lattice there

Of beryl, gazing, a transcendent glare
Broke dazzlingly on mine astonished
sight.—

A room I saw—but oh, what tongue
shall dare
To paint that chamber, so surpassing
bright!

Sure never such a view was given to
mortal sight.

From every part combined, roof, wall,
and floor,
A flood of light most gloriously was cast ;
And as the stream upon mine eyes gan
pour,

Blinded I stood awhile : that sight
surpast

Aught that in Eastern story read thou
hast

Of richest palace, or of gorgeous stall ;
On diamond pillars, tall as any mast,
Clustering, and bound with ropes of
rubies all,

The sapphire arches leant of that celestial
hall.

The very benches, forms, and footstools
mean,

Were shaped of smaragdine and precious
stone,

And on the carpet brilliant groups were
seen

Of heroes old, whose steely corslets shone
Embossed with jewels ;—near them, on a
throne

Sat Honour ; mighty prince, with look
severe,

And deep-set awful eye, whose glance
alone

So full of might, and glorious did appear,
That all my senses reel'd, and down I
dropt with fear.

Within her snowy arms that Lady sweet
Me caught, and swiftly to the portal hied,
For wing'd with love and pity were her feet,

And soft she bore me to inhale the tide
Of the fresh air—she deem'd I would
have died,

So sudden and so deadly pale I grew ;

But fondly each reviving art she tried,
And bathed my brow with Heliconian dew,
Till, faint and slow, mine eyes unclosed to
meet her view.

The vision now hastens to a conclusion. On his recovery, the poet, under the protection of her who has so faithfully conducted him, proposes to visit a delightful garden, where the Muses are employed in gathering the choicest flowers of poesy, which spring beneath trees bearing precious stones instead of fruit. In the description of this retreat there is a strange admixture of the beautiful and the ridiculous. The scenery is sweetly painted ; but what shall we say of the trees on which geese or chickens are seen growing—to the transplanting of the extraordinary ables of Boece into the gardens of the Palace of Honour? Into this garden, however, in whatever fashion it may be furnished, the bard himself is not destined to enter. The only access to it lies beyond a moat, across which a tree is thrown. Over this slender and precarious rural bridge, the Nymph passes with ease ; but the poet, whose head has not yet recovered the effects of his swoon, in making the attempt, slips a foot, and is immersed in the stream. This effectually awakens him from the trance into which he had fallen, and restores his senses to the sober realities of a lower sphere. He then, according to poetic use and wont, describes his wondrous vision, and lays it at the feet of his sovereign, James IV.

THE TRANSLATION OF
VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

In his interview with Venus in the Palace of Honour, Douglas informs us that the goddess presented him, as the richest gift she could bestow, with a copy of Virgil's *Æneid*, commanding him to translate it into his native language—a task, says Dr Irving, which he has performed with much felicity. "To pronounce it," continues this learned critic, "the best version of this wonderful poem which ever was or ever will be executed, would be ridiculous; but it is certainly the production of a bold and energetic writer, whose knowledge of the language of his original, and command of a rich and variegated phraseology, peculiarly qualified him for the performance of so arduous a task. Indeed, whether we consider the state of British literature at that era, or the rapidity with which he completed the work (it was the labour of but sixteen months), he will be found entitled to a high degree of admiration."

Douglas translated *The Æneid* at the request of his cousin Henry, Lord Sinclair, to whom he addresses a dedicatory epistle at the end, in which he records his motive for undertaking the work as follows:—

But touching this our work now in hand,
Whilk oft is said was made at your command,
To what effect gif any would inquire,
Ye may answer, though I need not you lear,
That Virgil might intill our language be
Read loud and plain by your lordship and me,
And other gentle companions who sae list:

Nane are compelled to drink, but they
have thirst;
And whoso likes may tasting of the tun
Onforlatyt, new from the berry run,
Read Virgil boldly, but meikle offence,
Except our vulgar tongues difference,
Keepand nae facund rhetoric castis fair,
But hamely plain termis familiar
Nothing altered in substance the sentence.
Though scant perfect observèd been eloquence.

In a short Epilogue, he makes it plain that he considers it his most important poetical achievement, and predicts that

When that unknown day shall him address,
Whilk not but on this body power has,
And ends the date of mine uncertain eild,
The better part of me shall be upheld,
Above the starns perpetually to ring;
And hear my name remain but enparing.
Throughout the isle yclepit Albione
Shall I be read and sung by many one.

He also adds full particulars as to the time it took him to compose, and the exact date on which it was finished; and in the Prologue to the thirteenth book, after recording his misgivings about having thereby too long neglected more serious studies, he anticipates the conclusion of his work—

That I may syne but on grave matters look.

Some of his Prologues, one of which prefaces each book of *The Æneid*, contain his best descriptive poetry, particularly those introducing the seventh, twelfth, and thirteenth books. That of the twelfth, which is a description of May, is best known; but we have selected the descriptive portions of that of the thirteenth, which is shorter and simpler.

and, referring to the month of June, retains much of the poetical features of the description of May. To the specimen of the translation of *The Æneid*, we have added the same passage, as translated by Dryden, as a means of comparing the earliest with the most classical English translation.

CHARON AND HIS OFFICE,

[Unaltered Specimen.]

Fra thine strekis¹ the way profound anone,
Depe unto hellis flude of Acherone,
With holl bisme,² and hidduous sweltht³
unrude,
Drumly of mude, and skaldand as it war
wode,⁴
Populand and boukand⁵ furth of athir
hand,
Unto Cocytas al his slike⁶ and sand:
Thir riveris and thir watteris kepit war
Be ane Charon, ane grisly ferryar,
Terribyl of schape, and sluggard of array,
Apoun his chin feil chanos⁷ harris gray,
Liart felterit tatis;⁸ with birnand ene rede,
Lyke tua fyre blesis,⁹ fixit in his hede;
His smottit¹⁰ habit ouer his schulderis
liddy,¹¹
Hang penagely¹² knyt with ane knot to-
gidder.
Himself the cowbil with his bolm furth
schewe,
And quhen him list halit up salis fewe.
This ald hasard¹³ caryis ouer fludis hote
Spretis and figuris in his irne hewit bote,
All thoct he eildit was, or step in age,

¹ Stretches.² Abyss.³ Gulph.⁴ Mad.⁵ Spouting and belch-⁶ Slike, mud.⁷ White, hoary.⁸ Grey matted tufts.⁹ Blazes.¹⁰ Besmeared, smotted.¹¹ Loose.¹² Slovenly, carelessly.¹³ Greyheaded old man.

Als fery and als swipper¹ as ane page.
For in ane God the age is fresche and
grene,
Infatigabil and immortall as thay mene.
Thidder to the bray swermyt² al the rout
Of dede goistis, and stude the bank about:
Baith matrouns, and thar husbandis al
yferis,³

Ryall princis, and nobyl cheveleris,
Small childer and young damisellis unwee,
And fair springaldis⁴ lately dede in bed,
In faderis and moderis presence laid on
bere:

Als grete nowmer thidder thikkit infere,⁵
As in the first frost eftir hervist tyde
Levis of treis in the wod dois slyde;
Or byrdis flokkis ouer the fludis gray,
Unto the land sekand the nerrest way,
Quhen the cauld sessoun thame cachis
ouer the see,

Into some benar⁶ realme and warm cuntre.
Thare stude they prayand sum support to
get,

That they might wyth the forrest ouer be
set,

And gan upheving pietuously handis
tway,

Langand to be upoun the forthir bray.⁷

Bot this soroufull boteman, wyth bryme
luke,⁸

Now thir, now thame, within his weschell
tuke;

And uthir sum expellit, and made do
stand,

Fer from the river syde apoun the sand.

Awonderit of this sterage, and the preis,
Say me, virgine, sayd Enee, or thou ceis,
Quhat menis sic confluence on this wattir
syde?

Quhat wald thir saulis? quhy will they
not abyde?

¹ Lithe, nimble. [ed. ⁵ Crowded together.² To the bank smarm-³ In company.⁴ Striplings.⁶ Milder.⁷ Further bank.⁸ Fierce look.

Quhilk causis bene, or quhat diversite,
Sum fra the brayis thame withdraw I se;
Ane uthir sott eik of thir saulis dede
Rollit ouer this ryver cullourit as the lede?

This ancient religious woman than,
But mare delay, to ansure thus began.
Anchises get! heynd childe, curtes and
gude,¹

Discend undoutable of the Goddis blude!
The deip stank of Cocytus dois thou se,
And eik the hellis pule hate² Styx, quod
sche,

Be quhais mychtys the Goddis ar ful
laith,

And dredis sare to swere, syne fals thare
aith:

Al thir thou seis stoppit at the schore,
Bene helpes folk unerdit and forlore:³
Yone grislie feriare, to name Charon hate,⁴
Thay bene al beryt he caryis in his bate:
It is not til him leful, he ne may
Thame ferry ouer thir rowtand fludis gray,
Nor to the hidduous yonder coistis have,
Quhil thare banis be laid to rest in grave.
Quha ar unberyit ane hundredth yere
mon bide

Wavrand and wandrand by this bankis
syde.

Than at the last to pas ouer in this bote
Thay bene admitted, and coistes thaym
not ane grote.

[*The same, translated by DRYDEN.*]

Hence to deep Acheron they take their
way,
Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze
and clay,
Are whirled aloft, and in Cocytus lost:
There, Charon stands, who rules the
dreary coast—

¹ Kind man, courteous ³ Unburied and for-
and good. saken.

² Named.

⁴ For hight, called.

A sordid god: down from his hoary chin
A length of beard descends, uncombed,
unclean:

His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire;
A girdle, foul with grease, binds his ob-
scene attire.

He spreads his canvas; with his pole he
steers;

The freights of fitting ghosts in his thin
bottom bears.

He looked in years; yet, in his years were
seen

A youthful vigour, and autumnal green.

An airy crowd came rushing where he
stood,

Which filled the margin of the fatal flood:
Husbands and wives, boys and unmarried
maids,

And mighty heroes' more majestic shades;
And youths, intombed before their father's
eyes,

With hollow groans, and shrieks, and
feeble cries.

Thick as the leaves in autumn strew the
woods,

Or fowls, by winter forced, forsake the
floods,

And wing their hasty flight to happier
lands—

Such, and so thick, the shivering army
stands,

And press for passage with extended
hands.

Now these, now those, the surly boat-
man bore:

The rest he drove to distance from the
shore.

The hero, who beheld with wondering eyes,
The tumult mixed with shrieks, laments
and cries,

Asked of his guide, what the rude con-
course meant?

Why to the shore the thronging people
bent?

What forms of law among the ghosts
were used?

Why some were ferried o'er, and some refused?

"Son of Anchises! offspring of the gods!
(The Sibyl said) you see the Stygian floods!
The sacred streams which heaven's imperial state

Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.

The ghosts rejected are the unhappy crew
Reprived of sepulchres and funeral due:
The boatman, Charon: those, the buried host,

He ferries over to the farther coast;

Nor dares his transport vessel cross the waves

With such whose bones are not composed in graves.

A hundred years they wander on the shore;

At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er."

A JUNE EVENING.

Toward the even amid the summer's heat,
When in the Crab Apollo held his seat,
During the joyous moneth time of June,
As gone near was the day, and supper done,
I walked forth about the fieldis tyte,¹
Whilks though replenished stood full of delight,

With herbis, cornis, cattle and fruit trees,
Plenty of store, birdis and busy bees
In amerant meadis fleecand east and west,
After labour to take the nightis rest.
And as I blinkèd on the lift² me by,
All burnand red gan wax the evening sky:

The sun enfirèd haile,³ as to my sight,
Whirlèd about his ball with beamis bright,
Declinand fast toward the north in deid;
And fiery Phlegon, his dim nightis steed
Doukèd⁴ his head sae deep in floodis gray
That Phoebeus rolls down under hell away;

¹ Quickly.

² The sky.

³ All on fire.

⁴ Steeped.

And Hesperus in the west with beamis bright

Upspringis, as forridar¹ of the night.

Amid the haughs and every lusty vale,
The recent dew beginnis down to skail,²
To meys³ the burning where the sun had shine,

Whilk though was to the nether world decline.

At every pilis⁴ point and cornis crops
The techrys⁵ stood, as lemand berial⁶ drops,
And on the hailsome herbis clean, but⁷ weeds,

Like crystal knoppis or small silver beads.
The light begouth to quynkill⁸ out and fail,
The day to darken, decline and deval;

The gummys⁹ rises, down fallis the donk ryme

Both here and there scuggis¹⁰ and shadows dim.

Uprose the bak¹¹ with her peelèd leathern flight;

The lark descendis from the skyis hight,
Singand her comping¹² song, after her guise,

To take her rest at matin hour to rise.
Out oure the swyre swymaris the sops¹³ of mist,

The night forth spread her cloak with sable list,

That all the beauty of the fructuous field
Was with the earthis umbrage clean ourheild;¹⁴

Both man and beast, firth, flood and woodis wild,

Involvd in the shadows werein sild.¹⁵

Still were the fowlis flecis in the air,

¹ Precursor, forerider. ⁹ Mists.

² Scatter.

¹⁰ Shades.

³ Mitigate.

¹¹ The bat.

⁴ Grass blade.

¹² Evening.

⁵ Drops.

¹³ Over the valleys

⁶ Shining beryl.

¹⁴ floats the clouds.

⁷ Without.

¹⁵ Covered, concealed.

⁸ Twinkle.

¹⁶ Surrounded.

All store and cattle ceas'd in their lair,
And everything, whersome them likis best,
Bounis to take the hailsome nightis rest,
After the dayis labour and the heat.
Close werein all and at their soft quiet,
But ¹ steerage or removing, he or she,
Ouder, ² beast, bird, fish, fowl, by land or
sea :

And shortly, everything that does repair,
In firth or field, flood, forest, earth or
air,

Or in the scroggis, ³ or the bushes rank,
Lakes, morasses, or their poolis dank
Astabillit liggis ⁴ still to sleep and restis ;
Be the small birds sittand on their nestis,
The little midges, and the unrusum ⁵ flies,
Laborious emmets and the busy bees ;
Als weel the wild as the tame beastial,
And every other thingis great and small,
Out-tak ⁶ the merry nightingale, Philomene,
That on the thorn sat singand fro the
spleen. ⁷

Whose mirthful notis longing for to hear
Until a garth ⁸ under a green lawrer ⁹
I walk anon and in a sege ¹⁰ down sat,
Now musand upon this, and now on that.
I see the pole, and eke the Ursus bright,
And horned Lucine castand but dim light,
Because the summer skyis shone sae clear ;
Golden Venus the mistress of the year,
And gentle Jove with her participate,
Their beauteous beamis shed in blithe
estate :

That shortly, there as I was lean'd down
For nightis silence, and this birdis soun
On sleep I slaid ; where soon I saw appear
Ane aged man, and said : what does thou
here ?

This aged man, the manner of whose

¹ Without.

² Either.

³ Stunted shrubbery.

⁴ Enstabled lies.

⁵ Restless.

⁶ Except.

⁷ The heart.

⁸ A garden.

⁹ Laurel.

¹⁰ A seat.

appearance is evidently suggested by
Henryson's *Æsep*,

"Lyke to some poet of the auld fassoun,"

informs Douglas that he is Maphæus
Vegius, who added the thirteenth book
to the *Æneid*, and demands that it be
translated with the others. The poet
excuses himself on the plea of having
already spent too much time on such
work, to the neglect of more serious
studies ; yet Maphæus, not heeding this
excuse, adopts the undignified method
of obtaining the poet's consent by the
application of

"Twenty rowtis upon my rigging laid,"

with which he awakes, and promises to
fulfil the additional task. It being now
morning, he describes it as follows :—

A JUNE MORNING.

And blent about to the north-east weel
far,

Saw gentle Jubar shinand, the day star,
And Chiron, clep'd ¹ the sign of Sagittary,
That walkis the summer's night, to bed
gan cary.

Yonder down dwines the evening sky away,
And upspringis the bright dawning of day
Intill ane other place not far in sunder,
That to behold was pleasance, and half
wonder :

Forth quenching gan the starris, one by
one,

And now is left but Lucifer alone.

And futhermore to blazon this new day,
Who might discrive the birdis blissful bay ; ²
Belive ³ on wing the busy lark upsprang
To salus the blithe morrow with her sang :
Soon oure the fieldis shinis the light clear,
Welcome to pilgrim both and labourer :—

¹ Named.

² Notes.

³ Presently.

Tyte on his hynis¹ gave the grieve a
cry,
Awake on foot, go till our husbandry ;
And the herd callis forth upon his page
To drive the cattle to their pasturage.
The hynnis wife clepis² up Katheryn and
Gill :
Yea, dame, said they, God wait with a
good will.

The dewy green, puldered³ with daisies
gay,
Show on the sward a colour dapple gray ;
The misty vapours springand up full sweet,
Maist comfortable to glad all mannis
spreit ;⁴
Thereto, thir birdis singis in the shaws,
As minstrels playing, *The Joly day now
dawis.*⁵

DAVID LINDSAY.

1490 (?)—1555.

Considering that David Lindsay may be said to have been bred at court, it is very much to his credit that he is the most popular of Scotland's ancient poets ; and this for pandering to the prejudices of no section of society but for his strong common sense, manly courage, and transparent honesty. These are qualities that are never vulgar, nor common, and prevent Lindsay from being characterized as such, although it may be admitted that his poetry is of a lower order than that of Dunbar, or even of Douglas.

He was the eldest son of David Lindsay of The Mount, a small estate about three miles north of Cupar, in Fife ; and, by the general opinion of his biographers, he was born there about the year 1490. Dr David Laing states that there is no positive information bearing on the date, or the place of his birth, and considers that he may, for anything known to the contrary, have been born at Garmylton, two miles from Haddington which estate came into the

possession of his grandfather, of the same name, in 1478. It was to his mansion-house here, that the poet, on his dismissal from court favour in 1524, retired ; and here he commenced his literary career. This estate, now called Garelton, formed part of the barony of Byres, and with it passed into the possession of the Earl of Wemyss, in 1724, having previously (in 1586) passed out of the possession of the Lindsays.

Little or nothing is known of his boyhood and early training and the first notice that in all probability refers to him, is the name "Da. Lindesay," in the register of incorporated students, at St Andrews University, for 1508-9. Three years' attendance being necessary to incorporation, his entrance upon his course would take place in 1505, when he would be about fifteen years old. The name "Da. Betone," the future Cardinal of tragic memory, follows next on the register. There is nothing to

¹ Sprinkled.² Men's spirits.³ One of the oldest known Scottish airs.⁴ Quick on the hinds. ⁵ The hind's wife calls.

show that Lindsay attended the University beyond 1509. It has been inferred, from references in his poems, that he travelled, or finished his education abroad; but the passages on which such conjectures are founded are of themselves too indirect to be sufficient evidence of the fact, without corroboration.

The first notice of his appearance at the court of James IV. is supplied by the Treasurer's accounts for the year 1511, when the sum of £3, 4s. was paid for a play-coat to David Lindsay, for the play played in the Abbey of Holyrood, before the King and Queen. The probability is, that he was in the royal service a year or two previously; but the loss of the Treasurer's accounts from 1508 to 1511, deprives us of the chief means of information concerning the private concerns of the court during these years.

On the birth of Prince James, afterwards James V., in April 1512, Lindsay was appointed his usher, or chief page; and a very pleasing and natural account of how he attended upon his young charge, and ministered to his youthful enjoyments, forms reminiscences in his two earliest poems, "The Dream," and "The Complaint to the King."

While thus forming an intimate member of the royal household, his testimony, as an eye-witness, is said to authenticate an incident on which the tragic results of the Battle of Flodden, which closely followed, very possibly threw back a supernatural reflection, to which the superstitious and excited temper of the times attached an importance out of proportion to the reality of the occurrence. Scott, whose romantic nature loved to reanimate the

weird spectres of former ages, has incorporated the incident in *Marmion*, and in a note quotes Lindsay of Pittscottie's account of it, which is to the following effect:—

The King (during the preparation for the war with England) repaired to Linlithgow, to seek such religious support and guidance as suited his circumstances, and while engaged in prayer in the church of St Michael, he was saluted by an aged man in pilgrim attire, who warned him against undertaking the war, and then disappeared in the same mysterious manner in which he came. It was the popular belief that the King's monitor was St Andrew, the titular saint of Scotland, who was thus commissioned by the Virgin to warn James of the sad issue of the war. "I know not," says Scott, "by what means St Andrew got the credit of having been the celebrated monitor of James IV., for the expression in Lindsay's narrative, 'My mother has sent me,' could only be used by St John, the adopted son of the Virgin Mary. The whole story," he adds, "is so well authenticated that we have only the choice between a miracle or an imposture." Buchanan, after recording the incident, remarks "that David Lindsay of The Mount, a man of unsuspected probity and veracity, attached to literature, and during life invariably opposed to falsehood; from whom, unless I had received the story as narrated vouched for truth, I had omitted to notice it as one of the commonly reported fables."

After the death of James IV., Lindsay continued as master of the young King's household, for which he had a salary of

£40 a-year, and had, as his associate in charge of the youthful monarch, Sir James Inglis, as chaplain, who was also private secretary to the Queen Dowager, and a poet, to whom the Maitland MS. attributes a poem of sixteen stanzas, entitled "A General Satyre," but which the Bannatyne MS. ascribes to Dunbar. On even less satisfactory evidence, he has been credited with the authorship of *The Complaint of Scotland*. John Bellenden was at the same time clerk of accounts in the King's service; and Gavin Dunbar, afterwards Archbishop of Glasgow, and Lord Chancellor of Scotland, was James's preceptor.

In 1522, Lindsay was married to Janet Douglas, a lady who was also in the King's service, as his seamstress, and which appointment she retained even after her husband's retirement from court; for the Treasurer's accounts up to 1537, contain various entries of moneys paid to her for the King's wardrobe.

The quarrels of the Queen Dowager and her husband, the Earl of Angus, at length led to her having him divorced; but on the retirement of the governor, Albany, with whom she sided, to France, in 1524, Angus recovered the control of affairs, and, with the view of strengthening his party, nominally placed the King, now in his twelfth year, in supreme power, while he kept him in a state of semi-captivity, the more effectually to use him as the instrument of his own ambitious designs. Lindsay, and others of the King's early guardians, were too honest to suit the view of the Angus party; yet though dismissed from the service of the King, his pension was continued to him. He retired to his

estate of Garmylton, near Haddington, and about 1528, at the age of thirty-seven, made his first essay in literature, by the publication of "The Dream," which is prefaced by an "Epistle to the King's Grace." To this succeeded, about 1530, "The Complaint to the King," and "The Complaint of the Papyngo." The chief burden of these three poems is the disorder and dishonesty that, both in Church and State, were ruining the country.

But now began to be heard the first indistinct murmurs of the storm that was to purify the polluted atmosphere in which the ecclesiastical life of Scotland maintained its unhealthy existence; and the Romish priesthood, urged by the fears that ever haunt the slaves of superstition, steeped in effeminacy, manifested the natural cruelty of their instincts, by passing an Act of Parliament, denouncing "the damnable opinions of heresy spread in divers countries by the heretic Luther and his disciples, and as this realm has ever been clean of all sic filth and vice;" and ordaining, under the severest penalties, "that nae manner of person bring with them any books of the said Luther, his disciples, or servants." Nor were they long in obtaining a victim in the person of Patrick Hamilton, who had returned from Germany, and began to proclaim the doctrines of the Reformation to his countrymen. He was brought to the stake in 1527-8.

The escape of James from the custody of the Douglasses, in July 1528, again brought Lindsay into public life; and in 1529 he was appointed Chief Herald, with the title of Lyon King of Arms,

and the honours of knighthood. In 1531, along with Sir John Campbell of Lundy, he was sent on an embassy to Flanders, for the purpose of renewing a treaty of commerce, concluded by James I. in 1430. The Queen of Hungary, sister of the Emperor Charles V., who was then Governess of the Netherlands, along with her brother the Emperor, received the Scottish ambassadors at Brussels with great distinction. Lindsay had here an opportunity of witnessing the splendours of the court, and the pageantry of a grand tournament; and in a letter, still preserved, which he wrote from Antwerp, he records the impression made upon him by the unusual splendours of which he was a spectator, the cordiality with which they were received, and the success of their mission. A detailed account of his observation, written for the King's perusal, has not been preserved.

Buchanan relates that the Scottish ambassadors were authorized to report in reference to a matrimonial alliance with a member of the Emperor's family; and Charles, desirous of severing Scotland's ancient connection with France, in 1534, wrote James a letter, giving him the choice of three princesses of his own blood, all Marys. Pitscottie states that this matter formed the occasion of a special mission in 1535; but whether James was dissatisfied with the appearance of the ladies, whose portraits were sent him, or preferred the French alliance, does not appear.

Lindsay's next foreign mission was to France, in 1536, when he accompanied the ambassadors sent to negotiate a

treaty of marriage between James and Marie de Bourbon, daughter of the Duke of Vendome. But before the terms were concluded, the King in person, but disguised as one of his retinue, appeared upon the scene, and was discovered by the Princess, who had his portrait sent her secretly from Scotland. Yet after the most cordial reception, the impulsive monarch, at the end of eight days, took an abrupt leave of the Princess, on the plea of consulting the King of France.

Francis I. advised him to carry out his engagement with the Princess de Bourbon, but James set his affections on Magdalene, the King's eldest daughter, whose hand, after some hesitation on the part of her father, he at last obtained. They were married in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, on the 1st of January 1536-7, and the account of the marriage given by Pitscottie is said to have been supplied him by Lindsay, who witnessed the splendid ceremonial. James returned to Scotland in May, accompanied by his bride, who, however, only survived her arrival forty days. The King's grief was excessive, and Lindsay composed an elegy, entitled "The Deploation of the Death of Queen Magdalene."

James, in a short time, again turns his thoughts to a second French alliance, and selects Mary, daughter of the Duke de Guise, as his partner. Lindsay did not accompany the embassy that was sent to bring home the Queen, but superintended the preparations made for her reception at St Andrews, where the King decided upon receiving her. As part of the entertain-

ments of the court on this occasion, he wrote the "Jousting betwixt Watson and Barbour, the King's 'medicinars.'"

It is not at all improbable that his concern with the pageantry and amusements of this occasion may have turned his thoughts to the composition of his most remarkable production, *The Satire of The Three Estates*. Dr Laing rejects the common belief that it was enacted at Cupar, in 1535, and assigns its first representation to January 1539-40, at Linlithgow. Lindsay's next work was of an official character, *A Register of the Arms of the Scottish Nobility and Gentry*, completed under his directions, as Lyon Herald, in 1542. This volume is preserved in the Advocate's Library, and its execution, Dr Laing remarks, is "creditable to the state of the heraldic art in Scotland."

On 14th December of this year, James V. died at Falkland, in his 31st year, a week after the birth, at Linlithgow, of his infant daughter and heiress, Mary. When the announcement of this event was made to him on his death-bed, he is said to have replied, "Fairweil; it cam with ane lass, and it will pass with ane lass." In connection with James's death, Lindsay, in 1544, was commissioned to restore the statutes and badges of the different orders of knighthood that were bestowed upon him, among which was that of the Golden Fleece, by the Emperor Charles V., that of St Michael, by Francis I., and that of the Garter, by Henry VIII.

In acknowledging the receipt of the insignia of the Garter, Henry, in a letter to the governor, the Earl of Arran, takes occasion to commend the Lyon

Herald for having "used himself right discreatelye, and moche to our contentation."

Lindsay's next poem, "The Tragedy of the Cardinal," is one on account of which he has incurred the displeasure of his most assiduous editor, Chalmers. From our present standpoint, it may be admitted to be a composition whose defects, in point of taste, are not compensated by poetical merits; yet it cannot be said to be outrageous as an exponent of the spirit of the times. It may indeed have been considered a moderate exposition of the estimate of Beaton's character, held by those whom the cruel deaths of Hamilton and Wishart filled with just resentment at the authors of such villanies. It is also quite in harmony with Lindsay's numerous other forcible denunciations of the lives and practices of the priesthood of a Church, of which it is very doubtful that he ever desired the overthrow, but only the reformation. It does appear, from Knox's *History of the Reformation*, that Lindsay was present at a private conference of the great Reformer and his friends, on one occasion, at St Andrews, but this was a year after the Cardinal's assassination, and had no connection with the perpetrators of that deed of retribution. He sat as commissioner for the burgh of Cupar, in the Parliament in which Norman Lesley and his associates were declared guilty of treason; and it devolved on him, as Lyon Herald, to make public proclamation of the sentence.

His last mission abroad was in 1548, when he was sent to Denmark, to solicit ships for the defence of the

Scottish coast against England, and to negotiate a free trade, especially in grain, between the merchants of both countries. He only succeeded in accomplishing the latter part of his mission.

About this time he published "The History and Testament of Squire Meldrum," which Chalmers considers the most pleasing of his poems, though blemished by occasional coarseness, trifling jests, and fulsome ribbaldry. In 1553, he finished *The Monarchie*, which has been characterized as his "greatest" work. That it his longest work admits of no dispute, and it may also be reckoned as his last poem; yet while it contains many forcible passages, and displays an extensive acquaintance with history, the greater part of it does not rise in style, or conception, above the ordinary metrical chronicle.

His play of "The Three Estates" was acted on the Playfield, Edinburgh, in April 1554, before the Queen mother, the Court, and the Commons; and Henry Charteris, the Edinburgh publisher of Lindsay's works, who was present, says that the author superintended the representation.

One of Lindsay's last public acts was the convening of a chapter of Heralds, in the Abbey of Holyrood-house, in January 1554-5, "for the trial and punishment of William Cawar, a messenger, for abuse of his office."

The exact date of his death is unknown, but Dr Laing gives an extract from the Privy Council Register, which shows that his brother, Alexander Lindsay, his next of kin, and heir of entail—for he had no heirs of his body, and his wife, who was in conjunct fee

with himself, must have predeceased him—was acknowledged as his successor on the 18th April 1555, which must have been very shortly after his death.

Lindsay has been regarded as a reformer as well as a poet. Dr Laing observes, what no one who reads his poems can fail to see, that "all his writings had for their object an unmistakable attempt to expose and reform abuses, whether in Church or State. That they had a powerful effect in promoting such reforms is sufficiently obvious. In no other sense can he be called a reformer."

It is quite clear, both from Lindsay and Dunbar's attacks upon the lives of the Romish clergy, that very great licence was tolerated in this direction; and it appears to be true of all ecclesiastical institutions, that though the vices of the priesthood are most fatal to their stability, the slightest deviations from the faith excite their resentment more than the most violent attacks upon the morals and conduct of the clergy. The Church of Rome at length did try to put an end to writings of this class; for by an act of Queen Mary, printers are forbidden, under pain of confiscation and banishment, to issue books without a licence, with special reference to the stoppage of such publications. Neither Lindsay nor Dunbar appears to have diverged from the faith of their Church.

It has been already indicated that we consider Lindsay's poetry of an inferior order to Dunbar's, and in loftiness of imagination to that of Douglas; yet in arrangement and clearness of conception, in proportion and perspective, he is Douglas's superior; and in dramatic

arrangement of incident, and that harmony of action which produces unity of purpose, and co-relation of the several parts to the whole, he is superior to both; yet he does not possess Dunbar's power of, in a few touches, producing an effect which irresistibly draws out, as it were, the latent forces of the imagination, to see and feel far beyond the mere foreground picture actually depicted. His imagination lacks what may be termed the generative or vivifying force, and communicates no impetus to carry us beyond the matter-of-fact conception, whose bald definiteness suggests nothing in the background. Indeed, it would almost appear as if he felt some stiffness in this direction, for after his first poem, "The Dream," he confined himself to his more congenial sphere. He has one great merit which does not characterize all his contemporaries: he seldom fails to make his meaning clear to the most ordinary capacity, and hence one secret of his popularity. Dr Irving remarks that his works "are often entertaining by their strokes of humour, or instructive by their views of life and manners; and although his delineations are sometimes extremely coarse, they are not on that account to be considered as less faithful. He was evidently a man of sense and observation, with serious impressions of virtue and piety; nor was he destitute of those higher powers of mind which enable a writer to communicate his ideas with due effect. He frequently displays no mean vivacity of fancy, and the extensive and continued popularity to which he attained, must have rested on some solid foundation. Many of his poems

have a satirical tendency; and the freedom with which he exposes vice, even when it belongs to royalty, has stamped his works with the character of intrepid sincerity." Mr Ellis, in a similar strain, observes:—"Perhaps, indeed, 'The Dream' is his only composition which can be cited as uniformly poetical; but his various learning, his good sense, his perfect knowledge of courts and of the world, the facility of his versification, and, above all, his peculiar talent of adapting himself to readers of all denominations, will continue to secure to him a considerable share of that popularity for which he was originally indebted to the opinions he professed, no less than to his poetical merit."

Lindsay's works were all written after the introduction of printing into Scotland, and had been all or mostly printed separately during his lifetime; yet the first collected edition was by the French printer Jascuy, in 1558. This was followed, in 1559, by an edition by John Scot of St Andrews, who, for fear of the consequences threatened by the act of Mary, omitted the printer's name, date, and place of printing. The next edition was that by Henry Charteris, Edinburgh, 1568, prefaced by an account of the author, which formed the nucleus of the subsequent lives. Frequent reprints followed; and so popular were Lindsay's works, that Chalmers, while carefully guarding against instituting a comparison between his poetical merits and those of Chaucer, observes, that while only twelve editions of the latter poet appeared in a hundred and twenty-seven

years from the edition of 1475, fourteen editions of Lindsay were printed in fifty-six years, including two in France, and three in England. Chalmers's edition in three vols., 1806, is the most elaborate that has yet appeared; but it is proper to add that Dr David Laing has a three-volume library edition in preparation, the text of which, with the omission of some of the grosser parts of *The Three Estates*, was published as a two-volume edition, with a *Life* and *Glossary*, in 1871.

THE DREAM.

[This, the earliest of Lindsay's poems, was composed in 1528, when James V., by his own address, escaped out of the control of the Douglasses. The address to the King, with which it begins, is a pleasing account of the social recreations of the youthful monarch and his faithful page. This subject he resumes in "The Complaint."

The Prologue is, with that to the "Monarchy," considered his most poetical production, although after a style very common among his predecessors. The poem being too long to give in full, we have restricted our selections to these two portions, along with that part of the "Dream" proper which gives the poet's idea of the infernal regions, as a contrast sketch to that of the state of the glorified bodies given from the "Monarchy."]

THE EPISTLE TO THE KING'S GRACE.

I.

Right potent prince of high imperial blood,
Unto thy grace I trust it be weel known,

My service done unto thy celsitude,
Whilk needis not at length for to beshown;
And though my youth-hood now, be near
oure blown,
Exercit in service of thine excellence,
Hope has me hecht¹ ane goodly recom-
pense.

II.

When thou was young, I bore thee in
mine arm,
Full tenderly, till thou begouth to gang,²
And in thy bed oft happed³ thee full warm;
With lute in hand, syne, softly to thee sang;
Sometime in dancing feirelie⁴ I flang;
And sometime playand farces on the floor;
And sometime on mine office takand cure:

III.

And sometime like ane fiend, transfigure.
And sometime like the grisly ghost of Gy,⁵
In divers forms oft-times disfigure,
And sometime, disagyssed⁶ full pleasantly
So sen thy birth, I have continually.
Been occupied, and aye to thy pleasure,
And sometime sewar, coppar⁷ and carver;

IV.

Thy pursemaster and secret treasurer,
Thy usher aye sen thy nativity,
And of thy chalmer chief cubicular,⁸
Whilk to this hour has keeped me lawty,⁹
Loving be to the blessed Trinity!
That sic ane wretched worm has made so
hable,¹⁰
Till sic ane prince to be so agreeable.

V.

But now thou art by influence natural,
High of ingine, and right inquisitive,
Of ancient stories and deeds martial,
More pleasantly the time, for till ouredrive;

¹ Promised.

² Began to walk.

³ Tucked about.

⁴ Strangely, merrily.

⁵ Sir Guy of Romance.

⁶ Disguised.

⁷ Dish and cupbearer.

⁸ Groom of bedchamber.

⁹ My loyalty. [er.

¹⁰ Able.

I have at length the stories done describe,
Of Hector, Arthur, and gentle Julius,
Of Alexander and worthy Pompeius.

VI.

Of Jason and Medea, all at length,
Of Hercules, the actis honourable,
And of Samson, the supernatural strength,
And of leal loveris stories amiable ;
And oft-times have I feignèd many fable,
Of Troilus, the sorrow and the joy,
And sieges all of Tyre, Thebes and Troy.

VII.

The prophecies of Rymour, Beid, and
Marling,
And of many other pleasant story,
Of the Red Etin¹ and the Gyre Carling,²
Comfortand thee when that I saw thee
sory,
Now, with the support of the King of
glory ;
I shall thee show ane story of the new,
The whilk afore I never to thee shew.

VIII.

But, humbly, I beseik thine excellence,
With ornate terms though I cannot express
This simple matter, for lack of eloquence,
Yet notwithstanding, all my business,
With heart and hand my mind I shall
address,
As I best can, and maist compendious :
Now, I begin, the matter happenèd thus.

THE PROLOGUE.

I.

Into the Kalendis, of January,
When fresh Phoebus by moving circular,
From Capricorn, was enterèd in Aquary,
With blastis that the branches made full
bare,
The snaw and sleet perturbed all the air,

¹ A giant with three heads. ² A gigantic sorceress.

And flemèd³ Flora, from every bank and
bus,⁴
Through support of the austere Eolus.

II.

After that, I the long winter's night
Had lain waking in my bed alone,
Through heavy thought that no way
sleep I might,
Remembering of divers thingis gone :
Sae up I raise and cleithèd⁵ me anon;
By this fair Titan⁶ with his lemis⁷ light,
Over all the land had spread his banner
bright.

III.

With cloak and hood, I dressèd me belive,⁸
With double shoon and mittans⁹ on my
hands,
Howbeit the air was right penetrative ;
Yet fure I forth, lansasing ourthort¹⁰ the
lands
Toward the sea, to sport me on the sands,
Because unbloomèd was both bank and
brae
And sae as I was passing by the way,

IV.

I met dame Flora, in dule weed¹¹ disguised
Whilk, into May was dulce and delect-
able,
With stalwart¹² storms her sweetness was
supprysed ;¹³
Her heavenly hues were turnèd into sable,
Whilk umquhyle¹⁴ were to lovers amiable.
Fled from the frost the tender flowers I
saw
Under dame Nature's mantle lurking law.¹⁵

¹ Chased.⁸ Darting across.² Bush.⁹ Sad garments.³ Dressed, clothed.¹⁰ Violent.⁴ The sun.¹¹ Suppressed.⁵ Beams, gleams.¹² Sometime ago⁶ Presently.¹³ Low.⁷ Shoes and woollen gloves.

V.

The small fowls in flockis saw I flee,
To Nature, makand great lamentation ;
They lighted down beside me on ane tree,
Of their complaint I had compassion,
And with ane piteous exclamation,
They said, blessed be summer, with his
flowris,
And waryit¹ be thou winter with thy
showris.

VI.

"Alas ! Aurora, the silly lark gan cry
Where has thou left thy balmy liquor
sweet
That us rejoiced, we mounting in the sky ?
Thy silver drops are turned into sleet :
O fair Phoebus ! where is thy hailsome
heat ?
Why tholis thou thy heavenly pleasant
face,
With misty vapours, to be obscured, alas !

VII.

"Where art thou May, with June thy
sister sheen,
Weel borderèd with daisies of delight ?
And gentle July with thy mantle green,
Enamelèd with roses red and white ?
Now old and cold Januar, in despite
Reives² from us all pastime and pleasure :
Alas ! what gentle heart may this endure ?

VIII.

"Oversylèd³ are with cloudis odious
The golden skyis of the orient ;
Changing in sorrow our song melodius
Whilk he had wont to sing with good
intent ;
Resoundand to the heaven's firmament :
But now our day is changèd into night."
With that they raise, and flew forth of
my sight.

¹ Cursed. ² Tears, robs. ³ Obscured.

IX.

Pensive in heart, passing full soberly,
Unto the sea, forward I fure⁴ anon ;
The sea was furth, ⁵ the sand was smooth
and dry,
Then up and down I musèd mine⁶ alone,
Till that I spied ane little cave of stone
High in ane crag, upward I did approach
But tarrying, ⁴ and clamb up in the roche ;⁵

X.

And purposèd, for passing of the time,
Me to defend from ociosity,⁶
With pen and paper to register in rhyme ;
Some merry matter of antiquity ;
But idleness, ground of iniquity,
She made so dull my spirits, me within,
That I wist not at what end to begin ;

XI.

But sat still in that cove where I might
see
The weltering of the wallis up⁷ and down,
And the false worldis instability
Unto that sea makand comparison ;
And of this worldis wretched variation,
To them that fixes on it their intent,
Considering wha maist⁸ had, should maist
repent.

XII.

So with my hood my head I happèd warm,
And in my cloak I folded both my feet,
I thought my corpse with cold should
take nae harm ;
My mittans held my handis weel in heat ;
The scouland⁹ crag me covered from the
sleet ;
There still I sat my banis¹⁰ for to rest,
Till Morpheus with sleep my spirit
oppressed.

¹ Fared, went.

² Out, at ebb.

³ By myself.

⁴ Without delay.

⁵ Rock.

⁶ Idleness.

⁷ Waves.

⁸ Who most.

⁹ Overhanging.

¹⁰ Bones.

XIII.

So through the bousteous blastis,¹ of Eolus,
And through my waking on the night
before,
And through the sea's moving marvellous
By Neptunus, with many rout² and roar,
Constrained I was to sleep withouten
more;
And what I dreamèd, in conclusion
I shall you tell, ane marvellous vision.

THE VISION OF HELL.

I.

Me thought ane lady of portrature perfite
Did salus³ me, with beign countenance;
And I, whilk of her presence had delight,
Till her again made humble reverence,
And her demanded, saving her pleasance,
What was her name? she answered
courteously

Dame Remembrance, she said, callèd
am I;

II.

Whilk comen,⁴ is for pastime, and pleasure
Of thee; and for to bear thee company;
Because, I see thy spirit without measure
So sore perturbed by melancholy;
Causing thy corpse to waxen cold and dry;
Therefore get up, and gang anon with me;
So were we both, in twinkling of an ee,

III.

Down through the earth, in middis of the
centre

Or ever I wist, into the lowest hell;
And to that careful⁵ cove, when we did enter,
Yowting, and yowling,⁶ we heard, with
mony yell,

In flame of fire, right furious and fell,
Was cryand many careful creature,
Blasphemand God, and wariand⁷ nature.

¹ Fierce blasts.² Bellow.³ Salute.⁴ Who is come.⁵ Woeful.⁶ Howling and yell-
ing.⁷ Cursing.

IV.

There saw we divers popes and emperours,
Without recover, many careful kings;
There, saw we many wrongus conquerors
Withouten right, rievvers of others rings;¹
The men of kirk lay bounden unto bings;²
There saw we many careful cardinal,
And Archbishops, in their pontifical.

V.

Proud, and perversed prelates out of
number,
Priors, abbots, and false flatterand friers;
To specify them all, it were ane cumber;³
Regular canons, churl-monks, and
chartersirs,
Curious clerks and priestis seculars;
There was some part of ilk religion,
In holy kirk whilk did absusion.

VI.

Then I demanded Dame Remembrance,
The cause of thir prelatiis punition:
She said the cause of their unhappy chance
Was covetice, lust, and ambition,
The whilk now gars⁴ them want fruition
Of God, and here eternally mon⁵ dwell,
Into this painful poisonèd pit of hell.

VII.

Als they did not instruct the ignorant.
Provocand them to penitence by preaching;
But served worldly princes insolent,
And were promovèd by their feignèd
fleiching,⁶
Not for their science, wisdom, nor teaching
By simony, was their promotion,
More for deneiris,⁷ nor for devotion.

VIII.

Ane other cause of the punition
Of thir unhappy prelatiis, imprudent,

¹ Spoilers of others'
states.² Heaps.
³ Tedious, a trouble.⁴ Makes.⁵ Must.⁶ Flattery.⁷ Money

They made not equal distribution,
Of holy kirkis patrimony, and rent,¹
But temporality they have it all misspent ;
Whilk should have been triparted unto
three,
First to uphold the kirk in honesty.

IX.

The second part to sustain their estatis,
The third part to be given to the poor is ;
But they disponed² that gear all other gaitis³
On carts, and dice on harlotry and huris ;
Thir caitives took nae compt of their ain
curis ;⁴

Their kirkis riven, their ladies cleanly cled,
And richly ruled both at board and bed.

X.

Their bastard bairnis proudly they provided ;
The kirk gear largely they did on them spend,
In their defaults their subditis⁵ were misguided,
And counted nought, their God for till offend,
Whilk gart them want grace at their latter end ;
Ruland that rout I saw in caps of brass,
Symon Magus, and bishop Caiphas ;

XI.

Bishop Annas, and the traitor Judas,
Mahomet that prophet poisonable,
Chora Dathan, and Abirom there was ;
Heritics we saw Innumerable :
It was ane sight right wonder lamentable
How that they lay into thae flamis fleiting,⁶
With careful cries, girning and greeting.⁷

¹ Income, and estates. ⁵ Subjects.

² Disposed of.

⁶ Flames, floating.

³ Ways.

⁷ Gnashing their teeth

⁴ Neglected their
charges.

and weeping.

XII.

Religious men were punished painfully
For vain glore, als for inobedience,
Breakand their constitutions wilfully,
Not havand their overmen in reverence ;
To know their rule they made no diligence,
Unleisumly¹ they used property,
Passing the bounds of wilful poverty.

XIII.

Full sore weeping, with voices lamentable
They cried loud, O Emperor Constantine !
We may wite² thy possession poisonable,
Of all our great punishment and pyne :
Howbeit thy purpose was till ane good fine,³
Thou banisht from us true devotion,
Havand sic ee till our promotion.⁴

XIV.

Then we beheld ane den full dolorous,
Where that princes and lordis temporal
Were cruciate with painis rigorous,
But to expreme⁵ their painis in special
It does exceed all my memorial
Importable⁶ pain they had, but⁷ comforting,
Their blood royal made them nae supporting.

XV.

Some caitive kings for cruel oppression,
And other some for their wrongous conquest
Were condemned, they and their succession ;
Some for public adultery and incest ;
Some let their people never live in rest,
Delighting so in pleasure sensual,
Wherefore their pain was there perpetual.

XVI.

There was the cursed Emperor Nero,
Of everilk⁸ vice the horrible vassal ;

¹ Unlawfully.

⁵ Express.

² Blame.

⁶ Unsupportable.

³ End.

⁷ Without.

⁴ Such an eye.

⁸ Every and each.

There was Pharaoh with divers princes mo,
Oppressors of the bairns¹ of Israel;
Herod, and many mo than I can tell;
Ponce Pilate was there hang'd by the halse²
With unjust judges, for their sentence
false.

XVII.

Dukes, marquises, earls, barons, knights,
With their princes, were punished pain-
fully,
Participant they were of their unrights;
Forward we went and let their lordis lie,
And saw where ladies lamentably,
Like wod³ lions, were carefully criand,
In flames of fire right furiously friand.

XVIII.

Empresses, queens, and ladies of honours,
Many duchess, and countess, full of care:
They piercèd mine heart, thae tender
creaturis
So pyned in that pit full of despair,
Plunged in pain, with many ruthful rair:⁴
Some for their pride, some for adultery,
Some for tysting⁵ men to lechery:

XIX.

Some had been cruel and malicious,
Some for making of wrongous heritors;⁶
For till rehearse their livis vicious,
It were but tarry⁷ to the auditors,
Of lechery they were the very lures,
With their provocative impudicity,
Brought many a man to infelicity:

XX.

Some women for their pusillanimity,
Oureset with shame they did them never
shrive,
Of secret sinnis done in quiety,
And some repented never in their live;
Wherefore, but ruth these ruffies⁸ did
them rive

¹ Children.² The neck.³ Mad.⁴ Pitiful roar.⁵ Enticing.⁶ Illegitimate heirs.⁷ But tiresome.⁸ Ruffians.

Rigorously, without compassion;
Great was their dool and lamentation.

XXI.

"That we were made" they, cried oft,
"Alas!
Thus tormented with pains intolerable,
We mended not when we had time and
space:
But took, in earth, our lusts delectable;
Wherefore, with fiendis ugly and
horrible,
We are condemn'd for ever more, alas!
Eternally, withouten hope of grace."

XXII.

"Where is the meat and drink, delicious,
With which we fed our careful carrions?¹
Gold, silver, silk, with pearlis precious,
Our riches, rents, and our possessions?
Withouten hope of our remissions.
Alas! our pains are insufferable,
And out torments, to count, innumerable."

XXIII.

Then we beheld where many a thousand
Common people lay, flichterand² in the
fire,
Of everilk state was ane baleful band;
There might be seen many sorrowful sire;
Some for envy suffered, and some for ire,
And some for lack of restitution,
Of wrongous gear, without remission.

XXIV.

Mansworn merchants for their wrongous
wining,
Hoarders of gold and common ockeraris,³
False men of law, in cantelis⁴ right cunning,
Thieves, rieveris, and public oppressors:
Some part there was of unéal⁵ labourers;
Craftsmen, there we saw out of number;
Of ilk state, to declare it were ane cumber.⁶

¹ Carcases.² Fluttering.³ Usurers.⁴ Quirks.⁵ Dishonesty.⁶ Too troublesome.

XXV.

And als langsome to me for till indite,
Of this prison, the pains in special :
The heat, the cold, the dolour and despite,
Wherefore I speak of them in general :
That dooly den, that furnace infernal,
Whose reward is rue, without remeid,
Ever dieand and never to be dead.

XXVI.

Hunger and thirst, instead of meat and
drink ;
And for their cleithing taid¹ and scorpions.
That mirk mansion is tapess² with stink ;
They see naething but horrible visions ;
They hear naught but scorn, and derisions
Of foul fiends, and blasphemations :
Their feeling is importable³ passions.

XXVII.

For melody, miserable murning,
Their is no solace, but dolour infinite,
In baleful beds, bitterly burning,
With sobbing, sighing, sorrow, and with
syte,⁴
Their conscience their hearts sae did bite,
To hear them flyte,⁵ it was ane case of
care,
So, in despite, plunged into despair.

XXVIII.

A little above that dolorous dungeon
We entered in ane country full of care,
Where that we saw many ane legion,
Greetand and gowland⁶ with many ruth-
ful rair.⁷
What place is this, quod I, of bliss so bare?
She answered and said " Purgatory,
Whilk purges soulis, or they come to
glory."

¹ Clothing toads.² Hung as with
tapestry.³ Unsupportable.⁴ Grief.⁵ Scold, rage.⁶ Crying and howling.⁷ Pitiful roar.

XXIX.

I see no pleasure here, but meikle pain ;
Wherefore, said I, leave we this sort in
thrall,
I purpose never to come here again ;
But yet I do believe, and ever shall,
That the true kirk can never err at all,
Sic, thing to be, great clerkis does conclude,
Howbeit my hope stands maist in Christis
blood.

XXX.

Above that, in the third prison, anon,
We enter^d in ane place of perdition,
Where many babies were makand dreary
moan,
Because they wanted the fruition
Of God, whilk was ane great punishment ;
Of baptism they wanted the ensense :¹
Upward we went, and left that mirthless
menze.²

XXXI.

Intill ane vault, above that place of pain,
Unto the whilk but sojourne,³ we ascended,
That was the limbe, in the whilk did remain,
Our forefathers, because Adam offended,
Eatand the fruit the whilk was defended,
Many a year they dwelt in that dungeon,
In mirkness and in desolation.

THE COMPLAINT OF SIR
DAVID LINDSAY.

[Complete.]

Sir, I beseech thine excellence,
Hear my complaint with patience :
My dolent heart doth me constrain,
Of mine infortune⁴ to complain,
Albeit I stand in great doubtance,
Whom I shall wyte of my mischance ;
Whether Saturnus cruelty,
Reigning in my nativity,

¹ The sign.² Group.³ Without delay.⁴ Misfortune.

By bad aspects which work vengeance,
Or other heavenly influence ;
Or if I be predestinate,
In court to be infortunate,
Whilk have so long in service been,
Continually with king and queen,
And entered to thy majesty,
The day of thy nativity :
Wherethrough my friendis been ashamed,
And with my foes I am defamed ;
Seeing that I am not regarded,
Nor with my brethren of court rewarded ;
Blaming my slothful negligence,
That seeks not for some recompence.
When divers men do me demand,
Why gets thou not some piece of
land,

As well as other men have gotten ?
Then wish I to be dead and rotten,
With such extreme discomforting,
That I can make no answering.
I would some wise man did me teach,
Whether that I should flatter or fleech :¹
I will not flyte,² that I conclude,
For crabbing of thy celsitude :³
And to flatter, I am defamed ;
Lack I reward, then am I shamed :
But I hope thou shalt do as well,
As did the father of fameil,⁴
Of whom Christ maketh mention,
Who for a certain pension,
Hired men to work in his vineyard :
But who came last got first reward,
Wherethrough the first men were dis-
pleased,
But he them prudently appeased ;
For though the last men first were served,
Yet got the first what they deserved.
So am I sure thy majesty
Shall once reward me ere I die,
And rub the rust off mine ingine,⁵
Which is for languor like to tine :⁶

Although I beir not like a bard,
Long service earneth aye reward.
I cannot blame thine excellence,
That I so long lack recompence ;
Had I solisted like the lave,¹
My reward had not been to crave :
But now I may well understand,
A dumb man yet wan never land ;
And in the court men gets nothing
Without importunate asking.
Alas ! my sloth and shamefastness
Debared me from all greediness :
Greedy men that are diligent,
Right oft do obtain their intent,
And fail not for to conquesse lands,
And namely at young princes hands.
But I took never no other cure²
In special, but for thy pleasure :
But now I am no more despaired,³
But I shall get princely reward.
The which shall be to me more glore,
Than them thou didst reward before.
When men do ask ought at a king,
Should ask his grace a noble thing,
To his excellence honourable,
And to the asker profitable.
Though I be in mine asking liddir,⁴
I pray thy grace for to consider,
Thou hast made both lords and lairds,
And hast given many rich rewards
To them whilk were full far to seek,
When I lay nightly by thy cheek :
I take the queen's grace, thy mother,
My lord chancellor, and many other,
Thy nurse, and thine old mistress,
I take them all to bear witness ;
Old Willie Dillie were he alive,
My life full well he could describe,
How as a chapman bears his pack,
I bare thy Grace upon my back :
And sometimes stridlings⁵ on my neck,
Dancing with many bend and heck.

¹ Coax, cajole.⁴ Family.² Scold.⁵ Ingenuity.³ Displeasing of thy Highness. ⁶ Be lost.¹ Solicited like others.⁴ Slow, lazy² Care, concern.⁵ Astride.³ In despair.

The first syllabs, that thou didst mute,
 Was pa-da-lyn;¹ upon the lute
 Then played I twenty springs perqueer²
 Which were great pleasure for to hear;
 From play thou never let me rest,
 But Ginkerton³ thou liked aye best.
 And when thou camest from the school,
 Then I behoved to play the fool:
 As I at length into my "Dream,"
 My sundry service did expreme.
 Though it be better, as saith the wise,
 Hap to⁴ the court, than good service:
 I know thou lovest me better than,⁵
 Than now some wife doth her good-man;
 Then men to other did record,
 Said, Lindsay would be made a lord.
 Thou hast made lords, sir, by St Geil,⁶
 Of some that have not served so weel.
 To you, my lordis, that stand by,
 I shall you show the reason why:
 If you shall tarry, I shall tell
 How my misfortune thus befell:
 I prayd daily on my knee,
 My young master that I might see,
 Of age in his estate royal,
 Having power imperial;
 Then, trusted I without demand,
 To be promovd to some land;
 But mine asking I got too soon,
 Because eclipse fell in the moon,
 The which all Scotland made on steir,⁷
 Then did my purpose run arear,
 The which were longsome to declare:
 And eke mine heart is wonder sair,
 When I have in remembrance,
 The sudden change of my mischance:
 The king was but twelve years of age,
 When new rulers came in their rage,
 For common-weal not taking care,
 But for their profit singular;⁸

¹ A childish contraction of papa
 David Lindsay.

² Tunes by heart.
³ An old Scotch tune
 now unknown.

⁴ Luck at.
⁵ For then.

⁶ The patron saint of
 Edinburgh.

⁷ Astir.
⁸ Personal.

Imprudently, like witless fools,
 They took the young prince from the
 schools,
 Where he under obedience,
 Was learning virtue and science;
 And hastily put in his hand,
 The governance of all Scotland:
 As who would in a stormy blast,
 When mariners been all aghast,
 Through danger of the sea's rage,
 Would take a child of tender age,
 Which never had been on the sea,
 And to his bidding all obey,
 Giving him the whole governal,
 Of ship, merchant, and marinal,
 For dread of rocks, and foreland,
 To put the ruther¹ in his hand:
 Without God's grace is no refuge,
 If there be danger ye may judge.
 I give them to the devil of hell,
 That first devised that counsel;
 I will not say it was treason,
 But I dare swear it was no reason:
 I pray God let me never see rign²
 Into this realm so young a king.
 I may not tarry to decide it,
 How then the court a while was guided,
 By them them that pertly took in hand,
 To guide the king and all Scotland:
 And eke longsome for to declare,
 Their facund³ flattering wordis fair;
 Sir, some would say, your majesty
 Shall now go to your liberty;
 Ye shall to no man be coacted,⁴
 Nor to the school no more subjected.
 We think them very natural fools,
 That learn our meikle at the schools;
 Sir, you must learn to run a spear,
 And guide you like a man of wear:⁵
 For we shall put such men about you,
 That all the world and mo shall doubt⁶ you.
 Then to his grace they put a guard,

¹ Rudder, helm.

² Reign.

³ Eloquent, voluble.

⁴ Constrained.

⁵ War.

⁶ Fear.

Which hastily got their reward ;
 Each man after their quality,
 They did solist his majesty.
 Some caused him revel at the racket,¹
 Some harled him to the hurlie hacket.²
 And some to show their courtly corses,
 Would ride to Leith and run their horses,
 And wightly wallop over the sands ;
 They neither spared spurs nor wands ;
 Casting gammounds³ with bends and becks ;
 For wantonness some broke their necks ;
 There was no play but cards and dice,
 And aye Sir Flattery bare the price.⁴
 Rounding and rowking⁵ one to another,
 Take you my part, said he, my brother,
 And make between us sicker bands,⁶
 When aught shall vaik⁷ among our hands,
 That each man stand to help his fellow ;
 I hold thereto man, by Alhallow,
 So you fish not within my bounds :
 That shall I not, by Godis wounds,
 Said he, but eirar⁸ take thy part.
 So shall I do, by Godis heart.
 And if the thesaurer be our friend,
 Then shall we both get tack and teind :⁹
 Take he our part, then who dare wrong us,
 But we shall part the pelf among us.
 But haste us while the king is young,
 And let each man keep well his tongue,
 And in each quarter have a spy,
 Us to advertise hastily,
 When any casualties
 Shall happen into our countriea.
 Let us make sure provision,
 Ere he come to discretion.
 No more he knows than doth a sanct,
 What thing it is to have or want :
 So ere he come to perfect age,
 We shall be sicker of our wage ;
 And let each carl crave another.

¹ Play at ball.⁶ Secure bonds.² Sliding down hill.⁷ Become vacant.³ Gambols.⁸ Lease and tithe.⁴ Prize.⁹ Sooner, rather.⁵ Whispering and crouching.

That mouth speak more, said he, my
 brother ;
 For, God nor I rax¹ in a rope,
 Thou might'st give counsel to the Pope,
 Thus laboured they within few years,
 That they became no pages' peers :
 So hastily they made a band.
 Some gather'd gold, some conquest land,
 Sir, some would say, by Saint Denice,
 Give to me some fat benefice,
 And all the profit you shall have ;
 Give me the name, take you the lave.²
 But by his bulls were well come hame,
 To make service he would think shame,
 Then slip away withouten more,
 When he had got what he sought for,
 Methought it was a piteous thing
 To see that fair young tender king,
 Of whom these gallants stood no awe,
 To play with him pluck at the craw,³
 They became rich, I you assure,
 But aye the prince remained poor,
 There was few of that garnison,⁴
 That learned him a good lesson ;
 But some to crack,⁵ and some to clatter :
 Some played the fool, and some did flatter.
 Said one, Devil stick me with a knife,
 But, sir, I know a maid in Fife,
 One of the lustiest wanton lasses,
 Where to, sir, by Saint Blaise, she passes—
 Hold thy tongue, brother, said the other,
 I know fairer by fifteen futher :⁶
 Sir, when ye please to Lithgow pass,
 There shall ye see a lusty lass.
 Now trittle trattle, troly low,⁷
 Said the third man, thou dost but mow,⁸
 When his grace comes to fair Stirling,
 There shall he see a day's darling.
 Sir, said the fourth, take my counsel,
 And go all to an high bordel ;
 There may ye loup at liberty,

¹ Hang.⁵ Gossip, talk.² Remainder.⁶ Times, quantities.³ Plundered him.⁷ Unmeaning refrain.⁴ Company, party.⁸ Jest.

Withouten any gravity.
 Thus every man said for himself,
 And did among them part the pelf,
 But I, alas ! or ever I wist,
 Was trodden down into the dust :
 With heavy charge withouten more,
 But I knew never yet wherefore ;
 And hastily before my face,
 Another slipped into my place :
 Whilk full lightly got his reward,
 And stylèd was the Ancient laird.¹
 That time I might make no defence,
 But took perforce in patience ;
 Praying to send them a mischance
 That had the court in governance :
 The whilk against me did malign,
 Contrar the pleasure of the king :
 For well I knew his Grace's mind
 Was ever to me true and kind ;
 And contrar their intention,
 Caused pay me well my pension ;
 Though I a while lacked presence,
 He let me have none indigence,
 When I durst neither peep nor look ;
 Yet would I hide me in a nook,
 To see these uncouth vanities,
 How they like many busy bees,
 Did occupy their golden hours,
 With help of their new governours ;
 But my Complaint for to complete,
 I got the sour, and they the sweet.
 And John Macrerie, the king's fool,
 Got double garments against yule.
 Yet in his most triumphant glore,
 For his reward got the grandgore ;
 Now in the court seldom he goes,
 In dread men tread upon his toes.
 As I that time durst not be seen,
 In open court for both mine een :
 Alas ! I have no time to tarry,
 To show you all the fiery fary :²
 How those that had the governance,
 Among themselves raised variance.

¹ Proprietor,
 squire.

² Bustle and confu-
 sion.

And who most to my skaith consented,
 Within few years full sore repented,
 When they could make me no remead,
 For they were harled³ out by the head :
 And others took the governing,
 Well worse than they in all kind thing.
 Those lordis took no more regard,
 But who might purchase best reward :
 Some of their friends got benefices,
 And other some got bishopprices :
 For every lord, as he thought best,
 Brought in a bird to fill the nest,
 To be a watchman to his marrow,⁴
 They 'gan to draw at the cat harrow.⁵
 The proudest prelates of the kirk
 Were fain to hide them in the mirk,
 That time so failed⁶ was their sight,
 Sen syne they may not thole⁴ the light
 Of Christ's true gospel to be seen,
 So blinded are their corporal een
 With worldly lustis sensual,
 Taking in realms the governal,
 Both guiding court and session,⁵
 Contrar to their profession ;
 Wherefore I think they should have shame,
 Of spiritual priests to take the name ;
 For Isaias into his wark,
 Calls them dumb dogs that cannot bark,
 That called are priests, and cannot preach,
 Nor Christ's law to the people teach ;
 If for to preach been their profession,
 Why should they mell⁶ with court or session,
 Except it were in spiritual things,
 Referring unto lords and kings
 Temporal causes to be decided.
 If they their spiritual office guided,
 Each man might say they did their parts ;
 But if they can play at the carts,⁷
 And mollet moylie⁸ on a mule,
 Though they had never seen the school,
 Yet at this day, as well as than,

³ Dragged.

⁵ The judicature.

⁴ Mate.

⁶ Meddle.

⁷ Thwart each other.

⁸ Cards.

⁸ Endure.

⁸ Riding softly.

Will be made such a spiritual man.
 Princes, that such prelates promotes,
 Account thereof to give behoves :
 Which shall not pass without punishment,
 Except they mend and sore repent ;
 And with due ministration,
 Work after their vocation.
 I wish the thing that will not be,
 Their perverse prelates are so high,
 When once that they be called lords,
 They are occasion of discords :
 And largely will propinis hight,¹
 To cause each lord with other fight,
 If for their part it may avail :
 So to the purpose of my tale.
 That time in court rose great debate,
 And every lord did strive for state,
 That all the realm might make no redding,²
 Till on each side there was blood-shed-
 ding ;
 And fielded³ other in land and burgh,
 At Lithgow, Melrose, and Edinburgh,
 But to deplore I think great pain,
 Of noble men that there were slain :
 And as longsome to be reported,
 Of them whilk to the court resorted,
 As tyrants, traitors, and transgressors,
 And common public plain oppressors.
 Men murderers, and common thieves,
 Into that court got their relieves.
 There were few lords in all these lands,
 But to new Regents made their bands ;⁴
 Then rose a reek or e'er I wist,
 The which gart all their bandis birst.
 Then they alone whilk had the guiding,
 They could not keep their feet from sliding ;
 But of their lives they had such dread,
 That they were fain to trot oure Tweed.⁵
 Now, potent prince, I say to thee,
 I thank the Holy Trinity
 That I have lived to see the day,
 That all the world is went away,

¹ Presents, promise.⁴ Bonds of man-rent.² Peace, settlement.⁵ Refers to the flight
of the Douglases.³ Fought.

And thou to no man art subjected,
 Nor to such counsellors coerced.
 The four great virtues cardinals,
 I see them with the principals :
 For Justice holds her sword on high,
 With her balance of equity ;
 And in this realm hath made such order,
 Both through the Highland and the
 Border,
 That Oppression and all his fellows
 Are hanged high upon the gallows.
 Dame Prudence has thee by the head,
 And temperance doth thy bridle lead.
 I see dame Force make assistance,
 Bearing thy targe of assurance,
 And lusty lady Chastity,
 Hath banisht Sensuality.
 Dame Riches takes on thee such cure,
 I pray God that she long endure,
 That Poverty dare not be seen,
 Into thine house for both her een ;
 But from thy grace fled many miles,
 Among the hunters in the isles.
 Dissimulance dare not show her face,
 Which wont for to beguile thy grace.
 Folly is fled out of the town,
 Which aye was contrary to reason :
 Policy and Peace begin to plant,
 That virtuous men can never want ;
 And as for slothful idle lowns,¹
 Shall fettered be in the galeyons. ²
 John upon-land³ been glad, I trow,
 Because the rush bush keeps his cow :
 So there is nought I understand,
 Without good order in this land,
 Except the Spirituality,
 Praying thy grace thereto have eye :
 Cause them make ministration,
 Conform to their vocation :
 To preach with unfeigned intents,
 And truly use the sacraments,
 After Christ's institutions,
 Leaving their vain traditions,

¹ Idle rogues.³ General name for
farmers.² The galleys.

Which do the silly sheep illude,¹
 For whom Christ Jesus shed his blood :
 As superstitious pilgrimages,
 Praying to graven images,
 Express against the Lord's command :
 I do thy grace to understand,
 If thou to men's laws assent,
 Against the Lord's commandement,
 As Jeroboam and many mo,
 Princes of Israel also,
 Consenters to Idolatry,
 Whilk punisht were right piteously,
 And from their realms rooted out,
 So shalt thou be withouten doubt,²
 Both here and hyne³ withouten more,
 And lack the everlasting glore.
 But if thou wilt thine heart incline,
 And keep his blessed law divine,
 As did the faithful patriarchs,
 Both in their words, and in their warks :
 And as did many faithful kings
 Of Israel, during their reigns ;
 As king David and Solomon,
 Who images would suffer none,
 In their rich temple for to stand,
 Because it was not God's command ;
 But destroyed all idolatry,
 As in the scripture thou may see.
 Whose rich reward was heavenly bliss,
 Which shall be thine, thou doing this.
 Since thou hast chosen such a guard,
 Now am I sure to get reward :
 And since thou art the richest king
 That ever in this realm did rign,³
 Of gold and stones precious,
 Most prudent and ingenious,
 And hast thine honour done advance,
 In Scotland, England, and in France,
 By martial deedis honourable.
 And are to every virtue able,
 I know thy grace will not misken⁴ me,
 But thou wilt either give or lend me :
 Would thy grace lend me to, ane day,

¹ Deceive.² Hence.³ Misknow, forget.⁴ Reign.

Of gold a thousand pound or tway,⁵
 And I shall fix with good intent,
 Thy grace a day of payment,
 With sealed obligation,
 Under this protestation :
 When the Bass and the Isle of Mal,
 Beis set upon the Mount Sinai ;
 When the Lowmond beside Falkland,
 Beis lifted to Northumberland :
 When kirkmen yearns⁶ no dignity,
 Nor wives no sovereignty ;
 Winter without frost, snow, wind or rain,
 Then shall I give thy gold again.
 Or I shall make to thee payment
 After the day of Judgment,
 Within a moneth at the least,
 When St Peter shall make a feast
 To all the fishers of Aberlady,
 So thou have mine acquittance ready
 Failing thereof, by Saint Fillain,
 Thy grace gets never a groat again.
 Gif thou be not content of this,
 I must request the King of bliss,
 That he to me have some regard,
 And cause thy grace me to reward :
 For David king of Israel,
 Who was the great prophet royal,
 Says, God hath whole at his command
 The hearts of princes in his hand,
 Even as He lists³ them for to turn,
 That must they do without sojourn :⁴
 Some to exalt in dignity,
 And sometime lords to bind in cords,
 And some to deprive in poverty.
 Sometime of laymen to make lords
 And them all utterly destroy.
 As pleaseth God that noble Roy :
 For thou art but an instrument
 Of that great King Omnipotent.
 So when it pleaseth thine excellence,
 Thy grace shall make me recompence,
 Or He shall cause me stand content,
 Of quiet life and sober rent,

⁵ Two.⁶ Ardently desire.³ Wills, pleases.⁴ Delay.

And take me in my latter age,
Unto my simple hermitage,
And spend it that mine elders won,
As did Diogenes in his tun ;
Of this Complaint, with mind full meek,
Thy grace's answer, sir, I beseik.

THE TESTAMENT AND COMPLAINT

Of our Sovereign Lord, King James the
Fifth, his Papingo,¹ lying sore wounded,
and may not die, till every man have
heard what she says. Wherefore, gentle
readers, haste you, that she may be put
out of pain.

THE PROLOGUE.

I.

Although I had ingine² angelical,
With sapience more than Solomonical,
I not³ what matter put in memory :
The poets old in stile heroical,
In brief and subtle terms rhetorical.
Of every matter, tragedy and story,
So ornately to their high laud and glory,
Have done indite, whose supreme sapi-
ence
Transcendeth far the dull intelligence

II.

Of poets, now into our vulgar tongue :
For why, the bell of rhetoric been rung
By Chaucer, Gower, Lidgate laureat,
Who dare presume these poets to impugn,
Whose sweet sentence through Albion
been sung?
Or who can now the workis counterfeit,
Of Kennedy, with termis aureat,
Of wise Dunbar, who language had at
large,
As may be seen into his Golden Targe?

¹ Green parrot. ² Ingenuity. ³ Know not.

III.

Quintin, Merzer, Rowl, Henderson, Hay
and Holland,
Though they be dead, their libles¹ are
livand ;
Which to rehearse makes readers to rejoice,
Alas ! for one that lamp was in this land,
Of eloquence the flowing balmy strand ;
And in our English rhetoric the rose,
As of rubies the carbuncle is chose.²
And as Phoebus doth Cynthia precel,
So Gawin Douglas bishop of Dunkel,

IV.

Had, when he was into this land alive,
Above vulgar poets prerogative,
Both in practick and speculation.
I say no more, good readers may describe
His worthy works, in number mo than
five ;
And specially the true translation
Of Virgil, which been consolation
To cunning men,³ to know his great ingine
As well in natural science, as divine.

V.

And in the court been present in these
days,
That ballads, brieves, lustily and lays,
Which to our prince daily they do present ;
Who can say more than Sir James Inglis
says,
In ballads, farces, and in pleasant plays ?
But Culross hath his pen made impotent ;
Kid, in cunning and practick right prudent :
And Stewart, who desires a stately stile,
Full ornate workis daily doth compile.

VI.

Stewart of Lorn will carp⁴ most curiously,
Galbraith, Kinloch, when they list them
apply,
Into that art, are crafty of ingine ;

¹ Writings.

² Choice.

³ Skilful, knowing.

⁴ Write satirically.

But now of late is start up hastily
A cunning clerk whilk writeth craftily,
A plant of poets callèd Ballendyne,
Whose ornate works my wits cannot define;
Get he into the court auctority,
He will precel Quintin and Kennedy.

VII.

So though I had ingine, as I have none,
I know not what to write, by sweet St John :
For why, in all the garth¹ of eloquence
Is nothing left, but barren stock and stone,
The polite terms are pullèd every one,
By these forenamed poets of prudence ;
And since I find none other true sentence,
I shall declare ere I depart you fro,
The Complaint of a wounded Papingo.

VIII.

Wherefore because my matter is but
rude,
Of sentence and of rhetoric denude,
To rural folk my writing is directed,
Farfleemèd from the sight of men of good ;²
For cunning men I know will soon conclude,
It nothing dowes, but for to be dejected :
And when I hear my matter is detracted,
Then shall I swear, I made it but in mowes,³
To landwart lasses that milk the kye and
ewes.

THE PAPINGO, AND HOW SHE MET HER
DEATH.

IX.

Wha climbs too high, perforce, his feet
mon fail ;
Expreme⁴ I shall that, by experience ;
Gif that you please to hear ane piteous
tale,
How ane fair bird by fatal violence
Devourèd was, and might make nae
defence,

¹ Garden.³ Jest.² Substance, standing. ⁴ Explain, illustrate.

Contrar the death,¹ sae failèd natural
strength,
As after, I shall show you, at more length.

X.

Ane Papingo, right pleasant and perfite,
Presented was till our most noble King,
Of whom his grace ane lang time had
delight,
More fair of form I wat, flew never on wing :
This proper bird he gave in governing
To me, whilk was his simple serviture,
On whom I did my diligence and cure :

XI.

To learn her language artificial ;
To play platefoot, and whistle foot before :²
But of her inclination natural,
She counterfeit all fowls less or more ;
Of her curage,³ she would, without my love,
Sing like the merle, and crow like to the
cock,
Pew like the gled, and chant like the
laverock ;

XII.

Bark like ane dog, and kekill like ane kae,⁴
Bleet like ane hog,⁵ and buller like ane bull ;
Gail like ane goik,⁶ and greet when she
was wae,
Climb on ane cord, syne laugh, and play
the fool :
She might have been ane minstrel agains
yule ;⁷
This blessed bird was to me so pleasand,
Where ever I fure, I bure⁸ her on my hand.

XIII.

And sae befell intill ane mirthful morrow,
Into my garth⁹ I past, me to repose ;
This bird and I, as we were wont aforrow,¹⁰

¹ Against death.⁵ Sheep.² Popular airs not
known now.⁶ The cuckoo.³ Care, of her own
motion.⁷ Against Christmas.⁸ Went I bore.⁹ Garden.¹⁰ Before now.

Among the flowris fresh, fragrant and
formose ;¹
My vital spirits duly did rejoice
When Phœbus rose, and rave the cloudis
sable,
Through brightness of his beamis amiable.

XIV.

Without vapour, was weel purificate
The temperate air, soft, sober, and serene ;
The earth, by nature, so edificate,
With wholesome herbis, blue white red
and green ;
Whilk elevate my spirits from the spleen :
That day, Saturn, nor Mars durst not
appear.

Nor Eole, of his cove,² he durst not steer.³

XV.

That day, perforce, behovèd to be fair,
By influence and course celestial ;
Nae planet preisit⁴ to perturb the air ;
For Mercurius, by moving natural,
Exalted was into the throne triumphall
Of his mansion, unto the fifteen gree⁵
In his own sovereign sign of Virginee.

XVI.

That day did Phœbus pleasantly depart,
From Gemini, and enterèd in Cancer ;
That day Cupido did extend his dart ;
Venus that day conjuned with Jupiter ;
That day Neptunus hid him, like ane sker ;⁶
That day dame Nature, with great business
Fortherèd Flora, to kythe her craftiness.⁷

XVII.

And retrograde was Mars in Capricorn ;
And Cynthia in Saggitar asseised.⁸
That day dame Ceres goddes of the corn

¹ Beautiful.² Out of his cave.³ Stir.⁴ Attempted.⁵ Fifteenth degree.⁶ A rock that is covered
at high water.⁷ Helped to show her
skill.⁸ Fixed, settled.

Full joyfully John Uponland appeisèd,¹
The bad aspect of Saturn was appeasèd,
That day, by Juno, of Jupiter the joy,
Perturband spirits causing to hold coy.²

XVIII.

The sound of birdssurmounted all the skies
With melody of notis musical ;
The balmy drops of dew Titan³ updries,
Hingand upon the tender twistis⁴ small,
The heavenly hue, and sound angelical,
Sic perfite pleasure printed in my heart,
That with great pyne, from thyne⁵ I might
depart ;

XIX.

So, still among those herbis amiable,
I did remain ane space for my pastance,⁶
But worldly pleasure been so variable,
Mixed with sorrow, dread, and incon-
stance,
That there intill is nae continuance :
Sae might I say, my short solace alas !
Was driven in dolour, in ane little space :

XX.

For, in my garth, among those fragrant
flowris
Walking alone, none but my bird and I ;
Unto the time that I had said mine houris,⁷
This bird I set upon ane branch me by ;
But she began to speill⁸ right speedily,
And in that tree she did sae high ascend,
That by nae way I might her apprehend.

XXI.

'Sweet bird,' said I, 'beware, mount not
oure high,
Return in time, perchance thy feet may
fail ye ;
Thou art right fat, and not weel used to
fly,
The greedy gled, I dread she thee assailye.'

¹ The farmer pleased.² Quiet, harmless.³ The sun.⁴ Twigs.⁵ Thence.⁶ Pastime.⁷ Morning prayers.⁸ To climb.

'I will,' said she, 'ascend vailye quod vailye,'
It is my kyne to climb aye to the hight ;
Of feather and bone, I wat weel I am wight.²

XXII.

Sae on the highest little tender twist,
With wing displayed, she sat full wantonly;
But Boreas blew ane blast or ere she wist,
Whilk brake the branch, and blew her suddenly,
Down to the ground, with many careful cry ;
Upon ane stob,³ she lighted on her breast,
The blood rushed out, and she cried for ane priest.

XXIII.

God wat gif than my heart was woe begone,
To see that fowl flychter,⁴ among the flowris.
Whilk with great murning, gan to make her moan :
Now comen are, said she, the fatal houris ;
Of bitter death now I thole the showris :⁵
O Dame Nature ! I pray thee of thy grace,
Send me leisure to speak, ane little space :

XXIV.

For to complain of my fate infortunate,
And to dispoone my gear,⁶ or I depart,
Sen of all comfort I am desolate,
Alone, except the death, here with his dart,
With awful cheir,⁷ ready to pierce my heart ;
And with that word, she took ane passion,
Syne flatlings fell, and swappèd⁸ into swoon.

XXV.

With sorry heart piercèd with compassion,
And salt tears distilling from mine een,
To hear that birdis lamentation,

¹ Happen what may. ⁵ Endure the sorrows,
² Strong. ⁶ Dispose of my goods.
³ Pointed stake, thorn. ⁷ Countenance.
⁴ Flutter. ⁸ Fall suddenly.

I did approach, under ane hawthorn green,
Where I might hear and see, and be un-
seen ;
And when this bird had swoonèd twice or thrice,
She gan to speak, saying on this wise :

XXVI.

"O false fortune ! why has thou me be-
guiled ?
This day, at morn, who knew this care-
ful¹ case ?
Vain hope in thee my reason has exilèd,
Having sic trust into thy feignèd face.
That ever I was brought into the court,
alas !
Had I in forest flown among my feirs²
I might full well have livèd many years,

XXVII.

"Prudent counsel, alas ! I did refuse,
Again³ reason using mine appetite ;
Ambition did sae mine heart abuse,
That Eolus had me in great despite ;
Poets of me hath matter to indite,
Whilk clamb sae high, and woe is me,
therefore,
Nought doubting⁴ that the death durst me
devour.

XXVIII.

"This day at morn, my form, and feddrem⁵
fair,
Above the proud peacock were precelland ;
And now ane caitive carrion full of care,
Baithand in blood down from my heart
distilland,
And in mine ear the bell of death been
knelland :
O false world, fye on thy felicity !
Thy pride, avarice, and immundicity.⁶

¹ Woeful. ⁴ Fearing.
² Companion. ⁵ Feathers, plumage.
³ Against. ⁶ Corruption.

XXIX.

"In thee I see nae thing been permanent,
Of thy short solace, sorrow is the end :
Thy false infortunate giftis been but lent,
This day full proud, the morn naething
to spend :
O ye that doth pretend aye till ascend !
My fatal end have in remembrance,
And you defend from sic unhappy chance."

XXX.

Whether that I was stricken in ecstasy,
Or through ane stark¹ imagination ;
But it appeared in my fantasy
I heard this dolent lamentation,
Thus dull'd into desolation.
Methought this bird did breve² in her
manner
Her counsel to the King, as ye shall hear.

Here follows "The First Epistle of the Papingo, direct till our Sovereign Lord King James the Fyft," consisting of many excellent, moral, political, and instructive advices, delivered with the same candour and familiarity that characterizes *The Complaint*.

A second "Epistle," directed to her *brether* courtiers, may be defined as a political homily on the history of the Stewart Kings. The last—the most characteristic and important part—is entitled "The communing betwixt the Papingo and her Holy Executors, and is a very severe satire upon the author's favourite topic, the vices of the "Spirituality." "The Complaint," which is given in full, is a sufficient specimen of this species of invective.

THE MONARCHY;

OR,

ANE DIALOGUE BETWIXT EXPERIENCE
AND ANE COURTIER OF THE MISER-
ABLE ESTATE OF THE WORLD.

Chalmers observes that Lindsay is indebted to Gower's *Confessio Amantis* for the manner, and to Lydgate's *Fall of Princes* for much of the matter of the *Monarchy*; and, considering his obligation to these, and other writers in prose and verse, "he can only be allowed to have made a great display, without much exertion, of original thought or literary retrospect." He agrees with Warton's praise of the Prologue, in which our poet has perhaps outdone himself in a grand display of the higher qualities of his art, in elegant metaphors, artful fictions, mythological retrospections, and picturesque recitals." The subject is the history of the world from the creation to the day of judgment, with such moral reflections as the different incidents suggest. The preliminary argument in justification of his use of the "vulgar tongue," is a species of apology used by most of his poetical predecessors, but by none with greater force or more common sense.

ANE EXCLAMATION TO THE READER
TOUCHING THE WRITING OF VUL-
GAR AND MATERNAL LANGUAGE.

I.

Gentle reader, have at me no despite,
Thinking that I presumptuously pretend
In vulgar tongue so high matter to write :

T

¹ Strong.
(5)

² Write down.

But where I miss, I pray thee to amend,
To the unlearned I would the cause were
kend,
Of our most miserable travel and torment,
And how on earth no place is permanent.

II.

Howbeit that divers devout cunning
clarks,¹
In Latin tongue have written sundry books,
Our unlearned knows little of their warks,
More than they do the raving of the rooks :
Wherefore to colliers, carters, and to
cooks,
To Jock and Tom my rhyme shall be
directed,
With cunning men howbeit it will be lackèd.

III.

Though every common man be not a
clark,
Nor hath no leed,² except their tongue
maternal,
Why should of God the marvellous
heavenly wark
Be hid from them? I think it not fraternal :
The Father of heaven which was, and is
eternal,
To Moses gave the law on mount Sinai,
Not into Greek nor Latin, as they say.

IV.

He wrote the law on tables hard of stone,
In their own vulgar language of Hebrew,
That all the bairns of Israel every one
Might know the law, and so the same
pursue :
Had he done write in Latin or in Grew,³
It had to them been but a savourless jest :
You may well know God wrought all for
the best.

V.

Aristotle nor Plato, I hear saen,
Wrote not their high philosophy natural,
In Dutch nor Dence, nor tongue Italian,

¹ Learned authors. ² Language. ³ Greek.

But in their most ornate tongue maternal,
Whose fame and name doth rign perpetual.

Famous Virgil, that prince of poetry,
Nor Cicero, that flower of oratory,

VI.

Wrote nor in Chaldee language, nor in
Grew,
Nor yet in language Saracen,
Nor in the nat'ral language of Hebrew,
But in the Roman tongue, as may be seen,
Which was their proper language as I ween.
When Romans rang dominators in deed,
The ornate Latin was their proper leed,

VII.

In the meantime when that these bold
Romans
Over all the world had the dominion,
Made Latin schools their glorie for to
advance,
That their language might be over all
common,
To that intent, by mine opinion,
Trusting that their empire should aye
endure ;
But of fortune always they were not sure.

VIII.

Of languages the first diversity,
Was made by Godis malediction,
When Babylon was builded in Chaldee :
Those builders got none other affliction :
Before the time of that punishment,¹
Was but one tongue, which Adam spake
himself,
Where now of tongues there be threescore
and twelve.

IX.

Notwithstanding, I think it great
pleasure,
Where cunning men have languages anew ;

¹ Punishment.

That in their youth by diligent labour,
Have learned Latin, Greek and Hebrew :
That I am not of that sort sore I rue ;
Wherefore I would all bookis necessar
For our faith were into our tongue vulgar.

X.

Christ, after his glorious ascension.
To his disciples sent his holy spirit
In cloven tongues of fire, to that intention,
That being of all languages replete
Through all the world, with wordis fair
and sweet,
To every man the faith they would forth
shaw,
In there own leed delivering them the
law.

XI.

Therefore I think it great derision,
To hear the nuns and sisters night and day,
Singing and saying psalms and orisons
Not understanding what they sing or say :
But like a starling, or a papingay,
Which learned are to speak by long usage.
Them I compare to birdis in a cage.

XII.

Right so children and ladies of honours
Pray in Latin, to them an uncouth leed,
Mumbling their matins, even-songs, and
their hours,¹
Their Pater-noster, Ave, and their Creed :
It were as pleasant to their spirit indeed,
God have mercy on me, for to say thus,
As for to say, *miserere mei Deus*.

XIII.

Saint Jerome in his proper tongue
Roman,
The law of God he truly did translate
Out of Hebrew, and Greek, in Latin plain,
Which hath been hid from us long time,
God wait,²

Until this time. But after my conceit,
Had Saint Jerome been born into Argyle,
In Irish tongue his books had done com-
pile.

XIV.

Prudent Saint Paul doth make narra-
tion.
Touching the divers leeds of every land,
Saying, there been more edification
In five wordis that folk doth understand,
Than to pronounce of words ten thousand
In strange language, and know not what
it means,
I think such prating is not worth two
preens.³

XV.

Unlearned people on the holy day
Solemnedly they hear the Evangel sung,
Not knowing what the priest doth sing or
say,
But as a bell when that they hear it rung ;
Yet would the priests into their mother
tongue,
Pass to the pulpit, and that doctrine declare
To lay people, it were more necessare.

XVI.

I would that prelates and doctors of the
law
With us lay people were not discontent,
Though we into our vulgar tongue did
know
Of Christ Jesus the life and testament,
And how that we should keep commande-
ment :
But in our language let us pray and read
Our Pater-noster, Ave, and our Creed.

XVII.

I would some prince of great discretion,
In vulgar language plainly caused trans-
late,
The needful lawis of this region,

¹ Morning prayers.² Knows.³ Pins.

Then would there not be half so great
debate,
Amongst us people of the low estate.
If every man the verity did know,
We needed not to treat these men of law,

XVIII.

To do our neighbour wrong we would
beware,
If we did fear the law's punishment :
There would not be such brawling at the
bar ;
Nor men of law climb to such royal rent :
To keep the law if all men were content,
And each man do as he would be done to,
The judges would get little thing a-do.

XIX.

The prophet David king of Israel,
Compiled the pleasant psalms of the
psalter,
In his own proper tongue, as I hear tell ;
And Solomon which was his son and heir,
Did make his book into his tongue vulgar :
Why should not their sayings be to us
shown
In our language ? I would the cause were
known.

XX.

Let doctors write their curious ques-
tions,
And arguments sown full of sophistry ;
Their logic, and their high opinions,
Their dark judgments of astronomy,
Their medicine, and their philosophy ;
Let poets show their glorious ingene,
As ever they please, in Greek or in
Latin.

XXI.

But let us have the book's necessar
To common-weal, and our salvation,
Justly translated in our tongue vulgar ;
And eke I make you supplication,
O gentle reader, have none indignation,
Thinking I meddle with so high matter.
Now to my purpose forward will I fare.

ON CERTAIN PLEASURES OF THE
GLORIFIED BODIES.

XXII.

Since their is none in earth may com-
prehend
The heavenly gloire and pleasures infinite ;
Wherefore, my son, I pray thee not pretend
Too far to seek that matter of delight,
Which passeth natural reason to indite,
That God, before that he the world create,
Prepared to them whilk are predestinate.

XXIII.

All mortal men shall be made immortal,
That is to say, never to die again ;
Impassible, and so celestial,
That fire nor sword may do to them no
pain,
Nor heat, nor cold, nor frost, nor wind,
nor rain,
Though such things were, may do to them
no deir,¹
These creatures, right so, shall be as clear,

XXIV.

As flaming Phœbus in his mansion :
Consider then if there shall be great light,
When every one into his region
Shall shine like to the sun, and be as bright,
Let us, with Paul, desire to see that sight.
To be dissolved Paul had great desire,
With Christ to be into the heaven empire.

XXV.

And moreover, as clerks can describe,
Their marvellous mirth is beis incompar-
able ;
Among the rest, in all their senses five,
They shall have sensual pleasure delectable,
The heavenly sound which shall be
inenarrable,²
Into their ears continually shall ring.
And eke the sight of Christ Jesus our King,

¹ Harna.² Inexpressible.

XXVI.

In his triumphant throne imperial,
With his mother, the Virgin Queen of
queens.

There shall be seen the court celestial :
Apostles, martyrs, confessors and virgins,
Brighter than Phoebus, in his sphere that
shines :

The patriarchs and prophets venerable,
There shall be seen in glore inestimable.

XXVII.

And with their spiritual eyes shall be
seen,

That light which is most superexcellent,
God as he is, and evermore hath been,
Continually that sight contempland.
Augustin saith, He'd rather take in hand
To be in hell, he seeing the Essence
Of God, than be in heaven without his
presence.

XXVIII.

Who seeth God in his Divinity,
He sees in him all other pleasant things,
The which with tongue cannot pronouncéd
be :

What pleasure been to see the King of
kings !

The greatest pain the damnéd folk down
things,

And to the devils the maist punishment,
It is of God to lack fruition.

XXIX.

And moreover they shall feel such smell,
Surmounting far the flower¹ of earthly
flowers ;

And in their mouth a taste, as I hear tell,
Of sweet and supernatural sapours ;²
Als they shall see the heavenly bright
colours,

Shining among these creaturis divine,
Which to describe transcendeth man's
ingine.³

¹ Flavour.² Taste.³ Ingenuity.

XXX.

And ~~eke~~ they shall have such agility,
In one instant to pass for their pleasure,
Ten thousand miles in twinkling of an eye,
So that their joys shall be without measure ;
They shall rejoice to see the great dolour
Of damnéd folk in hell, and their torment,
Because it is of God the just judgment.

XXXI.

Subtily they shall have marvellous ;
Supposing that there were a wall of brass,
A glorified body may right hastily,
Out through the wall without impediment
pass,
Such like as doth the sunbeam through
the glass ;
As Christ to his disciples did appear,
All entries close, and none of them did
steir.

XXXII.

Albeit in heaven though every creature
Have not alike felicity and glore,
Yet every one shall have so great pleasure,
And so content, they shall desire no more :
To have more joy they shall no way
implore,
But they shall be all satisfied and content,
Like to this rude example subsequent.

XXXIII.

Take a crowat, a pint-stoup, and a quart,
A gallon pitcher, a punsion, and a tun,
Of wine, or balm, give every one his part,
And fill them full till they be over-run,
The little crowat, in comparison,
Shall be so full, that it can hold no more,
Of such measures, though they were twenty
score.

XXXIV.

Into the tun or in the punsion,
So all these vessels—one in quality—
May hold no more, except they over-run,
Yet have they not alike in quantity :

So by this rude example thou may see,
Though every one be not alike in glore,
Are satisfied so that they desire no more.

XXXV.

Though presently by God's purveyance,
All beasts, and fowls, and fishes in the seas,
Are necessary for man's sustenance,
With corns, herbs, flowers, and fruitful
trees,
Then shall there be no such commodities;
The earth shall bear no plant, nor beast
brutal;
But as the heavens bright like beryl.*

XXXVI.

Suppose some be on earth walking here
down,
Or high above wherever they please to go,
Of God they have aye clear fruition,
Both east and west, up, down, or to and
fro;
Clerks have declared pleasures many mo,
Which doth transcend all mortal man's
ingine,
The thousand part of those pleasures,
define

XXXVII.

Into the heaven they shall perfectly know
Their tender friends, their father, and
their mother,
Their predecessors whom they never saw,
Their spouses, children, their sister and
their brother;
And every one shall have such love to
other,
Of others glore, and joy they shall rejoice,
As of their own, as clerkis do suppose.

XXXVIII.

Then shall be seen the bright Jerusalem,
Which John saw in his Revelation,
We mortal men, alas! are sore to blame,
That will not have consideration,

* Like beryl.

And a continual contemplation,
With hot desire to come unto that glore,
Which pleasure shall endure for evermore.

XXXIX.

O Lord our God, and King Omnipotent!
Which knew ere thou the heavens and
earth create,
Who would to thee be disobedient,
And so deserve for to be reprobate:
Thou knowest the number of predestinate,
Whom thou didst call, and hast them
justified,
And shall in heaven with thee be glorified.

XL.

Grant us to be, Lord, of that chosen sort,
Whilk of thy mercy superexcellent
Didst purify, as scripture doth report,
With the blood of that holy innocent,
Jesus, whilk made himself obedient
Unto the death, and starvèd* on the rood;
Let us, O Lord, be purged with that blood.

XLI.

All creatures that ever God created,
As writeth Paul, they wish to see that day,
When the children of God predestinated,
Shall do appear in their new fresh array,
When corruption shall be cleansed quite
away,
And changed shall be their mortal quality,
In the great glore of immortality.

XLII.

And moreover all dead things corporal.
Under the concave of the heavens empire,
That now to labour subject are and thrall;
Sun, moon and stars, earth, water, air and
fire,
In ane manner they have a hot desire,
Wishing that day, that they may be at rest,
As Erasmus expoundeth manifest.

* Perished.

XLIII.

We see the great globe of the firmament
Continually in moving marvellous :
The seven planets contrar their intent,
Are reft about with course contrarious.
The wind and sea with stormis furious,
The troubled air, with frost and snow,
and rain,
Until that day, they travel aye in pain,

XLIV.

And all the angels of the orders nine,
Having compassion on our miseries,
They wish after that day, and to that fine¹
To see us freed from our infirmities,
And cleansed from these great calamities,
And troublous life which never shall have
end,
Until that day, I make it to thee kend.

THE SATIRE OF THE THREE
ESTATES.IN COMMENDATION OF VIRTUE, AND
IN VITUPERATION OF VICE.

While the sub-title correctly defines the author's purpose, and classifies his play as belonging to the second stage of the dramatic art—that of the Moralities; yet, its advance in the direction of the regular drama, so far beyond any contemporary production in the language, gives it an historical interest in addition to that which it merits on account of the ingenuity of its structure, and the genuine glimpses of contemporary society which it preserves.

It may be summarily described as a conflict between the *Virtues* and the *Vices*; the former personified under the

names of *Dilligence*, *Divine Correction*, *Good Counsel*, *Chastity*, and *Verity*; and the latter under those of *Wantonness*, *Sensuality*, *Falsehood*, *Deceit*, and *Flattery*, the three last, with the habit of friars, assuming the disguised names of of *Sapience*, *Discretion*, and *Devotion*. The subject of contention is the control of *King Humanity*, and the Three Estates of his realm; *Spirituality*, personifying the clergy, *Temporality*, the landholders, and *Merchantman*, the burgesses. There are some other incidental characters, as *Pauper*, a *Pardoner*; a *Sowtar* (shoemaker); a *Tailor*, a *Sowtar's wife*, and a *Tailor's wife*, whose ludicrous exhibitions display most of the coarseness, and much of the rude wit of the piece. Besides the abstractions, *Placebo* (sycophancy); and *Solace* (indulgence); as counsellors of the King, and others of a miscellaneous character, there is that of the Common-good, under the designation of *John the Common-weal*.

During the early part of *King Humanity's* reign, the Vices have it all their own way, his majesty, through the influence of *Solace* and *Wantonness*, being mostly under the dominion of *Sensuality*, while the affairs of the state are left to the control of *Falsehood*, *Flattery*, and *Deceit*. They have banished *Good Counsel* from court, and on *Verity* making her appearance there, they call in *Spirituality*, with several ecclesiastics, who, on finding an English New Testament in her possession, denounce her as a heretic, and put her in the stocks. *Chastity* next tries to gain admission, but finding no favour at the hands of the courtiers, she turns to the

¹ End, object.

craftsmen, and is entertained by a tailor and a shoemaker. The wives of these worthies, jealous of their husbands, attack both them and her in a manner, and with language which unmistakably manifests their contempt for *Chastity*. She afterwards obtains an audience of the King, which brings her under the notice of her rival *Sensuality*, by whose influence she too is put in the stocks.

Divine Correction now appears upon the scene, and procures the release of *Verity* and *Chastity*, while *Sensuality* is banished from court. By his advice also a parliament is ordered to be convened for the redress of grievances, the proclamation of which brings the first part of the play to a close.

The second part opens with an interlude to amuse the people while the more refined portion of the audience are away refreshing themselves. It sets forth, in a ludicrous but striking fashion, the grievances of which the people complain, and is a graphic and faithful, though coarse picture of the manners of the age. It is perhaps the best evidence that we possess of Lindsay's powers as a dramatic writer and delineator of character. The encounter of Pauper and the Pardoner, which we give as a specimen, is its most presentable incident.

On the parliament being convened, *John the Commonweal* represents to the King the disasters which the Three Estates, under the guidance of the Vices, have brought upon the realm, and *Verity* and *Chastity* make special charges against the *Spirituality*. The Vices are now in their turn put into the stocks, and a general reform of the administration is brought about, while

several of the most prominent offenders, as *Common Theft* (representing the Border thieves), and *Falschood* and *Demit* are executed; and *Flattery* saves his own neck by undertaking the office of hangman to his fellows.

In the stage directions for the execution of *Falschood*, it is ordered that "ane craw or ane kae sall be castin up as it war his saull."

The play concludes with a sort of tail-piece dialogue between *Dilligence* and *Folly*, in which the latter, after a coarse introduction, intimates that he has hats to dispose of suitable for the fools that he insinuates are a very plentiful crop in all ranks, from the highest to the lowest.

PART THE SECOND.

Pauper, the Poor man.

Of your alms, good folk, for God's love of heaven ;

For I have motherless bairns six or seven;
Gif ye'll give me nae good, for the love of Jesus

Wish me the right way till St Andrews.

Dilligence.

What devil ails this crooked carl ?

Pauper.

Marry, meikle sorrow :
I cannot get, though I gasp, to beg nor to borrow.

Dilligence.

Where devil is this thou dwells, or what's thy intent ?

Pauper.

I dwell intill Lothian ane mile frae Tranent.

Dilligence.

Where would thou be, carl ? the sooth to me shaw.

Pauper.

Sir even to St Andrews for to seek law.

Dilligence.

For to seek law, in Edinburgh, was the nearest way.

Pauper.

I sought law there this many dear day :
But I could get none at session nor senzie ;¹
Therefore, the meikle din devil drown all
the menzie.²

Dilligence.

Show me the matter, man, with all the
circumstances ;
How that thou has happened on thir
unhappy chances.

Pauper.

Goodman, will ye give me your charity,
And I shall declare to you the black verity.
My father was an old man and an hoar,³
And was of age fourscore of years and
more ;
And Mald, my mother, was fourscore and
fifteen,
And with my labour I did them both sus-
tain.
We had ane mare that carried salt and
coal,
And everilk year she brought us home a
foal.
We had three kye, that was both fat and
fair,
Nane tidier into the town of Ayr.
My father was so weak of blood and bone
That he died, wherefore my mother made
great moan ;
Then she died within ane day or two,
And there began my poverty and woe.
Our good gray mare was baitand⁴ on the
field,
And our lands laird took her for his
heryeild.⁵
The vicar took the best cow by the head,
Incontinent when my father was dead.

¹ The civil nor ecclesi- ⁴ Feeding.

astical courts.

² The group, lot.

³ Hoary, gray.

⁵ A claim by the land-
lord, on the death
of his vassal.

And when the vicar heard tell how that
my mother
Was dead, frae hand⁶ he took to him ane
other :

Then Meg, my wife, did mourn even and
morrow,
Till at the last she died for very sorrow.
And when the vicar heard my wife was
dead,

The third cow he cleikid⁷ by the head.
Their upmaist claes⁸ that was of raploch
gray,⁴

The vicar gart his clerk bear them away.
When all was gone I might make no de-
bate,
But with my bairns past for till beg my
meat.

Now have I told you the black verity
How I am brought into this misery.

Dilligence.

How did the parson? Was he not thy
friend?

Pauper.

The devil stick him, he curst me for my
teind ;⁵

And holds me yet under that same process
That gart me want the sacrament at
Pasche.

In good faith, sir, though he would cut
my throat,

I have nae gear except ane English groat ;
Whilk I purpose to give ane man of law.

Dilligence.

Thou art the daftest fool that ever I saw ;
Trows thou, man, by the law, to get re-
meid

Of men of kirk? Nae, not till thou be
dead.

Pauper.

Sir, by what law, tell me, wherefore or
why,

That ane vicar should take frae me my kye?

¹ Off-hand.

² Caught.

³ Upper garments.

⁴ Undyed, home-spun.

⁵ Tithe.

⁶ Foolishest.

Dilligence.

They have nae law exceptand consuetude,
Whilk law to them is sufficient and good.

Pauper.

Ane consuetude agains the common-weal
Should be nae law, I think, by sweet Saint
Geil.

Where will ye find that law, tell gif ye
can?

To take three kye frae ane poor husband-
man :

Ane for my father and for my wife another,
And the third cow, he took for Mald, my
mother.

Dilligence.

Hald thy tongue, man, it seems that thou
were manged ;¹
Speak thou of priests, but² doubt thou
will be hangèd.

Pauper.

By Him that bore the cruel crown of thorn,
I care not to be hangèd even the morn.

Dilligence.

Be sure of priestis thou will get nae sup-
port.

Pauper.

Gif that be true, the fiend receive the
sort !³

Sae sen I see I get no other grace,
I will lie down and rest me in this place.

[PAUPER lies down in the field, and
PARDONER enters.]

Pardoner.

Bona dies ! Bona dies !
Devout people, good day, I say you.
Now tarry ane little while, I pray you,
Till I be with you known :
Wat ye weel how I am namèd ?
Ane noble man and undefamèd,
Gif all the sooth were shown.

I am Sir Robert Rome-raker,

Ane perfite public pardoner

Admitted by the Pape :

Sirs, I shall show you for my wage,

My pardons and my pilgrimage,

Whilk ye shall see and grape :⁴

I give to the devil, with good intent,

This unsell⁵ wicked New Testament,

With them that it translated :

Sen layic men knew the verity,

Pardoners gets no charity

Without that they debate it.

Among the wives with wrinks and wiles,

As all my marrowis³ men beguiles

With our fair false flattery :

Yea all the crafts I ken, perqueir,

As I was teachèd by ane friar

Callèd Hypocrisy.

But now, alas ! our great abusion

Is clearly knowen till our confusion ;

That we may sore repent :

Of all credence now I am quite,

For ilk man holds me at despite

That reads the New Testament.

Dool fall the brain that has it wrought,

Sae fall them that the book hame brought :

Als, I pray to the rood,

That Martin Luther, that false loun,⁴

Black Bullinger, and Melanctoun,

Had been smoorde⁵ in their cud.

By Him that bore the crown of thorn,

I would Saint Paul had never been born,

And, als, I would his books

Were never read in kirk,

But, amongst friars into the mirk,

Or riven among rooks.

[Here shall he lay down his gear upon
ane board, and say :]

My patent pardons, ye may see,
Come frae the Kan of Tartary,
Well sealed with oyster shells.

¹ Grip, feel.

² Evil.

³ Fellow-pardoners.

⁴ Rogue.

⁵ Smothered.

¹ Mad, deranged. ² Without. ³ The order.

Though ye have nae contrition,
 Ye shall have full remission,
 With help of books and bells.
 Here is ane relict lang and braid,¹
 Of Fin Macoull² the right chaft blade
 With teeth and all together :
 Of Collin's cow here is ane horn
 For eating of MacConnal's corn
 Was slain into Balquhiddier.
 Here is ane cord, both great and long,
 Whilk hangèd John the Armstrong,
 Of good hemp soft and sound :
 Good holy people, I stand for'd,
 Whoever beis hangèd with this cord,
 Needs never to be drowned.
 The culum³ of Saint Bride's cow,
 The gruntil⁴ of Saint Antony's sow,
 Whilk bare his holy bell :
 Whoever he be hears this bell clink,
 Give me ane ducat for till drink,
 He shall never gang to hell,
 Without he be of Belial born ;
 Maisters, trow ye that this be scorn ?
 Come win this pardon, come.
 Who loves their wives not with their heart,
 I have power them for till part :
 Me think you deaf and dumb.
 Has none of you crust wicked wives,
 That holds you untill sturt and strives,
 Come take my dispensation :
 Of that cumber⁵ I shall make you quite,
 Howbeit yourselves be in the wyte,
 And make ane false narration.
 Come, win the pardon ; now let see,
 For meal, for malt or for money,
 For cock, hen, goose, or gryce
 Of relicts, here I have ane hunder.
 Why come ye not ? this is ane wonder
 I trow ye be not wise.

[Here the Sowtar and his Wife accept
 the Pardoner's indulgence, and get

separated, much to their mutual satisfaction, by the performance of a ceremony of the coarsest possible description. Then the Pardoner's boy, Wilkin, makes his appearance, and gives us a peep into the secret of relic manufacture.]

Wilkin.

Hoaw ! maister, hoaw ! Where are ye now ?

Pardoner.

I am here, Wilkin, widdie fow.¹

Wilkin.

Sir, I have done your bidding,
 For I have found here ane great horse bone,
 Ane fairer saw ye never none,
 Upon dame Flesher's midding.
 Sir, ye may gar the wives trow,
 It is ane bone of Saint Bride's cow ;
 Good for the fever quartane :
 Sir, will ye rule² this relic weel,
 All the wives will both kiss and kneel
 Betwixt this and Dumbartane.

[Here shall PAUPER rise and rax him.]

Pauper.

What thing was yon, that I heard crack³
 and cry ?
 I have been dreamand and drivland of my kye.
 With my right hand my whole body I sain,⁴
 Saint Bride, Saint Bride, send me my kye again !
 I see standand yonder ane holy man,
 To make me help, let me see gif he can :
 Hail maister, God speed you ! and good morn.

Pardoner.

Welcome to me though thou were at the horn ;⁵

¹ Long and broad.

³ The tail.

² The Fingal of Ossian.

⁴ The snout.

⁵ Encumbrance.

¹ Gallows fool.

⁴ Bless.

² If ye use.

⁵ Outlawed by three blasts of a horn.

³ Speak.

Come, win the pardon, and syne I shall
thee sain.

Pauper.

Will that pardon get me my kye again?

Pardoner.

Carl, of thy kye I have nothing ado :
Come, win my pardon, and kiss my relics
too.

[*Here shall he sain him with his relics.*]

Now lose thy purse, and lay down thy
offrand,¹

And thou shall have my pardon even frae
hand.

With ropes, and relics, I shall thee sain
again ;

Of gut, or gravel, thou shall never have
pain :

Now win the pardon, limmer, or thou art
lost.

Pauper.

My holy father, what will that pardon
cost ?

Pardoner.

Let see what money thou bearest in thy bag.

Pauper.

I have ane groat here bound in a rag.

Pardoner.

Has thou nae other silver but ane groat ?

Pauper.

Gif I have mare, sir, come and ripe² my coat.

Pardoner.

Give me that groat, man, gif thou hast nae
mare.

Pauper.

With all my heart, maister, lo take it, there :
Now let me see your pardon, with your
leave.

Pardoner.

Ane thousand years of pardon I thee give.

Pauper.

Ane thousand year ! I will not live sae
lang ;

Deliver me it, maister, and let me gang.

¹ Contribution.

² Search.

Pardoner.

Ane thousand year, I lay upon thy head,
With *totiens quotiens* : now, make na mair
plead :¹

Thou hast received thy pardon now
already.

Pauper.

But I can see nothing, sir, by our lady :
Forsooth, maister, I trow I be not wise
To pay ere I have seen my merchandise.

That ye have gotten my groat full sair I rue :
Sir, whether is your pardon black or blue ?

Maister, sen ye have tane frae me my
cunzie,²

My merchandise shew me, withouten
sunzie ;³

Or to the bishop I shall pass and plenzie,⁴
In Saint Andrews, and summon you to
the senzie.⁵

Pardoner.

What craves thou carl ? methinks thou art
not wise.

Pauper.

I crave my groat, or else my merchandise.

Pardoner.

I gave thee pardon for ane thousand year.

Pauper.

How shall I get that pardon, let me hear ?

Pardoner.

Stand still and I shall tell the haile story :
When thou art dead and goes to purgatory,
Being condemned to pain a thousand year,
Then shall thy pardon thee relieve but
weir ;⁶

Now, be content, ye are ane marvellous
man.

Pauper.

Shall I get naething for my groat till than ?

Pardoner.

That shall thou not, I make it to thee plain.

¹ Objections.

² Money.

³ Excuse.

⁴ Complain.

⁵ The consistory court.

⁶ Without doubt.

Pauper.

Nae, then gossip, give me my groat again.
What say ye maister, call ye this good
reason?

That he should promise me ane gay pardon,
And he receive my money in his stead,
Syne make me nae payment till I be dead.
When I am dead, I wat full sicklerly,
My silly soul will pass to purgatory :
Declare me this : now God, nor Belial bind
thee,

When I am there, curst carl, where shall
I find thee?

Not into heaven, but rather into hell :
When thou art there thou cannot help
thyself ;

When thou art come my dolours till abate,
Or I thee find, my hips will get ane hait.

Trows thou, butcher, that I will buy blind
lambs :

Give me my groat ; the devil dryte in thy
gams.

Pardoner.

Swith ! stand aback ! I trow this man be
manged :

Thou gets not this, carl, though thou should
be hanged.

Pauper.

Give me my groat weel bound intill ane
clout,

Or, by God's bread, Robin * shall bear ane
rout.

[*Here shall they fight, and PAUPER shall
cast down the board and relics in the
water.*]

JOHN BELLENDEN.

1492 (?)—1550 (?).

THIS learned ecclesiastic is more distinguished as a prose writer and scholar, than as a poet ; and there is no reason for supposing that he cultivated poetry to any great extent. Neither the date nor the place of his birth are known—Haddington and Berwick shires are the only places even suggested. The date of his matriculation at St Andrews, 1508, gives the nearest approximation as data for estimating the time of his birth. He completed his education at the University of Paris, where he took his degree of doctor of divinity. He himself states that he was in the service of James V. from his infancy, as clerk of his accounts, but that he experienced the

inconstancy of court favour. It was probably during his temporary alienation from court that Lindsay, in the "Complaint of the Papyngo," describes him as—

"Ane plant of poetis, callid Ballendyne,
Whose ornate workis my wit cannot define :
Get he into court auctoritie,
He will precell Quintyn and Kennedy."

It would not be long after this that he was recalled, for, in 1530, and the three following years, it is shown by the Treasurer's accounts that he was engaged upon the Translation of Livy, and Boece's *History of Scotland*, by

* Mad. * Robin Rome-raker, the Pardoner.

request of the King. For the former, which only extended to the first five books, he was paid £36, and for the latter £78.

But besides these payments, he was promoted to the Archdeaconry of Moray, and, about the same time, was made a Canon of Ross.

The translation of Boece was printed soon after it was written, but the year is not given in the title-page or elsewhere. Livy remained in MS. till 1822, when it was published in the complete edition of his works edited by Maitland, from the MS. in the Advocate's Library. These two works, says Dr Irving, "exhibit the most ample specimen of ancient Scottish prose that has descended to our times, and are distinguished beyond most others by their fluency and neatness of style; nor can we peruse these translations without being convinced that the writer's learning and talents had qualified him for original compositions." The "Epistle to James V.," which prefaces Boece's *History*, is written with a manly boldness and dignity, which is creditable to both the King and the author. It also conveys a high idea of his skill and taste in the art of poetical composition.

Bellenden was strenuously opposed to the Reformation but having gone to Rome, he is said to have died there in 1550, before that mighty current of religious and political thought had swept away that ecclesiastical system which, if all its priesthood were Bellendens, would at least have presented a more venerable aspect to posterity.

A POLITICAL HOMILY.

Proheme to Boece's Chronicles.

I.

Thou martial book! pass to the noble prince,
King James the Fifth, my Sovereign maist preclair,¹
And gif some time thou gettis audience,
In humble wise unto his grace declare
My wakerif nightis and my labour sare,
Whilk ithandly has for his pleasure tak,
While golden Titan with his burnand chair
Has past all signis of the Zodiac.

II.

While busy Ceres with her plough and harrows
Has filled her granges³ full of every corn;
And stormy Chiron with his bow and arrows
Has all the cloudis of the heavenis shorn,
And schill Tryton with his windy horn
Ourewhelmèd all the flowand ocean
And Phœbus turnèd under Capricorn,
The samen greis⁴ where I first began.

III.

Sen thou art drawnen sae compendius
Frae flowand Latin into vulgar prose,
Show now what princes been maist vicious,
And wha has been of chivalry the rose.
Wha did their kingrik⁵ in maist honour jois,⁶
And with their blood our liberties has coft;⁷
Regarding not to die among their foes,
Sae that they might in memory be brought.

IV.

Show by what danger, and difficle⁸ ways
Our ancestours, at their utter mightis

¹ Illustrious.

² Diligently.

³ Farms.

⁴ Degrees.

⁵ Kingdom.

⁶ Joy, rejoice.

⁷ Bought.

⁸ Difficult.

Has brought this realm with honour to
our days,
Aye fightand for their liberties and rightis
With Romans, Danes, Englishmen, and
Picktis,
As courteous readers may through thy
process ken.
Therefore, thou ganis¹ for nae caitive
wightis
Allanerly,² but unto noble men.

V.

And to sic personis as covets for to hear
The valiant deeds of our progenitors,
And how this country, both in peace and
weir,
Been governèd unto these present hours.
How forcy³ chieftainis, in many bloody
stours,⁴
(As now is blawin by my vulgar pen),
Maist valiantly won landis and honours,
And for their virtue callèd noble men.

VI.

For nobleness sometime the loving is
That comis by merits of our elders gone ;
As Aristotle writis in his rhetorics,
Among noblis wha castin them repone⁵
Mon dress⁶ their life and deedis one by one,
To make them worthy to have memory
For honour to their prince or nation,
To be in glorie to their posterity.

VII.

Ane other kind there is of nobleness,
That comis by infusion natural ;
And makis ane man sae full of gentleness,
Sae courteous, pleasant, and so liberal,
That every man does him ane noble call.
The lion is sae noble (as men tells),
He cannot rage against the beastis small,
But on them whilk his majesty rebels.

¹ Suits.² Only.³ Brave, strong.⁴ Tumults of battle.⁵ Who would them-
selves establish.⁶ Must order.

VIII.

The awful churl is of ane other strynd,¹
Through he be² born to vilest servitude ;
There may nae gentrice sink into his mind,
To help his friend or neighbour with his
good.
The bloody wolf is of the samen stud ;
He fears great beasts and rages on the
small,
And lives in slaughter, tyranny, and blood,
But³ any mercy where he may ourethrawl.⁴

IX.

This man is born ane noble, thou will say,
And given to sleuth⁵ and lust immoderate ;
All that his elders won he puts away,
And frae their virtue is degenerate.
The more his elders' fame is elevate,
The more their life to honour do approach ;
Their fame and loving aye interminate,
The more is aye unto his vice reproach.

X.

Among the host of Greekis, as we heard,
Two knightis were, Achilles and Tersite ;
That ane maist valiant, this other maist
coward.
Better is to be, says Juvenal the poet,
Tersitus' son, havand Achilles spreit,⁶
With manly force, his purpose to fulfil,
Than to be lord of every land and street,
And syne maist coward, comen of Achill.

XI.

Man called aye maist noble creature,
Because his life maist reason does essay ;
Aye askand honour with his busy care,
And is nae noble when honour is away.
Therefore he is maist noble man, thou say.
Of all estatis under reverence,
That valiantly does close the latter day,
Of native country dieand in defence.

¹ Strain, kind.² Through being.³ Without.⁴ Tyrannise over.⁵ Sloth.⁶ Spirit, courage.

XII.

The glorie of armis and of forcy deeds,
When they are worthy to be memorial,
Nae less by wit than manhood aye proceeds,
As Pliny wrote in story natural.
Ane herd of hartis is mair strong at all,
Havand ane lion agains the hounds to four,
Than herd of lions arrayed in batall,
Havand ane hart to be their governour.

XIII.

When fierce Achilles was by Paris slain,
Among the Greeks began ane subtle plead
Wha was maist noble and prudent captain,
Into his place and armour to succeed.
Wha couth¹ them best in every danger lead,
And save their honour as he did afore.
The valiant Ajax wan not for his manhead,
When wise Ulyssus bore away the glorie.

XIV.

Manhead but² prudence is ane fury blind,
And brings a manto shame and indigence;
Prudence but manhood comis oft behind,
Howbeit it have nae less intelligence
Of things to come than gone by sapience.
Therefore, when wit and manhood doth
concur,
The honour rises with magnificence,
For glorie to nobles is ane grounden spur.³

XV.

Sen thou contains mo valiant men and
wise
Than ever was read in any book, but
doubt;
Gif any churl or villain thee despise,
Bid hence him harlot! he is not of this
rout;
For here are kings, and many nobles stout,
And nane of them pertinand to his clan.
Thou art so full of nobleness *per tout*,⁴
I wald nane read thee but ane nobleman.

¹ Who could.² Without.³ Sharp stimulus.⁴ Altogether, entirely.

XVI.

Thus to all nobles sen thou art dedicate,
Shôw briefly how by my great dilligence,
Ilk story by the self¹ is separate,
To make them bowsome² to thine audi-
ence.

Shrink not, therefore, but bide at thy
sentence;

Sen thou art armed with invincible truth;
Of gentle readers, take benevolence,
And care of others nae envy nor ruth.³

XVII.

Pass now to light with all thy sentence high
Grounded, but feid⁴ or assentation,
In natural and moral philosophy,
With many grave and pregnant orrison;
Made to the reader's erudition
By the renouned Hector Boetius:
Supported oft with Scotichronicon,
To make thy matter more sententious.

XVIII.

Bring noble deeds of many yearis gone,
As fresh and recent to our memory,
As they were but into our dayis done;
That noble men may have both laud and
glory
For their excellent bruit of victory.
And yet, because my time has been so short,
I think when I have opportunity
To ring their bell⁵ into ane other sort.

XIX.

Leir⁶ kings to hate all people vicious,
And nae sic persons in their house receive;
And suffer nae servantis avaricious,
Oure sharp exactions on their subditis⁷
crave,
That not be done without their honour safe,
Seekand nae conques by unlefal wanis.⁷

¹ By itself.² Entertaining.³ Have no care for the

envy or pity of

others.

⁴ Without feud.⁵ Resound their praise.⁶ Learn.⁷ Subjects.⁸ Unlawful customs.

Show many reasons how nae king might
have
His baron's heartis and their gear at anis.¹

XX.

Show how the kingis life and governance
The mirror of living to his people been.
For as he livis, by his ordinance
The same manners are with his people
seen ;
And therefore kingis has nae open rein²
To use all pleasures as them likis best ;
The higher honour and office they sustain,
Their vice is aye the higher manifest.

XXI.

Show now what kind of soundis musical
Is maist seemand to valiant chivaliers ;
As thunderan blast of trumpet bellical
The spreits of men to hardy courage steers,
So singing, fiddling, and piping not affairs³
For men of honour, nor of high estate ;
Because it spouts sweet venom in their ears,
And makes their mindis all effeminate.

XXII.

By many reasonis of great experience,
Show how nae thing into this erd⁴ may be
So good, so precious, as ane virtuous
prince ;
Whilk is so needful to this realm, that we
But him⁵ has nought but death and poverty.
Show how nae guard nor armour may
defend
Unhappy life, and cursèd tyranny,
(Gif they continue) but mischievous end.

XXIII.

Persuade all kings, gif they have any sight,
To long empire, or honour singular,
To conques favour, and love of every wight,
And every wrangis in their realm repair.

¹ Goods at the same
time.

² Unrestricted power.
(5)

³ Is unbecoming.
⁴ Earth.

⁵ Without him.

For, when their subdittis are oppressèd sair,
And finds nae justice in their actions,
Then rises noise and rumour populare,
And drawis the noblis in sundry factions.

XXIV.

Show what punishment, by reason of justice,
Effeirs to they unhappy creaturis
That nouris¹ kingis in corrupted vice.
And show what trouble, what vengeance
and injury
Continually into this realm enduris,
When men obscure and avaricious
Has of the king the guiding in their curis,²
And makes the nobles to him odious.

XXV.

Show how great barons, for their evil
obeysance,
Agains their prince makand rebellion,
Deteckèd been frae their high governance,
And brought to signal exterminion.³
Show how nae house of great dominion,
Nae men of riches, nor excellent might,
May long continue in this region,
Because the people may not suffer hight.

XXVI.

Show how kirkis the superflew rent⁴
Is enemy to good religion,
And makes priestis more sleuthful than
fervent,
In pious workis and devotion.
And not allanerly⁵ perdition
Of common weal by bullis sumptuous,
But to evil prelatis great occasion
To rage in lust, and vice maist vicious.

XXVII.

Show how young knightis should be men
of weir,
With hardy spreit at every jeopardy,
Like as their elders been sae many year,

¹ Nourish.

² Charge.

³ Extermination.

⁴ The superfluous in-
come of churches.
⁵ Alone, only.

Aye to defend their realm and liberty.
That they nought, by their sleuth and
cowartry,
The fame and honour of their elders tine;¹
Apprise ilk state into their ain degree,
Aye as they live in moral discipline.

XXVIII.

Show forth ilk king, till thou come to the
prince
That reigns now in great felicity;
Whose ancient blood by high pre-emi-
nence,
Decorit² is in maist excellent degree
(Without compare) of high nobility;
With giftis mo of nature to him given,
(Gif nane abused in his youthhead be),
Than ever was given to noble under heaven.

XXIX.

Though thou pass forth, as bird implume
to light,
His gracious earis to my work implore,
Where he may see as in ane mirror bright,
So notable stories, baith of vice and glore,
Whilk never was seen into his tongue
afore;
Where through he may, by prudent
governing,
As weel his honour as his realm decore,
And be ane virtuous and ane noble King!

LICHTOUN'S DREAM.

["This very whimsical production,"
as Dr Laing calls it, has been preserved
in both the Bannatyne and Maitland
manuscripts: in the latter without the
author's name; and that omission is all
that the former MS. enables us to sup-
ply, with the addition of *Monicus*, from
which it is inferred that the author was

¹ Lose.² Adorned.

a churchman — such another as the
author of "King Berdock." It was
first published in "*Early Metrical
Tales*," by Dr Laing, Edinburgh, 1826.]

Wha doubtis Dreamis are but fantasy?
My spreit was reft, and had³ in ecstasy,
My head lay laich⁴ into this Dream but⁵
doubt;

At my foretop my five wittis flew out.
I murnèd, and I made a felon mane:
Me thought the King of Faerie had me
tane,⁶

And band me in ane prison, foot and hand,
Withouthen ruth, in ane lang raip⁷ of sand:
To pierce the prison wall it was not eith,⁸
For it was mingit,⁹ and made with mussel
teeth;

And in the mids of it ane mine of flint;
I sank therein till I was near-hand tynt.¹⁰
And when I saw there was none other re-
meid,¹¹

I flychterèd¹² up with ane feddrem¹³ of lead;
For that I thought me ferys of my youth,
I took my little tae into my mouth,
And cast myself right with ane mighty
bend,

Out through the vault and piercèd not the
pend;¹⁴

And thus, I thought into my dooly Dream,
I break my head upon ane knowe of ream;¹⁵
That I should hurt myself I had' despite,
And, in all tene,¹⁶ I turnèd up full tyte,¹⁷
Drank of ane well that was gane dry seven
year,

Syne lap three loupes,¹⁸ and I was haile
and feir.¹⁹

¹ My spirit was
snatched and held.² Low.³ Without.⁴ Taken.⁵ Long rope.⁶ Easy.⁷ Mixed.⁸ Lost.⁹ Remedy.¹⁰ Fluttered.¹¹ Feathers, wings.¹² The arch of heaven.¹³ Hillock of cream.¹⁴ Anger.¹⁵ Quickly.¹⁶ Leaps.¹⁷ Whole and sound.

Syne, after that I had escaped this case,
Methought I was in many divers place,
Whilk were too long to have in perfect
mind—
In Egypt, Ireland, Arragon, and Ynd;
In Burgoyne, Bordeaux, and in Bethlem,
In Juryland and in Jerusalem;
In France, in Freisland, and in Coupland
fells,
Where clockis cleckis crawbirds¹ in cockle
shells;
In Poil, Pertik, Peblis, and Portjase,
And there I shipped into ane barge of
drafe;
We pulled up sail, and could our anchors
weigh,
And suddenly out through the throsin sey²
We sailed in storm, but steer,³ guide or
glass,
To Paradise, the place where Adam was.
By we approached into that port, in hye⁴
We were weel ware of Enoch, and Elye,
Sittand, on Yule even, in ane fresh green
shaw,⁵
Roastand strawberries at ane fire of snaw.⁶
I thought I would not scare them in that
place,
Till they had drawn the board, and said
the grace:
Then suddenly I wolk out through the
plain,
To see mae ferlies,⁷ that I might tell again.
Methought I happened on ane mountain
soon
I wandered up, and was ware⁸ of the moon,
And had not been I looked in the stead,⁹
I had stricken ane lump out of my head.
When I was weel, methought I could not
live,
But then I took the sunbeam in myneive,¹⁰

¹ Beetles hatch rooks. ⁶ Snow.
² Frozen sea. ⁷ More wonders.
³ Without helm. ⁸ Aware.
⁴ Haste. ⁹ Place.
⁵ Wood. ¹⁰ Fist.

And would have climben, but it was in
ane 'clips;
Shortly I slade, and fell upon my hips
Down in ane meadow, beside ane bush of
mint;
I sought myself, and I was seven year tint,¹
Yet in ane mist I found me on the morn.
I heard ane Pundler² blow ane elrich³ horn;
And syne beside me in ane meadow green,
I saw three white whalis, seemly to be
seen;
Their tethers were of green grasshoppers'
hair,
Of midges' shanks both clean, white and
fair;
Their tethers were made weel grit to graip⁴
With silken shackles, and sowlis of white
saip.⁵
This Pundler ran fast, feignand for to find
Thir whalis three upon his gerss to poind;⁶
He had ane cloak weel made and wonder
meet
Of ganand graith,⁷ of good gray girdle
feit;
Ane clearly coat, made in courtly wise,
Of emmet skins, with many sketh and plys.⁸
Ane pair of hose made of ane auld mill
hopper,
Ane pair of courtly shoon, of good red
copper,
Ane heckled⁹ hood made of the wild wood
sedge,
Trust weel this Pundler thought him nae
man's page!
He bure ane club, made many a carl coy,
Made of ane auld board of the ark of Noy;
He drave thir three whalis into ane lie,¹⁰
Ane him swallowed and bare him to the
sea,

¹ Lost. ⁷ Becoming cloth.
² Impounder. ⁸ Obscure.
³ Uncertainly. ⁹ Fastened by a hook.
⁴ Meaning obscure. ¹⁰ Lea, enclosed field.
⁵ Links of white soap.
⁶ To impound on his grass.

And there he lived on limpets in her wame,¹
Till harvest time, that herdis drave them
hame.

By this was done, the tother twa returnèd
To swallow me; great dool I made and
murnèd :

Methought I fled, and through a park
could pass,

And wakenèd syne; where trow ye that
I was?

Down in ane henslaik,² and got ane felon
fall,

And lay betwixt ane pitcher and the wall !
As wiffis commands, this Dream I will
conclude,

God and the Rood mot turn it all to good !
Gar fill the cup, for thir auld carlings
claims

That gentle ale is oft the cause of
dreams.

JAMES V.

1512—1542.

JAMES THE FIFTH's title to the authorship of "The Gaberlunzie Man" and "The Jolly Beggar" is not so well established as to justify our unhesitatingly ascribing them to him. That they refer to adventures in his life is very probable; and we are not aware of their being attributed to any other author. That James wrote poetry himself, and was a generous patron of poets, is placed beyond dispute by Lindsay and Bellenden; yet, curiously enough, while they both praise his poetical gifts, neither of them specifies the title of any of his pieces; nor do they give such indications of their contents as enable us to decide whether the poems in question were known to them. Drummond of Hawthornden also bears testimony to James's poetical gifts, as, he says, "many of his works yet extant testify." But, as Chalmers remarks, it is easier to prove James a poet than to produce specimens of his poetry. Lindsay's answer to "The King's Flyting"

shows what the character of that poem was, and that its loss is not a matter of popular regret. Bishop Percy, and Mr Callander of Craigforth, concur in recognising "The Gaberlunzie Man" as James's; and Ritson and Lord Orford credit him with "The Jolly Beggar," which Sir Walter Scott described as the best comic ballad in any language; but Chalmers and Sibbald dispute his right to either. In giving these two ballads under his name, we are not supposed to have decided the question of their authorship, beyond placing them under the only name with which they have been popularly associated. It is very obvious that the versions we have got are much modernized,—a fact which renders the question of authorship doubly puzzling.

The chief events of the King's life, so far as they bear upon his poetical genius and the cultivation of it, are referred to in Lindsay's life. Although his formal education may be said to have been

¹ Belly.

² Fowl's crib (?)

discontinued at the age of twelve, yet, possessed as he was of a vigorous mind, and a hereditary love of literature, which, during his juvenile years, must have been stimulated by the precept and example of his tutor, Gavin Dunbar, and Lindsay and Bellenden, it is but what we would expect to find,—when he came to be his own master,—his encouraging and promoting those friends of his youth. But considering the counter-influences that were exerted to lead his taste in other directions, it is much to the credit of his character that he preferred to encourage such as Buchanan, and those other literary men whose works are an honour to their age and country. His establishment of a permanent and organized judicature, his vigorous and enlightened measures for the proper conduct of public affairs, and the promoting the public welfare, all heighten our respect for the memory of a king whose premature death was a great loss to his subjects. In estimating his character, much allowance has to be made for the transitional condition of his age, and the inevitably intriguing circumstances, if not dispositions, of many of the men through whom he had to govern; yet the unfortunate war, whose failure and disgrace he was unable to bear up against, must be placed to the discredit of his own judgment. Solway Moss was as fatal to James V., although he died in his bed at Falkland, as Flodden was to his father. He died on the 14th December 1542, in the thirtieth year of his age.

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

I.

The pawky¹ auld carle came o'er the lee,
Wi' many good e'ens and days to me,
Saying, Goodwife, for your courtesie,
Will you lodge a silly poor man?
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down ayont the ingle² he sat;
My daughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily³ ranted⁴ and sang.

II.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free
As first when I saw this countrie,
How blythe and merry wad I be!
And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty,⁴ and she grew fain,
But little did her auld minny⁵ ken
What thir slee twa thegither were say'ng,
When wooing they were sae thrang.⁶

III.

And O, quo' he, an' ye were as black
As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang.
And O, quo' she, an I were as white
As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
I'd cleed⁷ me braw and lady-like,
And awa' wi' thee I would gang.

IV.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They rose a wee before the cock,
And wily they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent⁸ are they gane.
Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure pat on her claise;
Syn to the servant's bed she gaes,
To speer⁹ for the silly poor man.

¹ Knowing and waggish.

² Beyond the fireside.

³ Merrily chanted.

⁴ Merry.

⁵ Mother.

⁶ Busily.

⁷ Clad.

⁸ Afield.

⁹ Inquire.

V.

She gae'd to the bed where the beggar lay ;
 The strae was cauld, he was away,
 She clapt her hands, cry'd Waladay,
 For some of our gear will be gane !
 Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
 But nought was stown¹ that could be mist ;
 She danc'd her lane, cry'd Praise be blest,
 I have lodged a leal poor man !

VI.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
 The kirk's to kirk, and milk to earn ;
 Gae but the house, lass, and waken my
 bairn,
 And bid her come quickly ben.
 The servant gae'd where the daughter lay,
 The sheets were cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her goodwife did say,
 She's aff with the gaberlunzie man.

VII.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 And haste ye find these traitors again ;
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
 The wearifu' gaberlunzie man.
 Some rade upo' horse, some ran a-fit,
 The wife was wud,³ and out o' her wit,
 She could na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
 But she curs'd ay, and she bann'd.

VIII.

Meantime far 'hind out o'er the lee,
 Fu' snug in a glen, where nane cou'd see,
 The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
 Cut frae a new cheese a whang :
 The priving⁴ was good, it pleas'd them
 baith,
 To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
 Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsome gaberlunzie man.

IX.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
 Ill-faurdly⁵ wad she crook her mou' ;⁶

¹ Stolen.⁴ Tasting.² The beggar with the wallet.⁵ Ill-favouredly.³ Mad.⁶ Thraw her mouth

Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
 After the gaberlunzie man.
 My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
 And hae na learn'd the beggar's tongue,
 To follow me frae town to town,
 And carry the gaberlunzie on.

X.

Wi' cauk and keel¹ I'll win your bread,
 And spindles and whorles for them wha
 need,
 Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
 To carry the gaberlunzie on.
 I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout o'er my ee ;
 A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
 While we shall be merry and sing.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

I.

There was a jollie beggar,
 And a begging he was boun,
 And he took up his quarters
 Into a landart town :
 He wadna lie into the barn,
 Nor wad he in the byre,
 But in ahint the ha' door,
 Or else afore the fire.
 And we'll go no more a roving,
 A roving in the night ;
 We'll go no more a roving,
 Let the moon shine e'er so bright.

II.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en,
 Wi' gude clean straw and hay,
 And in ahint the ha' door
 'Twas there the beggar lay.
 Up gat the gudeman's daughter,
 All for to bar the door,
 And there she saw the beggar-man
 Standing in the floor.

¹ Chalk and red clay.

And we'll go no more a roving,
A roving in the night,
Though maids be e'er so loving,
And the moon shine e'er so bright.

III.

He took the lassie in his arms,
Fast to the bed he ran—
O hoolie, hoolie wi' me, sir,
Ye'll waken our gudeman.
The beggar was a cunning loon,
And ne'er a word he spak—
But lang afore the cock had crawn,
Thus he began to crack
And we'll go no more a roving,
A roving in the night,
Save when the moon is moving,
And the stars are shining bright.

IV.

Have ye ony dogs about this toun,
Maiden, tell me true?
And what wad ye do wi' them,
My hinney and my dow?
They'll rive a' my meal-powks,
And do me mickle wrang.
O dool for the doing o't,
Are ye the poor man?
And we'll go no more a roving,
A roving in the night,
Nor sit a sweet maid loving
By coal or candle light.

V.

Then up she gat the meal-powks,
And flang them o'er the wa';
The deil gae wi' the meal-powks,
My maiden fame and a';

I took ye for some gentleman,
At least the laird o' Brodie—
O dool for the doing o't,
Are ye the poor bodie?
And we'll go no more a roving,
A roving in the night,
Although the moon is moving,
And stars are shining bright.

VI.

He took the lassie in his arms,
And gae her kisses three,
And four-and-twenty hunder merk
To pay the nurse's fee:
He took a wee horn frae his side,
And blew baith loud and shrill,
And four-and-twenty belted knights
Came skipping o'er the hill.
And we'll go no more a roving,
A roving in the night,
Nor sit a sweet maid loving
By coal or candle light.

VII.

And he took out his little knife,
Loot a' his duddies fa',
And he was the brawest gentleman
That was amang them a'
The beggar was a clever loon,
And he lap shoulder height,
O ay for sicken quarters
As got yesternight
And we'll ay gang a roving,
A roving in the night,
For then the maids are loving,
And stars are shining bright.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

ALL the poems of this poet that are known to us, owe their preservation to the manuscript collection of George Bannatyne. Beyond the few inferences deducible from these products of his elegant muse, there is almost nothing that can, with any degree of confidence, be asserted concerning him. That he was in the vigorous exercise of his poetical powers in 1562, is certified by his having, in that year, written the longest of his poems, "Ane New Year's Gift to the Queen Mary when she first came hame in 1562." "To Love, Unloved," subscribed in the MS., "Quod Scott when his wife left him," might reasonably be thought to infer the real occurrence of the unhappy event indicated; yet the last two stanzas, taken in connection with the sentiments of "Return thee, Heart,"—and indeed his whole treatment of the subject of love—his blowing hot and cold alternately—make it doubtful if his love poems have reference to particular events in his own career. His "Lament of the Master of Erskyn," whether referring to a real or a feigned situation, shows how artfully he could assume the attitude of the parting lover, for the purpose of imparting dramatic force to the sentiments proper to such a position; and at least suggests the possibility of his assuming similar circumstances concerning himself, to serve the same end.

An entry in the Privy Seal Register, for 1549, recording the legitimization of John and Alexander Scott, natural sons of Alexander Scott, Prebendary of the

Chapel Royal, Stirling, is hesitatingly supposed by Dr Laing, in his *Collected Edition of Scott's Poems*, Edinburgh 1821, to indicate the poet's parentage; but he concludes that he must have resided chiefly in Edinburgh.

With the exception of the burlesque poem, "The Justing betwixt Adamson and Sym," at the Drum, near Dalkeith, and his "Address to Queen Mary," his original poems are all amatory. The "Justing," which is in the measure of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," though wanting the rude but natural vigour and simple freshness of that racy sketch of rustic recreation, is not devoid of humour, and, in common with all Scott's poems, exhibits that skill in the art of poesy which is his most distinguishing characteristic; indeed, so great is their artistic perfection, that they convey an impression of elegant insincerity, such as we attach to the character of a gay gallant, or an accomplished man of the world. Their passion seems more the product of observation and reflection, than the spontaneous burst of feeling that wells from the overflowing heart, and touches our sympathy into irresistible response.

Dr Irving considers that his "productions may be classed with the most elegant Scottish poems of the sixteenth century," and adds, "that his lyric measures are skilfully chosen; and his language, when compared with that of contemporary poets, will be found to possess an uncommon share of terseness and precision." He also ranks him

among the rational friends of the Reformation.

His political and ecclesiastical opinions are contained in his "Address to Queen Mary," which may be defined as an exhortation to good government, both in Church and State. Although almost as outspoken as Lindsay against the vices of the clergy, there can be no doubt that some of his hits have reference to the excesses of the Protestant party. He advises Mary :—

At cross gar¹ cry by open proclamation,
Under great pains that neither he nor sho,
Of holy writ have, any disputation,
But lettered men, or learned clerks thereto ;
For limmer² lads and little lasses lo,
Will argue both with bishop, priest, and friar :
To dantoun³ this thou has enouch to do,
God give thee grace agains this good New Year.

After enumerating some of the grosser vices of the clergy, he attacks their less culpable, but almost equally degrading, practices thus :—

They lute⁴ thy lieges pray to stocks and stones,
And painted papers, wats not what they mean,
They bid them beck, and bynge⁵ at dead men's
bones ;
Offer on knees to kiss, syne save their ein.
Pilgrims and palmers past with them between,
Saint Blais, Saint Boit, blait bodies ein to bleir :⁶
Now to forbid this great abuse, has been,
God give thee grace agains this good New Year.

But while thus attacking the vices and superstitions of the clergy, he confesses his reverence for what he considers the sacred rites of the Church :—

With mass nor matins noways will I mell,¹
To judge them justly passes my ingine ;²
They guide not ill that governs well themself,
And lalalie on lawtie lays their line :³

The two last lines have a striking resemblance to the philosophy, if not to the words of Pope's couplet :—

"For forms of faith let zealous bigots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

He closes his argument on this head with a very ingenious simile, skilfully applied to enforce the doctrine of his exhortation :—

As bees takes wax and honey of the flower,
So does the faithful of God's word take fruit ;
As wasps receivis of the same but sour,
So reprobatis Christ's book does rebute :
Words without works availis not a cute :⁴
To seize thy subjects so in love and fear,
That right and reason in thy realm may root,
God give thee grace agains this good New Year.

But, as if to show how slowly and partially superstition is dispelled from the minds even of those who clearly distinguish it in its more degrading aspects, we find him capping the blessings and the greatness which he fondly anticipates as the lot of the beautiful young sovereign of his native country, by quoting the oft misapplied prophecy of Thomas the Rhymers :

Gif saws be sooth to show thy celaitude,
What berne should bruke⁵ all Britain by the
sea ?

The prophecy expressly does conclude,
The French wife of the Bruce's blood should
be :

¹ Cause.

² An expression of contempt.

³ Suppress.

⁴ Allow, cause.

⁵ Bow and bend.

⁶ Shy people's eyes to blind.

¹ Meddle.

² Ingenuity.

³ Lawfully, on loyalty guide their conduct.

⁴ A straw.

⁵ What person shall possess.

Thou art by line frae him the nynte degree,
And was King *Francis* pairty maik¹ and peer;
So by descent, the same should spring of thee.
By grace of God again² this good New Year.

THE FIRST PSALME.

Beatus Vir. [Unaltered.]

I.

Happie is hie, hes hald him fre
Frome folkis of defame;
Always to fle Iniquite,
And sait of syn and schame.

II.

Bot hes his will conforme untill
The Lorde's command and law,
Thame to fulfill with purpose still
Boith day and nicht to knaw.

III.

He sall haif brute as tre on rute
Endlang the rever plantit;
To burge and schute and sall gif fruit
In tyme as God hes grantit:

IV.

Quhois leif and blaid sall nevir faid,
Bot fragrant ay be flureist;
Quhois workis on braid sall evir spraid
And richtously be nureist.

V.

Sall non be so off nochtis no
Quhilk bene of cursit bind:
But they sall go lyke dust and stro
Bene vaneist with the wind.

VI.

Evill men lykwyiss sall not arryiss
To judgement as they trust;
Nor thame that lyifs in syne of syiss
To counsale with the just.

¹ Mate.

² Against.

VII.

For air and lait the Lord weill wait
The wayiss of vertewus men,
And every gait of wicked stait
Sall perreiss owt of ken.

Gloria Patri.

To Fader gloir be evermoir,
To Sone and Haly Spreit;
As was afoir now is in stoir,
And ay sall be, sobeit.

IN PRAISE OF HIS LADY.

I.

Right as the glass been thirl'd through
with beams
Of Phoebus' fair prefulgent visage bright;
Or horn'd Dian with her paly beams,
Pierces the cloudis sable in the night;
And as the cockatrice killis with her sight,
Right so the beauty of my lady stounds
Out through my breast, and to my heart
rebounds.

II.

Behold how far crystal or diamant,
Jassink, jasp, ruby, jem or criselleit,
Carbuncle, emerald, pearl, or athamant,¹
Turcas, topas, marble, or margareit,
Exceeds the barrat² stonis in the street:
In likewise does her beauty undegraid,
Transcend all others, wife, widow, or maid.

III.

Espy right so how far the rosy gowlis,³
Passes the wallow'd weedis⁴ in the vale,
Or sound of lark above the ravenous
fowlis,
And summer day the nightis hiemail,⁵
Or as ane galley gayest under sail
Been pleasanter nor taikless boatis small
So is my lady lustiest⁶ of all.

¹ Amethyst?

² Rattling.

³ Marigold.

⁴ Withered weeds.

⁵ Winter night.

⁶ Most beautiful.

HENCE HEART.

I.

Hence heart! with her that must depart,
And hold thee with thy soverane;
For I had leiver¹ want ane heart,
Nor have the heart that does me pain:
Therefore go! with thy love remain,
And let me live thus unmolest;
And see that thou come not again,
But bide with her thou lovis best.

II.

Sen she that I have served lang
Is to depart so suddenly,
Address thee now, for thou shall gang
And bear thy lady company:
Frae² she be gone, heartless am I;
For why? thou art with her possest;
Therefore my heart go hence in hye!³
And bide with her thou lovis best.

III.

Though this belapped body here
Be bound to servitude and thrall,
My faithful heart is free inteir,⁴
And mind to serve my lady at all:
Would God that I were perigall⁵
Under that redolent rose to rest!
Yet at the least, my heart, thou shall
Abide with her thou lovis best.

IV.

Sen in your garth⁶ the lily white
May not remain among the lave,⁷
Adieu the flower of haile delight!
Adieu the succour that me save!
Adieu the fragrant balmy swave,⁸
And lamp of ladies lustiest!
My faithful heart she shall it have,
To bide with her it lovis best.

¹ Rather.

² From the time.

³ Haste.

⁴ Altogether.

⁵ Equal, worthy.

⁶ Garden.

⁷ Others, the rest.

⁸ Kiss (?).

V.

Deplore ye ladies clear of hue,
Her absence, sen she must depart,
And specially ye lovers true,
That wounded been with lovis dart.
For some of you shall want ane heart
As weel as I; therefore at last
Do go with mine, with mine in wart,¹
And bide with her thou lovis best.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

I.

How should my feeble body fure²
The double dolour I endure,
The murning and the great malure³
Can none divine:
Whilk gars my bailful breast combure,⁴
To see ane other have in cure,
That should be mine.

II.

For weel I wait was never wight,
Wald sae inforce his mind and might,
To love and serve his lady bright,
And want her syne,
As I do, martyr day and night,
Without the only thing of right,
That should be mine.

III.

Were I of puissance for to prove,
My lawty⁵ and my hearty love,
I should her mind to mercy move
With sic propine.⁶
Were all the world at my behove,
She should it have, by God above,
That should be mine.

IV.

Now whom to shall I make mymean,
Sen truth and constance find I none,
For all the faithful love is gone
Of feminine:

¹ In ward.

² Fare under.

³ Misfortune.

⁴ For cumber, trouble (?).

⁵ Loyalty.

⁶ Promises.

It would upross¹ ane heart of stone,
To see me lost for love of one
That should be mine.

V.

Wha should my dull'd spirits raise
Sen for no love my lady gaes²
But and good service might her maise³
She should incline.
I dree⁴ the dolour and disease
When others has her as they please
That should be mine.

VI.

I may perceive that weel by this,
That all the blitheness, joy, and bliss,
The lusty wanton life I wis,
Of love is hyne;⁵
And no remeid sen so it is,
But patience suppose I miss,
That should be mine.

VII.

For nobles has not aye renown,
Nor gentles aye the gayest gown;
They carry victuals to the town
That worst does dine:
Sae busily to busk I boun,⁶
And other eats the berry down
That should be mine.

VIII.

Wha wald the rage of youthhood daunt,
Let them the court of lovers haunt,
And then as Venus subjects grant,
And keep her tryme:
Perchance they shall find friendship scant,
And able their reward to want,
As I did mine.

¹ Oppress (?).² Goes.³ Attach.⁴ Suffer, endure.⁵ Hence.⁶ To prepare I make ready.

OPPRESSED HEART ENDURE.

I.

Oppress'd heart indure, in dolour and
distress,
Wapp'd without recure¹ in woe remediless;
Sen she is mercyleless, and causes all thy
smart,
Whilk should thy dolour dress; indure
oppress'd heart.

II.

Perforce take patience and dree² thy des-
tiny,
To love but³ recompence is great perplexity;
Of thine adversity wyte, thyself and no mo.
For when that thou was free, thou would
not hold thee so.

III.

Thou long'd aye to prove the strength of
lov's lair,⁴
And what kind thing was love whilk now
sets thee so sair,
Of all thy woe and care, it mends thee
not to mene,⁵
Howbeit thou should forfair,⁶ thyself the
cause has been.

IV.

When thou was weel at ease, and subject
to no wight,⁷
Thou her for love did cheise⁸ whilk sets
thy love at light
And though thou knew her slight⁹ yet
would thou not refrain,
Therefore it is but right that thou indure
the pain.

¹ Enveloped without
remedy.² Endure.³ Without.⁴ Learning.⁵ Moan.⁶ Waste, suffer.⁷ Other person.⁸ Chosen.⁹ Skill.

V.

But yet my corpe, alas ! is wrongously
opprest,
By thee into is case, and brought to great
wanrest,¹
Why should it so be drest by thee and
daily pynd,²
Whilk still it aye detest thy wanton
foolish mind.

VI.

The blinking of an ee aye gart thee goif
and glaik,³
My body bad let be, and of thy sighing
slaik,
Thou would not rest but raik and lair⁴ thee
in the mire,
Yet failed thou to faik,⁵ that thou did
maist desire.

VII.

Though thou do murn and weep with
inward spreit opprest,
When other men take sleep, thou wants
the nightis rest
She whom thou lovis best of thee takes
little thought,
Thy woe, and great wanrest, and care,
she countis nought.

VIII.

Therefore go hence in haste my languor
to lament,
Do not my body waste, whilk never did
consent,
And though thou would repent, that thou
her has pursuèd,
Yet maun⁶ thou stand content, and drink
that thou has brewèd.

¹ Discomfort.² Pained.³ Stare idly.⁴ Lower, lie down.⁵ Grasp, retain.⁶ Must.

TO LOVE UNLOVED.

Quod Scott when his wife left him.

I.

To love unlovèd is ane pain ;
For she that is my sovereign
Some wanton man so high has set her,
That I can get no love again,
But break my heart and nought the
better.

II.

When that I went with that sweet May,¹
To sing, to dance, to sport and play,
And oft-times in my armis plet her ;
I do now mourn both night and day,
And break my heart, and nought the
better.

III.

Where I was wont to see her go,
Right trimly passand to and fro,
With comely smiles when that I met her,
And now I live in pain and woe,
And break my heart, and nought the
better.

IV.

What an ane glaikèd² fool am I,
To slay myself with melancholy !
Sen weel I ken I may not get her,
Or what should be the cause, and why,
To break my heart and nought the
better.

V.

My heart, sen thou may not her please,
Adieu ! as good love comes as gae,
Go choose ane other and forget her :
God give him dolour and disease,
That breaks his heart, and nought the
better.

¹ Lady.² Silly.

RONDEL OF LOVE.

I.

Lo ! what it is to love,
 Learn ye that list¹ to prove,
 By me, I say, that no ways may
 The ground of grief remove,
 But still decay, both night and day ;
 Lo ! what it is to love.

II.

Love is ane fervent fire,
 Kendlèd without desire.
 Short pleasure, lang displeasure ;
 Repentance is the hire ;
 Ane pure treasure, without measure ;
 Love is ane fervent fire.

III.

To love and to be wise,
 To rege² with gude advice ;
 Now thus, now then, so goes the game,
 Incertain is the dice ;
 There is no man, I say, that can
 Both love and to be wise.

IV.

Flee always from the snare,
 Learn at me to beware ;
 It is ane pain and double train
 Of endless woe and care ;
 For to refrain that danger plain,
 Flee always from the snare.

¹ Choose.² Quarrel (?)

O LUSTIE MAY.

I.

O lustie May, with Flora Queen,
 The balmy drops from Phœbus sheen
 Prelucent beam before the day ;
 By thee Diana groweth green,
 Through gladness of this lusty May.

II.

Then Aurora that is so bright
 To woful hearts she casts great light,
 Right pleasantly before the day,
 And shows and sheds forth of that light,
 Through gladness of this lusty May.

III.

Birds on the boughs, of every sort,
 Send forth their notes, and make great
 mirth
 On banks that bloom, and every brae ;
 And fare and flee ower every firth,
 Through gladness of this lusty May.

IV.

And lovers all that are in care
 To their ladies they do repair,
 In fresh morning before the day ;
 And are in mirth aye mair and mair,
 Through gladness of this lusty May.

V.

Of every moneth in the year
 To mirthful May there is no peer ;
 Her glistering garments are so gay ;
 You lovers all make merry cheer
 Through gladness of this lusty May

ANONYMOUS POETRY.

THE ELFIN KNIGHT.

[This is an early specimen of a class of ballads in which the superstitious element is not always so lightly mingled with the poetic, nor so harmlessly got rid of. From its having been orally transmitted in different parts of the country, it appears to have been popular; yet a version of it in black letter, printed about 1670, is preserved in the Pepsyan Library. The first refrain, and the simplicity of the piece, suggest its having been used as a lullaby.]

I.

The elfin knight stands on yon hill—
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba, ba;
He blows his horn baith loud and shrill—
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.

II.

He blaws it east, he blaws it west—
O'er the hills and far awa;
He blaws it where he liketh best—
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.

III.

Fair Is'bel sits in her bow'r sewing—
Blaw, blaw, blaw, ye cauld winds, blaw,
And hears the elf knight his horn blowing—
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.

IV.

"If I had the horn that I hear blaw—
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba, ba,
And had the knight here, in my arms twa—
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.

V.

"I wou'd lock the horn up in my chest—
Blaw, blaw, blaw, ye cauld winds, blaw,
And the knight wou'd lock me to his breast:
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa."

VI.

She had no sooner these words said—
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba, ba,
Than the elfin knight stood by her side—
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.

VII.

"You are too young a May,"¹ quoth he—
"Blaw, blaw, blaw, ye cauld winds
blaw;
Married with me, you ill wou'd be—
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa."

VIII.

"I have a sister, a younger May—
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba, ba,
And she was married yesterday—
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa."

IX.

"Married with me, if you wou'd be—
Blaw, blaw, blaw, ye cauld winds, blaw,
A courtesie you must do me—
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.

X.

"You must make me a Holland sark"²—
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba, ba,
Without any cutting or needle wark—
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.

XI.

"And you must wash it in yonder well—
O'er the hills and far awa,
Where dew never wet, nor rain ever fell—
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.

XII.

"And you must dry it on yon hawthorn—
Blaw, blaw, blaw, ye cauld winds, blaw,
That never budded since man was born—
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa."

¹ Lady.² Shirt.

XIII.

"If that courtesie I do to thee—
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba, ba,
Another you must do to me—
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.

XIV.

"I have an acre of good lea land—
Blaw, blaw, blaw, ye cauld winds, blaw,
Which lyeth low by yon sea strand—
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.

XV.

"And you must till it with your horn—
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba, ba ;
And you must sow it with pepper corn—
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.

XVI.

"And you must harrow it with a thorn—
Blaw, blaw, blaw, ye cauld winds, blaw,
And ha'e your wark done ere the morn—
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.

XVII.

"And you must shear it with your knife—
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba, ba ;
Nor tyne¹ a grain o't for your life—
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.

XVIII.

"You must bigg² a cart of stone and lime—
Blaw, blaw, blaw, ye cauld winds, blaw,
And make Robin Redbreast trail it be-
time—
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.

XIX.

"And you must bring it frae the sea—
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba, ba,
Fair, and clean, and dry, to me—
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.

XX.

"And you must barn it in yon mousehole—
Blaw, blaw, blaw, ye cauld winds, blaw ;
And you must thrash it in your shoe sole—
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.

XXI.

"And you must winnow it in your looves³—
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba, ba ;
And you must sack it in your gloves—
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.

XXII.

"And you must dry it without a fire on—
Blaw, blaw, blaw, ye cauld winds, blaw ;
And grind it without a mill or a quern⁴—
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.

XXIII.

"And when you have well done your
wark—
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba, ba,
Come back to me and get your sark—
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa."

XXIV.

"I wou'd not tyne my plaid for my life—
Blaw, blaw, blaw, ye cauld winds, blaw ;
It haps my seven bairns and my wife—
The wind shall not blaw my plaid awa."

XXV.

"Then a maiden I will keep me still—
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba, ba ;
Let the elfin knight do what he will—
The wind shall not blaw my plaid awa.

XXVI.

"My plaid awa, my plaid awa,
O'er the hills and far awa,
And far awa to Norrowa',
My plaid shall not be blawn awa."

¹ Lose.² Build.³ Palms of the hands.⁴ A hand-mill.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

1535 (?)—1605 (?)

It is stated by Timothy Pont, in 1600, in his *Cunningham Topographized*, that Alexander Montgomery was born at Hazelhead Castle, in Ayrshire; but he assigns no date to the time of his birth. Although nothing is related regarding his education, the study of his works leaves no doubt that it was liberal, and in keeping with his social rank.

It is very probable that his family was a branch of the Montgomeries of Eglinton; and his life seems to have been neither obscure nor uneventful, while as a poet he is well known as the author of "The Cherrie and the Slae;" yet, notwithstanding the comparative recentness of the time in which he lived, there are few of our elder poets about whose personal history less definite information is preserved. Almost all that we know of him is inferred from references in his poems to "crooks in his lot," which place it beyond doubt that he experienced at least an average share of life's misfortunes. One of his biographers, founding upon statements put into the mouth of an imaginary traveller, in his poem entitled "Navigation," written as a pageant on the occasion of James VI.'s "first magnificent entry" into Edinburgh in 1579, makes him a German by birth, though of Scotch extraction.

Dr Irving, who writes the memoir of him prefixed to Dr David Laing's collected edition of his works (Edinburgh, 1821), referring to his being styled

(6)

Captain, considers it more probable that he was a soldier than a sailor; and that notwithstanding that his references to the experience of a sailor, especially in "Navigation," are many, while those to military life are few. The fact of his being a courtier, and the general tone of his poems, however, do not leave the impression that their author spent much of his time at sea. It adds some confusion to the account of his connection with the court of James VI., that a Captain Robert Montgomery was at the same time a gentleman of the King's household, and a poem by the poet is erroneously ascribed to that name in the Bannatyne MS.

It is uncertain when he began to write; but from some of his short pieces having been inserted in the above MS., and from "The Banks of Helicon," which is the model of the stanza of "The Cherrie and the Slae," having been preserved in the Maitland MS., it is placed beyond a doubt that he became an author before 1568. "The Banks of Helicon" is inserted anonymously in the MS., yet the style, the stanza, and the matter are all so characteristic of Montgomery, that Dr Laing has little hesitation in attributing it to him. "The Cherrie and the Slae," "Echo," and "The Flyting," are quoted in "Ane Schort Treatise conteining some Reulis and Cautelis to be observit and eschewit in Scottis Poesie," published by King James in

x

1584. Montgomery must have been in favour at court some time previously, for the grant of an annual pension of five hundred marks, chargeable upon the rents of the archbishopric of Glasgow, was confirmed to him in 1583.

In 1586, a royal licence is granted him to go abroad for five years. In the course of his travels he found himself the inmate of a foreign prison ; but where, and for what reason, is not specified. In connection with his imprisonment, the payment of his pension had been suspended, but on its being shown that "his good services merited rather augmentation than diminishing of the said pension," the previous grant was renewed and confirmed by writ of privy seal in 1588. Nevertheless, he appears not to have obtained undisputed possession ; for being a charge upon the rents of the archbishopric of Glasgow, the holder of which, James Beaton, was in France, payment was withheld on some plea founded on his absence, and the poet had to apply for redress to the Court of Session. Several of his sonnets refer to this action, and give anything but a favourable character of the dispensation of justice in those days.

His frequent references to his *misfortunes* give an impression that we might not be far wrong in sometimes substituting faults, or at least failings ; and his readiness of expression, by way of complaint, suggests caution in accepting his descriptions as the nett product of the real state of his affairs. Most readers can make a sufficient allowance for the souredness of the following to a friend at court, from a poet who once experienced the sunshine of court favour:—

This is no life that I live upaland
On raw red herring reisted in the reik ;
Syne I am subject some time to be sick,
And daily dying of my auld disease.

In some sonnets addressed to the King, he displays a wonderful gift for adulation, not unredeemed by poetical gracefulness ; yet making every allowance for the manners of the times in matters of this sort, and for the different estimate in which James' character is now held, they can hardly be considered creditable to Montgomery's taste or manliness.

SONNETS IN PRAISE OF THE KING'S URANIA.

I.

Bellona's son, of Mars the chosen child,
Minerva's wit and Mercury's golden tongue,
Apollo's light, that ignorance exiled,
From Jove ingendered and from Pallas sprung;
Thy Uranie, O Second Psalmist ! sung,
Triumphs o're death, in register of fame ;
Wherefore thy trophie trimly shall be hung
With laurel green eternizing thy name.
But even as Phoebus' shining does ashame
Diana, with her borrowed beams, and blind ;
So when I press thy praises to proclaim,
Thy weighty words make mine appear but
wind.
Yet worthy Prince ! thou would take in good
part
My will for weel ; I want but only art.

II.

Of Titan's harp, sith thou intones the strings,
Of ambrose and of nectar so thou feeds,
Not only other poets thou outsprings,
But whiles, also thy very self exceeds ;
Transporting thee as ravished, when thou reads
Thine own invention, wondering at thy wit.
What marvel then though our fordull'd heads
And blunter brains be mair amaized at it ;
To see thy years and age whilk thou has yet,
Inferior far to thy so grave ingine,
Wha hazard at so high a mark, and hit,
In English, as this Urania of thine :
Wherefore thy name, O Prince ! eternal rings
Whas muse, not Jove, but great Jehovah sings.

III.

As bright Apollo staineth every star
 With golden rays, when he begins to rise,
 Whose glorious glance yet stoutly skails the
 skies,
 When with a wink we wonder where they
 war;
 Before his face for fear they fade so far,
 And vanishes away in such a wise,
 That in their spheres they dare not enterprise
 For to appear like planets as they are;
 Or as the Phoenix, with her fedrum fair,
 Excels all fowls in diverse heavenly hues,
 Whas nature, contrar nature she renews,
 As only but companion or compair
 So quintessenst of Kings ! when thou compile,
 Thou staines my verses with thy stately style.

Apart from the obsequiousness, a great part of which must be attributed to the ideas of the age in which they were written, these sonnets are evidence of great poetic skill.

But as he himself confesses, the concerns of kings, courts, or commonwealths, considered politically, were not the proper subjects for his muse; but socially he was very much of a courtier, and longed to be restored to royal favour.

"With mighty matters mind I not to mell,
 As copping courts, or commonwealths, or kings
 Whas craig yokes fastest, let them say them-
 sel;

My thought could never think upon sic
 things:

I wantonly write under Venus' wings;
 In Cupid's court ye know I have been kend,
 Where muses yet some of my sonnets sings,
 And shall do always the world's end.
 Men has no cause my cunning to commend,
 That it should merit sic a memory;
 Yet ye have seen his grace oft for me send,
 When he took pleasure into poesie:
 Till time may serve, perforce I must refrain,
 That please his grace I come to court again."

None of our ancient poets had attained to that artless naturalness, which, since Burns' time, is recognized, in the delineation of the passions, as the perfection of art; therefore all their productions on the subject of love appear to us somewhat affected; but, taking the old standpoint, the following sonnet is an excellent specimen of the ancient manner, and forecasts some of the features of the new. Indeed, to none of the ancients is the new school more indebted for their bard-craft than to Montgomery, who may be regarded as the last pure representative of the school of Dunbar.

TO THEE FOR ME.

"Sweet nightingale ! in holene green that
 haunts,
 To sport thyself, and special in the Spring;
 Thy chivring chirls whilk changingly thou
 chants,

Make all the roches round about thee ring;
 Whilk slaiks my sorrow, so to hear thee sing,
 And lights my loving langour at the least;
 Yet thou sees not, silly saikless thing !
 The piercing pike-prods at thy bony breast:
 Even so am I, by pleasure likewise prest,
 In greatest danger where I most delight:
 But since thy song, for shoring, has not ceased,
 Should feeble I, for fear, my conquest quit?
 Na, na—I love thee freshest Phoenix fair,
 In beauty, birth, in bounty but compare."

"The Flying betwixt Montgomery and Polwart," though in imitation of that between Dunbar and Kennedy, is perhaps better known than its prototype, and certainly excels it in length, and consequently in the amount of playful but vile abuse with which the respective champions pelt each other, for the sport of the philosophic King and his courtiers.

Montgomery begins the match with a piece of most skilful light raillery :—

"Polwart, ye peep like a mouse amongst thorns,
Nae cunning ye keep : Polwart ye peep :
Ye look like a sheep, and ye had twa horns :
Polwart, ye peep like a mouse amongst thorns.

Beware what thou speaks, little foul earth tade,
With thy Cannigate breeks, beware what thou
speaks
Or there shall be wat cheeks, for the last that
thou made ;

Beware what thou speaks, little foul earth tade.
Foul mismade mytting, born in the Merse
By word and by writing, foul mismade mytting
Leave off thy flyting, come kiss my erse
Foul mismade mytting born in the Merse."

But the mud, as might be expected, soon becomes heavier and fouler ; and it is with some difficulty that a presentable specimen of Polwart's can be found. The following is a comparatively mild stanza :—

"Capped knave, proud slave ! ye rave aye un-
rocked ;
Whiles slaverand, whiles taverand, whiles
waverand with wine,
Greedy gouked, poor and plucked, ill instruct !
ye's be knocked ;
Gleyed gangrell, auld mangrell ! to the hang-
rell and sae pyne :
Calumniator, blasphemator, vile creature, un-
true !
Thy cheeping, and peeping, with weeping thou
shalt rue."

Perhaps the most perfect product of Montgomery's muse is his beautiful lyric, "Hey now the day dawis," in which the spirit of nature is so skilfully conjured, as almost to seem visible as a morning nymph. "The Banks of Helicon," besides being the model of the stanza in which it is written, is a fine example of his skill as a love song

writer ; and "Admonition to Young Lasses," though hardly a song, is a gem of its kind.

But "The Cherrie and the Slae," notwithstanding its defective structure, is the best test of his poetical power. We agree with Dr Irving in thinking that the poet changed his purpose in regard to its meaning—beginning it as a love allegory, and ending it as a moral homily, but "missing stays" in both respects. Its failure in point of purpose, or even of meaning, must be taken as an indication of the author's defect in the faculty of design. We have quoted it to the end of the love section, which is the most poetical ; the remainder is a continuation of the debate which is begun in stanzas xxvii. and xxviii., between the opposing qualities of the mind, as to whether it is better for the man to overcome the obstacles that intervene between him and that which is confessedly best, or to rest content with that which is easily obtained, but of inferior worth. The advocates for the nobler, but more difficult end, carry the day ; and on the resolution to overcome the difficulties being taken, they vanish ; for the cherries, which are meant to symbolize the prize of valour, have ripened, and fall at the man's feet before resolution evolves into action. The allegory has also been explained as referring to the choice between a mistress of rank and beauty, and one of humble origin ; but this is so repugnant to taste and feeling, and the conditions of allegorical structure, as to be quite inadmissible.

Montgomery, like Dunbar, whom, in much of his mental and moral constitution, he resembles, appears to have

turned pious in his old age, and wrote a short series of devotional poems, an extract or two from one of which throws some characteristic light upon his muse in her penitential mood.

"Suppose I slide, let me not sleep in sleuth,
In stinking sty with Satan's sinful swine,
But make my tongue the trumpet of Thy truth,
And lend my verse sic wings as are divine.
Sen Thou has granted me so good ingine
To love thee, Lord, in gallant style and gay,
Let me no more so trim a talent tine :
Peccavi Pater, miserere mei.

"Thy spirit, my spirit to speak, with speed,
inspire :
Help, Holy Ghost I and be Montgomerie's
Muse ;
Fly down on me in forkèd tongues of fire,
As Thou did on Thy own Apostles use ;
And with Thy fire me fervently infuse
To laud the Lord, and longer not delay :
My former foolish fictions I refuse ;
Peccavi Pater, miserere mei.

"Stoup, stubborn stomach, that has been so
stout,
Stoup, filthy flesh and carrion of clay,
Stoup, hardened heart before the Lord, and
lout ;
Stoup, stoup in time, defer not day by day :
Thou knows not weel when thou maun pass
away,
The tempter als is busy to betray,
Confess thy sins and shame not for to say,
Peccavi Pater, miserere mei."

But his poems do not show that he took an active part in the religious controversies of his time, nor is it certain to what section of the Church he adhered.

That he lived till 1592 is proved by his having written the epitaphs of two friends, one of whom was Sir Robert Drummond of Carnock, grandfather to William Drummond of Hawthornden,

who died in that year. Dr Irving thinks it probable that he survived till 1605, when his "Mindes Melodie" was published ; it is certain, however, that he died before 1615, when Hart's edition of "The Cherrie and the Slae," revised not long before the author's death, was published. Taking his age to be seventy, and 1605 the year of his death, this would give 1535 as the year of his birth. His sonnets are preserved in a manuscript presented by Drummond of Hawthornden to the Edinburgh College Library.

THE CHERRY AND THE SLAE.

I.

About ane bank with balmy bewis,¹
Where nightingales their notes renewis,
With gallant goldspinks² gay ;
The mavis, merle, and progne³ proud,
The lintwhyte,⁴ lark, and lavrock⁵ loud,
Saluted mirthful May.
When Philomel had sweetly sung,
To Progne she deplored,
How Tereus cut out her tongue,
And falsely her deflowered ;⁶
Whilk story so sorie
To show herself she seemèd,
To hear her so near her,
I doubted if I dreamèd.

II.

The cushat crouds,⁷ the corbie⁸ cries,
The cuckoo cuks, the prattling pyes
To geck⁹ her they begin :

¹ Boughs.⁶ From Ovid's sixth² Goldfinches.

Metamorphosis.

³ Thrush, blackbird, ⁷ The wood pigeon coos.

and swallow.

⁸ The carrion crow.⁴ The linnet.⁹ Mock.⁵ The lark, repeated for the measure

The jargon of the jangling jays
 The craiking craws,¹ and keckling kays²
 They deaved³ me with their din,
 The painted pawn⁴ with Argus eyes
 Can on his mayock⁵ call ;
 The turtle wails on withered trees
 And Echo answers all,
 Repeating with greeting
 How fair Narcissus fell
 By lying and spying
 His shadow in the well.⁶

III.

I saw the hurcheon⁷ and the hare
 In hidlings hirpling⁸ here and there,
 To make their morning mange,⁹
 The con, the cuning,¹⁰ and the cat,
 Whais dainty downs with dew were wat,
 With stiff mustachis strange.
 The hart, the hind, the dae, the rae,¹
 The fulmart,¹² and false fox ;
 The bearded buck clamb up the brae,
 With birssy¹³ bears and brocks ;¹⁴
 Some feeding, some dreading,
 The hunter's subtle snares,
 With skipping and tripping,
 They played them, all in pairs.

IV.

The air was sober, soft, and sweet,
 Nae misty vapours, wind, nor weet,
 But quiet, calm, and clear,
 To foster Flora's fragrant flowers,
 Whereon Apollo's paramours
 Had trinkled many a tear ;
 The whilk like silver shakers shined,
 Embroidering beauty's bed,

¹ Croaking crows.² Jackdaws.³ Deafened.⁴ Peacock.⁵ Mate.⁶ From Ovid's third
Metamorphosis.⁷ Hedgehog.⁸ Moving irregularly.⁹ Meal.¹⁰ The squirrel and
rabbit.¹¹ The doe, the roe.¹² The pole-cat.¹³ Bristly, grisly.¹⁴ Badgers.

Wherewith their heavy heads declined,
 In Mayis colours cled,
 Some knopping, some dropping
 Of balmy liquors sweet,
 Excelling and smelling,
 Through Phoebus' halesome heat.

V.

Methought an heavenly heartsome thing,
 Where dew like diamonds did hing,
 Oure-twinkling all the trees,
 To study on the flurist twists,¹
 Admiring Nature's alchymists,
 Laborious busy bees,
 Whereof some sweetest honey sought,
 To stay their lives frae sterve,²
 And some the waxy vessels wrought,
 Their purchase to preserve ;
 So heaping, for keeping,
 It in their hives they hide,
 Precisely and wisely,
 For winter they provide.

VI.

To pen the pleasures of that park,
 How every blossom, branch, and bark
 Against the sun did shine,
 I leave to poets to compile
 In stately verse, and lofty style ;
 It passes my ingine.³
 But as I musèd mine alane,
 I saw ane river rin
 Out oure ane craggy rock of stane,
 Syne lighted in ane lin,⁴
 With tumbling and rumbling
 Among the rockis round,
 Dewalling⁵ and falling
 Into that pit profound.

VII.

To hear thae startling streamis clear,
 Methought it music to the ear,
 Where discant did abound ;

¹ The blossomed
twigs.³ Ingenuity.⁴ Pool.² From starvation.⁵ Descending slantwise.

With treble sweet and tenor just,
And aye the echo repercust¹
Her diapason sound,
Set with the Ci-sol-fa-uth cleif
Thereby to know the note ;
There sounds a mighty semibreif
Out of the elphis throat ;
Discretely, mair sweetly
Nor crafty Amphion,
Or Muses, that uses,
At fountain Helicon.

VIII.

Wha would have tried to hear that tune,
Whilk birds corroborate aye abune,²
Through shouting of the larks ;
Some flies sae high into the skies,
Till Cupid wakens with the cries
Of Nature's chapel clarks ;³
Wha, leaving all the heavens above,
Alighted in the cird :⁴
Lo how that little God of Love
Before me there appeared,
So mild-like, and child-like,
With bow three quarters scant ;
So moylie⁵ and coylie,
He looked like ane sant.

IX.

Ane cleanly criske⁶ hung oure his eyes ;
His quiver by his naked thighs
Hung in ane silver lace :
Of gold, betwixt his shoulders, grew
Twa pretty wings wherewith he flew ;
On his left arm, ane brace :
This god, off all his gear he shook
And laid it on the ground :
I ran als busy for to look
Where ferlies⁷ might be found :

¹ Reverberated.⁴ Earth.² Above.⁵ Mildly.³ A phrase applied⁶ Veil.

to the music of

⁷ Wonders.

birds by several previous poets.

Amazèd I gazèd
To see that gear sae gay :
Persawing my hawing,¹
He counted me his prey.

X.

His youth and stature made me stout ;²
Of doubleness I had nae doubt,
But bourded³ with my boy :
Quod⁴ I " How call they thee my child ?"
" Cupido, sir," quod he and smiled,
" Please you me to employ ;
For I can serve you in your suit,
If you please to impyre,⁵
With wings to fly and shafts to shoot
Or flames to set on fire.
Make choice then of these then,
Or of a thousand things ;
But crave them and have them :"
With that I would⁶ his wings.

XI.

" What would you give my friend ?"
quod he
" To have thae pretty wings to flee
To sport thee for a while ;
Or what gif I should lend thee here
My bow and all my shooting gear,
Somebody to beguile ?"
" That gear" quod I, " cannot be bought,
Yet I would have it fain,"
" What gif," quod he, " it cost thee nought
But rendering it again ?"
His wings then he brings then
And bound them on my back :
" Go fly now," quod he now ;
And so my leave I tak.

XII.

I sprang up on Cupido's wings,
Wha bow and quiver both resigns
Tolend me for ane day :

¹ Observing my joy (?)⁴ Quoth, said.² Bold.⁵ To conquer.³ Dallied.⁶ I chose.

As Icarus with borrowed flight,
 I mounted higher nor I might ;
 Oure perilous ane play.
 Then forth I drew that deadly dart
 Whilk sometime shot his mother,
 Wherewith I hurt my wanton heart,
 In hope to hurt ane other ;
 It hurt me, it burt¹ me,
 The oftener I it handle ;
 Come see now, in me now,
 The butterfly and candle.

XIII.

As she delights into the low,²
 Sae was I browdin³ in my bow,
 Als ignorant as scho :
 And as she flies till she be fired,
 Sae with the dart that I desired,
 My hand has hurt me too.
 As foolish Phaëton, by suit,
 His father's cart obtained,
 I longed in Lovis bow to shoot,
 But wist not what it meant ;
 Mair willful than skillful,
 To fly I was so fond,
 Desiring, impyring ;
 And sae was seen upond.

XIV.

Too late I know who heaves too high,
 The spail⁴ shall fall into his eye ;
 Too late I went to schools !
 Too late I heard the swallow preach ;⁵
 Too late experience does teach,
 The schoolmaster of fools :
 Too late to find the nest I seek,
 When all the birds are flown ;
 Too late the stable door I steik⁶
 When all the steeds are stown.⁷

¹ For byrsit, bruised (?) ⁵ Appears to have
² Flame. been proverbial for
³ Foolishly fond. caution.
⁴ Chip, mote. ⁶ Bar, secure.
⁷ Stolen.

Too late aye their state aye,
 All foolish folk espy :
 Behind so, they find so
 Remeid, and so do I.

XV.

Gif I had ripely been advised,
 I had not rashly enterprised
 To soar with borrowed pens ;
 Nor yet had 'sayed the archer craft,
 Nor shot myself with sic a shaft,
 As reason quite miskens.
 Frae willfulness gave me my wound,
 I had nae force to flee ;
 Then came I granand¹ to the ground :
 " Friend welcome hame," quod he,
 " Where flew ye, whom slew ye,
 Or wha brings hame the booting ?"
 I see now," quod he now,
 " Ye have been at the shooting."

XVI.

As scorn comes commonly with skaith,
 Sae I behoved to bide them baith :
 O what an staggering state !
 For under cure I got sic check,
 Whilk I might not remove nor nek,³
 But either stail or mate ;
 My agony was so extreme
 I swelt⁴ and swooned for fear.
 But⁵ or I wakenèd of my dream,
 He spulzied⁵ me of my gear.
 With flight then, on hight then,
 Sprang Cupid in the skies,
 Forgotten and setting,
 At nought my careful cries.

XVII.

Sae lang with sight I followed him,
 Till baith my feeble eyes grew dim,
 With staring on the starnis ;⁶

¹ Groaning (?) ⁴ Choked.
² Booty. ⁵ Robbed.
³ Prevent, check at chess. ⁶ The stars.

Whilk flew sae thick before my een,
Some red, some yellow, blue, and green,
Sae troubled all my harnis,¹
Till every thing appearèd two
To my barbuilziet² brain ;
But long might I lie looking so,
Or Cupid come again ;
Whose thundering, with wondering,
I heard up through the air ;
Through clouds so he thuds³ so,
And flew I wist not where.

XVIII.

Frae that I saw that god was gone,
And I in languor left alone,
And sore tormented too ;
Some time I sighed till I was sad,
Some time I mused and maist gone mad,
I wist not what to do ;
Some time I raved, half in a rage,
As ane into despair :
To be oppress with sic ane page,
Lord gif my heart was sair ;
Like Dido, Cupido,
I wadill⁴ and warye,⁵
Wha reft me, and left me
In sic a fierie-farye.⁶

XIX.

Then felt I courage and desire
Inflame my heart with uncouth fire,
To me before unknown :
But now no blood in me remains
Unburnt and boiled within my veins,
By Lovis bellows blown :
To quench it, or I was devourèd,
With sighs I went about ;
But aye the mair I shape to smoor it,⁷
The bolder it broke out ;

¹ Brains.² Perplexed, bam-
boozled.³ Thumps.⁴ Meaning uncertain.⁵ Curse.⁶ Confused rage.⁷ Attempted to
smother

Aye pressing, but ceasing,
Till it may break the bounds :
My hue so, forth shew so
The dolour of my wounds.

XX.

With deadly visage, pale and wan,
Mair like ane atomy nor man,
I withered clean away :
As wax before the fire, I felt
My heart within my bosom melt,
And piece and piece decay :
My veins with brangling like to break,
My punsis¹ lap with pith,
Sae fervently did me infeck,
That I was vexed therewith.
My heart aye did start aye
The fiery flames to flee :
Aye hoping, through louping,
To win to liberty.

XXI.

But O, alas ! bide it behuissèd²
Within my careful corps incluisèd³
In prison of my breast ;
With sighs sae sowpit and oureset,⁴
Like to ane fish fast in the net,
In dead-thraw undeceist,
Wha, though in vain, does strive for
strength
For to pull out her head,
Whilk profits naething at the length,
But hastes her to her dead ;
With wristing and thristing,
The faster still is she :
There I so did lie so,
My death advancing to.

XXII.

The mair I wrestled with the wind
The faschter⁵ still myself I find :
Nae mirth my mind might mease,⁶

¹ Pulses.² Behoved.³ Enclosed.⁴ Overcome and upset.⁵ More troubled.⁶ Ease, mitigate.

... I was stung,
Both sightless and mightless
I grew almost at ones
In anguish, I languish,
With many grievous granes.

XXIII.

With sober pace I did approach
Hard to the river and the roche,³
Whereof I spake before ;
Whose running sic a murmur made,
That to the sea it softly slade :
The craig⁴ was high and schore :⁵
Then pleasure did me so provoke
Perforce there to repair,
Betwixt the river and the rock,
Where hope grew with despair ;
A tree then I see then,
Of CHERRIES in the braces,
Below too I saw too
Ane buss of bitter SLAES.⁶

XXIV.

The CHERRIES hung abune⁷ my head,
Like twinkling rubies round and red,
So high up in the heuch :⁸
Whose shadows in the river shew,
Als graithly⁹ glancing as they grew
On trembling twistis teuch,¹⁰
Whilk bowed through burding¹¹ of their
birth,¹²
Inclining down ...

With en
The fru
Hal
The crai
The tree
As a
I called t
With
When fro
A tho
That
As he
Aspiri
To ge

To climb tl
Let be³ to j
In top
I saw nae w
By ony crai
Appear
The craig w
The tre
I was afraid
For fear
Affrayit
I looked
Whiles r
My purp

"What, tush!" quod Courage, "man to go,
He is but daft¹ that has ado,
And spares for every speech;
For I have oft heard wise men say,
And we may see oursels,
That fortune helps the hardy ay,
And poltroons plain repels:
Then fear not, nor hear not
Dread, Danger, nor Despair;
To fazarts,² hard hazards
Is dead, or they come there.

XXVIII.

"Wha speeds but sic as high aspires?
Wha triumphs not, but sic as tires
To win a noble name?
Of shrinking, what but shame succeeds!
Then do as thou would have thy deeds
In register of fame.
I put the case, thou nought prevailed;
Sae thou with honour die,
'Thy life but not thy courage failed,'
Shall poets pen of thee:
Thy name then, from fame then,
Shall never be cut aff;
Thy grave aye shall have aye
That honest epitaph."

HEY NOW THE DAY DAUIS.

[Unaltered.]

I.

Hay! nou the day dauis;³
The jolie cok crauis;
Nou shrouds the shauis
Throu Natur anone.
The Thrissell-cok⁴ cryis
On louers wha lyis;
Nou skaillis the skyis;
The night is neir gone.

¹ Foolish.
² Dastards.

³ Dawns.
⁴ The male thrush.

II.

The fieldis ou'rflouis
With gouans that grouis;
Quhair lilies lyk lou is,
Als rid as the rone:¹
The Turtill that treu is,
With nots that reneuis
Hir pairtie² perseuis,
The night is neir gone.

III.

Nou Hairtis with Hynds,
Conforme to thair kynds,
Hie tursis thair tynds,³
On grund whair they grone.
Nou Hurchonis,⁴ with Hairs,
Ay passis in pairs;
Quhilk deuly declars
The night is neir gone.

IV.

The sesone excellis
Throu suetness that smellis,
Nou Cupid compellis
Our hairts echone.⁵
On Venus wha waiks
To muse on our maiks,
Syn sing, for thair saiks,
The night is neir gone.

V.

All curageous knichtis
Aganis the day dichtis,
The breist-plate, that bright is,
To fecht with thair fone.
The stonèd steed stampis
Throu curage and crampis,
Syn on the land lampis,
The night is neir gone.

VI.

The freiks⁷ on feildis
That wight wapins weildes,
With shyning bright shields
As Titan in trone.

¹ As red as the rowan berry. ⁴ Hedgehogs.

² Mate. ⁵ Each one.

³ Tosses their horns. ⁶ Foes.

⁷ Fellows, warriors.

Stiff speiris in reists
 Ouer cursoris crists,
 Ar brok on their breists,
 The night is neir gone.

VII.

So hard ar thair hittis,
 Some sueyis,¹ some sittis,
 And some perforce flittis
 On grund vhill they grone.
 Syn grooms that gay is,
 On blonks² that brayis
 With suords assayis,
 The night is neir gone.

ADMONITION TO YOUNG
 LASSES.

I.

A bony No, with looks smiling again,
 I would ye learned, sen they so comely
 are;
 As touching Yes, if ye should speak so
 plain,
 I might reprove you to have said so far.
 Not that your grant, in ony ways, might
 gar³

Me lothe the fruit that courage ought
 to choose;
 But I would only have you seem to skar,
 And let me tak it, feigning to refuse;

II.

And warsill⁴ as it were agains your will,
 Appearing angry though ye have no ire;
 For have, ye hear, is halden half a fill.⁵
 I speak not this, as trowing³ for to tire:
 But as the forger, when he feeds his fire
 With sparks of water, maks it burn
 more bald,
 So sweet denial doubles but desire,
 And quickens courage frae becoming
 cald.

III.

Would ye be made of, ye maun⁴ make it
 nice;
 For dainties here are delicate and dear,
 But plenty things are prised to little price.
 Thew⁴ though ye harken, let no wit⁵ ye
 hear,
 But look away and lend them aye your
 ear;
 For follow Love, they say, and it will flee.
 Would ye be loved, this lesson mon ye lear;
 Fly whilome Love, and it will follow
 thee.

MAITLAND AND BANNATYNE.

A SHORT notice of these two benefactors of Scottish literature forms an appropriate sequel to the list of that elder line of poets whose writings their forethought has so largely preserved to us.

Sir Richard Maitland was himself a

poet, but, what was more fortunate as regards posterity, he preferred the indulging of his poetic faculty in collecting the poems of others, to adding to the number of his own. One of his ancestors is the "Auld Maitland" of

¹ Swags aside.

² Horses.

³ Cause.

⁴ Wrestle

⁴ Must.

⁵ Possession half satisfies desire (?).

⁵ Meaning.

⁵ Let not
on.

the Border Ballad, first published in Scott's *Minstrelsy*; and one of the most lively of Sir Richard's own poems, his "Complaint against the Border Robbers," also finds a place in that collection.

He was the son of William Maitland of Lethington, by Martha, daughter of George Lord Seaton, and was born in 1496. He was educated at St Andrews, but completed his studies for the bar in France. His first service was under King James V., and after that monarch's death he became Lord Privy Seal, during the regency of the Queen Dowager. In 1554, he was appointed an extraordinary Lord of Session; and in 1561, an ordinary Lord, notwithstanding his having lost the use of his eyesight. In 1567, he resigned the office of Lord Privy Seal in favour of his second son, but he retained his seat on the bench till 1584. The King's letter anent his resignation, in his 88th year, bears testimony to the faithful discharge of his important public duties in the service of his "grandsire, goodsire, gooddame, mother, and himself." Sir Richard died in 1586, in his ninetyeth year. His eldest son was William Maitland, Queen Mary's famous secretary, who possessed more than his father's talents, but less than his father's virtues.

Maitland's claim upon the gratitude of posterity is as a collector of the poems of his predecessors and contemporaries, rather than as a contributor to the volume of Scottish literature. His collection consists of two manuscript volumes, one of which is in the handwriting of his daughter Mary, who is herself the writer of some verses preserved in it.

These two volumes are now preserved in the library of Magdalene College, Cambridge; and a third, containing most of his own poems, was presented to the Edinburgh College Library by William Drummond of Hawthornden. Selections from his collections were first published by Pinkerton in 1786.

The specimen of Maitland's poetry quoted, is on a subject which has been treated by his contemporary Lindsay with much more force and liveliness, but with much less nicety, both in thought and expression.

Of George Bannatyne's personal history almost nothing is known. Some verses in his famous collection are by himself; but his skill as a poet was not great, and would hardly have sufficed to give his name a place among the ancient singers, but for the fortunate inspiration that impelled him to devote three months of enforced abstention from his ordinary pursuits to the collection and preservation of the fast fleeting effusions of the early Muse of his country. His manuscript, which is the most valuable literary legacy that has been preserved to us, is a folio volume of eight hundred pages, and is stated by himself, in rhyme, to have been

"Written in tyme of pest,
When we frae labour was compeld to rest,
Into the three last monthes of this year,
From our Redeemar's birth, to knaw it heir
Ane thousand is, fyve hundreth, thre scoir,
awcht."

In reference to the sources of his information, and the arrangement of his matter, he writes :—

"Ye reverend redaris, thir workis revolving
right,

Gif ye get crymes, correct thame to your micht,
And curss na clark that cunningly them wrait,
But blame me baldly brocht this buik to licht
In tenderest tyme when knowledge was noch
bricht :

But lait begun to lerne and till translait
My copies awld, mankit, and mutilait,
Quhais trewth as standis yit haif I, sympill
wicht,
Tryd furth, thairfoir excuse sum pairt my
stait.

Now ye haif heir ilk buik sa provydit,
That in fyve pairtis it is dewly devydit :
The first concernis Godis gloir and our
saluation,

The nixt are morale, grave and als besyd it
Grund on gud counsale ; the third I will noch
hyd it,

Ar blyth and glaid, made for our consolation ;
The ferd of luv and thair richt reformation ;
The fyft are tailis and storeis weill discryt :—
Reid as ye pleiss, I neid no mair narration."

After having survived the chances of accident and change for nearly a century and a-half, it found its way into the hands of Allan Ramsay, to whom it was lent by the Honourable William Carmichael, brother-german to the Earl of Hyndford. Allan had the taste and sagacity to see somewhat of the value of the treasure that had been entrusted to him, and used it as the chief source of his collection called "The Evergreen," published in 1724. It is easy, from our present conceptions of the duties and obligations of an editor of antiquarian lore, to condemn Ramsay's dealings with the contents of the Bannatyne Manuscript ; but we are apt to overlook the dormant state of literary opinion in his day, and that he was himself the first to stimulate into life the present spirit of appreciation of our ancient poetry. We believe that "honest Allan," as he has been called,

instead of having any misgivings in regard to his dealings with the MS., felt that he rather deserved credit for what he did ; and those who allow for the disadvantages under which he laboured, will not blame him for his incompetence as an editor, which was his misfortune, not his fault. In 1770, the manuscript was again drawn upon by Lord Hailes, who, with greater accuracy than Ramsay, published a volume of selections from it. In 1772, it was presented by the Earl of Hyndford to the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh, and forms one of its chief treasures. It is now, for the first time, in process of being printed in its entirety.

SATIRE ON THE TOWN LADIES.

[Unaltered.]

I.

Some wifis¹ of the borowstoun
Sae wonder vain are, and wantoun,
In warld they wait not what to weir ;
On clathis they ware mony a crown ;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

II.

And of fine silk their furrit clokis,
With hingan sleeves, like geil pokis ;²
Nae preaching will gar them forbeir
To weir all thing that sin provokis ;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

III.

Their wilicoats³ maun weel be hewit,
Broudred⁴ richt braid, with pasments⁵
sewit.

¹ Wives.

² Jelly straining bags

³ Petticoats.

⁴ Embroidered.

⁵ Stripes.

I trow wha wald the matter speir,
That their gudeman had cause to rue it,
That evir their wifs wore sic geir.

IV.

Their woven hose of silk are shawin,
Barrit aboon with taisels drawin ;
With gartens of ane new maneir,¹
To gar their courtliness be knawin ;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

V.

Sometime they will beir up their gown,
To shaw their wilicoat hingan down ;
And sometimes baith they will upbeir,
To shaw their hose of black or brown ;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

VI.

Their collars, carcats, and hause beidis²—
With velvet hats heigh on their heidis,
Cordit with gold like ane younkeir,
Braidit about with golden threidis ;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

VII.

Their shoon of velvet, and their mullis³—
In kirk they are not content of stuilis,
The sermon when they sit to heir,

But carries cusheons like vain fulis ;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

VIII.

And some will spend mair, I hear say,
In spice and drugis in ane day,
Nor wald their mothers in ane year,
Whilk will gar mony pack decay,
When they sae vainly waste their geir.

IX.

Leave, burgess men, or all be lost,
On your wifs to make sic cost,
Whilk may gar all your bairnis bleir :
She that may not want wine and roast,
Is able for to waste some geir.

X.

Between them, and nobles of blude,
Nae difference but ane velvet hude !
Their camrock curchies¹ are as deir,
Their other claithis are as gude,
And they as costly in other geir.

XI.

Of burgess wifs though I speak plain,
Some landwart ladies are as vain,
As by their claithing may appeir,
Wearing gayer nor them may gain,
On ower vain claithis wasting geir.

ALEXANDER HUME.

ALTHOUGH a contemporary of Montgomery, and the brother of Hume of Polwart, Montgomery's antagonist in "The Flyting," Alexander Hume is one of the earliest representatives of a school of poetry under whose tutelage the Scottish Muse may be said to have had her wings docked, her unrestrained and wanton carriage tamed down to

the fettered deportment of a nun, and the wild fire in her eye extinguished in the asceticism of devotion, or transformed into the ecstatic rapture of religious enthusiasm. She was herself the first to feel the restraints of that austerity in thought and manners which her licentious satire had so much helped to bring about. Nor was the change un-

¹ Fashion. ² Necklace and beads. ³ Slippers.

¹ Cambric caps.

natural, or otherwise than salutary in its ultimate effects. A fallow time was necessary, but several concurrent causes rendered it more prolonged than such seasons of recuperation usually are. In the meantime, it may not be uninteresting to note how she served her new mistress, Devotion.

Hume was the second son of Patrick Hume of Polwarth, and was born about 1560. He was educated at St Andrews, but, according to the custom of the times, completed his studies in law, to which profession he was destined, in France.

A short trial of advocate probation, which he describes in a poetical epistle to his friend Dr Moncreiff, the King's physician, and of which some features may be recognised as still existing, gives us his own reasons for quitting the bar.

"Three years, or near that space,
I haunted maist our highest pleading place,
And senate, where great causes reasoned were :
My breast was bruised with leaning on the bar,
My buttons brist, I partly spitted blood,
My gown was trailed and trampled where I stood,
Mine ears were deaved with maissar's cries and din,
Whilk procurators and parties called in :
I daily learned but could not pleasèd be ;
I saw sic things as pity was to see."

Tired of the law courts, he next tried the King's court, where his brother, Montgomery's rival, appears to have been in favour ; but he did not find this a more congenial sphere than the other :—

"Some officers we see of naughty brain,
Meer ignorant, proud, vicious, and vain,
Of learning, wit, and virtue all denude.
Maist blockish men, rash, riotous, and rude :

And flattering fellows oft are mair regarded ;
A lying slave will rather be rewarded,
Nor they that does with reason's rule confer
Their kind of life and actions, lest they err ;
Nor men discrete, wise, virtuous, and modest,
Of gallant spreit, brave, true, and worthy trust,
Whilk far from hame civility has seen,
And by their manners show where they have been,

Whilk have the word of God before their eyes,
And weel can serve, but cannot princes please.
For some with reason will not pleasèd be
But that whilk with their humour does agree."

It may be doubted if the Church, as an ecclesiastical organization, has been guided less by motives and influences at variance with its ideal, than any other human institution ; yet there is no other institution which presents to certain minds such congenial spheres for the quiet indulgence of that morbid sensitiveness which shrinks from the rude conflicts of secular life. Such appears to have been the influence under which Hume chose the Church as his last resource, and nowhere in Scotland could he be placed in a spot more suited to his disposition than the church of Logie, in Clackmannanshire, to which he was appointed in 1598.

In 1599, he published his "Hymnes, or Sacred Songs, wherein the right use of Poesie may be espied." These he dedicated to Lady Culross, the authoress of "Ane Golden Dream." He died in 1609.

We select the "Day Estivall, or Summer's Day," as his most poetical piece. It shows a very pleasing and correct observance of nature, but wants the spirit and imagination, without which, descriptive poetry is a mere inventory of natural objects and phenomena, without relief or perspective

Campbell, in his *Specimens of the British Poets*, describes it as "a train of images that seem singularly pleasing and un-borrowed—the pictures of a poetical mind, humble, but genuine in its cast." It is also quoted with approval by Leyden, in his "Scottish Descriptive Poems." Hume's poems were reprinted in 1832 for the Bannatyne Club.

THE DAY ESTIVALL.

I.

O perfite light ! whilk sched¹ away
The darkness from the light,
And set a ruler oure the day,
Ane other oure the night.

II.

Thy glory when the day forth flies,
Mair vively does appear,
Nor² at mid-day unto our eyes,
The shining sun is clear.

III.

The shadow of the earth, anon,
Removes and drawis by ;
Sine in the east when it is gone,
Appears a clearer sky.

IV.

Whilk soon perceives the little larks,
The lapwing and the snype,
And tunes their sangs like nature's clarks,
Oure meadow, muir, and strype.

V.

But every bauld nocturnal beast
Nae langer may abide,
They hie away, baith maist and least,³
Themselves in house to hide.

¹ Shaded, parted.² Than.
(6)³ Both great and small.

VI.

They dread the day, frae they it see,
And from the sight of men,
To seats and covers fast they flee,
As lions to their den.

VII.

Our hemisphere is poleist clean,
And lightened more and more,
Till every thing be clearly seen
Whilk seem'd dim before.

VIII.

Except the glistering astres bright,
Whilk all the night were clear,
Offusk'd¹ with a greater light,
Nae langer does appear.

IX.

The golden globe incontinent,
Sets up his shining head,
And oure the earth and firmament
Displays his beams abroad.

X.

For joy the birds, with boulden² throats,
Agains his visage sheen,
Takes up their kindly music notes
In woods and gardens green.

XI.

Upbraids³ the careful husbandman,
His corns and vines to see,
And every timeous⁴ artisan
In booth works busily.

XII.

The pastor quits the slothful sleep,
And passes forth with speed
His little camow-nos'd⁵ sheep,
And rowting⁶ kye to feed.

¹ Shaded, obscured.² Inflated, swelling.³ Up starts.⁴ Early up.⁵ Flat-nosed.⁶ Lowing.

XIII.

The passenger from perils sure
Gangs¹ gladly forth the way :
Brief every living creature
Takes comfort of the day.

XIV.

The subtle motty rayens² light
At rifts they are in won ;
The glancing thains,³ and vitre⁴ bright,
Resplends agains the sun.

XV.

The dew upon the tender crops,
Like pearlis white and round,
Or like to melted silver drops,
Refreshes all the pound.⁵

XVI.

The misty reek, the clouds of rain,
From tops of mountains skails ;⁶
Clear are the highest hills and plain,
The vapours takes the vales.

XVII.

Begaried⁷ is the sapphire pend⁸
With sprains⁹ of skarlet hue,
And preciously from end to end
Damaskèd white and blue.

XVIII.

The ample heaven of fabric sure
In cleanness does surpass
The crystal and the silver pure,
As clearest poleist glass.

XIX.

The time sae tranquil is and still,
That nae where shall ye find,
Save on ane high and barren hill,
The air of peeping¹⁰ wind.

¹ Goes.² Sun's rays.³ Gossamer (?)⁴ Glass.⁵ Meadow.⁶ Scatters.⁷ Variegated.⁸ Arch.⁹ Streaks.¹⁰ Sighing, shrill.

XX.

All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear,
Nor they were painted on a wall,
Nae mair they move or steir.¹

XXI.

Calm is the deep and purpours sea,
Yea smoothen than the sand ;
The wallis² that weltering wont to be,
Are stable like the land.

XXII.

Sae silent is the cessile air,
That every cry and call,
The hills and dales, and forest fair,
Again repeats them all.

XXIII.

The rivers fresh, the caller streams
Oure rocks can softly rin ;
The water clear, like crystal seems,
And makes a pleasant din.

XXIV.

The fields and earthly superfice
With verdure green is spread,
And naturally, but³ artifice,
In party colours cled.

XXV.

The flourishes⁴ and fragrant flowers,
Through Phebus' fostering heat,
Refreshed with dew and silver showers,
Casts up an odour sweet.

XXVI.

The cloggèd busy humming bees,
That never thinks to drown,⁵
On flowers and flourishes of trees
Collects their liquor brown.

XXVII.

The sun, maist like a speedy post,
With ardent course ascends,
The beauty of the heavenly host,
Up to our zenith tends.

¹ Stir.² Waves.³ Without.⁴ Blossoms.⁵ To drone, to idle away.

XXVIII.

Not guided by a Phaeton,
Nor trained in a chayre,¹
But by the high and holy One,—
Whilk does all where empire.²

XXIX.

The burning beams down from his face
Sae fervently can beat,
That man and beast now seeks a place
To save them frae the heat.

XXX.

The breathless flocks draws to the shade
And freshure of their fold ;
The startling nolt,³ as they were mad,
Runs to the rivers cold.

XXXI.

The herds beneath some leafy trees
Amids the flowers they lie ;
The stable ships upon the seas
Tends up their sails to dry.

XXXII.

The hart, the hind, and fallow-deer
Are tapisht⁴ at their rest ;
The fowls and birds that made the beir,⁵
Prepares their pretty nest.

XXXIII.

The rayons dures⁶ descending down,
All kindles in a gleid,⁷
In city nor in borroughs-town,
May nane set forth their head.

XXXIV.

Back from the blue paymented whun,⁸
And from ilk plaister wall,
The hot reflexing of the sun
Inflames the air and all.

XXXV.

The labourers that timely raise,
All weary, faint, and weak,
For heat down to their houses gaes,
Noon-meat and sleep to take.

XXXVI.

The caller wine in cave is sought,
Men's brotheing¹ breasts to cool ;
The water cald and clear is brought,
And sallad steeped in ule.²

XXXVII.

Some plucks the honey plowm and pear,
The cherry and the peach ;
Some likes the rime, and London beer,
The body to refresh.

XXXVIII.

Forth of their skepps³ some raging bees
Lyes out, and will not cast ;
Some other swarmes hives on the trees
In knots together fast.

XXXIX.

The corbies and the kekling kaes⁴
May scarce the heat abide ;
Hawks prunyeis⁵ on the sunny braes,
And wedders back and side.

XL.

With gilted eyes and open wings
The cock his courage shows ;
With claps of joy his breast he dings,⁶
And twenty times he crows.

XLI.

The doo,⁷ with whistling wing sae blue,
The winds can fast collect ;
Her purpour penns⁸ turns merry hue,
Agains the sun direct.

¹ Car.⁶ Keen, fierce.² Govern, rule.⁷ Blaze.³ Oxen.⁸ Whinstone pavement.⁴ Lurking, couching.⁵ Noise, music.¹ Perspiring, heated.⁵ Prune their feathers.² Oil. *Frruck*.⁶ Beats.³ Hives. *Gaelic*.⁷ The dove.⁴ The crows and cawing jackdaws.⁸ Purple feathers.

XLII.

Now noon is went, gone is mid-day,
The heat does slack at last ;
The sun descends down west away
Frae three o'clock be past.

XLIII.

A little cool of breathing wind
Now softly can arise,
The works through heat that lay behind,
Now men may enterprise.

XLIV.

Forth fares the flocks to seek their food
On every hill and plain,
Whilk laboyrer, as he thinks good,
Steps to his turn again.

XLV.

The rayons of the sun we see
Diminish in their strenth ;
The shade of every tower and tree
Extended is in lenth.

XLVI.

Great is the calm, for every where
The wind is setting down ;
The reik throwes¹ right up in the air
From every tower and town.

XLVII.

Their firdoning² the bony birds
In bauks³ they do begin ;
With pipes of reeds the jolly herds
Halds up the mirry din.

XLVIII.

The maves and the philomeen,
The starling whistles loud,
The cushets on the branches green,
Full quietly they crowd.

XLIX.

The gloaming⁴ comes, the day is spent,
The sun goes out of sight,
And painted is the occident
With purpour sanguine bright.

¹ The smoke ascends.² Noise, singing.³ Unploughed belts.⁴ Twilight.

L.

The scarlet nor the golden thread,
Who would their beauty try,
Are naething like the colour red
And beauty of the sky.

LI.

Our west horison circular,
Frae time the sun be set,
Is all with rubies, as it were,
Or roses red ourefrett.

LII.

What pleasure were to walk and see,
Endlang¹ a river clear,
The perfect form of every tree
Within the deep appear !

LIII.

The salmon out of cruives² and creills,³
Uphailèd into skoutts ;⁴
The bells and circles on the weills,⁵
Through lowping of the trouts.

LIV.

O ! then, it were a seemly thing,
While all is still and calm,
The praise of God to play and sing,
With cornet and with schalme.

LV.

But now the herds, with mony shout,
Calls other by their name.
Gae, Billie ! turn our gude about,
Now time is to gae hame.

LVI.

With belly fou,⁶ the beasts belyve⁷
Are turnèd frae the corn,
Whilk soberly they hameward drive,
With pipe and liltin horn.

¹ Along.² Salmon traps.³ Baskets.⁴ Small boats or cobsles.⁵ Eddies.⁶ Full.⁷ Presently.

LVII.

Through all the land great is the gild^{*}
Of rustic folks that cry ;
Of bleeting sheep, frae they be filled,
Of calves and routing kye.

LVIII.

All labourers draws hame at even,
And can till other say,
Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,
Whilk sent this summer day.

THE WEDDERBURNS,

AND THE GUDE AND GODLIE BALLATES.

As authors, editors, or translators of the quaint little volume, whose title is quoted above, are associated the names of three brothers, the sons, according to an entry in Calderwood's "History" under the year 1540, of James Wedderburn, merchant in Dundee. They were all three educated in St Andrews under Mr Gavin Logie, from whom they derived liberal opinions; and they all appear to have had poetical tendencies.

James, the eldest, to avoid the consequences of disseminating reformed opinions, in the form of satires and comedies upon the vices of the Romish clergy, escaped to France, where he appears to have acted in a mercantile capacity at Dieppe or Rouen, till his death. His dramatic writings have not been preserved.

John, the second, unwillingly took orders as a priest in Dundee, but being too advanced in his opinions to be tolerated, he made his way to Germany, where he became a follower of Luther and Melancthon. He turned many of Luther's Hymns, as well as the Psalms, into Scottish metre; and

also many "bawdie songs and rymes" into godly rhymes. He returned to Scotland after the death of James V., but did not escape the vigilant eye of Cardinal Beaton, from whom he fled into England.

Robert, the youngest, also entered the church, and became vicar of Dundee, but evidently deemed it safest to go abroad, like his elder brother nor did he return home till after the death of Beaton. His name appears in the public records as the father of two sons, for whom he obtained letters of legitimation at Linlithgow, in 1552-3.

In his preface to the 1868 reprint of the unique 1578 edition of *The Gude and Godlie Ballates*, Dr Laing says: "It is quite impossible, with the scanty information we possess, to assign the various scriptural songs and psalms contained in the present collection to the respective authors or translators.

James Wedderburn, if a contributor, does not seem to have had any share in the publication of *The Miscellany*, which would appear to have grown in size as each successive edition of it was required by the popular demand which it obtained.

Dr Laing classifies it under three

^{*} Clamour.

heads:—The 1st, Doctrinal ; the 2d, Psalms and Hymns, chiefly translations from the German ; the 3d, the most characteristic part, Secular Songs converted into Religious Poetry. The second part he supposes to have been contributed by John Wedderburn from his residence in Germany ; and the third he attributes to Robert, who seems to have been less away from Scotland.

All the brothers must have died some time previous to the publication of the 1578 edition, the oldest known ; yet the fact of its being popularly designated *The Dundee Psalms*, connects it with its original compilers ; and allowing that slight changes, and even additions, may have been made subsequently, the general uniformity of style, thought, and language throughout, is such as suggests contemporaneous production. It is a curious fact, as Dr Laing observes, that there is no reference to the Wedderburns by Knox, or any of the reformers except James Melville, who records his having committed many of their hymns to memory when a boy at school in Montrose, in 1571.

From a rigid poetical standpoint, the book might be deemed "beneath contempt ;" but if thought, charged with passion and enthusiasm—expressed in language that does not fail to communicate these—form a more essential part of poetry than the elegant and symmetrical arrangement of ideas, then, that those hymns and songs have been popular with a highly imaginative and poetical people, at a time when their passions were deeply roused, is a fact not to be overlooked in judging of their poetical merits. As the exponent of a

phase of religious thought that exercised a powerful influence on the national life and character of Scotland, they are well worth the consideration of every student of Scottish history ; and what once fired the zeal of the religious enthusiast, or even soothed the sufferings of the martyr, may now afford a rich fund of pleasure to the lovers of quaint and primitive turns of thought and expression.

To Robert Wedderburn Dr Laing is disposed to ascribe the authorship of "The Complaint of Scotland." Dr Murray, its last editor, gives some good reasons against the common belief of its having been printed in St Andrews, and considers that it is the work of a French printer in Paris or Rouen. This no way weakens Dr Laing's theory regarding the authorship ; for Robert Wedderburn was in France about the time of its production, and on his return, though of reforming tendencies, he claimed his vicarage in Dundee, which harmonizes with the position of the author of "The Complaint."

THE LORD'S PRAYER AS A GRACE.

Christ learned us on God how we should call,

And bade us pray, syne hecht¹ to hear us all.

Our Father whilk is in hevin sae high,
Thy glorious name with us mot hallowit be.
Let come to us thy kingdom and thy gloir,
Thy will mot be fulfilled evermore
In eird, as it is in hevin, but variance.*
Give us this day our daily sustenance ;

¹ The promised.

* Without difference.

Forgive our detts for Christis pain and smart,
 As we forgive our detters with our heart.
 And lead us not into temptation,
 But for Christ Jesus bitter passion,
 Deliver us from evils spiritual
 And corporal, now and perpetual.
 Save us, gude Lord, for thy promise divine:
 For kingdom, power, gloir, and all is thine.

ANE SANG OF THE FLESH AND THE SPREIT.

[We give enough to show the drift of this piece, which may be termed a duet dialogue, in which the Flesh, like Milton's Devil, if it have not the best of the argument, enlists the popular sympathy.]

All Christin men tak tent and leir,¹
 How saul and body is at weir:
 Upon this eird baith lait and air,
 With cruel battle edentlie,²
 And nane may not ane uther flie.

The Flesh.

The Flesh said, Sen I have haill,³
 I will in youth with lustis daill,⁴
 Or age with sorrow me assaill:
 With joy I will my time ouredrive
 And will not with my lustis strive.

The Spreit.

The Spreit said, Thocht I charge thee nocht,
 Dread God, and have his law in thocht,
 Thou hecht when thou to font was brocht,
 Efter his law, lust to refrain,
 And not to work his word again.

The Flesh.

The Flesh said, I am stark and wicht,¹
 To wacht gude wine, fresh, cauld and bricht,
 And tak my pleasure day and nicht,
 With singing, playing, and to dance,
 And set on sex and seven² the chance.

THE FORLORNE SONE,

AS IT IS WRITTEN IN THE XV.
CHAPTER OF LUK.

[*Unaltered.*]

I.

Sinners unto my sang advert,
 Quhilk Christ unto his Vangell kend,
 And from your sinfull lyfe convert,
 Quhairwith ye do your God offend.
 For Christ in his sweit Parabill,
 To save us is full playabill,
 Gif we repent, and to him wend.

II.

Ane certaine man of riche substance,
 Had sonnes twa to him full deir,
 And sone³ with schort delyverance,
 The youngest spak on this maneir:
 Father, give me my part of geir,
 Quhilk me belangis, les and mair,
 I will na mair be thirlit⁴ heir.

III.

The Father did his gude devyde
 Betwix them, bot the youngest Sone
 Wald na mair with his Father byde,
 Bot tuke his part, and furth is gone:
 Intill ane strange and far countrie,
 And levand thair richt ryatouslie,
 He waisted all his geir anone.

¹ Take heed and learn
² Diligently.

³ Health.
⁴ Deal.

¹ Strong and able.
² A game of chance.

³ Soon.
⁴ Enthralled.

IV.

When all was gone, thair raise fra hand
 Ane derth, quhilk maid the vittell
 skant,
 Baith far and neir throw all the land,
 And he throw neid begouth to want :
 Than to ane citizenar he yeid,¹
 Quhilk send him forth his swyne to feid,
 For falt² of fude he was full fant.³

V.

He wald have eitin with the swyne,
 His hountrie stomak to fulfill :
 But thocht he suld for hounger tyne,
 Yit nane wald give him leif thairtill :
 When he come till him self againe,
 This him alone he culd complaine,
 In till his mynde with mourning still.

VI.

How many servandis for thair wage,
 Hes fude into my fatheris hous,
 And I for hunger die and rage ?
 Bot my father is gracious
 Thairfoir till him I will me dres :
 And schaw my sin and my distres
 And say with voice full pitious,—

VII.

O Father, I have been too bauld
 Sinnand contrair the hevin and thee,
 And not worthie that men me hauld,
 Na mair thy Sone in ony degre :
 As ane of thy servandis me mak,
 With that he did his jorney tak
 Hame till his Father haistilie.

VIII.

And when he come bot yit afar
 His father had compassioun,
 And ran him till or he was war,⁴
 And gave him consolatioun,
 And in his armes he did him fang,⁵
 And ever he kissit him amang
 With friendly salutatioun.

¹ Went.² Want.³ Faint.⁴ Before he was aware.⁵ Clasp.

IX.

The Sone said, Father of greit micht,
 I knaw that I have sinnit soir,
 Contrair the hevin and in thy sicht
 And I am worthie now no more
 That ony me thy Sone suld call.
 Bot his father, full liberall,
 Callit his servandis him befoir.

X.

And kyndely to them can he say,
 Ye bring me furth the best cleithing,
 And cleithe my Sone courtly and gay,
 And on his finger ye put ane ring,
 Ye set on schone upon his feit,
 The quhilk ar trym and wounder meit,
 That he be honest in all thing.

XI.

And slay that calf quhilk now is maid
 Sa fat, and let us mak gude cheir,
 For this my Sone the quhilk now was deid
 Againe on lyfe is haill and feir.¹
 My Sone was loist and now is found.
 And they within ane lytill stound²
 Began to myrrie be but weir.³

XII.

The Eldest to the field was gone,
 And when that he hame cummand was,
 And hard the menstraly⁴ anone,
 The dassing and the greit blythnes,
 Ane of his servandis he did call,
 And said to him, Quhat menis all
 This glaidnes, and this merryne?

XIII.

Then answerit he, and said him till
 Thy brother is cum hame againe,
 Thairfoir thy father hes gart kill
 His weill fed calf, and is full faine
 That saif ressavit him hes he.
 The Eldest wraith was and angrie,
 And yeid not in throw greit disdaine :

¹ Healthy and strong.² While, space of time.³ Without doubt.⁴ Minstrelsy.

XIV.

And then come furtin his father kynde
 And prayit him richt fervently ;
 Bot he answerit, richt proude in mynde,
 O Father myne, how lang have I
 Thy trew and faithfull servand bene ;
 And never yit brak thy biddene,¹
 Bot thee obeyit faithfully.

XV.

Yit gave thow nocht of thy riches,
 Sa mekle as ane small kyd to me,
 That I micht mak sum merrynes,
 And with my lufaris blyith to be.
 Bot now becaus is cum againe
 Thy Sone quhilk waistit has, in vaine
 Thy gudis into harlatrie ;

XVI.

That calf quhilk fosterit was sa fair,
 Thou hes gart kill at his plesour.
 His Father said, My Sone and air,
 Of all my riches and treasour,
 What ever I have, all that is thyne,
 And thou art ever with me and myne,
 And all is haill into thy cure.²

XVII.

Thairfoir to us it was full meit
 For to rejoyce and blyith to be,
 With all our hart, and all our spreit,
 Thy Brother saif and sound to se :
 For he was loist and now is win,
 And he was deid from all his kin,
 And now alive againe is he :

XVIII.

Our God and Father is full kynde
 To sinners that ar penitent
 With all thair heart and all thair mynde,
 Schawand warkis that thay repent :
 And gif in Christis blude thay traist,
 Then sall he never them detest,
 But saif them that thay be not schent.³

¹ Command. ² Care. ³ Lost, destroyed.

THE CONCEPTION OF CHRIST.

Let us rejoyce and sing,
 And praise that mighty King,
 Quilk send his Sone of a Virgine bricht.
 La, lay, la.

And on him tuke our vyle nature,
 Our deidlie woundis to cure,
 Mankynde to hald in richt.
 La, lay, la.

Sanct Luk wrytis in his Gospell,
 God send his Angell Gabriell
 Unto that Virgine but defame.⁴
 La, lay, la.

For to fulfill the Prophetie,
 Was spousit with Josaph free,
 Mary scho had to name :
 La, lay, la.

Thir wordis to hir he did reheire,
 Haill Mary ! full of grace,
 The Lord God is with thee.
 La, lay, la.

Thou blyssit Virgine mylde,
 Thou sall consave ane chylde,
 The pepill redeme sall he.
 La, lay, la.

Quhais power and greit micht,
 Sall be in Goddis sicht,
 Quhilk from the Father of micht is send.
 La, lay, la.

Jesus his name ye call,
 Quhilk sall be Prince ouir all,
 His kingdome sall have nane end.
 La, lay, la.

Than spak that Virgin fre,
 Behald, how sall this be,
 Seeing I know na man?
 La, lay, la.

⁴ Without stain.

Than said the Angell chaist,
Be the power of the Haly Gaist,
Quhilk all thing wirk he can.
La, lay, la.

Elizabeth thy cousing also,
Sex monthis with chylde can go,
At whais birth greit joy sall be.
La, lay, la.

Call him Johne, sayis the Angell bricht,
Quhilk is send be Goddis nicht,
The Lordis way prepare sall he.
La, lay, la.

The first part ends with the above hymn, and a note is added as follows:—
Heir endis the Spirituall Sangis, and beginnis the Psalmes of David, with other new pleasand Ballattis. Translatit out of Enchiridion Psalmorum, to be sung.

The first stanza of the following, which most closely adhere to the old song, of which it is a parody, sufficiently indicates the character of the hymns, and the tunes to which they were sung.

Quho is at my windo? quho, quho?
Go from my windo, go, go;
Quho callis thair, sa lyke a strangair?
Go from my windo, go!
Lord, I am heir, ane wretchit mortall,
That for Thy mercy dois cry and call
Unto Thee, my Lord celestiall,
So quho is at my windo, quho.

In till ane mirthfull May morning
Quhen Phebus did up spring,
Walkand I lay, in ane garding gay,
Thinkand on Christ sa fre:
Quhilk meiklie for mankynde,
Tholit to be pynde,
On croce cruellie. La, lay, la.

Johne, cum kis me now,
Johne, cum kis me now,
Johne, cum kis me by and by,
And mak no moir adow.
The Lord thy God I am,
That Johne dois thee call;
Johne represented man,
Be grace celestial,
For Johne, Goddis grace it is,
(Quha list till expone¹ the same)
Och Johne, thou did amis,
Quhen that thou loist this name.

Musing greitly in my mynde,
The folie that is in mankynde,
Quhilk is sa brukill and sa blind,
And downe sall cum, downe ay,
downe ay.

Downe be yone river I ran,
Downe be yone river I ran,
Thinkand on Christ sa fre
That brocht me to libertie;
And I ane sinful man.

[The air of the following is said to have been a favourite with Henry VIII. The first mention of it by a Scottish poet is by Henryson. As showing the anti-Popish spirit of the times, we give the first four stanzas.]

With huntis up, with huntis up,
It is now perfite day,
Jesus our king, is gane hunting,
Quha lykis to speid thay may.

Ane cursit fox lay hid in rox,²
This lang and mony ane day,
Devouring scheip, quhill he nicht creip,
Nane micht him schaip³ away.

It did him gude to laip the blude
Of young and tender lammis;
Nane culd he mis for all was his,
The young anes with thair dammis.

¹ Who chooses to expound.

² Rocks.
³ Scare.

The Hunter is Christ, that huntis in haist,
The hundis ar Peter and Paull,
The Paipe is the foxe, Rome is the rox,
That rubbis us on the gall.

God send every Priest ane wife,
And every Nunne ane man,
That they micht live that haly lyfe,
As first the Kirk began.

[Comparing the following with Montgomery's song, shows how closely both authors have parodied from a common source. The air is frequently noticed; the earliest reference is by Dunbar.]

Hay now, the day dallis,
Now Christ on us callis,
Now welth on our wallis¹
Apperis anone.
Now the word of od regnis,
Quhilk is King o all kingis,
Now Christis flock singis
The nicht is nair gone.

*Till our Gude-man, till our Gude-man,
Keip faith and lufe till² our Gude-man.*

For our Gude-man in hevin dois ring¹
In gloir and blis without ending,
Quhair Angellis singis ever Osan!²
In laude and praise of our Gude-man.

[The latter portion consists more largely of anti-Popish squibs, of which the satire is very pungent, and often tinged with the old licentiousness; the style, too, is somewhat more modern. The piece, of which the following is a specimen, is not presentable as a whole.]

The Paip, that pagane full of pryde,
He hes us blindit lang;
For quhair the blind the blind dois gyde,
Na wonder thay ga wrang:
Lyke prince and king he led the ring,
Of all inquitie:
Hay trix, tyme go trix,
Under the greenwood tree.

All my lufe, leif me not,
Leif me not, leif me not;
All my lufe, leif me not,
Thus myne alone:
With ane burding on my bak,
I may not beir it, I am sa waik;
Lufe, this burden from me tak,
Or ellis I am gone.

LADY CULROSS.

IF we except Eliza, the nun of Haddington, to whom tradition points as the source of both the prophetic and poetic inspiration which somewhat mystically attaches to the name of Thomas the Rhymer, Lady Culross is

our first poetess. She was the daughter of Sir James Melville of Halhill, the author of a memoir of his own times, and became Lady Culross as the wife of John Colvill, commendator of Culross. The few particulars that are preserved

¹ Waves.² Love with.¹ Reign.² Hosanna.

do not enable us to say when she was born ; but in the dedication to her of his Poems, in 1598, Alexander Hume gives as a reason for such dedication, "because ye delite in poesie yourselfe, and as I unfaindly confes, excelles any of your sexe in that art that ever I heard within this nation. I have seen your compositiones so copious, so pregnant, so spirituall, that I doubt not but it is the gift of God in you." As might be expected of the author of "The Godly Dream," she took an active part in the religious controversies of her day, and strongly sympathized with the Presbyterian cause in its struggles.

The first edition of "The Dream" is dated Edinburgh, 1603, but it is very likely to have been composed somewhat earlier. That it was very popular among the Presbyterians is amply shown by the number of editions which Dr Laing has quoted in his prefatory note to the edition which appears in his *Early Metrical Tales*, Edinburgh, 1826. This circumstance, he remarks, "might have obtained for it a more favourable regard than it has yet experienced. But," he continues, "when writers who have treated of early Scottish poets are so ungallant as to dismiss a poem of considerable beauty and imagination, as either unworthy of a single passing remark, or as being a nonsensical religious rhapsody, which should be consigned to oblivion—surely this is to be considered either as prejudice on their part, or the want of taste and discernment, so essential in giving a just estimate of the character and genius of our poetical writers." As an exponent of the spirit that animated, and as a record

of the sentiments that inspired the religious struggles of early Presbyterianism, it is of much historical value ; and, considering religion as one of the most powerful forces that move the human spirit, its vivid, but sincere and artless exhibition of a poetic imagination under the dominant influence of this power, is an instructive study, and could hardly incur the contempt of a wise and wide observer of human nature.

ANE GODLY DREAM,

COMPILED IN SCOTTISH METRE BY M.
M., GENTLEWOMAN IN CULROSS, AT
THE REQUEST OF HER FRIENDS.

I.

UPON ane day, as I did mourn full sore,
With sundry things wherewith my soul
was grievèd,
My grief increasèd, and grew more and
more,
My comfort fled, and could not be relievèd ;
With heaviness my heart was sae mis-
chievèd,
I loathed my life, I could not eat nor drink,
But mused alone, and divers things did
think.

II.

The wretched world did sae molest my
mind,
I thought upon this false and iron age ;
And how our hearts were sae to vice in-
clined,
That Satan seemed maist fearfully to rage.
Nothing in earth my sorrow could assuage !
I felt my sin maist strangely to increase ;
I grieved my spreit, that wont to be my
pledge ;
My soul was drowned into maist deep
distress.

III.

All merryness did agravate my pain,
And earthly joys did still increase my woe :
In company nae ways could remain,
But fled resort and so alone did go.
My silly soul was tossèd to and fro
With sundry thoughts whilk troubled me
full sore ;
I pressed to pray, but sighs overset me so,
I could do nought but sigh, and say no
more.

IV.

The twinkling tears abundantly ran down,
My heart was easèd when I mourned my
fill ;
Then I began my lamentation,
And said, " O Lord ! how long is it Thy
will
That Thy poor sancts shall be afflicted
still ?
Alas ! how long shall subtle Sathan rage ?
Make haste, O Lord ! Thy promise to ful-
fill ;
Make haste to end our painful pilgrimage.

V.

" Thy silly saints are tossèd to and fro,
Awake, O Lord ! why sleepest Thou sae
lang ?
We have nae strength agains our cruel foe,
Insighs and sobs now changèd is our sang.
The world prevails, our enemies are strang,
The wicked rage, but we are poor and
wake :¹
O show Thyself ! with speed revenge our
wrang,
Make short thir days, even for Thy chosen's
sake.

VI.

" Lord Jesus come, and save Thy own
elect,
For Sathan seeks our simple souls to slay ;
The wicked world does strangely us infect,
Most monstrous sins increases day by day :

¹ Weak.

Our love grows cold, our zeal is worn
away,
Our faith is failed, and we are like to fall ;
The lion roars to catch us as his prey.
Make haste, O Lord ! before we perish all.

VII.

" Thir are the days that Thou sae lang
foretold
Should come before this wretched world
should end
Now vice abounds, and charity grows cold,
And even Thine own most strongly does
offend :
The devil prevails, his forces he does bend,
Gif it could be, to wreck Thy children dear ;
But we are Thine, therefore some succour
send,—
Receive our souls, we irk to wander here.

VIII.

" What can we do ? we cloggèd are with
sin,
In filthy vice our senseless souls are
drowned ;
Though we resolve we never can begin
To mend our lives, but sin does still a-
bound.
When will Thou come ? When shall Thy
trumpet sound ?
When shall we see that great and glorious
day ?
O save us, Lord ! out of this pit profound,
And reive² us from this loathsome lump
of clay !

IX.

" Thou knows our hearts, thou sees our
hail desire,
Our secret thoughts are not hid far frae
Thee ;
Though we offend, Thou knows we
strongly tire
To bear this weight our spreits would
fain be free.

² Separate, rive.

Alas ! O Lord ! what pleasure can it be
To live in sin, that sair does press us
down ?
O give us wings, that we aloft may flie
And end the fecht,¹ that we may wear the
crown."

X.

Before the Lord, when I had thus com-
plained,
My mind grew calm, my heart was at
great rest ;
Though I was faint, from food yet I re-
frained,
And went to bed because I thought it
best :
With heaviness my spreit was sae opprest,
I fell on sleep, and sae again, methought,
I made my moan, and then my grief in-
creased,
And from the Lord, with tears, I succour
sought.

XI.

" Lord Jesus, come," said I, " and end my
grief !
My spreit is vext, the captive would be
free ;
All vice abounds, O send us some relief !
I loath to live, I wish dissolved to be :
My spreit does long and thirsteth after
Thee,
As thirsty ground requires ane shower of
rain ;
My heart is dry as fruitless barren tree,
I feel myself, how can I here remain ! "

XII.

With sighs and sobs, as I did so lament,
Into my Dream I thought there did appear
Ane sight maist sweet, whilk made me
weel content,—
Ane angel bright, with visage shining
clear,

¹ Fight.

With loving looks, and with ane smiling
cheir,²
He asked me, " Why art thou thus sae
sad ;
Why groans thou so ? What does thou
dwinning³ here
With careful³ eyes in this thy baleful bed ?

XIII.

" I hear thy sighs, I see thy twinkling
tears,
Thou seems to be in some perplexity :
What means thy moans ? What is the
thing thou fears ?
Whom would thou have ? In what place
would thou be ?
Faint not sae fast in thy adversity,
Mourn not sae sair sen mourning may
not mend ;
Lift up thy heart, declare thy grief to me,
Perchance thy pain brings pleasure in
the end."

XIV.

I sighed again, and said, " Alas ! for woe !
My grief is great, I can it not declare ;
Into this earth I wander to and fro,
Ane pilgrim poor, consumed with sighing
sore ;
My sins, alas ! increases more and more ;
I loathe my life, I irk to wander here ;
I long for Heaven, my heritage is there ;
I long to live with my Redeemer dear."

XV.

" Is this the cause ? " said he ; " rise up
anon,
And follow me, and I shall be thy guide ;
And from thy sighs leave off thy heavy
moan,
Refrain from tears, and cast thy care aside ;
Trust in my strength, and in my word
confide,
And thou shall have thy heavy heart's
desire :

² Countenance. ³ Dwindling away. ³ Sorrowful.

Rise up with speed, I may not long abide,
Great diligence this matter does require."

XVI.

My soul rejoiced to hear his words sae
sweet,
I looked up, and saw his face maist fair ;
His countenance revived my weary spreit,
Incontinent I cuist¹ aside my care ;
With humble heart, I prayed him to
declare
What was his name? He answered me
again,
"I am thy God for whom thou sighed sae
sair.
I now am comed ; thy tears are not in vain.

XVII.

"I am the way, I am the truth and life,
I am thy spouse, that brings thee store of
grace ;
I am thy love whom thou would fain
embrace,
I am thy joy, I am thy rest and peace ;
Rise up anon, and follow after me !
I shall thee lead into thy dwelling-place,
The land of rest thou langts sae sair to see.
I am thy Lord, that soon shall end thy
race."

XVIII.

With joyful heart I thanked Him again.
"Ready am I," said I, "and weel content
To follow Thee, for here I live in pain ;
O wretch unworth ! my days are vainly
spent.
Not ane is just, but all are fiercely bent
To run to vice ; I have nae force to stand ;
My sins increase, whilk makes me sair
lament.
Make haste, O Lord ! I long to see that
land."

XIX.

"Thy haste is great," He answered me
again,
"Thou thinks thee there, thou art trans-
ported so ;

¹ Forthwith I cast.

That pleasant place must purchased be
with pain ;

The way is straight, and thou hast far to
go !

Art thou content to wander to and fro,
Through great deserts, through water,
and through fire?

Through thorns, and briars, and many
dangers mo.

What says thou now? Thy feeble flesh
will tire."

XX.

"Alas !" said I, "howbeit my flesh be
weak,

My spirit is strong and willing for to fly :
O leave me not, but for Thy mercy's sake,
Perform Thy word, or else for dool I die !
I fear no pain, since I should walk with
Thee ;

The way is long ; yet bring me through
at last. [He,

"Thou answer well, I am content," said
"To be thy guide, but see thou grip me
fast."

XXI.

Then up I raise, and made no more delay,
My feeble arm about his arm I cast :
He went before, and still did guide the
way,

Though I was weak, my spriet did follow
fast.

Through moss and mires, through ditches
deep we past,

Through pricking thorns, through water,
and through fire ;

Through dreadful dens, whilk made my
heart aghast :

He bore me up when I begouth² to tire.

XXII.

Some time we clamb on craggy mountains
high,
And sometimes stayed on ugly braces² of
sand ;

¹ Began.

² Banks.

They weresae stay¹ that wonder was to see,
But when I feared, He held me by the hand:
Through thick and thin, through sea and
eik by land,
Through great deserts we wandered on
our way;
When I was weak, and had no force to
stand,
Yet with a look He did refresh me aye.

XXIII.

Through waters great we were compelled
to wyde,²
Which were so deep that I was like to
drown;
Some time I sank, but yet my gracious
guide
Did draw me out half dead, and in ane
sowne.³
In woods most wild, and far frae any town,
We thristit⁴ through, the briars together
stak;⁵
I was so weak their strength did ding⁶ me
down,
That I was forced for fear to fly aback.

XXIV.

"Courage," said He, "thou art mid gait⁷
and mair,
Thou may not tire, nor turn aback again;
Hold fast thy grip, on me cast all thy care,
Assay thy strength, thou shall not fight in
vain;
I told thee first that thou should suffer
pain,
The nearer heaven, the harder is the way:
Lift up thy heart and let thy hope remain,
Since I am guide thou shall not go astray."

XXV.

Forward⁸ we past on narrow brigs⁹ of tree,
Oure¹⁰ water great that hideously did roar:

¹ Steep.² Wade.³ Swoon.⁴ Thrust.⁵ Stuck.⁶ Knock⁷ Midway.⁸ Forward.⁹ Bridges.¹⁰ Over.

There lay below, that fearful was to see,
Maist ugly beasts that gapèd to devour.
My head grew light, and troubled won-
drous sore,
My heart did fear, my feet began to slide;
But when I cried He heard me ever more,
And held me up, O blessed be my guide!

XXVI.

Weary I was, and thought to sit at rest;
But He said, "Nae, thou may not sit nor
stand;
Hold on thy course, and thou shall find it
best,
Gif thou desires to see that pleasant land."
Though I was weak, I raise at His command
And held Him fast; at length He let me see
That pleasant place, whilk seemed to be
at hand:
"Take courage now, for thou art near,"
said He.

XXVII.

I looked up unto that castle fair,
Glistering¹ like gold, and shining silver
bright:
The stately towers did mount above the
air,
They blinded me, they cuist² sae great a
light:
My heart was glad to see that joyful sight;
My voyage then I thought was not in
vain:
I Him besought to guide me there aright,
With many vows never to tire again.

XXVIII.

"Though thou be near, the way is
wondrous hard;"
Said He again, "therefore thou mon be
stout;
Faint not for fear for cowards are debarred
That has nae heart to go their voyage out,
Pluck up thy heart, and grip me fast
about;

¹ Glittering.² Cast, reflected.

Out through yon trance¹ together we maun²
go :

The gait is low, remember for to lout,³
Gif this were past we have not mony mo."

XXIX.

I held Him fast as He did give command,
And through that trance together then we
went ;

Where in the mids great pricks of iron
did stand,

Wherewith my feet was all betorn and
rent.

"Take courage now," said He, "and be
content

To suffer this ; the pleasure comes at
last."

I answered not, but ran incontinent
Out oore them all, and so the pain was
past.

XXX.

When this was done, my heart did dance
for joy,

I was so near, I thought my voyage ended ;
I ran before and sought not his convoy,
Nor speired⁴ the way, because I thought I
kend it ;

On stately steps most stoutly I ascended,
Without his help, I thought to enter there ;
He followed fast, and was right sair
offended,

And hastily did draw me down the stair.

XXXI.

"What haste," said He, "why ran thou so
before?

Without my help, thinks thou to climb so
high?

Come down again, thou yet mon suffer
more,

Gif thou desires that dwelling-place to see :

This stately stair it is not made for thee,
Hold thou that course, thou shall be thrust
aback."

"Alas !" said I, "lang wandering wearied
me,
Whilk made me run the nearest way to
tak."

XXXII.

Then He began to comfort me again,
And said, "My friend, thou mon not enter
there :

Lift up thy heart, thou yet mon suffer
pain ;

The last assault, perforce, it mon be sair.
This godly way, although it seem sae fair,
It is too high, thou cannot climb so stay ;¹
But look below beneath that stately stair,
And thou shall see ane other kind of way."

XXXIII.

I looked down, and saw ane pit most
black,
Most full of smoke, and flaming fire
most fell ;

That ugly sight made me to fly aback,
I feared to hear so many shout and yell ;
I Him besought that He the truth would
tell.

"Is this," said I, "the papist's purging
place,
Where they affirm that silly souls do dwell,
To purge their sin, before they rest in
peace?"

XXXIV.

"The brain of man most warely² did invent
That purging place," He answered me
again ;

"For greediness, together they consent
To say that souls in torment mon remain,
Till gold and goods relieve them of their
pain :

O spiteful spreits that did the same begin !
O blinded beasts ! your thoughts are all
in vain,

My blood alone did save thy soul from sin."

¹ Passage.

³ Bend.

² Must.

⁴ Inquired.

6)

¹ Steep.

² Warily, cunningly.

z

XXXV.

"This pit is Hell, where through thou
mon now go,
There is thy way that leads thee to the
land:
Now play the man, thou needs not tremble
so!
For I shall help and hold thee by the
hand."
"Alas!" said I, "I have nae force to
stand,
For fear I faint to see that ugly sight;
How can I come among that bailful^a band?
O help me now, I have nae force nor
might!"

XXXVI.

"Oft have I heard, that they that enter
there,
In this great gulf, shall never come^a again."
"Courage" said He, "have I not bought
you dear?
My precious blood it was not shed in vain;
I saw this place, my soul did taste this
pain,
Or ever I went into my Father's glore;
Through mon thou go, but thou shall not
remain.
Thou needs not fear, for I shall go before."

XXXVII.

"I am content to do Thy haile command,"
Said I again, and did Him fast embrace:
Then lovingly He held me by the hand,
And in we went into that fearful place.
"Hold fast thy grip" said He; "in any case
Let me not slip, whatever thou shall see:
Dread not the death, but stoutly forward
press,
For Death nor Hell shall never vanquish
thee."

XXXVIII.

His words so sweet did cheer my heavy
heart;
Incontinent I culst^a my care aside.

^a Sorrowful.^a Come out.^a Cast.

"Courage!" said He, "play not ane
coward's part;
Though thou be weak, yet in my strength
confide."
I thought me blest to have ane good a
guide,
Though I was weak, I knew that He was
strong;
Under His wings I thought me for to hide,
Gif any there should press to do me wrong.

XXXIX.

Into that pit, when I did enter in,
I saw ane sight whilk made my heart
aghast;
Poor damnd souls tormented sair for sin,
In flaming fire were frying wonder fast;
And ugly spreits; and as we through them
past,
My heart grew faint, and I begouth to
tire.
Or I was ware,^a ane gripp'd me at last,
And held me heich^a above ane flaming fire:

XL.

The fire was great, the heat did pierce me
sore,
My faith grew weak, my grip was won-
drous small;
I trembled fast, my fear grew more and
more,
My hands did shake, that I Him held
withall:
At length they loosed, then they begouth
to fall,
I cried, "O Lord!" and caught them fast
again;
"Lord Jesus come, and red^a me out of
thrall."
"Courage!" said He, "now, thou art past
the pain."

XLI.

With this great fear I staggered and awoke,
Crying "O Lord! Lord Jesus, come again."

^a Aware.^a High.^a Free.

But after this no kind of rest I took,
I pressed to sleep, but that was all in vain.
I would have dreamed of pleasure after
pain,
Because I know I shall it find at last :
God grant my guide may still with me re-
main !
It is to come that I believed was past.

XLII.

This is anedream, and yet I thought it best
To write the same, and keep it still in mind,
Because I knew there was nae earthly rest
Prepared for us, that has our hearts inclined
To seek the Lord, we mon be purged and
fined ;²

Our dross is great, the fire mon try us sore ;
But yet our God is merciful and kind,
He shall remain and help us ever more.

XLIII.

The way to Heaven, I see, is wondrous
hard,
My dream declares that we have far to go,
We mon bestout, for cowards are debarred ;
Our flesh on force mon suffer pain and woe.
Thir grivelie gaits,² and dangers many mo
Await for us, we cannot live in rest ;
But let us learn, since we are warn'd so,
To cleave to Christ, for He can help us best.

XLIV.

O silly souls, with pains so sore opprest,
That love the Lord, and long for Heaven
so high,
Change not your mind for ye have chosen
the best,
Prepare yourselves, for troubled mon ye be :
Faint not for fear in your adversity,
Although that ye long looking be for life ;
Suffer ane while, and ye shall shortly see
The land of rest, when ended is your strife.

XLV.

In wilderness ye mon be tried a while,
Yet forwart press, and never fly aback :

¹ Refined.

² Those grievous ways.

Like pilgrims poor, and strangers in exile,
Through fair and foul, your journey ye
mon tak.

The Devil, the World, and all that they
can mak,
Will send their force to stop you in your
way ;
Your flesh will faint, and sometime will
grow slack,
Yet clim¹ to Christ, and He shall help you
aye.

XLVI.

The thorny cares of this deceitful life
Will rent your heart, and make your soul
to bleed ;
Your flesh and spreit will be at deadly
strife,
Your cruel foe will hold you still in dread,
And draw you down ; yet rise again with
speed :
And though ye fall, yet lie not loitering
still,
But call on Christ to help you in your need,
Who will not fail His promise to fulfil.

XLVII.

In floods of woe when ye are like to drown,
Yet clim to Christ, and grip Him wonder
fast,
And though ye sink and in the deep fall
down,
Yet cry aloud, and He will hear at last.
Dread not the death, nor be not sore aghast,
Though all the earth against you should
conspire ;
Christ is your guide, and when your pain
is past,
Ye shall have joy above your heart's desire.

XLVIII.

Though in this earth ye shall exalted be,
Fear shall be left to humble you withal ;
For gif ye climb on tops of mountains high,
The higher up the nearer is your fall :

¹ Cling.

Your honey sweet shall mix'd be with gall,
Your short delight shall end with pain and
grief;

Yet trust in God, for His assistance call,
And He shall help and send you some relief

XLIX.

Though waters great do compass you
about,

Though tyrants fret, though lions rage
and roar;

Defy them all, and fear not to win out,
Your guide is near to help you ever more.

Though prick of iron do prick you wond-
rous sore,

As noisome lusts that seek your soul to
slay;

Yet cry on Christ, and He shall go before,
The nearer Heaven the harder is the way.

L.

Run out your race, ye mon not faint nor
tire,

Nor sit, nor stand, nor turn (you) back
again;

Gif ye design to have your heart's desire
Press forward still, although it be with
pain:

No rest for you so long as ye remain
Ane pilgrim poor, into thy loathsome life:

Fecht on your faucht,¹ it shall not be in
vain,

Your rich reward is worth ane greater
strife.

LI.

Gif after tears ye live ane while in joy,
And get ane taste of that eternal glore,

Be not secure, nor slip not your convoy,
For gif ye do ye shall repent it sore:

He knows the way, and He mon go before:
Climb ye alone ye shall not miss ane fall;

Your humbl'd flesh it mon be troubled
more,

Gif ye forget upon your guide to call.

¹ Fight on your fight.

LII.

Gif Christ be gain, although ye seem to
flee

With golden wings above the firmament;
Come down again, ye shall not better be,
That pride of yours ye shall right sore
repent:

Then hold Him fast, with humble heart
aye bent

To follow Him, although through Hell
and Death;

He went before, his soul was torn and rent,
For your deserts He felt His father's wrath.

LIII.

Though in the end ye suffer torments fell,
Clim'fast to Him, that felt the same before;

The way to Heaven mon be through
Death and Hell;

The last assault will trouble you full sore;
The lion then maist cruelly will roar,

His time is short, his forces he will bend,
The greater strife the greater is your glore,

Your pain is short your joy shall never end.

LIV.

Rejoice in God, let not your courage fail,
Ye chosen saints that are afflicted here;

Though Sathan rage, he never shall prevail,
Fecht to the end, and stoutly persevere,

Your God is true, your blood is to Him
dear;

Fear not the way, since Christ is your
convoy,

When clouds are past, the weather will
grow clear

Ye sow in tears but ye shall reap in joy.

LV.

Both Death and Hell has lost their cruel
sting,

Your Captain Christ has made them all
to yield;

Lift up your hearts and praises to Him
sing,

¹ Cling.

Triumph for joy your enemies are killed ;
The Lord of Hosts, that is your strength
and shield,
The Serpent's head has stoutly tramped
down,
Trust in His strength, pass fordwart in
the field,
Overcome in fecht, and ye shall wear the
crown.

LVI.

The King of kings, gif He be on our side,
We need not fear what dare agains¹ us
stand ;
Into the field may we not boldly bide,
When He shall help us with his mighty
hand,
Who sits above and rules both sea and
land,
Who with His breath doth make the hills
to shake :
The hosts of heaven are armed at his
command
To fight the field, when we appear most
wake.²

LVII.

Pluck up your heart, ye are not left alone,
The Lamb of God shall lead you in the
way ;
The Lord of Hosts that rings³ on royal
throne,
Against your foes your banner will display :
The angels bright shall stand in good
array
To hold you up, ye need not fear to
fall ;
Your enemies shall flie and be your prey,
Ye shall triumph, and they shall perish
all.

¹ Against. ² Weak. ³ Reigns

LVIII.

The joy of Heaven is worth ane moment's
pain ;
Take courage, then, lift up your hearts on
high ;
To judge the earth when Christ shall
come again,
Above the clouds ye shall exalted be :
The throne of joy and true felicity
Await for you, when finished is your fecht ;
Suffer ane while, and ye shall shortly see
Ane gloire maist great and infinite of wecht.¹

LIX.

Prepare yourselves, be valiant men of weir,²
And thrust with force out through the
narrow way ;
Hold on thy course and shrink not back
for fear,
Christ is your guide, ye shall not go astray ;
The time is near, be sober, watch and pray ;
He sees your tears, and He has laid in
store
Ane rich reward, whilk in that joyful day
Ye shall receive, and ring for evermore.

LX.

Now to the King that create all of nought,
And Lord of lords, that rules both land
and sea,
That saved our souls, and with his blood
us bought,
And vanquished Death triumphant on the
tree,
Unto the great and glorious Trinity
That saves the poor and does his ain
defend ;
Be laud and gloir, honour and majesty,
Power and praise, Amen, world without
end.

¹ Weight, importance. ² Men of war.

SIR ROBERT AYTOUN.

1570—1638.

SIR ROBERT AYTOUN is reckoned the first Scotchman who, after the divergence of English and Scotch into different dialects, wrote correct English in the style to which the language attained through the powerful transforming genius of the writers of the Elizabethan period.

The Aytouns of Scotland are descended from Gilbert De Vescy, who received the lands of Aytoun, in Berwickshire, from King Robert Bruce, and thence they derive their surname.

Sir Robert was the second son of Andrew Aytoun, of Kinaldie in Fifeshire, and was born there in 1570. He entered St Andrews University in 1584, where he studied for four years, and took his degree of M.A. He afterwards proceeded to Paris, as is supposed, to study law, and distinguished himself as a Greek and Latin scholar. Returning to Britain in 1603, he wrote a Latin address on the accession of James VI. to the English throne, which attracted the King's notice, and led to the poet's appointment as a gentleman of the bed-chamber, private secretary to the Queen, and a privy councillor. James, in 1609, employed him as his ambassador to present copies of his "Apology for the Oath of Allegiance" to the courts of Germany; and in connection with this mission, it is supposed, he received the honour of knighthood. After James' death, he

became private secretary to the queen of Charles I.

His eminence as a scholar, and his elegance as a poet, brought him into contact with most of the literary men of his time; while with Ben Jonson, and Hobbes of Malmsbury, he was on terms of intimate friendship. In his conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden, he was almost the only one of his acquaintances of whom Ben spoke in an affectionate manner, for he says, "Aytoun loved him dearly!" No further particulars are known of his life, but his monument in Westminster Abbey, erected by his nephew, Sir John Aytoun, knight of the Black Rod, records his having died unmarried, in the palace of Whitehall, in March 1638, in his 68th year.

Aytoun's poems are not numerous, nor of sustained effort, but they show much perfection in the art of poetry, and a Horatian elegance of style and turn of thought becoming their semi-lyrical character. He himself possibly placed more value upon his Latin Poems, which appeared in the *Delitiae Poetarum Scotorum*, than on his English Poems, for they appeared in all sorts of ways, scattered here and there, and were only first collected in 1844, on the occasion of a manuscript copy having come into the hands of Dr Charles Rogers, who had them printed for private circulation. In Aubrey's

Lives of Eminent Men, he is characterised as "one of the best poets of his time," a statement which is endorsed by Dryden, who describes "some of his verses as the best of that age."

TO AN INCONSTANT MISTRESS.

I.

I loved thee once, I'll love no more,
Thine be the grief, as is the blame ;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same ?
He that can love unloved again,
Hath better store of love than brain ;
God sends me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.

II.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou had still continued mine ;
Nay, if thou had remained thine own,
I might perchance have yet been thine.
But thou thy freedom did recall,
That it thou might elsewhere enthrall ;
And, then, how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain ?

III.

When new desires have-conquered thee,
And changed the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy, to love thee still.
Yea, it had been a sin to go
And prostitute affection so,
Since we are taught no prayers to say,
To such as must to others pray.

IV.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice—
Thy choice, of his good fortune boast ;
I'll neither grieve, nor yet rejoice,
To see him gain what I have lost.

The height of my disdain shall be,
To laugh at him, to blush for thee ;
To love thee still, but go no more
A begging at a beggar's door,

INCONSTANCY REPROVED.

I.

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee,
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, had power to
move thee ;
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.

II.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind,
Which kisseth everything it meets ;
And since thou can'st love more than
one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none.

III.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briars, how sweet she
smells !
But plucked, and strained through ruder
hands,
Her sweets no longer with her dwells ;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her one by one.

IV.

Such fate ere long will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile,
Like sere flowers to be thrown aside ;
And thou shalt sigh, when I shall smile
To see thy love to every one
Hath brought thee to be loved by
none.

OLD LONG SYNE.

[This song is an English version of an older Scottish one, and its chief interest consists in its forming a link in the history of Scotland's national social lyric, the "Auld Lang Syne" of Burns.]

PART FIRST.

I.

Should old acquaintance be forgot,
And never thought upon,
The flames of love extinguish'd,
And freely past and gone?
Is thy kind heart now grown so cold
In that loving breast of thine,
That thou canst never once reflect
On old long syne?

II.

Where are thy protestations,
Thy vows, and oaths, my dear,
Thou mad'st to me and I to thee,
In register yet clear?
Is faith and truth so violate
To th' immortal gods divine,
That thou canst never once reflect
On old long syne?

III.

Is't Cupid's fears, or frosty cares,
That makes thy spirits decay?
Or is't some object of more worth
That's stolen thy heart away?
Or some desert makes thee neglect
Him, so much once was thine,
That thou canst never once reflect
On old long syne?

IV.

Is't worldly cares, so desperate,
That makes thee to despair?
Is't that makes thee exasperate,
And makes thee to forbear?

If thou of that were free as I,
Thou surely should be mine;
If this were true, we should renew
Kind old long syne.

V.

But since that nothing can prevail,
And all hope is in vain,
From these dejected eyes of mine
Still showers of tears shall rain:
And though thou hast me now forgot,
Yet I'll continue thine,
And ne'er forget for to reflect
On old long syne.

VI.

If e'er I have a house my dear,
That truly is called mine,
And can afford but country cheer,
Or ought that's good therein;
Though thou wert rebel to the king,
And beat with wind and rain,
Assure thyself of welcome, love,
For old long syne.

PART SECOND.

VII.

My soul is ravished with delight
When you I think upon;
All griefs and sorrows take their flight,
And hastily are gone;
The fair resemblance of your face
So fills this breast of mine,
No fate nor force can it displace,
For old long syne.

VIII.

Since thoughts of you do banish grief,
When I'm from you removed;
And if in them I find relief,
When with sad cares I'm moved,
How doth your presence me affect
With ecstasies divine,
Especially when I reflect
On old long syne.

IX.

Since thou hast robbed me of my heart,
By those resistless powers
Which Madam Nature doth impart
To those fair eyes of yours,
With honour it doth not consist
To hold a slave in pyne ;
Pray let your rigour, then, desist,
For old long syne.

X.

'Tis not my freedom I do crave,
By deprecating pains ;
Sure, liberty he would not have
Who glories in his chains :
But this I wish—the gods would move
That noble soul of thine
To pity, if thou canst not love,
For old long syne.

AGAINST EXTREMES IN LOVE.

There is no worldly pleasure here below
Which by experience doth not folly
prove,
But among all the follies that I know,
The sweetest folly in the world is love ;
But not that passion which with fools' consent
Above the reason bears imperious sway,
Making their lifetime a perpetual lent,
As if a man were born to fast and pray.
No, that is not the humour I approve,
As either yielding pleasure or promotion :
I like a mild and lukewarm zeal in love,
Although I do not like it in devotion ;

For it has no coherence with my creed,
To think that lovers die as they pretend ;
If all that say they die, had died indeed,
Sure long e're now the world had had
an end.
Besides, we need not love but if we please ;
No destiny can force men's disposition ;
And how can any die of that disease,
Whereof himself may be his own
physician ?
But some seem so distracted of their wits,
That I would think it but a venial sin,
To take some of those innocents that sit
In Bedlam out, and put some lovers in.
Yet some men, rather than incur the
slander
Of true apostates, will false martyrs
prove :
But I am neither Iphis nor Leander,
I'll neither drown nor hang myself for
love.
Methinks a wise man's actions should be
such
As always yield to reason's best advice:
Now for to love too little or too much
Are both extremes, and all extremes are
vice.
Yet have I been a lover by report,
Yea, I have died for love as others do,
But, praised be God, it was in such a sort,
That I revived within an hour or two.
Thus have I lived, thus have I loved till
now,
And find no reason to repent me yet :
And whosoever otherways will do,
His courage is as little as his wit.

THE EARL OF STIRLING.

1580—1640.

ALTHOUGH the most voluminous of our ancient poetical remains, and presenting no linguistic difficulties to the modern reader, the poems of Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, contain fewer pieces of popular interest than those of any of his predecessors, and this notwithstanding that their author was the subject of much admiration on the part of his contemporaries.

His family is traced to Somerled, Thane of Argyle, and Lord of the Isles, who, in 1164, fell fighting against Malcolm IV., in a battle at Renfrew. His successor, John, Lord of the Isles, of the time of Robert II., married Mary, the daughter of that monarch, and their third son, Alexander, is the common progenitor, of two families who adopted his patronymic as their surname; the one, the Macalisters of Loup, taking the Gaelic rendering of the name, and the other, the Alexanders of Menstrie, the English. The Earls of Argyle, whose favourite residence of Castle Campbell is in the neighbourhood, bestowed the lands of Menstrie upon Alexander, the son of this grandson of Robert II.

William Alexander, the poet, was the son of Alexander Alexander, the fifth laird of Menstrie, and was born in 1580 at the family mansion-house, which still stands on the march between Alloa and Logie, about five miles from Stirling. He is said to have been educated at Glasgow University, and,

being a young man of promising parts, was selected as the travelling companion of *Gillesbuig Gruamach* (Archibald the Sullen), seventh Earl of Argyle. They visited France, Italy, and Spain, of which countries Alexander learned the languages.

After his return home, he, in 1603, published the tragedy of *Darius*, at Edinburgh. Shortly after this, he repaired to London, where, in 1604, he published his sonnets and songs, under the title of *Aurora*. They were his first production, and appear to refer to a veritable love affair; if so, he was an unsuccessful suitor, but soon got over his disappointment by marrying Janet, the daughter and heiress of Sir William Erskine, titular Archbishop of Glasgow. His excluding them from the collected edition of his works in 1637, lends colour to the supposition that their subject was a real, not an ideal mistress. They are dedicated to the Countess of Argyle, and may be regarded his most poetical compositions. The "Parænesis to Prince Henry," which is after the manner of Bellenden's Address to James V., also appeared this year, and if the cause of his appointment as a gentleman of the Prince's privy chamber, which immediately followed, his promotion is creditable to both the King and the poet. It is reckoned his most unexceptionable poem. In 1607, he published his tragedies, now increased to four, viz., "*Darius*," "*Croesus*," "*The Alexandrian Tragedy*,"

and "Julius Caesar," in one volume, under the title of *The Monarchicke Tragedies*, dedicated to the King. In 1612, Prince Henry's death was the cause of much and general regret, and numerous elegies were written on the event. Alexander contributed to the number, but failed to rise to the occasion.

In 1613, he was appointed gentleman usher to Prince Charles, and in 1614 received the honour of knighthood, along with the appointment of Master of Requests. Being some time in Scotland this year, he was visited by Drummond of Hawthornden, with whom he formed a most intimate friendship. He also published at Edinburgh the four first hours of his "Doomes Day, or the great day of the Lord's Judgment." It was afterwards extended to twelve hours, and is beyond doubt his greatest labour, if not his greatest work. It is a religious poem, evidently inspired by the study of the Apocalypse, and, in an unsymmetrical way, passes over some of the ground shortly afterward taken up by the author of *Paradise Lost*. The following stanza will serve as a specimen of the style and the matter. It is taken from the twelfth hour, in which the renovated order of things is fully detailed :—

"As Adam once (whilst naked) free from sinne,
Was not ashamed to walk before the Lord,
So shall the saints (when glory doth begin)
Be to the same integrity restored ;
No barenesse, robes, but brightnesse deckes
the skinnie,
Which no way else could be so much decored :
For nakedness when shining every where,
Is purenesse, and not impudency there."

Dr Irving remarks, that the author's
"varied knowledge, his power of reflec-

tion, and his vigour of intellect, are on many occasions conspicuously displayed; but to have supported the fervour of poetry through so extended a work, on such a subject, would have demanded genius of the first order."

With the exception of a fragment entitled "Jonathan," *Doomes Day* is his last original work, but he is known to have assisted the King in his translation of the Psalms. After 1621, he became involved in political business, the details of which have little bearing upon his literary career, and may therefore be slightly referred to. James' plantation of Ulster seems to have suggested something similar for Canada; and Sir William drew up a scheme, in September 1861, for creating an order of nobility, which came to be known as Nova Scotia Baronetries, to be obtained on the purchase of a certain portion of an immense grant of land placed at his disposal by the King. But the scheme, which did not come into practical operation till the accession of Charles I., ultimately brought little profit and less reputation to its originator. The right of printing the Psalms, which were not published till after James' death, granted to Alexander for thirty-one years, also proved a barren gift.

In 1626 he was appointed Secretary of State for Scotland, and in 1630 he was created Lord Alexander of Tullibody and Viscount Stirling, while in 1631 he was appointed an extraordinary judge of the Court of Session. That he all along retained the confidence of his royal masters, is evinced by the successive favours bestowed upon him; yet there is sufficient evidence that his

countrymen had not the same high opinion of him. His final advance in the peerage by the title of Earl of Stirling and Viscount Canada, took place in 1633, and to these were added, in 1639, the title of Earl of Dovan. In 1637, under the title of *Recreations with the Muses*, he published a collected edition of his works, in which "Jonathan" first appeared, and from which "Aurora" was excluded. The death of his eldest son, in 1638, while he was still in mourning for the second, seems to have concurred with other causes to shorten his life, for he died in London in 1640, at the age of sixty, with his affairs in a state of insolvency. In 1739—a hundred years after his death—his fourth successor died without issue, and the title has since lain dormant, though two unsuccessful attempts have been made to revive it.

His poetical works have been reprinted in 3 volumes 8vo, at Glasgow, 1870-2. The specimens given are unaltered, except as regards the *u's* and *v's*.

SONNET.

Whil'st charming fancies move me to
revale
The idle ravings of my brain-sicke youth,
My heart doth pant within, to heare my
mouth
Unfold the follies which it would conceale:
Yet bitter critickes may mistake my mind;
Not beautie, no, but vertue rais'd my fires,
Whose sacred flame did cherish chast
desires,
And through my cloudie fortune clearly
shin'd.
But had not others otherwise advis'd,

My cabinet should yet these scroles con-
taine,
This childish birth of a conceitie braine,
Which I had still as trifling toyes despis'd:
Pardon those errours of mine unripe age;
My tender Muse by time may grow more
sage.

SONNET.

As yet three lusters² were not quite expir'd
Since I had bene a partner of the light,
When I beheld a face, a face more bright
Then glistring Phœbus when the fields are
fir'd:
Long time amaz'd rare beautie I admir'd,
The beames reflecting on my captiv'd
sight,
Till that surpriz'd (I wot not by what
flight)
More then I could conceive my soule
desir'd,
My taker's state I long'd for to comprise.
For still I doubted who had made the
rape,
If 't was a bodie or an airie shape,
With fain'd perfections for to mocke the
eyes:
At last I knew 't was a most divine
creature,
The crowne of th' Earth, th' excellencie of
Nature.

SONNET.

That subtile Greeke who for t' advance
his art,
Shap'd Beautie's goddesse with so sweet a
grace,
And with a learned pensill limn'd her face,
Till all the world admir'd the workman's
part;
Of such whom Fame did most
accomplish'd call
The naked snowes he severally perceived,

² Periods of five years—the age of fifteen.

Then drew th' *idæa* which his soule conceived,
 Of that which was most exquisite in all :
 But had thy forme his fancie first possest,
 If wordly knowledge could so high attaine,
 Thou mightst have spar'd the curious
 painter's paine,
 And satisfide him more then all the rest.
 O if he had all thy perfections noted,
 The painter with his picture straight had
 doted.

SONNET.

I swear, Aurora, by thy starrie eyes,
 And by those golden lockes whose locke
 none slips,
 And by the corall of thy rosie lippes,
 And by the naked snowes which beautie
 dies,
 I swear by all the jewels of thy mind,
 Whose like yet never worldly treasure
 bought,
 Thy solide judgement and thy generous
 thought,
 Which in this darkened age have clearly
 shin'd :
 I swear by those, and by my spotlesse
 love,
 And by my secret, yet most fervent fires,
 That I have never nurc'd but chaste desires,
 And such as modestie might well approve.
 Then since I love those vertuous parts in
 thee,
 Shouldst thou not love this vertuous mind
 in me ?

SONG.

O memorable day, that chanc'd to see
 A world of loving wonders strangely
 wrought.
 Deepe in my brest, engrav'd by many a
 thought,
 Thou shalt be celebrated still by me :

And if that Phœbus so benigne will be,
 That happie happie place,
 Whereas that divine face
 Did distribute such grace,
 By pilgrims once as sacred shall be sought.
 When she whom I a long time have
 affected,
 Amongst the flowres went forth to take the
 aire ;
 They being proud of such a guest's repaire,
 Though by her garments divers times
 dejected,
 To gaze on her againe themselves erected;
 Then softly seem'd to say :
 "O happie we this day ;
 Our worthlesse dew it may,
 Washing her feete, with nectar now com-
 pare."
 The roses did the rosie hue envy
 Of those sweet lips that did the bees
 deceive,
 That colour oft the lilies wish'd to have,
 Which did the alabaster pillar dye,
 On which all beautie's glorie did rely ;
 Her breath so sweetly smell'd,
 The violets, as excell'd,
 To look downe were compell'd ;
 And so confest what foile they did receive.
 I heard at lest, love made it so appeare,
 The feathered flockes her praises did pro-
 claime :
 She whom the tyrant Tereus put to shame,
 Did leave sad plaints, and learn'd to praise
 my deare :
 To joyne with her sweet breath the winds
 drew neare ;
 They were in love no doubt,
 For circling her about,
 Their fancies bursted out,
 Whilst all their sounds seem'd but to
 sound her name.
 There I mine eyes with pleasant sights
 did cloy,
 Whose severall parts in vaine I strive t'
 unfold ;

My faire was fairer many a thousand fold
Then Venus, when she woo'd the bashfull
boy :

This I remember both with griefe and joy,
Each of her lookes a dart,
Might well have kill'd a hart ;
Mine from my breast did part,
And thence retir'd it to a sweeter hold.

Whilst in her bosome whiles she plac'd a
flowre,
Straight of the same I envy would the case,
And wish'd my hand a flowre t' have found
like grace ;
Then when on her it rain'd some hapning
howre,
I wish'd like love t' have falne down in a
showre :
But when the flowres she spred,
To make her selfe a bed,
And with her gowne them cled,
A thousand times I wish'd t' have had
their place.

Thus whilst that senselesse things that
blisse attain'd,
Which unto me good justice would ad-
judge,
Behind a little bush (O poore refuge),
Fed with her face, I lizard-like remain'd :
Then from her eyes so sweet a poison
rain'd,
That gladly drinking death,
I was not mov'd to wrath,
Though like t' have lost my breath,
Drowne'd with the streames of that most
sweet deluge.

And might that happinesse continue still,
Which did content me with so pleasant
sights,
My soule then ravish'd with most rare
delights,
With ambrosie and nectar I might fill :
Which ah, I feare, I surfeiting would kill.

Who would leave off to thinke,
To move, to breathe, or winke,
But never irke to drinke
The sugred liquor that transports my
sprites?

SONNET.

My fairest faire, advise thee with thy
heart,
And tell in time if that thou think'st to
love me,
Lest that I perish whil'st thou think'st to
prove me,
And so thou want the meanes to act thy
part :
For I account my selfe so done accurst,
That from despaire's refuge I scarce
refraine.
The daintest colours do the soonest staine,
And the most noble minds do soonest
burst.
Why shouldst thou thus thy rarest
treasure venter ?
Lo, all the waightie thoughts, the
burd'nous cares,
And every horror that the health impaires,
Draw to the heart, as to the bodie's center :
And it ore-ballanc'd with so great a waight,
Doth boast to yeeld unto the burthen
straight.

ELEGIE.

Even as the dying swan almost bereft of
breath,
Sounds dolefull notes and drearie songs,
a presage of her death :
So since my date of life almost expir'd I
find,
My obsequies I sadly sing, as sorrow
tunes my mind,
And as the rarest bird a pile of wood doth
frame,

Which, being fir'd by Phoebus' rayes,
 she falls into the flame :
 So by two sunnie eyes I give my fancies
 fire,
 And burne my selfe with beauties raies,
 even by mine owne desire.
 Thus th' angry gods at length begin for to
 relent,
 And once to end my deathfull life, for
 pitie are content.
 For if th' infernall powers, the damned
 souls would pine,
 Then let them send them to the light, to
 leade a life like mine.
 O if I could recount the crosses and the
 cares,
 That from my cradle to my beire conduct
 me with despairs ;
 Then hungrie Tantalus please'd with his
 lot would stand :
 I famish for a sweeter food, which still is
 ref't my hand,
 Like Ixion's restlesse wheele my fancies
 rowle about ;
 And like his guest that stole Heav'n's
 fires, they teare my bowels out.
 I worke an endless task and loose my
 labour still :
 Even as the bloudie sisters do, that
 emptie as they fill,
 As Sisiph's stone returnes his guiltie
 ghost t' appall,
 I ever raise my hopes so high, they bruise
 me with their fall.
 And if I could in summe my severall
 griefes relate,
 All would forget their proper harms, and
 only waile my state.
 So grievous is my paine, so painfull is my
 grieve,
 That death, which does the world affright,
 wold yield to me releefe.
 I have mishaps so long, as in a habit
 had,
 I thinke I looke not like my selfe, but
 when that I am sad.

As birds flie but in th' aire, fishes in seas
 do dive,
 So sorrow is as th' element by which I
 onely live :
 Yet this may be admir'd as more then
 strange in me,
 Although in all my horoscope not one
 cleare point I see.
 Against my knowledge, yet I many a time
 rebell,
 And seeke to gather grounds of hope, a
 Heav'n amidst a Hell.
 O poyson of the mind, that doest the wits
 bereave :
 And shrouded with a cloke of love dost al
 the world deceive,
 Thou art the rock on which my comforts'
 ship did dash,
 It's thou that daily in my wounds thy
 hooked heades dost wash.
 Blind tyrant, it is thou by whom my hopes
 lye dead :
 That whiles throwes forth a dart of gold,
 and whiles a lump of lead.
 Thus oft thou woundest two, but in two
 different states,
 Which through a strange antipathy, th'
 one loves, and th' other hates.
 O but I erre I grant, I should not thee
 upbraid,
 It's I to passion's tyrannie that have my
 selfe betraid :
 And yet this cannot be, my judgements
 aymes amisse :
 Ah, deare, Aurora, it is thou that ruin'd
 hast my blisse :
 A fault that by thy sexe may partly be
 excus'd,
 Which stil doth loath what profer'd is,
 affects what is refus'd.
 Whilst my distracted thoughts I striv'd for
 to controule,
 And with fain'd gestures did disguise the
 anguish of my soule,
 Then with inviting lookes and accents
 stamp't with love,

The mask that was upon my mind thou
labordst to remove.

And when that once ensnar'd thou in those
nets me spide,

Thy smiles were shadow'd with disdaines,
thy beauties cloth'd with pride.

To reattaine thy grace I wot not how to
go:

Shall I once fold before thy feete, to
pleade for favour so?

No, no, I'll proudly go my wrath for to
asswage,

And liberally at last enlarge the raines
unto my rage.

I'll tell what we were once, our chaste
(yet fervent) loves,

Whilst in effect thou seem'd t' affect that
which you didst disprove.

Whilst once t' engrave thy name upon a
rock I sat,

Thou vow'd to write mine in a mind,
more firme by far then that;

The marble stone once stamp't retaines
that name of thine:

But ah, thy more then marble mind, it
did not so with mine;

So that which thral'd me first, shall set
me free againe;

Those flames to which thy love gave life,
shall die with thy disdain.

But ah, where am I now, how is my
iudgement lost!

I speak as it were in my power, like one
that's free to boast:

Have I not sold my selfe to be thy beautie's
slave?

And when thou tak'st all hope from me,
thou tak'st but what thou gave.

That former love of thine, did so possesse
my mind,

That for to harbor other thoughts, no
roome remains behind,

And th' only means by which I mind t'
avenge this wrong,

It is, by making of thy praise the burden
of my song.

Then why shouldst thou such spite for my
goodwill returne?

Was ever god as yet so mad to make his
temple burne?

My breast the temple was, whence
incense thou receiv'd,

And yet thou set'st the same a fire, which
others would have sav'd.

But why should I accuse Aurora in this
wise?

She is as faultlesse as she's faire, as
innocent as wise.

It's but through my mis-lucke, if any fault
there be;

For she who was of nature mild, was cruell
made by me.

And since my fortune is, in wo to be be-
wrapt,

I'll honour her as oft before, and hate
mine owne mishap.

Her rigorous course shall serve my loyall
part to prove,

And as a touch-stone for to trie the vertue
of my love.

Which when her beautie fades, shall be as
cleare as now,

My constancie it shall be known, when
wrinkled is her brow:

So that such two againe, shall in no age
be found,

She for her face, I for my faith, both
worthy to be crown'd.

A PARÆNESIS TO PRINCE HENRY.

[*Extract.*]

I.

Ah, be not those most miserable soules,
Their judgements, to refine who never
strive!

Nor will not looke upon the learned
scroules,

Which without practice doe experience
give;

But (whilst base sloth each better care con-
troules)
Are dead in ignorance, entomb'd alive :
Twixt beasts and such the difference is
but small,
They use not reason, beasts have none
at all.

II.

O! heavenly treasure which the best sort
loves,
Life of the soule, reformer of the will,
Cleare light, which from the mind each
cloud removes,
Pure spring of vertue, physicke for each ill,
Which in prosperity a bridle proves,
And in adversity a pillar still ;
Of thee the more men get, the more
they crave,
And thinke, the more they get, the lesse
they have.

III.

But if that knowledge be requir'd of all,
What should they doe this treasure to
obtaine,
Whom in a throne, time travels to enstall,
Where they by it of all things must ordaine:
If it make them who by their birth were
thrall,
As little kings, whilst o'er themselves
they raigne,
Then it must make, when it hath
thoroughly grac'd them,
Kings more then¹ kings, and liked to him
who plac'd them.

IV.

This is a griefe which all the world be-
mones,
When those lack judgement who are
borne to judge,
And like to painted tombes, or gilded
stones,
To troubled soules cannot afford refuge ;
Kings are their kingdomes hearts, which
tainted once,

¹ For than.

The bodies straight corrupt in which they
lodge :
And those, by whose example many
fall,
Are guilty of the murther of them all.

V.

The meanes which best make majestie to
stand,
Are laws observ'd, whilst practise doth
direct :
The crowne, the head, the scepter decks
the hand,
But onely knowledge doth the thoughts
erect ;
Kings should excell all them whom they
command,
In all the parts which do procure respect :
And this, a way to what they would.
prepares,
Not onely as thought good, but as
known theirs.

VI.

Seek not due reverence onely to procure,
With shows of soveraignty, and guards
oft lewd,
So *Nero* did, yet could not so assure
The hated diademe with bloud imbrud ;
Nor as the *Persian* kings, who liv'd
obscure,
And of their subjects rarely would be
view'd ;
So one of them was secretly o're-thrown,
And in his place the murtherer raign'd
unknown.

VII.

No, onely goodnesse doth beget regard,
And equity doth greatest glory winne,
To plague for vice, and vertue to reward,
What they intend, that, bravely to begin ;
This is to soveraigntie a powerfull guard,
And makes a princes praise o're all come in :
Whose life (his subjects law) clear'd by
his deeds,
More then *Justinians* toyls, good order
breeds.

AN ECCHO.

Ah, will no soule giv'e care unto my mone?
one
 Who answers thus so kindly when I crie?
I
 What fostred thee that pities my despaire?
aire
 Thou blabbing guest, what know'st thou
 of my fall? *all*
 What did I when I first my faire disclos'd?
lo'st
 Where was my reason, that it would not
 doubt? *out*
 What cans't thou tell me of my ladie's will?
ill
 Wherewith can she acquit my loyall part?
art
 What hath she then with me to disguise?
aguisse

What have I done, since she gainst love
 repin'd? *pin'd*
 What did I when I her to life prefer'd
er'd
 What did mine eyes, whilst she my heart
 restrain'd? *rain'd*
 What did she whilst my muse her praise
 proclaim'd? *claim'd*
 And what? and how? this doth me most
 affright. *of right*
 What if I never sue to bea againe?
gaine
 And what when all my passions are repress?
rest
 But what thing will best serve t' asswage
 desire? *ire*
 And what will serve to mitigate my rage?
age
 I see the sunne begins for to descend.
end

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

1585—1649.

THOUGH there are few if any salient points in the life of William Drummond, and though his writings are anything but familiar, yet his name, as the local genius of the romantic mansion and grounds of Hawthornden, is perhaps more widely known now than when he lived.

He himself, in one of his genealogical excursions, traces the family to a Hungarian of the name of Maurice, who came to Scotland in the train of Edgar Atheling and his sister Margaret, and remained in her service after she became the Queen of Malcolm Ceanmore. Annabella Drummond, the daughter of

Sir John Drummond of Stobhall, the representative of the main branch of the family, was the mother of James I. This alliance with the Stuart sovereigns no doubt had its influence upon the character of a man of such conservative tastes and feelings as the poet was known to be. His father, who was the first Laird of Hawthornden, was the second son of Sir Robert Drummond of Carnock, in Fifeshire. In 1590 he was appointed gentleman usher to King James VI., and on James' accession to the English throne he received the honour of knighthood. His mother was Susannah Fowler, sister of William Fowler.

who became private secretary to James's queen, Ann of Denmark. The poet was born at Hawthornden House, on the 13th December 1585, and was educated at the High School of Edinburgh. He also studied at Edinburgh University; and, having taken his degree of M.A., he in 1606 went to France, where he studied law for three years, both at Bourges and Paris. He stayed at London for some time on his way, and as his uncle Fowler had removed there with the court, he would likely have stayed with him.

In 1609 he returned to Scotland, and had hardly commenced the practical duties of his profession when the sudden death of his father at once turned the current of his thoughts in a more congenial direction. At the age of twenty-four he became Laird of Hawthornden, with ample means to enable him to gratify his literary tastes in the study of the classic authors of ancient and modern times—his ambition, if such it may be called, being to be, rather than to be known—at least in the popular sense—as what we comprehend under the phrase “a gentleman and a scholar.” His after reflections upon the aspirations of his youth he records in one of his sonnets:—

“In my first years, and prime not yet at height,
When sweet conceits my wit did entertain,
Ere beauty's force I knew, or false delight,
Or to what oar she did her captives chain;
Led by a sacred troop of Phœbus' train,
I first began to read, then lov'd to write,
And so to praise a perfect red and white,
But, God wot, wist not what was in my brain.”

His purpose in life he also summarizes in Latin, of which the following translation is given by Professor Masson:—

“Content with my books and the use of my eyes, I learnt even from my boyhood to live beneath my fortune; and, dwelling by myself as much as I can, I neither sigh for nor seek aught that is outside me.” It must be admitted that an unfavourable construction might be put upon this; but considering the state of Scotland at the time, from a literary, or political, or from almost any point of view, there was much to excuse a young man of sensibility and self-respect for entertaining what seems selfishly exclusive ideas of living. But his muse, as might be expected in the case of a young bachelor laird, introduced another guest, who soon shared his affections with herself.

Although the first fruits of Drummond's pen were sonnets inspired by “beauty's force,” the event that first made him known as an author was the death of Prince Henry, in 1612, on which, in 1613, he published an *Elegy* entitled, “Tears on the Death of Mœliades.” Professor Masson regards it as “the most graceful and intrinsically poetical of all the tributes evoked by the occasion.” The publication of the *Elegy* made him known to Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, who also wrote an *Elegy* on the same subject, and on the occasion of their first meeting soon after, they formed a friendship which only death dissolved.

But Drummond's muse was inspired by a much stronger force than that of friendship, the particulars regarding which, so far as preserved, are given in the following extract from the life prefixed to the 1711 edition of his works, edited by Bishop Sage:—“Notwithstanding his

close retirement and serious application to his studies, love stole in upon him and did entirely captivate his heart; for he was on a sudden highly enamoured of a fine, beautiful young lady, daughter to Cunningham of Barns, an ancient and honourable family. He met with suitable returns of chaste love from her, and fully gained her affections; but when the day for the marriage was appointed, and all things ready for the solemnification of it, she took a fever, and was suddenly snatched away by it, to his great grief and sorrow." How profoundly he was affected by this sad and unexpected event is set forth in his Sonnets, of which his love-suit is the theme. The circumstances were sufficiently impressive to have moved ordinary nature to its depths, but in Drummond's case the depths were not ordinary; and his own account of his loss has few parallels, besides that of the profound grief of Dante for Beatrice. They were published in 1616, in two parts; their theme is the same, the first referring to the time previous to the death of his betrothed, and the second to that after. There are also a few poems in the volume under the heading of "Urania, or Spiritual Poems," which indicate the dawn of that etherealized conception of his mistress, which to some extent superseded his natural sorrow, and which ever after bloomed in his bosom as a fragrant *immortel*.

The visit of King James to Scotland in 1617 was the first event that recalled him from the contemplation of his bereavement, and his loyalty found vent in a poem, entitled, "Forth's Feasting: A Panegyric to the King's

Most Excellent Majesty." It need only be remarked that it is regarded as the most poetical effusion on an event which called forth many inferior, and few as sincere and disinterested.

Though he received no special recognition of his poetic gifts through the King's visit, his fame was considerably extended by the interest which the event excited throughout both kingdoms, and procured him the recognition of the chief English poets then living—Michael Drayton and Ben Jonson. So much is Jonson's visit to Scotland, in the following year, associated with Drummond, that it is a popular belief that to see him was Ben's chief end in undertaking the journey. The meeting of the two poets and their conversations at Hawthornden is almost the only literary memorial of the event. The five years of Drummond's life following Jonson's visit were spent in the quiet pursuit of his literary studies, and the occasional exchange of letters with his friends, Michael Drayton and Sir William Alexander. But in 1623, he published his fourth volume, which consists of "Flowers of Sion," and the "Cypress Grove," this last being a prose essay of religious and philosophical reflections upon life and death, their nature and conditions, written in an easy graceful style, and pervaded by broad, reverent, and deeply suggestive but unstrained views of subjects that ever have, and ever shall occupy the contemplative moods of all serious minds. Professor Masson observes, that "for its pensive beauty, its high moral-mindedness, the mournful music that rolls through it, it surpasses any piece of old English

prose known to me, except, perhaps, a passage of the old English divines at their best." The poetical portion of the volume is a continuation of the class entitled "*Urania*" in his second publication, some of which reappear in a revised form in this.

It is supposed that in 1625 he revisited the Continent for about a twelvemonth, but in 1627 he appears in an entirely new character, that of the patentee of several mechanical inventions, mostly of a warlike character, the names of which may excite a smile, but the principles of some of them, so far as we can judge from the description, are anticipations of inventions that have since been reduced to practice, as the *Wind Measurer*, and *Ship Fountain*, for converting salt water into fresh. An event which brought him more lasting credit, and perhaps cost less, is also referable to this year, namely his presentation of about 500 volumes, and some MSS., to the Edinburgh University Library. This donation he again augmented in 1629 and 1630, and the collection is still carefully preserved in a separate cabinet.

After a few years spent from home, he returned in 1632, and in his forty-sixth year got married to Elizabeth Logan, in whom he fancied he saw a resemblance to his long lost Miss Cunningham. Some doubt exists as to his wife's family, one account making her the grand-daughter of Sir Robert Logan of Restalrig, near Edinburgh, and another, the daughter of the Rev. Mr Logan, parish minister of Eddleston.

After his marriage, Drummond relinquished poetry, and wrote a sectional History of Scotland, from 1423 to 1542,

known as the *History of The Five Jameses*. He is supposed to have been incited to this undertaking by his brother-in-law, Sir John Scott of Scotstarvet, who took a patriotic interest in Scottish literature. As a history it is reckoned of little value. After this he became somewhat equivocally involved in the trying political currents that intersected the latter part of Charles' reign; and, without being a zealous partisan, took the royal side of the contest. But the collapse of Montrose's brilliant and meteor-like career in Scotland put an end to the hopes of the royalists. Drummond, though a sympathiser in his victories, and in correspondence with the gallant cavalier and fellow poet, was not disturbed by the opposite party, yet he was much affected by the King's death, whom he survived less than a year. He died on the 4th December 1649, in his 65th year, and was buried in the family aisle in the church of Lasswade. He was survived by his wife and three children out of a family of nine. Hawthornden has passed out of the poet's lineage, but is still in possession of a namesake, and shall always retain his memory.

All Drummond's manuscripts, arranged by Dr David Laing, and bound in fifteen volumes, are in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. A standard quarto edition of his *Poems* was edited by Lord Dundrennan and Dr Irving for the Maitland Club in 1832; but two smaller editions, one in 1833, and the other in 1856, have since been published. An exhaustive Life, by Professor Masson, was published in 1873.

[From the First Part.]

SONNET.

In my first years, and prime yet not at height,
 When sweet conceits my wits did entertain,
 Ere beauty's force I knew, or false delight,
 Or to what oar she did her captives chain,
 Led by a sacred troop of Phœbus' train,
 I first began to read, then lov'd to write,
 And so to praise a perfect red and white,
 But, God wot, wist not what was in my brain :

Love smil'd to see in what an awful guise
 I turn'd those antiques of the age of gold,
 And, that I might more mysteries behold,
 He set so fair a volume to mine eyes,

That I (quires clos'd which dead, dead sighs but breath)

Joy on this living book to read my death.

SONNET.

I know that all beneath the moon decays,
 And what by mortals in this world is brought,

In Time's great periods shall return to nought ;

That fairest states have fatal nights and days ;

I know how all the Muse's heavenly lays,
 With toil of spright which are so dearly bought,

As idle sounds, of few or none are sought,
 And that nought lighter is than airy praise;
 I know frail beauty's like the purple flower,
 'To which one morn oft birth and death affords ;

That love a jarring is of minds' accords,
 Where sense and will invassal reason's power :

Know what I list, this all can not me move,

But that, O me ! I both must write and love.

SONNET.

Fair is my yoke, though grievous be my pains,

Sweet are my wounds, although they deeply smart,

My bit is gold, though shortened be the reins,

My bondage brave, though I may not depart :

Although I burn, the fire which doth impart

Those flames, so sweet reviving force contains,

That, like Arabia's bird, my wasted heart,
 Made quick by death, more lively still remains.

I joy, though oft my waking eyes spend tears,

I never want delight, even when I groan,
 Best companied when most I am alone ;

A heaven of hopes I have midst hells of fears,

Thus every way contentment strange I find,

But most in her rare beauty, my rare mind.

SONNET.

How that vast heaven intitled First is roll'd,

If any other worlds beyond it lie,

And people living in eternity,

Or essence pure that doth this all uphold ;

What motion have those fired sparks of gold,

The wand'ring carbuncles which shine from high,

By sprights, or bodies, contrariwise in sky
 If they be turn'd, and mortal things behold;

How sun posts heaven about, how night's pale queen

With borrowed beams looks on this hanging round,

What cause fair Iris hath, and monsters
seen
In air's large fields of light, and seas profound,
Did hold my wand'ring thoughts, when
thy sweet eye
Bade me leave all, and only think on thee.

SONNET.

That learned Grecian, who did so excel
In knowledge passing sense, that he is
nam'd
Of all the after-worlds divine, doth tell,
That at the time when first our souls are
fram'd,
Ere in these mansions blind they come to
dwell,
They live bright rays of that eternal light,
And others see, know, love, in heaven's
great height,
Not toil'd with aught to reason doth rebel.
Most true it is, for straight at the first sight
My mind me told, that in some other place
It elsewhere saw the idea of that face,
And lov'd a love of heavenly pure delight ;
No wonder now I feel so fair a flame,
Sith I her lov'd ere on this earth she came.

SONG.

Her hair, more bright than are the
morning's beams,
Hang in a golden shower above the streams,
And, sweetly tous'd, her forehead sought
to cover,
Which seen did straight a sky of milk dis-
cover,
With two fair brows, love's bows, which
never bend,
But that a golden arrow forth they send ;
Beneath the which two burning planets
glancing,
Flash'd flames of love, for love there still
is dancing.

Her either cheek resembl'd a blushing
morn,
Or roses gules in field of lilies borne,
Betwixt the which a wall so fair is raised,
That it is but abased even when praised ;
Her lips like rows of coral soft did swell,
And th' one like th' other only doth excel :
The Tyrian fish looks pale, pale look the
roses,
The rubies pale, when mouth's sweet
cherry closes.
Her chin like silver Phœbe did appear
Dark in the midst to make the rest more
clear ;
Her neck seemed fram'd by curious
Phidias' master,
Most smooth, most white, a piece of ala-
baster.
Two foaming billows flow'd upon her
breast,
Which did their tops with coral red en-
crest ;
There all about, as brooks them sport at
leisure,
With circling branches veins did swell in
azure :
Within those crooks are only found those
isles
Which Fortunate the dreaming old world
styles,
The rest the streams did hide, but as a lily
Sunk in a crystal's fair transparent belly
I, who yet human weakness did not know,
For yet I had not felt that archer's bow,
Nor could I think that from the coldest
water
The winged youngling burning flames
could scatter,
On every part my vagabonding sight
Did cast, and drown mine eyes in sweet
delight.
What wondrous thing is this that beauty's
named ?
Said I ; I find I heretofore have dreamed,
And never known in all my flying days
Good unto this, that only merits praise.

My pleasures have been pains, my comforts crosses,
 My treasures poverty, my gains but losses.
 O precious sight ! which none doth else descry,
 Except the burning sun, and quivering I.
 And yet, O dear-bought sight ! O would for ever
 I might enjoy you, or had joy'd you never !
 O happy flood ! if so ye might abide,
 Yet ever glory of this moment's pride,
 Adjure your rillets all now to behold her,
 And in their crystal arms to come and fold her ;
 And sith ye may not aye your bliss embrace,
 Draw thousand portraits of her on your face,
 Portraits which in my heart be more apparent,
 If like to yours my breast but were transparent.
 O that I were, while she doth in you play,
 A dolphin to transport her to the sea,
 To none of all those gods I would her render,
 From Thule to Ind though I should with her wander.
 Oh ! what is this ? the more I fix mine eye,
 Mine eye the more new wonders doth espy ;
 The more I spy, the more in uncouth fashion
 My soul is ravish'd in a pleasant passion.
 But look not, eyes : as more I would have said,
 A sound of whirling wheels me all dismay'd,
 And with the sound forth from the timorous bushes,
 With storm-like course, a sumptuous chariot rushes :
 A chariot all of gold, the wheels were gold,
 The nails and axle gold on which it roll'd ;
 The upmost part a scarlet veil did cover,
 More rich than Danaë's lap spread with her lover :
 In midst of it, in a triumphing chair,

A lady sat miraculously fair,
 Whose pensive countenance, and looks of honour,
 Do more allure the mind that thinketh on her,
 Than the most wanton face and amorous eyes,
 That Amathus or flow'r'y Paphos sees.
 A crew of virgins made a ring about her,
 The diamond she, they seem the gold without her.
 Such Thetis is, when to the billows' roar
 With mermaids nice she danceth on the shore :
 So in a sable night the sun's bright sister
 Among the lesser twinkling lights doth glister.
 Fair yokes of ermines, whose colour pass
 The whitest snows on aged Grampius' face,
 More swift than Venus' birds this chariot guided
 To the astonish'd bank whereat it bided :
 But long it did not bide, when pour those streams
 Ay me ! it made, transporting these rich gems,
 And by that burthen lighter, swiftly driven
 Till, as me thought, it at a tower arrived.

SONNET.

O sacred blush, impurpling cheeks' pure skies
 With crimson wings which spread thee like the morn ;
 O bashful look, sent from those shining eyes,
 Which, though cast down on earth, couldst heaven adorn ;
 O tongue, in which most luscious nectar lies,
 That can at once both bless and make forlorn ;
 Dear coral lip, which beauty beautifies,
 That trembling stood ere that her words were born,

And you her words, words ! no, but golden
chains,
Which did captive mine ears, ensnare my
soul,
Wise image of her mind, mind that contains
A power, all power of senses to control ;
Ye all from love dissuade so sweetly me,
That I love more, if more my love could
be.

SONNET.

If crost with all mishaps be my poor life,
If one short day I never spent in mirth,
If my spright with itself holds lasting strife,
If sorrow's death is but new sorrow's birth;
If this vain world but be a sable stage
Where slave-born man plays to the scoffing
stars ;
If youth be toss'd with love, with weak-
ness age,
If knowledge serve to hold our thoughts
in wars ;
If time can close the hundred mouths of
fame,
And make, what long since past, like that
to be ;
If virtue only be an idle name,
If I, when I was born, was born to die ;
Why seek I to prolong these loathsome
days ?
The fairest rose in shortest time decays.

SONNET.

The sun is fair when he with crimson
crown,
And flaming rubies, leaves his eastern bed ;
Fair is Thaumantius in her crystal gown,
When clouds engemm'd hang azure, green,
and red :
To western worlds when wearied day
goes down,
And from Heaven's windows each star
shows her head,

Earth's silent daughter, night, is fair,
though brown ;
Fair is the moon though in love's livery
clad ;
Fair Chloris is when she doth paint
Aprile,
Fair are the meads, the woods, the floods
are fair ;
Fair looketh Ceres with her yellow hair,
And apples' queen when rose-cheek'd she
doth smile.
That heaven, and earth, and seas are
fair is true,
Yet true that all not please so much as
you.

MADRIGAL.

When as she smiles I find
More light before mine eyes,
Nor when the sun from Ind
Brings to our world a flow'ry Paradise :
But when she gently weeps,
And pours forth pearly showers,
On cheeks' fair blushing flowers,
A sweet melancholy my senses keeps.
Both feed so my disease,
So much both do me please,
That oft I doubt, which more my heart
doth burn,
Like love to see her smile, or pity mourn.

[From the Second Part.]

SONG.

Leave then laments, and think thou didst
not live,
Laws to that first eternal cause to give,
But to obey those laws which he hath given,
And bow unto the just decrees of Heaven,
Which can not err, whatever foggy mists
Do blind men in these sublunary lists.
But what if she for whom thou spend'st
those groans,

And wastest life's dear torch in ruthless
moans,
She for whose sake thou hat'st the joyful
light,
Court'st solitary shades, and irksome
night,
Doth live? O! if thou canst, through
tears, a space
Lift thy dimm'd lights, and look upon
this face,
Look if those eyes which, fool, thou didst
adore,
Shine not more bright than they were
wont before;
Look if those roses death could aught
impair,
Those roses to thee once which seem'd so
fair;
And if those locks have lost aught of that
gold,
Which erst they had when thou them didst
behold.
I live, and happy live, but thou art dead,
And still shalt be, till thou be like me made,
Alas! while we are wrapt in gowns of earth.
And blind, here suck the air of woe be-
neath,
Each thing in sense's balances we weigh,
And but with toil and pain the truth descry.
Above this vast and admirable frame,
This temple visible, which world we name,
Within those walls so many lamps do burn,
So many arches opposite do turn,
Where elemental brethren nurse their
strife;
And by intestine wars maintain their life,
There is a world, a world of perfect bliss,
Pure, immaterial, bright, more far from
this
Than that high circle, which the rest en-
spheres,
Is from this dull ignoble vale of tears;
A world, where all is found, that here is
found,
But further discrepant than heaven and
ground.

It hath an earth, as hath this world of
yours,
With creatures peopled, stor'd with trees
and flow'rs;
It hath a sea, like sapphire girdle cast,
Which decketh of harmonious shores the
waste:
It hath pure fire, it hath delicious air,
Moon, sun and stars, heavens wonderfully
fair:
But there flow'rs do not fade, trees grow
not old,
The creatures do not die through heat
nor cold;
Sea there not toss'd is, nor air made black,
Fire doth not nurse itself on others' wrack;
There heavens be not constrain'd about to
range,
For this world hath no need of any change;
The minutes grow not hours, hours rise
not days,
Days make no months but ever-blooming
Mays.
Here I remain, but hitherward do tend
All who their span of days in virtue spend:
Whatever pleasure this low place con-
tains,
It is a glance but of what high remains.
Those who, perchance, think there can
nothing be
Without this wide expansion which they
see,
And that nought else mounts stars' cir-
cumference,
For that nought else is subject to their
sense,
Feel such a case, as one whom some abyss
Of the deep ocean kept had all his time;
Who born and nourish'd there, can
scarcely dream
That aught can live without that briny
stream;
Cannot believe that there be temples,
towers,
That go beyond his caves and dampish
bowers,

Or there be other people, manners, laws,
 Than them he finds within the roaring
 waves ;
 That sweeter flow'rs do spring than grow
 on rocks,
 Or beasts be which excel the scaly flocks ;
 That other elements be to be found,
 Than is the water, and this ball of ground.
 But think that man from those abysms
 were brought,
 And saw what curious nature here hath
 wrought,
 Did see the meads, the tall and shady
 woods,
 The hills did see, the clear and ambling
 floods ;
 The diverse shapes of beasts which kinds
 forth bring,
 The feathered troops, that fly and sweetly
 sing ;
 Did see the palaces, the cities fair,
 The form of human life, the fire, the air,
 The brightness of the sun that dims his
 sight,
 The moon, the ghastly splendours of the
 night :
 What uncouth rapture would his mind
 surprise !
 How would he his late dear resort de-
 spise !
 How would he muse how foolish he had
 been
 To think nought be, but what he there
 had seen !
 Why did we get this high and vast desire,
 Unto immortal things still to aspire ?
 Why doth our mind extend it beyond
 time,
 And to that highest happiness even climb,
 If we be nought but what to sense we seem,
 And dust, as most of wordlings us esteem ?
 We be not made for earth, though here
 we come,
 More than the embryo for the mother's
 womb ;
 It weeps to be made free, and we complain

To leave this loathsome jail of care and
 pain,
 But thou who vulgar footsteps dost not
 trace,
 Learn to raise up thy mind unto this place,
 And what earth-creeping mortals most
 affect,
 If not at all to scorn, yet to neglect :
 O chase not shadows vain, which, when
 obtain'd,
 Were better lost, than with such travail
 gain'd.
 Think that on earth, which humans great-
 ness call,
 Is but a glorious title to live thrall ;
 That sceptres, diadems, and chairs of state
 Not in themselves, but to small minds are
 great ;
 How those who loftiest mount do hardest
 light,
 And deepest falls be from the highest
 height ;
 How fame an echo is, how all renown
 Like to a blasted rose, ere night falls
 down ;
 And though it something were, think how
 this round
 Is but a little point, which doth it bound.
 O leave that love which reacheth but to
 dust,
 And in that love eternal only trust,
 And beauty, which, when once it is possest
 Can only fill the soul, and make it blest.
 Pale envy, jealous emulations, fears,
 Sighs, complaints, remorse, here have no
 place, nor tears,
 False joys, vain hopes, here be not hate
 nor wrath ;
 What ends all love, here most augments
 it, death.
 If such force had the dim glance of an eye,
 Which some few days thereafter was to die,
 That it could make thee leave all other
 things,
 And like the taper-fly there burn thy
 wings :

And if a voice, of late which could but wall,
Such pow'r had, as through ears thy soul
to steal ;

If once thou on that only fair couldst gaze,
What flames of love would he within thee
raise ?

In what a mazing maze would it thee bring
To hear but once, that quire celestial sing?
The fairest shapes on which thy love did
seize,

Which erst did breed delight, then would
displease ;

Then discords hoarse were earth's enticing
sounds,

All music but a noise which sense con-
founds.

This great and burning glass that clears
all eyes,

And musters with such glory in the skies ;
That silver star which with its sober light
Makes day oft envy the eye-pleasing night ;
Those golden letters which so brightly
shine

In Heaven's great volume, gorgeously
divine ;

The wonders all in sea, in earth, in air,
Be but dark pictures of that sovereign
Fair ;

Be tongues, which still thus cry unto your
ear,

(Could ye amidst worlds' cataracts them
hear),

From fading things, fond wights, lift your
desire,

And in our beauty, his, us made, admire :
If we seem fair, O think how fair is he
Of whose fair fairness shadows, steps, we
be.

No shadow can compare it with the face,
No step with that dear foot that did it
trace ;

Your souls immortal are, then place them
hence,

And do not drown them in the mist of
sense :

Do not, O do not, by false pleasures' might
Deprive them of that true and sole de-
light.

That happiness ye seek is not below ;
Earth's sweetest joy is but disguised woe.

Here did she pause, and with a mild
aspect

Did towards me those lamping twins
direct ;

The wonted rays I knew, and thrice essay'd
To answer make, thrice falt'ring tongue
it stay'd ;

And while upon that face I fed my sight,
Methought she vanish'd up in Titan's light,
Who gilding with his rays each hill and
plain,

Seem'd to have brought the goldsmith's
world again.

SONNET.

Dear wood, and you, sweet solitary place,
Where from the vulgar I estranged live,
Contented more with what your shades
me give,

Than if I had what Thetis doth embrace ;
What snake-eye grown jealous of my peace,
Now from your silent horrors would me
drive,




When sun, progressing in his glorious race
Beyond the Twins, doth near our pole
arrive ?

What sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what is it to be of bondage free,
Far from the madding worldling's hoarse
discords,

Sweet flow'ry place I first did learn of thee :
Ah ! if I were mine own, your dear
resorts

I would not change with princes' stately
courts.

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V.

And there will be Judan Maclaurie,
 And blinkin' daft Barbara Macleg,
 Wi' flae-luggit sharney-faced Laurie,
 And shangy-moued haluket Meg.
 And there will be happer-hipped Nancy,
 And fairy-faced Flowrie by name,
 Muck Madie, and fat-hippit Grisy,
 The lass wi' the gowden wame.

VI.

And there will be Girn-again Gibbie,
 Wi' his glaikit wife Jenny Bell,
 And misle-shinned Mungo Macpie,
 The lad that was skipper himsel'.
 There lads and lasses in pearlins
 Will feast in the heart o' the ha'
 On sybows and rifarts and carlings,
 That are baith soddan and raw.

VII.

And there will be fadges and brochan,
 Wi' forth of good gabbocks of skate,
 Powwowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,
 And caller nowt-feet in a plate ;

And there will be partans and buckies,
 And whittings and speldings enew,
 Wi' singed sheep-heads and a haggis,
 And scadlips to sup till ye spew.

VIII.

And there will be lapped milk kebbocks,
 And sowens, and farls, and baps,
 Wi' swats and well-scraped paunches,
 And brandy in stoups and in caps ;
 And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
 Wi' skink to sup till ye rive,
 And roasts to roast on a brander,
 Of flukes that were taken alive.

IX.

Scrap haddock, wilks, dulse and tangle,
 And a mill of good sneeshing to pree ;
 When weary with eating and drinking,
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.
 Then fy, let us a' to the bridle,
 For there will be liting there ;
 For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.

ANONYMOUS POETRY.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S
BALOW.

Balow, my boy, lye still and sleep !
 It grieves me sore to hear thee weep !
 If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
 Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.
 Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
 Thy father bred me great annoy,
 Balow, my boy, lye still and sleep,
 It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

Balow, my darling, sleep awhile,
 And when thou wakest sweetly smile ;
 But smile not as thy father did
 To cozen maids ; nay, God forbid !

For in thine eye his look I see,
 The tempting look that ruin'd me.
 Balow, my boy, &c.

When he began to court my love,
 And with his sugar'd words to move,
 His fainings false and flattering cheer,
 In time to me did not appear ;
 But now I see that cruel he
 Cares neither for his babe nor me.
 Balow, my boy, &c.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth
 That ever kiss'd a woman's mouth,
 I wish all maids be warn'd by me,
 Never to trust thy courtesie ;

For if they do, oh ! cruel thou
Wilt [them] abuse and care not how !
Balow, my boy, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the first,
To yield thee all a maiden durst.
Thou swore for ever true to prove,
Thy faith unchanged, unchanged thy
love ;
But quick as thought the change is
wrought,
Thy love no more, thy promise nought.
Balow, my boy, &c.

I wish I were a maid again !
From young men's flattery I'd refrain ;
For now unto my grief I find,
They all are perjured and unkind.
Balow, my child, thy mother mild,
Shall wail, as from all bliss exiled.
Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,
Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee.
Nor pity her deserved smart,
Who can blame none but her fond heart ;
For too soon trusting latest finds,
With fariest tongues are falsest minds.
Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,
When he the thriftless son had played ;
Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
Preferred the wars to thee and me.
But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine
Make him eat acorns with the swine.
Balow, my boy, &c.

But curse not him ; perhaps now he,
Stung with remorse, is blessing thee :
Perhaps at death ; for who can tell
Whether the Judge of heaven and hell,
By some proud foe has struck the blow,
And laid the dear deceiver low ?
Balow, my boy, &c.

I wish I were into the bounds,
Where he lyes smothered in his wounds,
Repeating, as he pants for air,
My name, whom once he called his fair ;
No woman's yet so fiercely set
But she'll forgive, though not forget.
Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee ;
Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me :
Thy griefs are growing to a sum,
God grant thee patience when they come ;
Born to sustain thy mother's shame,
A hapless fate, a bastard's name.
Balow, my boy, &c.

WHERE HELEN LIES.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
For night and day on me she cries,
I wish I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

Curst be the hand that shot the shot,
Likewise the gun that ga'e the crack,
Into my arms Burd Helen lap,
And died for love o' me.

Oh, think na ye my heart was sair,
To see her lie and speak nae mair !
There did she swoon wi' mickle care,
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

I loutit down, my sword did draw,
I cuttit him in pieces sma',
I cuttit him in pieces sma',
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

Oh, Helen fair, without compare,
I'll mak a garland o' thy hair,
And wear the same for evermair,
Until the day I dee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet put ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

Oh Helen chaste, thou were modest ;
 Were I with thee I wad be blest,
 Where thou lies low and takes thy rest,
 On fair Kirkconnell lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
 For night and day on me she cries ;
 I wish I were where Helen lies,
 On fair Kirkconnell lee.

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

In winter, when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,
 Was threatnin' a' our kye to kill :
 Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife,
 She said to me richt hastilie,
 Get up, gudeman, save Crummie's life,
 And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My Crummie is a usefu' cow,
 And she is come of a good kin' ;
 Aft has she wet the bairns's mou',
 And I am laith that she should tyne ;
 Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
 The sun shines i' the lift sae hie ;
 Sloth never made a gracious end ;
 Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a gude gray cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear ;
 But now it's scanty worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thretty year ;
 Let's spend the gear that we ha'e won,
 We little ken the day we'll die ;

Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
 To ha'e a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but half a croun ;
 He said they were a groat ower dear,
 And ca'd the tailor thief and loon ;
 He was the king that wore a croun,
 And thou'rt a man of laigh degree :
 It's pride puts a' the country down ;
 Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Ilka land has its ain lauch,
 Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool ;
 I think the world is a' gane wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule ;
 Do ye no see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantlie,
 While I sit hurklin i' the ase ?—
 I'll ha'e a new cloak about me.

Gudeman, I wat 'tis thretty year
 Sin' we did ane anither ken ;
 And we ha'e had atween us twa
 Of lads and bonnie lasses ten :
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray weel may they be ;
 If you would prove a gude husband,
 E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
 But she would guide me if she can ;
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman :
 Nought's to be gain'd at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea ;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak' my auld cloak about me.



SCOTTISH POEMS AND POETS.

MODERN SECTION.

1707-1832.

THE first impulse to the revival of Scottish Poetry is due to Watson's *Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems*, both Ancient and Modern, By Several Hands : Edinburgh, 1706-9-11. Ramsay acknowledges his indebtedness to this collection for having first awakened his ambition to write in his native dialect. Three or four others claim precedence of him on account of priority of birth ; but their contributions are so few, and their contemporary effect upon the national literature was so insignificant, that, to begin the Modern Section with the real reviver of the Scottish Muse, we have placed them after him.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

1686-1758.

THE position which Allan Ramsay occupies as the pioneer of the modern era of Scottish poetry, which culminated in Burns, gives his works and character an interest additional to that which his genius and personal history claim upon the attention of the student of Scottish literature. The long interval between the time of Montgomery and that of Ramsay, produced nothing that presented any distinctively Scottish features; for the writings of Alexander Earl of Stirling, Drummond of Hawthornden, and some others that claim to be named in a history of English literature, bear little or no impress of the Scottish character. Scotland, for all this, has as

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good a claim to the honours which their works confer as she has to the glory which accrues to her on account of the contributions of Thomson, Hume, Smith, Robertson, Macaulay, Hamilton, and Carlyle, to the noble structure of English literature. This she is proud to own in common with her wealthier sister, albeit cherishing a special fondness for a homelier structure, all the dearer that it is all her own. To this native structure Allan Ramsay has furnished so important and characteristic a contribution as gives an interest to the homely, and apparently commonplace incidents of his uneventful life.

The 15th October 1686 is given as his

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birthday by Chalmers, the author of *Caledonia*, whose life of him, prefixed to the London edition of his works (1800), is the basis of all subsequent accounts. His father, Robert Ramsay, was manager of Lord Hopetoun's lead mines at Leadhills, an office in which he succeeded his father, of the same name, who was also a writer in Edinburgh. The latter, the poet's grandfather, was himself the grandson of Ramsay of Cockpen,¹ a brother of Ramsay of Dalhousie, the chief of the name, and whose representative Allan, with clannish and pardonable vanity, addresses as

"Dalhousie of an auld descent,
My chief, my stoup, my ornament."

He was named after his maternal grandfather, a native of Derbyshire, whom Lord Hopetoun brought to Leadhills, to teach his miners their business, and to superintend the working of the mines. Allan Bower (such was his name) married Janet Douglas, a daughter of Douglas of Muthill, and their daughter Alice Bower was the poet's mother; which links in his pedigree afforded him the satisfaction of recording that

"He was a poet sprung from a Douglas' loin."

The writer of the notice of Ramsay in Chambers' *Cyclopædia* observes, that for the easy smoothness of his disposition he was indebted to his English descent. And certainly the numerous instances, since the days of "King Bruce," in which the coalescing streams of Saxon and Celtic blood have given steadiness

and force to those in whose veins they have mingled, justify the conclusion that Ramsay owes as much to his Bower descent, of which he takes no notice, as to the line of Douglas or Dalhousie.

His father died before attaining his 25th year, when Allan was but an infant, and his mother soon afterwards married a Mr Crichton, a small landowner of the district. There is no direct account of his boyhood, the extent of his education, or the nature of his youthful employments; and what these were have to be gathered from such references in his writings as bear on these points, and what a general survey of them leads to be inferred regarding them.

It may safely be assumed that, until the time of his mother's death, which took place when he was but fifteen years of age, he attended the village school of Leadhills. Here he would obtain a fair English education, and some knowledge of Latin. He says himself that his acquaintance with the classics was too slight to admit of his enjoying them in the original; yet his fondness for the use of classic mottoes and quotations shows that he devoted some time to the study of Latin at least. His enjoyment of classic authors, and familiarity with them through translations, he frequently avows, and evinces in his works. His native district, though the most elevated inhabited spot in Scotland, and perhaps the most isolated, has long held a high character for the intelligence, industry, and sobriety of its inhabitants. It is quite in keeping with the custom of the place, and that of many more rural districts in Scotland, that he remained in school

¹ The statement by Dr R. Chambers, that the first Ramsay of Cockpen was a brother of Ramsay of Dalhousie, who was knighted in 1424, makes it probable that some connecting links are wanting in the above genealogy.

till his fifteenth year; while, after the age of ten or thereabouts, he may have been employed looking after the sheep, or assisting the shepherds, at those seasons that require extra attention on the part of their flocks. That he was intimately familiar with every aspect of shepherd life before he left the scenes of his boyhood is obvious; yet this was quite within the reach of an observant boy in the circumstances assumed.

Allan, at the age of fifteen, was apprenticed to an Edinburgh wigmaker in 1701; and no more is heard of him till, in 1712, he marries Christian Ross, the daughter of "an inferior lawyer in Edinburgh." It is not recorded when he commenced business on his own account, but it may be presumed to have been some time before this. Neither the responsibilities nor the attractions of the change in his domestic state prevent him this same year forming one of "a band of young men of talent and vivacity," who established the "Easy Club" with the object of passing "stated evenings in free conversation and social mirth." He appears, from the minutes, to have been very regular in his attendance at the meetings, and to have made them the arena on which to test the acceptability of his earliest poetical ventures. Their reception may be judged from the fact, that in 1715 he was made Poet-Laureate to the Club, whose career was this year cut short on account of the Earl of Mar's rebellion, and the anti-union leanings of its members. His earliest known production was written for this club, and its character justifies the conjecture that he made no serious attempt at verse writ-

ing before 1711; indeed, he implies as much himself in his letter to his friend Smibert, afterwards quoted. We have also his own authority for supposing his poetical emulation to have been first awakened by reading *Watson's Choice Collection of Scots Poems*, published in three parts, in 1706-9 and 11. His reading in English was principally devoted to the works of Dryden, Addison, Prior, and Pope; and when the translation of the *Iliad* appeared in 1718, he wrote Pope a congratulatory ode, in which he confesses to having read it three times, and each time with increased relish. Nor did he neglect the study of the literature of his native country, within whose sphere he rightly deemed his muse should chiefly confine her flight. After the suppression of the "Easy Club"—the medium through which he tested the effects of his earliest productions—he felt sufficient confidence in their popularity to have them published in separate poems, in which form they became so much read by the people of Edinburgh, that mothers were accustomed to send their children with a penny to buy "Ramsay's last piece."

His confidence grew with his success, and in 1716 he took the bold step of adding a second canto to "Christ's Kirk on the Green," the humorous poem of James I. of Scotland; which ludicrous but vigorous picture of low rural life and manners he issued with his own. His thorough acquaintance with the habits, language, and traditional customs of the class of rustics which the royal poet had sketched, enabled him to present a change of scene, in which the same actors are made to maintain their re-

spective characters so well as almost, but for the less antique phraseology, to conceal the difference of authorship. The reception of his first addition, Canto ii., induced him to add another, Canto iii.; and he published the whole as a consecutive poem in 1718, under the old title of "Christ's Kirk on the Green."

His poems, published separately as they were written, now amounted to so considerable a collection, that in 1721 he published them in a quarto volume, and so well were they received in this form that he made four hundred guineas by the venture. It is dedicated to "The Most Beautiful the British Ladies," at whose feet he begs to be allowed to lay it "as a grateful return of every thought happily expressed by me, they being less owing to my natural genius than to the inspiration of your charms." His purely English pieces show his obligations to the school of Pope for polishing his verse; but his genius was fortunately too natural, and its proper sphere too far removed from the influence of that school, to be injuriously affected by it.

In 1722 and 1723 he produced his "Fables and Tales," the Monk and the Miller's Wife of which, says Lord Woodhouselee, "would be of itself his passport to immortality." Of the "Tale of the Three Bonnets," an anti-union satire, he did not acknowledge the authorship, and excluded it afterwards from the collected edition of his works. In 1724, appeared his poem on "Health," his only unexceptionable English composition.

In January 1724, he published the

first volume of the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, a "collection of songs, Scottish and English," which he dedicated

"To ilka lovely British lass,
Frae Lady Charlotte, Anne, and Jean,
Down to ilk bonny singing Beas
Wha dances barefoot on the green."

A third volume was issued in 1727, and a fourth several years after, though whether compiled by Ramsay himself is doubtful. It was the first printed collection of Scotch songs, and is still a standard work of reference with students and collectors of that branch of the national literature.

In October 1724, *The Evergreen*, "being a collection of Scots Poems wrote by the Ingenious before 1600," made its appearance. It is a compilation, chiefly derived from the celebrated Bannatyne MS., lent to him by the Honourable William Carmichael, brother-german to the Earl of Hyndford. Though with patriotic zeal he undertook the labour of editing and bringing within the reach of the public several specimens of that valuable national treasure, yet it is agreed on all hands that the task was much beyond the range of his acquirements as an antiquarian. His ideas, too, as a caterer for the general public, and as a successful poet, unfitted him for the faithful reproduction of a work which could be appreciated only by the learned few who devote years to such studies. Nor can he be acquitted from censure, even though in keeping with the literary canons of his time, for having introduced, under the designation of productions of the ingenious before 1600, poems of considerable length which

have been traced to his own authorship; and, what is equally blameworthy, having made considerable alterations and additions to pieces by the old authors. Two of his own poems thus introduced, which on account of their political bias he did not think it prudent to acknowledge, are, "The Vision," and "The Eagle and the Robin Red-breast." The first, his greatest imaginative poem, was so successful an imitation of the ancient manner and language, that it imposed upon the learned, as a poem of the time of Queen Mary, for half a century. The second, too, has been attributed to other authors, and though not so successful an imitation of an ancient poem, is quite a gem of its kind, and an excellent specimen of Ramsay's pawky humour.

His next production, *The Gentle Shepherd*, which appeared in 1725, is the purest, most successful, and in every better quality the master-piece of his genius. Its opening scene, published as a separate pastoral in 1718, under the title of "Patie and Roger," was followed in 1721 by the song, "Patie and Peggy;" while in 1723, "Jenny and Meggy" appeared as "A sequel to Patie and Roger." The evidence afforded by these of his powers of reproducing the manners and sentiments of the pastoral inhabitants of the south of Scotland, in their own language and modes of expression, induced his literary friends at Newhall to urge him to make an effort in which these powers might have more scope. He was furnished with the story which serves as the frame-work of the drama, by Dr Pennecuik, a brother poet of

some local celebrity, who, in 1715, published a "Description of Tweed-dale," and up to 1703, was proprietor of Newhall, the locality of which best answers the topography of the poem. Ramsay himself appears to have felt that, as this was his most ambitious attempt, it was also his greatest achievement, and did justice to his genius.

The Gentle Shepherd reached its tenth edition in 1750, and has gone through a great many more since; while its popularity is still quite vigorous and likely to last. It was the first Scottish poem that inspired a native artist to produce illustrations worthy of the poetry; and the edition of 1788, published by the well-known R. & A. Foulis of Glasgow, and illustrated by David Allan, is unique as a purely native product of Scottish poetry and art.

Nor is there any other Scottish poem, and few poems in any language, that have been the subject of so much unqualified praise. Lord Woodhouselee, whose analysis of Ramsay's writings is the most elaborate and discriminating to which they have been subjected, after comparing *The Gentle Shepherd* with the most celebrated European pastoral dramas, comes to the conclusion, that "if truth to nature is to be made the standard of excellence, this excels all the pastorals that ever were written. The test which," he remarks, "is the surest criterion of its merits, as a true delineation of nature, is that it is universally relished and admired by that class of people whose habits of life and manners are there described." As an instance of the range of its influence, he states, on the authority of a near relative of Dr Arbuthnot, that Pope was

particularly delighted with it, and was wont to make Arbuthnot explain to him those passages he could not easily understand. Its reception by Dr Johnson, if different, was characteristic. "I spoke," says Boswell, "of *The Gentle Shepherd* as the best pastoral that ever was written, not only abounding in beautiful rural imagery, and just and pleasing sentiments, but a real picture of manners; and offered to teach Dr Johnson to understand it. 'No, sir! I won't learn. You shall retain your superiority by my not knowing it.'"

Reviewing a reprint of Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, in December 1872, the *Athenæum* remarks: "His fame, however, will rest upon his *Gentle Shepherd*. Here simplicity and nature, shrewdness and humour, are never lost sight of, and many of the lines are become familiar quotations." It has even been insinuated that Ramsay's genius was not equal to its production, and that at least he must have been assisted by his friends. Lord Hailes objects, that "those who thus try to depreciate his fame, ought first to prove that his friends and patrons were capable of composing *The Gentle Shepherd*."

On its completion, Ramsay rested his muse for some time; and in 1726, while the second edition was passing through the press of his friend Thomas Ruddiman, he changed his shop from the sign of the "Mercury," opposite Niddry's Wynd, to one in the east end of the Luckenbooths. Here discarding his first patron divinity, he set over his door the heads of Drummond of Hawthornden and Ben Jonson.

It was here that Ramsay was visited by Gay, to whom, from the door, he delighted to point out the local celebrities, to explain such passages of *The Gentle Shepherd* as Gay wished to explain to Pope, who, he was delighted to know, was a great admirer of it. Here, too, he commenced his Circulating Library—said to be the first established in Britain—evincing his commercial sagacity and shrewdness in supplying a public want. A most honourable tribute to his genius, about this time, was the dedication, by Hogarth, to Allan Ramsay of Edinburgh, and William Wood of Great Houghton, of his illustrations to Butler's *Hudibras*.

With the poems which he wrote since the publication of the collection of 1721, he, in 1728, issued a second volume in quarto, and in 1729 in octavo. A rhyming epistle "To his Friends in Ireland," in reference to a report of his having died, gives us some of those glimpses which enable us to see the man.

"Banish all your care and grieving,
Allan's hale, and well, and living:
Early up on morning's shining,
Ilka fancy warm refining;
Giving ilka verse a burnish
That maun second volume furnish,
To bring in frae lord and lady
Meikle fame, and part of ready."

In 1730, he published his *Collection of Fables*, some of which, he says, "are taken from La Fontaine and La Motte, whom I have endeavoured to make speak Scots with as much ease as I can, at the same time aiming at the spirit of these eminent authors, without being too servile a translator."

His songs, written at intervals during the whole of his writing career, exhibit varying degrees of merit—some being excellent, and others poor and affected—his best being those in which character and humour predominate. His imitations of Horace, which have been classed among his lyrics, contain some of his happiest short pieces, and exhibit him in his most natural moods. His last piece of literary work was his collection of *Scots Proverbs*—a congenial task, for which he was admirably qualified. Urging their study upon his readers in his wonted style, he says: “Use your een, and lend your lugs to these guid auld says, that shine with wailed sense, and will as lang as the world wags.” The issue of his *Proverbs*, in 1736, brings him to the end of his literary career, in the 50th year of his age; and a letter from his pen, dated 10th May of this year, to his friend Smibert, the painter, then settled in America, is at once so excellent a specimen of Scotch colloquialism—so like the man—and authentic data for some family particulars which have not hitherto been noticed, that it needs no apology for giving it in full:—

“MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—Your health and happiness are ever ane addition to my satisfaction. God make your life ever easy and pleasant. Half a century of years have now row’d o’er my pow; yes, row’d o’er my pow, that begins now to be lyart; yet, thanks to my Author, I can eat, drink, and sleep as sound as I did twenty years syne; yes, I laugh heartily, too, and find as many subjects to employ that faculty

upon as ever: fools, fops, and knaves grow as rank as formerly; yet here and there are to be found good and worthy men, who are an honour to human life. We have small hopes of seeing you again in our old world; then let us be virtuous, and hope to meet in heaven. My good auld wife is still my bedfellow; my son Allan has been pursuing your science since he was a dozen years’ auld—was with Mr Hyssing at London for some time, about two years ago—has been since at home, painting here like a Raphael: sets out for the seat of the beast, beyond the Alps, within a month hence—to be away for two years. I’m sweer to part with him, but canna stem the current which flows from the advice of his patrons and his own inclinations. I have three daughters—one of 17, one of 16, and one of 12 years old, and no waly-dragle among them—all fine girls. These six or seven years past I have not wrote a line of poetry. I e’en gave o’er in good time, before the coolness of fancy that attends advanced years should make me risk the reputation I had acquired.

“Frae twenty-five to five-and-forty,
My muse was nowther sweeter nor dorty:
My Pegasus wad break his tether
E’en at the shagging of a feather,
An’ thro’ ideas scour like drift,
Streaking his wings up to the lift:
Then, then my saul was in a low
That gart my numbers safely row:
But eild and judgment ’gin to say,
Let be your sangs, and learn to pray.

“I am, Sir, your friend and servant,
“ALLAN RAMSAY.”

His son Allan, born in October 1713, a year after his parents’ marriage, and inheriting much of his father’s genius,

was now successfully prosecuting his profession of artist, in the study of which he received every advantage. He afterwards rose to such eminence as to be appointed portrait-painter to King George III., with whom he was on the most friendly terms. He was held in great esteem by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and might even have attained to greater fame as an artist had he been less of a scholar and poet. He was in every sense a noble fellow; and died in 1784, in the arms of his son, Major-General Ramsay.

That Ramsay very early acquired a taste for theatrical representation may be inferred from his having written a prologue, which was recited at the acting of "The Orphans," in Edinburgh, in 1719. He appears to have always looked upon the stage as a means of recreation, if not of instruction, deserving to be encouraged, and which might also be made a source of profit as well as of entertainment. Actuated by some such ideas and motives, he, in 1736, built in Carrubber's Close, at "vast expense," a new playhouse, in which he proposed that "his troop should only preach, from moral fable, the best instruction they were able." The magistrates, however, did not consider it for the good of the lieges that Allan's preaching should be tolerated, and took advantage of the act for licensing the theatre, passed in 1737, to shut up his temple before the preaching was little more than begun.

From the number and titles of the poetical lampoons issued on the occasion, the spirit of vulgar fanaticism would seem to have broke loose; and

Ramsay was made the victim of its unreasoning fury. That the miscarriage of his design involved him in heavy loss must be obvious; and from a private letter to the Lord President, found in the MS. collection of Culloden House, it would seem that his bookselling business, too, shared the effects of the rancour directed against his theatrical project.

A circumstance is related by Wilson, in his *Memorials of Edinburgh*, and which, if true, must be referred to about this time, viz.: "that Allan applied to the Crown for 'as much ground on the Castle-hill as would serve to build a cage for his *bird*,' meaning his wife, to whom he was warmly attached." Whether the application, in the terms quoted, be one of those characteristic pleasantries which his witty friends were fond of attributing to him, or whether the site was a grant from the Crown, in consideration of the loss he incurred through the suppression of his theatre, we have no means of ascertaining; yet certain it is, that about 1744 he built upon the north slope of the Castle-hill the building still known as Ramsay Lodge; although, if intended for his wife's comfort, she can hardly have seen the beginning of it, as she died in 1743, and was buried in Greyfriars' Churchyard, on the 28th March of that year.

It is said that he was his own architect, which is more than probable, and if in the design he had shown half as much taste as in the selection of the site, it could hardly have become the subject of his friends' jokes. That of Lord Elibank, though considerably overrated,

has become so intimately associated with it, that it could hardly be omitted in connection. His lordship one day visiting at this somewhat fantastical mansion, and while being shown over it, was informed by the poet, who relished a joke even at his own expense, that the city wags had compared it to a goose-pie. "Indeed, Allan," he replied, "now that I see you in it, I think the term not inappropriately applied."

An unexpected glimpse of him, by his own pen, "From my Bower on the Castle Bank of Edinburgh, March 10th, 1747," is obtained from some verses which accompanied a present of his Poems to Dr Boswell, uncle of Johnson's biographer, sent by a descendant of the Doctor to the *Athenæum* of October 10, 1874. They bear unmistakable marks of their origin, the last three stanzas being specially characteristic, and interesting in reference to the point in his life to which our narrative is brought down.

"From my first setting out in Rhime,
neer forty years have wheel'd,
Like Israel's Sons, so long a Time
through fancy's wiles I've reel'd.

May powers propitious by me stand,
since it is all my claim,
As they enjoyed their promised land,
may I my promised fame.

While blythness then on health attends,
and love on Beautys young,
My merry Tales shall have their friends,
and Sonnets shall be sung."

Having about 1755 given up business entirely, he spent a great deal of his time after in the company of his friends, Sir John Clerk of Pennycuik, and Sir Alexander Dick of Prestonfield, who

not only respected him for the ingenuous openness of his character, but delighted in his quaint wit and humour. Nor was he less made of by his city friends, whose children, especially in his latter years, it was his pleasure to entertain about his house. It was his delight to give them juvenile parties—a fact of which Dr Robert Chambers, in 1825, was informed by Mrs Murray of Henderland, who knew Ramsay during the last ten years of his life, and now, near her hundredth year, spoke of him as the most amiable man she had ever known, remarking that his cheerfulness and lively conversational powers made him a favourite among persons of rank, whose guest he frequently was.

In May 1755, he wrote James Clerk, Esq. of Pennycuik, what may be considered the last of his rhymed epistles. After some preliminary remarks, he observes :

"And now in years and sense grown auld,
In ease I like my limbs to fauld.
Debts I abhor, and plan to be
Frae shakling trade and danger free ;
That I may, loose frae care and strife;
With calmness view the edge of life ;
And when a full ripe age shall crave,
Slide easily unto my grave.
Now seventy years are o'er my head,
And thirty more may lay me dead."

While thus pleasantly jesting about the addition of other thirty years to his already completed threescore-and-ten, in less than three he was laid beside his *gude auld wife* in the Greyfriars' Churchyard. He died from an affection of scurvy in the gums, on the 7th, and was buried on the 9th, January 1758, in his 72d year.

Of his personal appearance and habits

he has himself given several particulars, which confirm the report of those who knew him. In height he was only five feet four inches, of a swarthy complexion, active and tidy in his habits, fond of his food and his drink, yet averse to gluttony and drunkenness.

His vanity, which certainly appeared a very prominent feature of his character, was probably not in excess of that of most men who have won equal fame, but, allied to his frank and genial disposition, was less under control; yet, being without pride or affectation, he avoided giving offence either in his writings or conversation.

To the formation of religious and political opinions, it is doubtful if he ever applied himself with sufficient earnestness to have very decided convictions, and his times presented aspects, in both directions, which did not make the study inviting for one of his disposition. He records himself that he was neither Whig nor Tory; but Chalmers, in a note to this, says that he was a zealous Tory from principle, but being much caressed by Baron Clerk, and other gentlemen of opposite principles, made him affect outward neutrality.

Any one who compares Ramsay's works with those of Burns, and other writers of modern Scotch literature, will at once see how much of the initial work is due to him—work for which none of them was so specially qualified. Had Burns appeared at Ramsay's time, and in Ramsay's circumstances, it is more than likely that he would have met the fate of poor Fergusson, before he had produced any of those unrivalled songs which will ever remain among the noblest

gems of our literature. It is greatly to the credit of Ramsay's character that he kept the golden mean in his conduct, amidst a state of society the most dangerous to a young man with natural sociability, and that, amid the engagements of an exacting occupation, he found time for prosecuting his literary studies so as to have left not only a large number of poetical pieces of great merit, but to have pointed the way in the various directions in which the future genius of his country was to make her fame familiar to the world.

THE LEGEND OF THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

THE time of the action of the drama, which extends only to twenty-four hours, is shortly after the restoration of Charles II., but arises out of events of twenty years' previous occurrence.

A loyalist knight, to whom the poet gives the character-name of Sir William Worthy, proprietor (we shall assume) of the estate of Newhall, about sixteen miles south of Edinburgh, is obliged to quit his native country, during the protectorate of Cromwell, leaving his infant son and heir, Patrick (Patie), in charge of Symon, a faithful pastoral tenant; with strict injunctions to bring him up as his own son. Sir William's sister was married to a landed proprietor about fifty miles westward, in Ayr or Dumfries shire, and both she and her husband died during his exile, leaving an infant daughter, their heiress, to the care of her uncle and aunt. Mause, the child's nurse, having her suspicions roused regarding the safety

of her charge, contrived to steal away with her by night, and having got eastward the length of Newhall, to avoid discovery, left her at the door of a shepherd named Glauf; and took a cottage in the neighbourhood, that she might watch over her safety. The foundling is named Peggy, and brought up as Glauf's niece.

The action begins on a fine summer morning, "beneath the south side of a craigy bield," or sheltering rock, when Patie, and Roger, a wealthy companion shepherd, hold a confidential *titic-a-tit* regarding the progress of their love affairs, Patie being in love with Peggy, and Roger with Jenny, Glauf's only daughter. A corresponding dialogue takes place between Peggy and Jenny at the washing-green.

Symon having been in Edinburgh, learns the news of the restoration and Sir William's return, and invites Glauf and the young folk to his house to celebrate the event. While they are amusing themselves, Sir William, disguised as a mendicant fortune-teller, makes his appearance, and reads Patie's fortune; and having found that his injunctions were observed, makes himself known as Sir William, and claims Patie as his son and heir.

The comic interlude which helps to enliven the piece, and leads to the unfolding the mystery of Peggy's parentage, arises out of the presumption of a half-witted hind named Bauldy, who slights his sweetheart Neps, and makes love to Peggy. Failing to make any impression by fair means, he resolves upon foul, and applies to Mause, whom he supposes to be a witch, to help him

with her art to turn Peggy's affections from Patie, and towards himself.

Mause feigns compliance; and with the help of Madge, Glauf's sister, lays a plot for him, by which, through his superstitious fears, he is almost driven out of his senses, and accuses Mause of raising the deil for his destruction. The matter is referred to Sir William, before whom convenes the whole rustic community. Having convinced Bauldy of his errors, Sir William is struck with Peggy's resemblance to his sister, and inquires of Glauf as to her parentage, who relates the story of her "finding." Mause then clears up the mystery, and Peggy is recognised by Sir William as his niece. This removes all objections to her union with Patie, the Gentle Shepherd, and minor matters being settled as might be expected, the curtain falls.

[The specimens given indicate the characteristic features of the drama.]

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT FIRST.—SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Beneath the south side of a craigy bield,
Where crystal springs the halesome waters
yield,
Twa' youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blither Patie likes to laugh and sing.

Patie and Roger.

Pat. This sunny morning, Roger, cheers
my blood,
And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
How heartsome 'tis to see the rising plants,
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing
rants!

How halesome 'tis to snuff the cauler air,
And all the sweets it bears, when void of
care !
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars
thee grane?
Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

Rog. I'm born, O Patie! to a thrawart
fate ;
I'm born to strive with hardships sad and
great :
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowin' flood,
Corbies and tods to grein for lambkins'
blood ;
But I, opprest with never-ending grief,
Maun aye despair of lighting on relief.

Pat. The bees shall loathe the flower,
and quit the hive,
The saughs on boggie ground shall cease
to thrive,
Ere scornfu' queans, or loss of worldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Rog. Sae might I say ; but it's no easy
done
By ane whase saul is sadly out of tune.
You have sae saft a voice, and slid a
tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and
young.
If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens
cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or
bught,
While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing
thought :
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's ee.
For ilka sheep ye have I'll number ten,
And should, as ane may think, come
farer ben.

Pat. But ablins, neibour, ye have not a
heart,

And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part ;
If that be true, what signifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some
care.

Rog. My byre tumbled, nine braw nowt
were smoor'd
Three elf-shot were, yet I these illsendur'd :
In winter last, my cares were very sma,'
Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the
snaw.

Pat. Were your bein rooms as thinly
stock'd as mine,
Less you wad loss, and less you wad
repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep;
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.

Rog. May plenty flow upon thee for a
cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony
a loss :
O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty
wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to
quench,
Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry
dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae
fool !

Pat. Sax good fat lambs, I sauld them
ilka clute
At the West-port, and bought a winsome
flute,
Of plum-treemade, with iv'ry virles round ;
A dainty whistle, with a pleasant sound :
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
Than you, with all your cash, ye dowie
fool !

Rog. Na, Patie, na ! I'm nae sic chur-
lish beast,
Some other thing lies heavier at my
breast :

I dream'd a dreary dream this hindr night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet with the
fright.

Pat. Now, to a friend, how silly's this
pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens :
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye
hide
Your well seen love, and dorty Jenny's
pride.
Take courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but
yoursell.

Rog. Indeed now, Patie, ye have
guess'd owre true,
And there is naething I'll keep up frae you,
Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint ;
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint :
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bumbaz'd, and unco
blate.
But yesterday I met her 'yont a knowe,
She fled as frae a shelly-coated cow.
She Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the
car,
But gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

Pat. But Bauldy loes not her, right
well I wat :
He sighs for Neps ;—sae that may stand
for that.

Rog. I wish I couldna lo'e her—but in
vain,
I still maun doat, and thole her proud dis-
dain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
E'en while he fawn'd, she strak the poor
dumb tyke :
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad have shown mair kindness to my
beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,

With a' her face she shaws a cauld rife
scorn.

Last night I play'd ye never heard sic
spite,—

O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delight ;
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd,
Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and
sneer'd.

Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Pat. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help
misluck ?

Saebeins she be sic a thrawn-gabbit chuck,
Yonder's a craig, since ye have tint all hope,
Gae till't your ways and take the lover's
lowp.

Rog. I needna mak' sic speed my blood
to spill,
I'll warrant death come soon enough a will.

Pat. Daft gowk ! leave off that silly
whinging way ;
Seem careless ; there's my hand, ye'll win
the day.

Hear how I serv'd my lass I love as weel
As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel :
Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dike I lean'd glowing about,
I saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lea ;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me ;
For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
And she was close upon me ere she wist ;
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs, that whiter were
than snaw :

Her cockermoney snooded up fou sleek,
Her haffet-locks hung waving on her
cheek ;
Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her een sae
clear,
And Oh ! her mouth's like ony binny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat
clean,

As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green,
Blithsome I cry'd, "My bonny Meg,
come here,

I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer ;
But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather
dew :

She scour'd awa, and said, "What's that
to you?"

"Then fare ye well, Meg Dorts, and
e'en's ye like,"

I careless cried, and lap in o'er the dike.
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
She came with a right thieveless errand
back ;

Misca'd me first—then bade me hound
my dog,

To wear up three waff ewes stray'd on
the bog,

I leugh, and sae did she ; then with great
haste

I clasp'd my arms about her neck and
waist :

About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and fast I held her in my
grips,

My very saul came lowping to my lips.
Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
But well I kent she meant nae as she spak.
Dear Roger, when your joe puts on her
gloom,

Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb :
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change
her mood :

Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean
wud.

Rog. Kind Patie, now fair fa' your
honest heart,

Ye're aye sae cadgy and have sic an art
To hearten ane ; for now as clean's a leek,
Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
Sae, for your pains, I'll mak ye a pro-
pine,

My mother (rest her saul !), she made it
fine,

A tartan plaid, spun of good hawslock
woo,

Scarlet and green the sets, the borders
blue :

With sprains like gowd and siller, cross'd
with black ;

I never had it yet upon my back.

Weel are ye wordy o't, wha have sae kind
Redd up my ravel'd doubts, and clear'd
my mind.

Pat. Well, haud ye there ;—and since
ye've frankly made

A present to me of your braw new plaid,
My flute's be yours, and she too that's sae
nice

Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

Rog. As ye advise, I'll promise to
observ't ;

But ye maun keep the flute, ye best
deserv't.

Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny spring ;
For I'm in tift to hear you play and sing.

Pat. But first we'll tak a turn up to the
height,

And see gif all our flocks befeeding right.
By that time, bannocks and a shave of
cheese

Will make a breakfast that a laird might
please ;

Might please the daintiest gabs, were they
sae wise,

To season meat with health instead of
spice.

When we have ta'en the grace-drink at
the well,

I'll whistle syne, and sing t'ye like mysell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

A flow'ry howm between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claes,
A trotting burnie wimpling thro' the ground,
Its channel pebbles, shining, smooth and round;
Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear:
First please your eye, next gratify your ear;
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
And Meg with better sense true love defends.

Peggy and Jenny.

Jen. Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon
this green,
The shining day will bleach our linen
clean;
The water's clear, the lift unclouded blue,
Will make them like a lily wet with dew.

Peg. Gae farer up the burn to Habby's
How,
Where a' the sweets of spring and summer
grow;
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin
The water fa's and makes a singan din;
A pool breast-deep, beneath, as clear as
glass,
Kisses with easy whirls the bord'ring
grass:
We'll end our washing while the morning's
cool,
And when the day grows het, we'll to the
pool,
There wash ourselfs—'tis healthfu' now in
May,
And sweetly caulder on sae warm a day.

Jen. Daft lassie, when we're naked,
what'll ye say
Gif our twa herds come brattling down
the brae,
And see us sae? that jeering fallow Pate
Wad taunting say, "Haith, lasses, ye're
no blate."

Peg. We're far frae ony road, and out
of sight:
The lads they're feeding far beyond the
height:
But tell me now, dear Jenny (we're our
lane),
What gars ye plague your wooer with dis-
dain?
The neibours a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger loes ye, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us
twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jen. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's
an end:
A herd mair sheepish yet I never ken'd.
He kaims his hair indeed, and gaes right
snug,
With ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet lug,
Whilk pensylie he wears a thought a-jee,
And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his
knee.
He falds his owrelay down his breast with
care,
And few gang trigger to the kirk or fair.
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, "*How d'ye*," or, "*There's a bonny
day*."

Peg. Ye dash the lad with constant
slighting pride;
Hatred for love is unco sair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grows cauld.
What like's a dorty maiden when she's
auld?
Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its
meat;
That for some feckless whim will orp and
greet,
The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past,
And syne the fool-thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or scart anither's leavings at the last.
Fye, Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time.

Jen. I never thought a single life a
crime.

Peg. Nor I,—But love in whispers lets us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men.

Jen. If Roger is my joe, he kens himsell :
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
He glows and sighs, and I can guess the cause ;
But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws ?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools that flav'ry like and may be free :
The chieils may a' knit up themselfs for me.

Peg. Be doing your ways ; for me, I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jen. Heh, lass ! how can you loe that rattle-skull ?
A very deil that aye maun hae his will.
We'll soon hear tell what a poor fechtin' life
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife.

Peg. I'll rin the risk ; nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
Till I with pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.
There we may kiss as lang as kissing's good,
And what we do, there's nane dare call it rude.
He's get his will : Why no ? 'tis good my part
To give him that ; and he'll give me his heart.

Jen. He may, indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
Make meikle o' ye, with an unco fraise ;
And dawt ye baith afore fowk and your lane :
But soon as his newfangelness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then of lang days of sweet delight,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte :
And may be, in his barlickhoods, ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a lounderin' lick.

Peg. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to move
My settl'd mind ; I'm owre far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath ;
But want of him I dread nae other skaith.
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green

Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een :
And then he speaks with sic a taking art,
His words they thirle like music through my heart.

How blithely can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave !

Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill ;

He is—but what need I say that or this ?
I'd spend a month to tell ye what he is !
In a' he says or does, there's sic a gait,
The rest seem coofs compared with my dear Pate.

His better sense will lang his love secure :
Ill-nature hefts in sauls that's weak and poor.

Jen. Hey, "Bonny lass of Branksome!"
or't be lang,
Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.

O ! 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride ;
 Syne whinging getts, about your ingle-side,
 Yelping for this or that with fasheous din :
 To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.

Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itsell wi' broe,
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe ;

The " Deil gaes o'er Jock Wabster,"
 hame grows hell,
 When Pate misca's ye waur than tongue
 can teil.

Peg. Yes, 'tis a heartsome thing to be a wife,
 When round the ingle-edge young sprouts
 are rife.

Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have delight
 To hear their little complaints, and keep them right.

Wow ! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
 Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee ;

When a' they ettle at—their greatest wish,
 Is to be made of, and obtain a kiss ?
 Can there be toil in tenting day and night
 The like of them, when love makes care
 delight ?

Jen. But poorth, Peggy, is the warst
 of a'.

Gif o'er your heads ill chance should
 beggary draw ;

But little love, or canty cheer, can come
 Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
 Your nowt may die—the spate may bear
 away

Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of
 hay.

The thick-blawn wreaths of snaw, or blashy
 thows,

May smoor your wathers, and may rot
 your ewes.

A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and
 cheese,

But, or the day of payment, breaks and
 flees.

With glooman brow the laird seeks in his
 rent :

'Tis no to gie ; your merchant's to the
 bent :

His honour maunna want, he poinds your
 gear ;

Syne driven frae house and hald, where
 will ye steer ?

Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life ;
 Troth 'tis nae mows to be a married wife.

Peg. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
 Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
 Let fowk bode well, and strive to do their
 best ;

Nae mair's requir'd, let heaven make out
 the rest.

I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
 That lads should a' for wives that's
 virtuous pray ;

For the maist thrifty man could never get
 A well stor'd room, unless his wife wad
 let :

Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my
 part,

To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's
 heart.

Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with canny
 care,

And win the vogue, at market, tron, or
 fair,

For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient
 ware.

A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some
 woo,

Shall first be sauld, to pay the laird his
 due ;

Syne a' behind's our ain.—Thus, with-
 out fear,

With love and rowth we thro' the world
 will steer ;

And when my Pate in bairns and gear
 grows rife,

He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jen. But what if some young giglet on
 the green,

With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching
een,
Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn
Meg,
And her ken'd kisses, hardly worth a feg?

Peg. Nae mair of that.—Dear Jenny,
to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than
we :
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blest them with solidity of mind.
They'll reason calmly, and with kindness
smile,
When our short passions wad our peace
beguile.
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at
hame,
'Tis ten to ane the wives are maist to
blame.
Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my art
To keep him cheerful, and secure his
heart.
At e'en, when he comes weary frae the
hill,
I'll have a' things made ready to his will.
In winter, when he toils thro' wind and
rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane;
And soon as he flings by his plaid and
staff,
The seething pat's be ready to take aff :
Clean hagabag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him with the best we can af-
ford ;
Good humour and white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face to keep his love for me.
Jen. A dish of married love right soon
grows cauld,
And dosens down to nane, as fowk grow
auld.
Peg. But we'll grow auld together, and
ne'er find
The loss of youth, when love grows on the
mind.

Bairns, and their bairns, make sure a
firmer tie,
Then aught in love the like of us can
spy.
See yon twa elms that grow up side by
side ;
Suppose them, some years syne, bride-
groom and bride ;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are in-
creased,
And in their mixture now are fully blest.
This, shields the other frae the eastlin
blast,
That, in return, defends it frae the west.
Sic as stand single,—a state sae liked by
you !
Beneath ilk storm, frae every airt, maun
bow.

Jen. I've done,—I yield, dear lassie, I
maun yield ;
Your better sense has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little fae
Lies dern'd within my breast this mony a
day.

Peg. Alake, poor prisoner ! Jenny, that's
no fair,
That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the
air :
Haste, let him out, we'll tent as well's we
can,
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

Jen. Another time's as good,—for see,
the sun
Is right far up, and we're not yet begun
To freath the graith ;—if canker'd Madge,
our aunt,
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked
rant :
But when we've done, I'll tell you a' my
mind :
For this seems true,—nae lass can be un-
kind.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT SECOND.—SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

A snug thack house, before the door a green ;
Hens on the midden, ducks in dubs are seen :
On this side stands a barn, on that a byre ;
A peat-stack joins, and forms a rural square.
The house is Glaud's ;—There you may see
him lean,
And to his divot-seat invite his frien'.

GLAUD AND SYMON.

Glaud.

Good-morrow, neibour, Symon : come,
sit down
And gie's your cracks. —What's a' the news
in town ?
They tell me ye was in the ither day,
And sald your crummock and her bassen'd
quey.
I'll warrant ye've coft a pund of cut and
dry ;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

Sym. With a' my heart ;—and tent me
now, auld boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your mind
with joy.
I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things have taken sic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like
flaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the heather
braes.

Glaud. Fye, blaw ! Ah ! Symie, rat-
tling chiels ne'er stand
To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff-
hand,
Whilk soon flies round like will-fire far and
near :
But loose your poke, be't true or fause,
let's hear.

Sym. Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I
have seen

Hab, that abroad has with our master
been ;
Our brave good master, wha right wisely
fled,
And left a fair estate to save his head ;
Because ye ken fu' well he bravely chose
To stand his liege's friend with great
Montrose.
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick ; and ane
ca'd Monk
Has play'd the Rumple a right slee be-
gunk,
Restor'd King Charles, and ilka thing's in
tune ;
And Habby says, we'll see Sir William
soon.

Glaud. That makes me blithe indeed !
but dinna flaw :
Tell o'er your news again, and swear
till't a'.
And saw ye Hab ? and what did Halbert
say ?
They have been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanked that our laird's come
hame !
And his estate, say, can he eithly claim ?

Sym. They that hag-raid us till our guts
did grane,
Like greedy bears, dare nae mair do't
again ;
And good Sir William sall enjoy his ain.

Glaud. And may he lang ; for never did
he stent
Us in our thriving, with a racket rent ;
Nor 'grumbl'd if ane grew rich ; nor
shor'd to raise
Our mailens, when we put on Sunday's
claes.

Sym. Nor wad he lang, with senseless
saucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare :
"Put on your bonnet, Symon ;—tak a
seat :—

How's all at hame?—How's Elspa? How
does Kate?
How sells black cattle?—What gies woo
this year?"
And sic like kindly questions wad he speer.

Glaud. Then wad he gar his butler
bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,
Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blithe-
some flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing
hame.
My heart's e'en rais'd! Dear neibour,
will ye stay,
And tak your dinner here with me the
day?
We'll send for Elspath too—and upo'
sight,
I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the height:
I'll yoke my sled, and send to the neist
town,
And bring a draught of ale baith stout and
brown;
And gar our cottarsa', man, wife, and wean,
Drink till they tine the gait to stand their
lane.

Sym. I wad na baulk my friend his
blithe design,
Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine:
For here yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
Yestreen I slew twa wathers prime and
fat;
A firlof of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
And a large ham hings reesting in the
neuk:
I saw mysell, or I came o'er the loan,
Our meikle pot that scads the whey, put
on,
A mutton bouk to boil:—and ane we'll
roast;
And on the haggis Elspa spares nae cost;
Sma' are they shorn, and she can mix fu'
nice
The gusty ingans with a curn of spice:

Fat are the puddings,—heads and feet
well sung.
And we've invited neibours auld and young
To pass this afternoon with glee and game,
And drink our master's health and wel-
come-hame.

Ye maunna then refuse to join the rest,
Since ye're my nearest friend that I like
best:

Bring wi' ye a' your family; and then,
Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like yersell, auld birky;
never fear,
But at your banquet I shall first appear:
Faith, we shall bend the bicker, and look
bauld,

Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld—
Auld, said I! troth, I'm younger be a score,
With your good news, than what I was
before.

I'll dance or e'en!—Hey Madge! come
forth: d'ye hear? [*Enter Madge.*

Mad. The man's gane gyte! Dear
Symon, welcome here.

What wad ye, Glaud, with a' this haste
and din?

Ye never let a body sit to spin.

Glaud. Spin! snuff!—Gae break your
wheel and burn your tow,
And set the meiklest peat-stack in a low;
Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye die,
Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

Mad. Blithe news indeed! and wha
was't tald you o't?

Glaud. What's that to you? gae get
my Sunday's coat;
Wale out the whitest of my bobbit bands,
My white-skin hose, and mittans for my
hands;
Then frae their washing cry the bairns in
haste,
And mak yoursells as trig, head, feet, and
waist,

As ye were a' to get young lads or
e'en;
For we're gaun o'er to dine with Sym be-
deen.

Sym. Do, honest Madge :—and, Glaud,
I'll o'er the gate,
And see that a' be done as I wad hae't.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

The open field.—A cottage in a glen,
An auld wife spinning at the sunny end—
At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
With folded arms, and half rais'd look, ye see

Bauldy his lane.

What's this!—I canna bear't! 'tis waur
than hell
To be sae burnt with love yet darna tell!
O Peggy! sweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens or new-mawn
hay;
Blither than lambs that frisk out o'er the
knowes;
Straighter than aught that in the forest
grows:
Her een the clearest blob of dew outshines;
The lily in her breast its beauty tines.
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth,
her een,
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!
For Pate loes her,—wae's me! and she
loes Pate;
And I with Neps, by some unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow;—O, but ane be a beast
That makes rash aiths till he's afore the
priest!
I darna speak my mind, else a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.
'Tis sair to thole :—I'll try some witch-
craft art
To break with ane, and win the other's
heart.

Here Mausy lives, a witch, that for sma'
price
Can cast her cantraips, and give me advice.
She can o'er cast the night, and cloud the
moon,
And mak the deils obedient to her crune.
At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yard she
raves,
And howks unchristen'd weans out of their
graves;
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow,
Rins withershins about the hemlock low:
And seven times does her prayers back-
ward pray,
Till Plotcock comes with lumps of Lap-
land clay,
Mixt with the venom of black taid's and
snakes:
Of this, unsonsy pictures aft she makes
Of ony ane she hates—and gars expire
With slow and racking pains afore a
fire;
Stuck fu' of prins, the devilish pictures
melt;
The pain, by fowk they represent, is felt.
And yonder's Mause: ay, ay, she kens
fu' weel
When ane like me comes rinnin' to the
deil.
She and her cat sit beeking in her yard,
To speak my errand, faith amais't I'm
fear'd:
But I maun do't, tho' I should never
thrive;
They gallop fast that deils and lasses drive.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

A green kail-yard, a little fount,
Where water-poplan springs;
There sits a wife with wrinkled front,
And yet she spins and sings.

TUNE "Carle, an the King come."

MAUSE.

Peggy, now the King's come,
Peggy, now the King's come ;
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the King's come.

Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiden coat for silk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the King's come.

Enter Bauldy.

Baul. How does auld honest lucky of
the glen ?

Ye look baith hale and fere at threescore-
ten.

Mause. E'en twining out a thread with
little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.
What brings my bairn this gate sae air at
morn ?
Is there nae muck to lead ? --to thresh nae
corn ?

Baul. Enough of baith ; but something
that requires
Your helping hand, employs now all my
cares.

Mause. My helping hand, alake ! what
can I do,
That underneath* baith eild and poortith
bow ?

Baul. Ay, but ye're wise, and wiser far
than we,
Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.

Mause. Of what kind wisdom think ye
I'm possest,
That lifts my character aboon the rest ?

Baul. The word that gangs, how ye're
sae wise and fell,
Ye'll may be take it il gif I should tell.

Mause. What fowk say of me, Bauldy,
let me hear ;
Keep naething up, ye naething have to
fear.

Baul. Well, since ye bid me, I shall
tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about ye, but a flaw.

When last the wind made Glauf a roof-
less barn ;

When last the burn bore down my mither's
yarn ;

When Brawny, elf-shot, never mair came
hame ;

When Tibby kirk'd, and there nae butter
came ;

When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked
wean

To a fairy turn'd, and cou'dna stand its
lane ;

When Wattie wander'd ae night thro' the
shaw,

And tint himsell amaiest amang the snaw ;
When Mungo's mare stood still, and swat
with fright,

When he brought east the bowdy under
night ;

When Bawsy shot to dead upon the green,
And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen ;

You, lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out,
And ilk ane here dreads you a' round
about ;

And sae they may that mint to do ye
skaith ;

For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith ;
But when I meist mak groats, I'll strive to
please

You with a firloft of them, mixt with pease.

Mause. I thank ye, lad ;—now tell me
your demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Baul. Then, I like Peggy ;—Neps is
fond of me ;—

Peggy likes Pate ;—and Patie's bauld and
slee,

And loes sweet Meg ;—but Neps I downa
see.
Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and
then
Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest man.

Mause. I'll try my art to gar the bowls
row right ;
Sae gang your ways, and come again at
night ;
'Gainst that time I'll some simple things
prepare,
Worth all your pease and groats ; tak ye
nae care.

Baul. Well, Mause, I'll come, gif I the
road can find ;
But if ye raise the deil, he'll raise the wind ;
Synne rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis
late,
Will make the night sac mirk, I'll tine the
gate.
We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feast,
O ! will ye come like badrans, for a jest ;
And there ye can our different 'haviours spy ;
There's nane shall ken o't there but you
and I ?

Mause. 'Tis like I may,—but let na on
what's past
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

Baul. If I aught of your secrets e'er
advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

Mause her lane.

Hard luck, alake ! when poverty and eild,
Weeds out of fashion, and a lanely bield,
With a sma' cast of wiles, should in a
twitch,
Gie ane the hatefu' name, "a wrinkled
witch."
This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
That I'm a wretch in compact with Auld
Nick ;

Because by education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common
thought.
Their gross mistake shall quickly now
appear ;
Soon shall they ken what brought, what
keeps me here ;
Nane kens but me,—and if the morn were
come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing
dumb.

[*Exit.*]

CHRIST'S KIRK ON THE GREEN.

Ramsay added the following note to
Canto II. of "Christ's Kirk on the
Green"—his first canto :—

"The king having painted the rustic squabble
with an uncommon spirit in a most ludicrous
manner, in a stanza of verse the most difficult
to keep the sense complete, as he has done
without being forced to bring in the words for
crambo's sake where they return so frequently.
Ambitious to imitate so great an original, I
put a stop to the war, called a congress, and
made them sign a peace, that the world might
have their picture in the more agreeable hours
of drinking, dancing, and singing." . . .

The day's revelry ends with a mar-
riage bedding-ceremony ; and if there
were any other, nothing is told of it,
except that in a note he says the
scene is placed at the church of Leslie
in Fife. Of Canto III., the opening
stanza of which is equal to anything he
has written, he says :—

"Curious to know how my bridal folks
would look next day after the marriage, I
attempted the third Canto, which opens with a
description of the morning ; then the friends
come to present their gifts to the new married
couple. . . . A new scene of drinking
is represented, and the young man is creeded ;
then the character of the smith's ill-natured
shrew is drawn, which leads in the description

of riding the stang ; next Maggie Murdy has an exemplary character of a good wise wife ; deep drinking and bloodless quarrels make an end of an old tale."

The canto is given entire, except the last two stanzas, and, as an imitation of the ancient, is of course unaltered.

CANTO III.

Now frae th' east nook o' Fife the dawn
Speer'd westlines¹ up the lift,
Charles wha heard the cock had craw'n,
Begoud to rax² an' rift :
An' greedy wives wi' girning thrawn,
Cry'd, lasses up to thrift ;
Dogs barked, an' the lads frae hand
Bang'd to their breeks like drift,
Be break o' day.

But some wha had been fou³ yestreen,
Sic as the letter-gae,⁴
Air up,⁵ had nae will to be seen,
Grudgin their groat⁶ to pay.
But what aft fristed's no forgien,⁷
Whan fouk has nought to say ;
Yet sweer were they to rake their een,⁸
Sic dizzy heads had they,
An' het that day.

Be that time it was fair four days,⁹
As fou's the house cou'd pang,
To see the young fouk' ere they raise,
Gossips came in ding dang,
An' wi' a soss aboon the claiiths,
Ilk ane their gifts down flang :¹⁰
Twall toop-horn-spoons¹¹ down Maggy
lays,
Baith muckle-mou'd an' lang,
For kail or whey.

¹ Climbed westward.⁷ What is delayed is not cancelled.² Began to stretch.⁸ Rub their eyes open.³ Tipsy.⁹ Broad daylight.⁴ The preceptor.¹⁰ Threw down their⁵ Early up.

marriage present

⁶ A fine for being

drunk. on the bed.

¹¹ A dozen of rams' horn spoons.

Her aunt a pair o' tangs fush¹ in,
Right bald she spak an' spruce,
"Gin your guidman shall mak a din,
An' gabble like a goose,
Shorin,² whan fou, to skelp ye'r skin,
Thir tangs may be o' use :
Lay them en'lang his pow or shin,
Wha wins syne may mak roose³
Between you twa."

Auld Bessy in her red coat braw,
Came wi' her ain oe⁴ Nanny.
An odd-like wife they said that saw,
A moupin runkled⁵ granny :
She fley'd the kimmers⁶ ane an' a' ;
Word gaed she was nae kanny ;⁷
Nor wad they let Lucky awa'
Till she was fou wi' branny,
Like mony mae.

Steen,⁸ fresh an' fastin' 'mang the rest,
Cam in to get his morning,
Speer'd gin the bride had taen the test,
And how she lo'ed her coming ;
She leugh as she had fan a nest,
Said, Let a-bee ye'r scorning.
Quoth Roger, Fegs, I've doon my best,
To gi'er a charge o' horning,
As weel's I may.

Kind Kirsh was there, a kanty⁹ lass,
Black ey'd, black hair'd, an' bonny ;
Right weel red up an' jimp¹⁰ she was,
An' wooers had fu' mony :
I wat na how it cam to pass,
She cudled in wi' Jonnie,
An' tumbling wi' him on the grass,
Dang a' her cockernony¹¹
A-je that day.

¹ Fetched.⁷ Safe.² Threatening.⁸ Stephen.³ Boast.⁹ Merry, cheerful.⁴ Grandchild.¹⁰ Neat.⁵ Mumping wrinkled.¹¹ Hair made up in⁶ Frightened the gossips.

a knot.

But Mause begrutten was an' bleer'd,
 Look'd thowless, dowf,¹ an' sleepy ;
 Auld Maggy kend the wyte,² an' sneer'd,
 Ca'd her a poor daft heepy :
 " It's a wise wife that kens her weird,³
 What tho' ye mount the creepy ;
 There a good lesson may be lear'd,
 An' what the waur will ye be

To stand a day ?

" Or bairns⁴ can read their first maun spell ;
 I learn'd this frae my mammy,
 An' coost a leglen girth⁵ mysel,
 Lang or I married Tammy.
 I'se warrand ye have a' heard tell
 O' bonny Andrew Lammy,
 Stiffly in loove wi' me he fell,
 As soon as e'er he saw me :

That was a day."

Het drink, fresh butter'd caiks, an' cheese,
 That held their hearts aboon,
 Wi' clashes,⁶ mingled aft wi' lies,
 Drave aff the hale forenoon :
 But after dinner, an ye please,
 To weary not o'er soon,
 We down to e'enning edge wi' ease
 Shall loup, an' see what's done

I' the doup o' day.

Now what the friends wad fain been at,
 They that were right true blue,
 Was e'en to get their wysons wat,⁷
 An' fill young Roger fou :
 But the bauld billy⁸ took his maut,
 An' was right stiff to bow ;
 He fairly gae them tit for tat,
 An' scour'd aff healths anew,⁹

Clean out that day.

A creel bout fou¹⁰ o' muckle stanes,
 They clinked on his back ;

¹ Out of sorts.

² Cause, blame.

³ Fate.

⁴ Before children.

⁵ Cast a hoop ; used

figuratively.

⁶ Gossip.

⁷ Throats wet.

⁸ Bold fellow.

⁹ Enough.

¹⁰ A basket quite full.

To try the pith o's rigg an' reins,
 They gart him cadge this pack.
 Now as a sign he had taen pains,
 His young wife was nae slack,
 To rin an' ease his shouther-banes,
 An' sneg'd the raips¹ fu' snack,
 Wi' her knife that day.

Syne the blyth carles, tooth an' nail,
 Fell keenly to the wark ;
 To ease the gantrees o' the ale,
 An' try wha was maist stark ;
 Till boord an' floor, an' a' did sail
 Wi' spilt ale i' the dark,
 Gart Jock's fit² slide, he, like a fail,
 Play'd dad, an' dang the bark
 Aff's shin that day.

The souter, miller, smith, an' Dick,
 Et cet'ra, closs sat cockin,
 Till waisted was baith cash an' tick,
 Sae ill they were to slocken :
 Gane out to — in gutters thick,
 Some fell, an' some gade rockin ;
 Sawney hang sneering on his stick,
 To see bauld Hutchon bockin³
 Rainbows that day.

The smith's wife her black deary sought,
 An' fand him skin an' birn ;
 Quoth she, " This day wark's be dear
 bought ; "
 He bann'd an' gae a girn,
 Ca'd her a jad, an' said she mucht⁴
 Gae hame an' scum her kirm :
 " Whish't, ladren !⁵ for gin ye sae ought
 Mair, I'se wind ye a pirn,⁶
 To reel some day."

" Ye'll wind a pirn ! ye silly snool,
 Wae worth ye'r drunken saul,"
 Quoth she, an' lap out o'er a stool,
 An' clautht him by the spaul :

¹ Cut the ropes to re-
 lieve him.

² Foot.

³ Vomiting.

⁴ Might.

⁵ Silence, termagant !

⁶ A proverb implying

a threat.

He shook her, an' sware " Muckle dool,
Ye'se thole for this, ye scaul ;
I'se rive frae aff your hips the hool,
An' learn ye to be baul
On sic a day."

" Ye'r tippanizing, scant o' grace,"
Quoth she, " gars me gang duddy :¹
Our neibour Pate sin break o' day's
Been thumpin at his studdy ;
An it be true that some fouk says,
Ye'll girn yet in a woody : " ²
Syne wi' her nails she rave his face,
Made a' his black baird bloody
Wi' scarts that day.

A gilpy³ that had seen the faught,
I wat he was nae lang,
Till he had gather'd seven or aught
Wild hempies⁴ stout an' strang ;
They frae a barn a kabier raught,⁵
Ane mounted wi' a bang,
Betwix't twa's shoulders, an' sat straught
Upon't an' rade the stang⁶
On her that day.

The wives an' gytlings⁷ a' spawn'd out
O'er middings, an' o'er dykes,
Wi' mony an unco skirl an' shout,
Like bumbees frae their bykes ;
Thro' thick an' thin they scour'd about,
Splashing thro' dubs an' sykes,
An' sic a reird⁸ ran thro' the rout,
Gart a' the hale town tykes
Yamph loud that day.

But d'ye see, fu' better bred
Was mensfu'⁹ Maggy Murdy,
She her man like a lammy led
Hame, wi' a weel-wail'd¹⁰ wordy.

¹ In rags.² Hang on a gallows.³ A young fellow.⁴ Sporting wags.⁵ A beam caught.⁶ Scolding women carried astride a beam.⁷ Children.⁸ Noise and confusion.⁹ Discreet.¹⁰ Well chosen.

Fast frae the company he fled,
As he had taen the sturdy ;
She fleech'd him fairly to his bed,
Wi' ca'ing him her burdy,
Kindly that day.

But Lawrie he took out his nap
Upon a mow o' pease ;
An' Robin spew'd in's ain wife's lap ;
He said it gaed him ease :
Hutchon wi' a three-lugged cap,
His head bizzin wi' bees,
Hit Geordy a mislushious rap,
An' brak the brig o's neese
Right sair that day.

Syne ilka thing gaed arse o'er head ;
Chanlers, boord, stools, an' stoups,
Flew thro' the house wi' muckle speed,
An' there was little hopes
But there had been some ill-done deed,
They gat sic thrawart cowps ;
But a' the skaith that chanc'd indeed
Was only on their dowps,
Wi' fa's that day.

THE EAGLE AND THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

[This, too, is an imitation of an ancient Poem.]

THE prince of all the fethert kind,
That wi' spread wings out-flies the wind,
And tow'rs far out of human sight
To view the schynand¹ orb of licht ;
This ryall bird, tho' braif² and great,
And armit strang for stern debait,
Nae tyrant is, but condescends
Aftymes to treat inferior friends.
Ane day at his command did flock
To his hie palace on a rock,
The courtiers of ilk vario us size
That swiftly swim in chrystal skies ;

¹ Shining.² Brave.

Thither the valiant Tersals doup,¹
 And heir rapacious Corbies² croup,
 Wi' greidy Gleds an' slie Gormahs,
 An' dinsome Pyis an' clatterin Daws;
 Proud Pecoaks an' a hundred mac,
 Bruscht up their pens that solemn day,
 Bow'd first submissive to my Lord,
 Then tuke their places at his borde.

Mein time, quhile feisting on a fawn,
 An' drinking bluid frae lammies drawn,
 A tunefull Robin, trig an' zung,³
 Hard by upon a bour-tree⁴ sung.
 He sang the Eagle's ryall lyne,
 His persing ee an' richt divyne,
 To sway out-owre the fetherit thrang,
 Quha dreid his martial bill an' fang:⁵
 His flicht sublime, an' eild renewit,
 His mind with clemencie endewit;
 In safter notes he sang his luvie,
 Mair hie his beiring bolts for Jove.

The monarch Bird, with blythness hard
 The chanting litil silvan bard,
 Calit up a Buzart who was then
 His favourite an' chamberlane.
 Swith⁶ to my treasury, quod he,
 An' to zon canty Robin gie
 As meikle o' our current geir
 As may mentain him thro' the zeir:
 We can weel spair't, an' it's his due.
 He bad, an' furth the Judas flew,
 Straight to the brench quhair Robin sung,
 An' wi' a wickit lieand tung,
 Said, Ah! ze sing sae dull an' ruch,
 Ze haif deivt⁷ our lugs mair than enuch,
 His Majestie has a nyse eir,
 An' nae mair o' zour stuff can beir;
 Poke⁸ up zour pypes, be nae mair sene
 At court, I warn ze as a frien.

He spak, quhyle Robinis swelling breist,
 An' drouping wings his grief exprest,
 The teirs ran happing doun his cheik,

Grit grew his hairt, he cou'd nocht speik,
 No for the tinsell o' rewaird,
 But that his notis met nae regaird;
 Straicht to the schaw he spred his wing,
 Resolvit again nae mair to sing.

Quhair, princelie, bountie is suppress,
 By sic with quhome they are opprest,
 Quha cannot beir (because they want it)
 That ocht suld be to merit grantit.

THE MONK AND MILLER'S WIFE.

[This Tale is founded on that of
 "The Friars of Berwick," a comparison
 with which will show how far Ramsay
 was indebted to that admirable anony-
 mous composition.]

Now lend your lugs, ye benders¹ fine,
 Wha ken the benefit o' wine;
 An' ye wha, laughing, scud brown ale,
 Leave jinks² a wee, an' hear a tale.

An honest miller won'd in Fife,
 That had a young an' wanton wife,
 Wha sometimes thol'd³ the parish-priest
 To mak her man a twa-horn'd beast:
 He paid right mony visits till her,
 An' to keep in wi' Hab the mller,
 He endeavour'd aft to mak him happy,
 Where'er he kent the ale was nappy.⁴
 Sic condescension in a pastor,
 Knit Halbert's love to him the faster;
 An' by his converse, troth 'tis true,
 Hab learn'd to preach when he was fou.
 Thus all the three were wonder pleas'd,
 The wife well serv'd, the man weel eas'd.
 This ground his corn, an' that did
 cherish

Himself wi' dining round the parish:

¹ Kestrel (?)

⁵ Claw.

² Crows.

⁶ Quick.

³ Young.

⁷ Deafened.

⁴ Elder tree.

⁸ Pack.

¹ Drinkers.

³ Suffered, permitted.

² Playing for drink.

⁴ Elevating.

Bess, the goodwife, thought it nae skaith,
Since she was fit to serve them baith.

When equal is the night an' day,
An' Ceres gies the schools the play,
A youth, sprung frae a gentle *pater*,
Bred at Saint Andrew's *alma-mater*,
Ae day gaun' hameward, it fell late,
An' him benighted by the gate :
To lye without, pit-mirk did shore ^a him,
He coudna see his thumb before him :
But, clack—clack—clack, he heard a mill,
Whilk led him by the lugs theretill.
To tak the thread of tale along,
This mill to Halbert did belang ;
Not less this note your notice claims,
The scholar's name was Master James.

Now, smiling Muse, the prelude past,
Smoothly relate a tale shall last
As lang as Alps an' Grampian hills,
As lang as wind or water-mills.

In enter'd James, Hab saw an' kend him,
And offer'd kindly to befriend him
Wi' sic guid cheer as he cou'd make,
Baith for his ain an' father's sake.
The scholar thought himself right sped,
An' gave him thanks in terms well bred.
Quoth Hab, "I canna leave my mill
As yet :—but step ye west the hill
A bow-shot, an' ye'll find my hame :
Gae warm ye, an' crack ³ wi' our dame,
'Till I set aff the mill ; syne we
Shall tak what Bessy has to gie."
James, in return, what's handsome said,
O'er lang to tell ; an' aff he gade.⁴
Out o' the house some light did shine,
Whilk led him till't as wi' a line :
Arriv'd, he knock'd, for doors were
steekit ;⁵

Straight through a window Bessy keekit,⁶
An' cries, "Wha's that gi'es fowk a fright
At sic untimous time o' night?"

James wi' guid humour maist discreetly,
Tauld her his circumstance completely.
"I dinna ken ye," quoth the wife,
"An' up an' down the thieves are rife ;"
Within, my lane, I'm but a woman,
Sae I'll unbar my door to nae man ;
But since 'tis very like, my dow,
That a' ye're telling may be true,
Hae, there's a key, gang in your way
At the neist door, there's braw ait strae :¹
Streek down upon't my lad, an' learn
They're no ill lodg'd that get a barn."
Thus, after meikle clitter clatter,
James fand he coudna mend the matter ;
An' since it might nae better be,
Wi' resignation took the key,
Unlock't the barn—clam up the mow,²
Where was an opening near the how,³
Through whilk he saw a glent o' light,
That gave diversion to his sight :
By this he quickly could discern
A thin wa' sep'rate house an' barn,
An' thro' this rive was in the wa',
All done within the house he saw :
He saw (what ought not to be seen,
An' scarce gave credit to his een)
The parish priest of reverend fame
In active courtship with the dame.—
To lengthen out description here
Wad but offend the modest ear,
An' beet ⁴ the lewder youthfu' flame
That we by satire strive to tame.
Suppose the wicked action o'er,
An' James continuing still to glower ;⁵
Wha saw the wife as fast as able,
Spread a clean servite on the table,
An' syne, frae the ha' ingle,⁶ bring ben
A pyping het young roasted hen,
An' twa guid bottles stout an' clear,
Ane o' strong ale, an' ane o' beer.
But wicked luck, just as the priest,
Shot in his fork in chucky's breast,

¹ Going.⁴ Went.² Pitch darkness
threatened.⁵ Bolted.
⁶ Looked.³ Converse.¹ Fine oat straw.⁴ Inflame.² Straw heap.⁵ Stare.³ Top ; roof.⁶ Fireside.

Th' unwelcome miller gae a roar,
 Cry'd, "Bessy, haste ye, ope the door."
 Wi' that the holy letcher fled,
 An' darn'd¹ himsel behint a bed;
 While Bessy huddl'd a' things by,
 That nought the cuckold might espy;
 Syne loot him in,—but out of tune,
 Speer'd why he left the mill sae soon:
 "I come," said he, "as manners claims,
 To crack an' wait on Master James,
 Whilk I shou'd do, tho' ne'er sae bizzy;
 I sent him here, guidwife, where is he?"
 "Ye sent him here," (quothe Bessy,
 grumbling),
 "Kend I this James? A chiel² cam rumb-
 ling;
 But how was I assur'd, when dark,
 That he had been nae thievish spark,
 Or some rude wencher gotten a dose,
 That a weak wife cou'd ill oppose?"
 "An what cam o' him? speak nae langer,"
 Cries Halbert, in a Highland anger.
 "I sent him to the barn," quothe she:
 "Gae quickly bring him in," quothe he.
 James was brought in—the wife was
 bawked—
 The priest stood close—the miller
 cracked—
 Then ask'd his sunkan³ gloomy spouse
 What supper she had in the house,
 That might be suitable to gie
 Ane o' their lodger's qualitie?
 Quothe she, "Ye may weel ken, guidman,
 Your feast comes frae the pottage-pan:
 The stov'd an' roasted we afford,
 Are aft great strangers on our board."
 "Pottage," quothe Hab, "ye senseless
 tawpie!⁴
 Think ye this youth's a gilly-gawpie?⁵
 An' that his gentle stamock's master
 To worry up a pint o' plaster?
 Like our mill-knaves that lift the laiding,

¹ Hid.² Fellow.³ Splenetic.⁴ Useless, good-for-
nothing.⁵ A silly fool.

Whase kytes can streek¹ out like raw
 plaiding?

Swith roast a hen or fry some chickens,
 An' send for ale frae Maggy Pickens."
 "Hout I," quothe she, "ye may weel ken,
 'Tis ill brought butt that's na there ben;
 When but last owk,² nae farder gane,
 The laird gat a' to pay his kain."³

Then James, wha had as guid a guess
 O' what was in the house as Bess,
 Wi' pawky smile, this plea to end,
 To please himsel, an' ease his friend,
 First open'd wi' a slee oration,
 His wond'rous skill in conjuration.
 Said he, "By this fell art I'm able
 To whop aff ony great man's table
 Whate'er I like to mak a mail of,
 Either in part or yet the hail of,
 An' if ye please I'll shaw my art."
 Cries Halbert, "Faith, wi' a' my heart!"
 Bess sain'd hersel,—cry'd "Lord be here!"
 An' near-hand fell a-swoon for fear.
 James leugh, an' bade her naithin dread,
 Syne to his conj'ring went wi' speed:
 An' first he draws a circle round,
 Then utters many a magic sound
 O' words part Latin, Greek, an' Dutch,
 Enow to fright a very witch:
 That done, he says, "Now, now 'tis
 come,
 An' in the boal⁴ beside the lum;⁵
 Now set the board; guidwife, gae ben,
 Bring frae yon boal a roasted hen."
 She wadna gang, but Haby ventur'd;
 An' soon as he the ambrie⁶ enter'd,
 It smell'd sae weel he short time sought
 it,
 An wond'ring, 'tween his hands he brought
 it.
 He view'd it round, an' thrice he smelt it,
 Syne wi' a gentle touch he felt it.

¹ Whose bellies can² stretch.³ Week.⁴ Rent paid in fowls.⁵ Recess in the wall.⁶ Vent.⁷ Cupboard.

Thus ilka sense he did convey,
Lest glamour¹ had beguil'd his een;
They all in ane united body,
Declar'd it a fine fat how towdy.²
"Nae mair about it," quoth the miller,
"The fowl looks weel, an' we'll fa' till
her."

Sae be't, says James; an' in a doup,
They snapt her up baith stoup an' roup.³
"Neist, O!" cries Halbert, "cou'd
your skill

But help us to a waught⁴ o' ale,
I'd be oblig'd t' ye a' my life,
An' offer to the deil my wife,
To see if he'll discreeter mak her,
But that I'm fleed he winna tak her."
Said James: "Ye offer very fair,
The bargain's hadden, sae nae mair."

Then thrice he shook a willow-wand,
Wi' kittle⁵ words thrice gave command;
That done, wi' look baith learn'd an' grave,
Said, "Now ye'll get what ye wad have;
Twa bottles o' as nappy liquor
As ever ream'd⁶ in horn or bicker,
Behind the ark⁷ that hauds your meal,
Ye'll find twa standing corkit weel."
He said, an' fast the miller flew,
An' frae their nest the bottles drew;
Then first the scholar's health he toasted,
Whase art had gart him feed on roasted;
His father's neist,—an' a' the rest
O' his guid friends that wish'd him best,
Which were o'er langsome at the time,
In a short tale to put in rhyme.

Thus, while the miller an' the youth
Were blythly slock'ning o' their drowth,
Bess, fretting, scarcely held frae greeting,
The priest inclos'd, stood vex'd an' sweat-
ing.

"O wow!" said Hab, "if ane might
spear,

¹ Magic influence.⁴ A drink.² Young hen.⁵ Uncommon.³ Stump and rump;
entirely.⁶ Mantled, frothed.
⁷ Chest.

Dear Master James, wha brought our
cheer?

Sic laits¹ appear to us sae awfu',
We hardly think your learning lawfu'."

"To bring your doubts to a conclusion,"

Says James, "ken I'm a Rosicrucian;
Ane o' the set that never carries
On traffic wi' black deils or fairies;
There's mony a sp'rit that's no deil,
That constantly around us wheel.
There was a sage call'd Alburnazur,
Whase wit was gleg² as any razor:
Frae this great man we learn'd the skill
To bring these gentry to our will;
An' they appear, when we've a mind,
In any shape o' human kind:
Now, if you'll drap your foolish fear,
I'll gar my Pacolet appear."

Hab fidg'd an' leugh, his elbuck clew,
Baith fear'd, an' fond a sp'rit to view:
At last his courage wan the day,
He to the scholar's will gae way.

Bessy be this began to smell
A rat, but kept her mind to'r sell:
She pray'd like howdy³ in her drink.
But meantime tipt young James a wink.
James frae his eye an answer sent,
Which made the wife right weel content,
Then turn'd to Hab, an' thus advis'd:
"Whate'er you see, be nought surpriz'd,
But for your saul move not your tongue,
An' ready stand wi' a great rung;⁴
Syne as the sp'rit gangs marching out,
Be sure to lend him a sound rout:
I bidna this by way o' mocking,
For nought delytes him mair than knock-
ing."

Hab got a kent⁵—stood by the hallan,
An' straight the wild mischievous callan⁶
Cries, "Radamanthus Husky Mingo,
Monk, Horner, Hipock, Jinko, Jingo,
Appear in likness o' a Priest,

¹ Manners.⁴ Cudgel.² Sharp.⁵ Cudgel, stick.³ Midwife.⁶ Lad or boy.

No like a deil in shape o' beast,
 Wi' gaping chafts to fleg us a' :
 Wauk forth, the door stands to the wa' :"
 Then frae the hole where he was pent,
 The priest approach'd right weel content ;
 Wi' silent pace strade o'er the floor,
 Till he was drawing near the door ;
 Then to escape the cudgel ran,
 But was nae miss'd by the guidman,
 Wha lent him on the neck a lounder,¹
 That gart him o'er the threshold founder.
 Darkness soon hid him frae their sight,
 Ben flew the miller in a fright ;
 " I trow," quoth he, " I laid weel on ;
 But, wow ! he's like our ain Mess John !"

THE TWA CATS AND THE CHEESE.

TWA Cats ance on a Cheese did light,
 To which baith had an equal right ;
 But disputes, sic as aft arise,
 Fell out in sharing o' the prize.
 Fair play, said ane, ye bite o'er thick,
 Thae teeth o' your's gang wonder quick :
 Let's part it, else, lang or the moon
 Be chang'd, the kebbuck² will be doon.
 But wha's to do't?—They're parties baith,
 An' ane may do the other skaith.
 Sae wi' consent away they trudge,
 An' laid the Cheese before a judge :
 A Monkey, wi' a campsho³ face,
 Clerk to a justice o' the peace ;
 A judge he seem'd in justice skill'd,
 When he his master's chair had fill'd,
 Now umpire chosen for division ;
 Baith sware to stand by his decision.
 Demure he looks—the Cheese he pales—
 He prives⁴—it's guid—ca's for the scales ;
 His knife whops throw't—in twa it fell ;
 He puts ilk half in either shell :

Said he, we'll truly weigh the case,
 An' strictest justice shall hae place ;
 Then lifting up the scales, he fand
 The tane bang up, the other stand :
 Syne out he took the heaviest half,
 An' ate a noost⁴ o't quickly aff,
 An' try'd it syne ;—it now prov'd light :
 Friends Cats, said he, we'll do ye right.
 Then to the other half he fell,
 An' laid till't toughly tooth an' nail,
 Till weigh'd again it lightest prov'd.
 The judge, wha this sweet process lov'd,
 Still weigh'd the case, an' still ate on,
 Till clients baith were weary grown :
 An' tenting⁵ how the matter went,
 Cry'd, Come, come, Sir, we're baith con-
 tent.

Ye fools, quoth he, and justice too,
 Maun be content as weel as you.
 Thus grumbl'd they, thus he went on,
 Till baith the halves were near-hand done :
 Poor Pousies now the daffin³ saw,
 O' gan for nignyes⁴ to the law ;
 An' bill'd the judge, that he wad please
 To gie them the remaining cheese :
 To which his worship grave reply'd,
The dues of court maun first be paid.
 Now justice pleas'd ;—what's to the fore⁵
 Will but right scrimply clear your score ;
 That's our decreet—gae hame an' sleep,
 An' thank us ye're win aff sae cheap.

THE CAMELEON.

TWA travellers, as they were walking
 'Bout the Cameleon fell a talking,
 (Sic think it shaws them mett'l'd men,
 To say I've seen, an' ought to ken) :
 Says ane, 'tis a strange beast indeed,
 Four-footed, with a fish's head ;
 A little bowk,⁶ with a lang tail,

¹ A blow.

² Cheese.

³ Distorted, crooked.

⁴ Proves, tests.

¹ Bite.

² Observing.

³ Folly.

⁴ Trifles.

⁵ What remains.

⁶ Body.

An' moves far slower than a snail ;
 Of colour, like a blawart¹ blue,
 Reply'd hi' neighbour, *That's no true ;*
For weel I wat his colour's green,
If ane may true his ain twa een :
For I in sunshine saw him fair,
When he was dining on the air.
 Excuse me, says the ither blade,
 saw him better in the shade,
 An' he is blue.—*He's green, I'm sure.*
 Ye lied.—*An' ye're the son of a whore.*—
 Frae words there had been cuff an' kick,
 Had not a third come in the nick,
 Wha tenting² them in this rough mood,
 Cry'd, Gentlemen, what I are ye wood?³
 What's your quarrel, an't may be speer't?⁴
 Troth, says the tane, Sir, ye shall hear't :
 The Cameleon, I say, he's blue :
 He threaps⁵ he's green. Now, what say
 you ?
 Ne'er fash yoursells about the matter,
 Says the sagacious arbitrator,
 He's black. — Sae nane of you are right.
 I view'd him weel by candle-light ;
 And hae it in my pocket here,
 Row'd in my napkin hale an' feer.⁶
Fy ! said he cangler, what d'ye mean ?
I'll lay my lugs⁷ on't, that he's green.
 Said th' ither, were I gawn to death,
 I'd swear he's blue wi' my last breath.
 He's black, the judge maintain'd ay
 stout,
 An' to convince them whoop'd him out :
 But to surprise o' ane an' a',
 The animal was white as snaw,
 An' thus reprov'd them :—" Shallow boys,
 Away, away, mak nae mair noise ;
 Ye're a' three wrang, an' a' three right ;
 But learn to own your neibour's sight
 As guid as your's, Your judgment speak,
 But never be sae daftly⁸ weak

¹ Blackberry.² Observing.³ Mad.⁴ Asked.⁵ Insists.⁶ Safe and sound.⁷ I'll wager my ears.⁸ Silly.

T' imagine ither's will by force
 Submit their sentiments to yours ;
 As things in various lights ye see,
 They'll ilka ane resemble me."

EDINBURGH KATIE.

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,
 Coming down the street, my joe ?
 My mistress, in her tartan screen,
 Fu' bonnie, braw, and sweet, my joe !
 My dear, quoth I, thanks to the nicht
 That never wished a lover ill,
 Since ye're out o' your mither's sicht,
 Let's tak' a walk up to the hill.

Oh, Katie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
 And leave the dinsome toun a while ?
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
 And a' the simmer's gaun to smile.
 The mavis, nichtingale, and lark,
 The bleeting lambs and whistling hynd,
 In ilka dale, green, shaw, and park,
 Will nourish health, and glad your
 mind.

Soon as the clear gudeman o' day
 Does bend his morning draught o' dew,
 We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
 And gather flowers to busk your brow.
 We'll pou the daisies on the green,
 The lucken-gowans frae the bog ;
 Between hands, now and then, we'll lean
 And sport upon the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tower,
 A canny, saft, and flowery den,
 Which circling birks have formed a
 bower.

Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to the cawler shade remove ;
 There will I lock thee in my arm,
 And love and kiss, and kiss and love.

KATIE'S ANSWER.

My mither's aye glowrin' ower me,
 Though she did the same before me ;
 I canna get leave,
 To look at my love,
 Or else she'd be like to devour me.

 Right fain wad I tak' your offer,
 Sweet sir—but I'll tyne my tocher ;
 Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,
 And wyte your puir Kate,
 Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For though my father has plenty
 Of silver, and plenishing dainty,
 Yet he's unco sweir
 To twine wi' his gear ;
 And sae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
 Be wylie in ilka motion ;
 Brag weel o' your land,
 And there's my leal hand ;
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

GI'E ME A LASS WI' A LUMP
 O' LAND.

Gi'e me a lass with a lump o' land,
 And we for life shall gang thegither ;
 Tho' daft or wise, I'll ne'er demand,
 Or black or fair, it maksna whether.
 I'm aff wi' wit, and beauty will fade,
 And blood alane's nae worth a shilling;
 But she that's rich, her market's made,
 For ilka charm about her's killing.

Gi'e me a lass with a lump o' land,
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure ;
 Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,
 Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.

Laugh on wha likes : but there's my hand,
 I hate with poortith, though bonnie, to
 meddle :

(7)

Unless they bring cash, or a lump o' land,
 They'se ne'er get me to dance to their
 fiddle.

There's meikle gude love in bands and
 bags ;
 And siller and gowd's a sweet com-
 plexion ;
 But beauty and wit, and virtue in rags.
 Have tint the art of gaining affection.
 Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
 And castles, and riggs, and muirs, and
 meadows ;
 And naething can catch our modern sparks,
 But weel-tocher'd lasses, or jointured
 widows.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, farewell to my
 Jean,
 Where heartsome wi' thee I ha'e mony a
 day been ;
 To Lochaber no more, to Lochaber no
 more,
 We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed, they're a' for my
 dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on weir ;
 Though borne on rough seas to a far
 bloody shore,
 Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, though rise every
 wind,
 No tempest can equal the storm in my
 mind ;
 Though loudest of thunders on louder
 waves roar,
 There's naething like leavin' my love on
 the shore.
 To leave thee behind me my heart is sair
 pained,
 But by ease that's inglorious no fame can
 be gained :

And beauty and love's the reward of the
brave ;
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.
Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my
excuse ;
Since honour commands me, how can I
refuse ?
Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee ;
And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and
fame ;
And if I should chance to come glorious
hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running
o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no
more.

THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE.

THIS is no mine ain house,
I ken by the rigging o't ;
Since with my love I've changèd vows,
I dinna like the bigging o't.
For now that I'm young Robbie's bride,
And mistress of his fire-side,
Mine ain house I'll like to guide,
And please me with the trigging o't.
Then fareweel to my father's house,
I gang whare love invites me ;
The strictest duty this allows,
When love with honour meets me.
When Hymen moulds us into ane,
My Robbie's nearer than my kin,
And to refuse him were a sin,
Sae lang's he kindly treats me.
When I'm in my ain house,
True love shall be at hand aye,
To make me still a prudent spouse,
And let my man command aye ;
Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
The common pest of married life,
That mak's ane wearied of his wife,
And breaks the kindly band aye.

BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O, BESSIE BELL and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lasses ;
They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theekit it ower wi' rashes.
Fair Bessie Bell I lo'ed yestreen,
And thocht I ne'er could alter :
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessie's hair's like a lint-tap,
She smiles like a May morning,
When Phoebus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning ;
White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waist and feet's fu' genty,
With ilka grace she can command ;
Her lips, O wow ! they're dainty.

An' Mary's locks are like the crow,
Her een like diamonds' glances ;
She's aye sae clean, redd-up, and braw ;
She kills whene'er she dances.
Blythe as a kid, wi' wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is,
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still ;
O, Jove, she's like thy Pallas !

Dear Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco sair oppress us ;
Our fancies jee between ye twa,
Ye are sic bonnie lasses.
Wae's me ! for baith I canna get ;
To ane by law we're stentit ;
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,
And be wi' ane contentit.

FAIR WIDOW, ARE YE WAKIN'?

O WHA'S that at my chamber-door?
" Fair widow, are ye wakin' ? "

Auld carle, your suit give o'er,
 Your love lyes a' in tawking.
 Gi'e me the lad that's young and
 tight,
 Sweet like an April meadow ;
 'Tis sic as he can bless the sight
 And bosom of a widow.

"O widow, wilt thou let me in?
 I'm pawky, wise, and thrifty,
 And come of a right gentle kin ;
 I'm little more than fifty."
 Daft carle, dit your mouth ;
 What signifies how pawky,
 Or gentle born ye be,—bot youth,
 In love you're but a gawky.

"Then, widow, let these guineas
 speak,
 That powerfully plead clinkan,
 And if they fail, my mouth I'll steek,
 And nae mair love will think on."
 These court indeed, I maun confess,
 I think they make you young, sir,
 And ten times better can express
 Affection, than your tongue, sir.

THE LASS O' PATIE'S MILL.

THE lass o' Patie's Mill,
 Sae bonnie, blythe, and gay,
 In spite of a' my skill,
 She stole my heart away.
 When teddin' out the hay,
 Bareheaded on the green,
 Love mid her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Without the help of art,
 Like flowers that grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spak' or smiled :
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguiled :
 I wish'd her for my bride.

Oh ! had I a' the wealth
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
 Insured lang life and health,
 And pleasure at my will ;
 I'd promise, and fulfill,
 That nane but bonnie she,
 The lass o' Patie's Mill,
 Should share the same wi' me.

LADY GRIZZEL BAILLIE.

1665—1746.

IN the Ancient Section of Scottish Poems we have had only one female contribution ; the Modern Section, in strict chronological order, should have begun with Lady Grizzel Baillie. Most of her songs, composed to lighten the intervals of more serious duties, she left unfinished, so that her claim to a place in Scottish literature rests mainly

on the very simple and touching ballad song, "Were na my heart light."

She was the daughter of Sir Patrick Home of Polwarth, afterwards created Earl of Marchmont, and was born at Redbraes Castle, on 25th December 1665. Her youth was passed in troublous times. She was but a young girl of eighteen, when the rigours of the Duke of York's

government in Scotland induced a number of Scottish gentlemen, among whom was her father, to enter into a secret engagement with the Earl of Monmouth, to prevent the Duke succeeding his brother Charles II. The Scottish section of the agreement was called the Jerviswood Plot, after Robert Baillie of Jerviswood, its chief agent. Its discovery was brought about through the miscarriage of the Ryehouse Plot, but Jerviswood alone suffered death—the rest having made their escape in various ways.

Sir Patrick Home, before he managed to leave Scotland, made several narrow escapes, and the efforts of his wife and daughter Grizzel, for his safety, while marked by the characteristic sternness of the times, and the strong kindred attachment of the people, were not without their humorous features. Being compelled to use the family vault at Polwarth Church as the only place of safe concealment, his food had to be brought him at night, and the task of doing so devolved on Grizzel, as one of the three who was entrusted with the secret of his hiding-place. To avoid suspicion, his food was taken from the family meals in the servants' absence, and one day while Grizzel was transferring to her lap a sheep's head, a dish which her father, like a true Scot, relished, a younger brother who had acquired the national relish, with a sense of his loss of what has been termed "a lot of confused good eating," bawled out, "Mamma, look at Grizzy—while we were supping the broth she has eaten up all the sheep's head." Sir Patrick good-naturedly

requested that he might have a share of the next.

He soon after made his escape to Holland, where he was joined by his family, but on the accession of William and Mary he returned home, and, with the restoration of his estates, was made Earl of Marchmont.

In 1692 Grizzel married George Baillie, the son and heir of the heroic Robert Baillie of Jerviswood. She died in London in 1746, at the age of 81.

Her memoirs, by her daughter Lady Murray of Stanhope, were edited by Thomas Thomson of the Register-House, Edinburgh, 1822.

WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT.

THERE was anes a may, and she loo'd na men :

She biggit her bonnie bower doun i' yon glen ;

But now she cries dool ! and well-a-day !
Come doun the green gate, and come here away.

When bonnie young Johnnie cam' ower the sea,

He said he saw naething sae lovely as me ;
He hecht me baith rings and monie braw things ;

And were na my heart licht I wad dee.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,
Because I was twice as bonnie as she,
She rais'd such a pother 'twixt him and his mother,

That were na my heart licht I wad dee.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be ;
The wife took a dwam, and lay doun to dee,

She main'd and she graned out o' dolour
and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, What had he to do wi' the like of
me ?

Albeit I was bonnie, I was na for Johnnie:
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.

They said I had neither cow nor calf,
Nor dribbles o' drink rins through the draff,
Nor pickles o' meal rins through the mill-
ee ;

And were na my heart licht I wad dee.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee,
She spied me as I cam' ower the lea ;
And then she ran in, and made a loud din;
Believe you ain een an ye trow na me.

His bonnet stood aye fu' round on his
brow ;

His auld ane look'd aye as weel as some's
new ;

But now he lets 't wear ony gate it will
hing,

And casts himself dowie upon the corn-
bing.

And now he gaes daundrin' about the
dykes,

And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
The live-lang nicht he ne'er steeks his e'e;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.

Were I young for thee, as I ha'e been,
We should ha'e been gallopin' down on
yon green,

And linkin' it ower the lily-white lea ;
And wow ! gin I were but young for thee!

LADY WARDLAW.

1677-1727.

"HARDYKNUTE," the ballad on which Lady Wardlaw's poetic fame entirely depends, had long passed for a genuine ancient relic, and doubts are still entertained as to whether it may not have had some ancient nucleus. Whether the story of its being found as the paper centre of a worsted clue, be an ingenious symbol of its origin, or a witty invention, cannot now be determined ; all that is certain is, that it was first published in 1719, by James Watson the well-known Edinburgh printer, and has since been reprinted in most collections of ballad poetry. It has been admired by Gray and Bishop Percy ; and Scott says it was the first poem he learned, and the last he should forget, although

irreconcilable with all chronology. That a Norwegian chief, settled in Scotland, should be the first to resist the invasion of his countrymen at the battle of Largs, is not without parallel in history ; but is so very improbable, that if it did happen, history or tradition would have made some allusion to it. But the inconsistency is only in the name, for in stanza xxi. *Hardyknute* (never before or since applied to a Celt) appeals to his sons' Caledonian blood.

Lady Wardlaw was born in 1677. She was the daughter of Sir Charles Halkett of Pittferrian, and was married to Sir Henry Wardlaw of Pitreavie, in 1696. She died in 1727, at the age of fifty.

HARDYKNUTE.

I.

STATELY stepp'd he east the wall,
And stately stepp'd he west :
Full seventy years he now had seen,
With scarce seven years of rest.
He lived when Britons' breach of faith
Wrought Scotland's meikle wae ;
And aye his sword tauld, to their cost,
He was their deadly fae.

II.

High on a hill his castle stood,
With halls and tow'rs a height,¹
And goodly chambers fair to see,
Where he lodged many a knight.
His dame, sae peerless ance and fair,
For chaste and beauty deem'd,
Nae marrow² had in all the land,
Save Elenor, the queen.

III.

Full thirteen sons to him she bare,
All men of valour stout ;
In bluidy fight, with sword in hand,
Nine lost their lives but ³ doubt.
Four yet remain : long may they live
To stand by liege and land !
High was their fame, high was their might,
And high was their command.

IV.

Great love they bare to Fairly fair,
Their sister saft and deat ;
Her girdle showed her middle jimp,⁴
And gowden glist⁵ her hair.
What waefu' wae her beauty bred !
Waefu' to young and auld ;
Waefu', I trow, to kith and kin,⁶
As story ever tauld.

¹ Built, raised.² Match.³ Without.⁴ Neat, small.⁵ Golden, glistened.⁶ Friends and kindred.

V.

The king of Norse, in summer tide,
Puff'd up with pow'r and might,
Landed in fair Scotland the isle,
With mony a hardy knight.
The tidings to our gude Scots king
Came, as he sat at dine,
With noble chiefs, in brave array,
Drinking the bluid-red wine.

VI.

"To horse ! to horse ! my royal liege !
Your faes stand on the strand ;
Full twenty thousand glitt'ring spears
The king of Norse commands."
"Bring me my steed, Madge, dapple gray,"
Our gude king rose and cry'd ;
"A trustier beast in all the land
A Scots king never try'd.

VII.

"Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill so hie,
To draw his sword, the dread of faes,
And haste and follow me."
The little page flew swift as dart
Flung by his master's arm :
"Come down, come down, Lord Hardy-
knute,
And rid your king frae harm."

VIII.

Then red, red grew his dark-brown cheeks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow ;
His looks grew keen, as they were wont
In dangers great to do.
He's ta'en a horn as green as grass,
And gi'en five sounds sae shrill,
That trees and greenwood shook thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka¹ hill.

IX.

His sons in manly sport and glee
Had pass'd that summer's morn,

¹ Every.

When, lo ! down in a grassy dale,
They heard their father's horn.
"That horn," quo' they, "ne'er sounds
in peace—

We've other sport to bide ; "
And soon they hied them up the hill,
And soon were at his side.

X.

"Late, late yestreen¹ I ween'd in peace
To end my lengthen'd life :
My age might well excuse my arm
Frae manly feats of strife ;
But now that Norse does proudly boast
Fair Scotland to enthrall,
It's ne'er be said of Hardyknute,
He fear'd to fight or fall.

XI.

"Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
Thy arrows shoot sae leal,
That mony a comely countenance
They've turn'd to deadly pale.
Brade² Thomas, take ye but your lance :
Ye need nae weapons mair,
If you fight wi't as you did ance,
'Gainst Westmoreland's fierce heir.

XII.

"And Malcolm, light of foot as stag,
That runs in forest wild,
Get me my thousands three of men
Well bred to sword and shield.
Bring me my horse and harnessine,³
My blade of metal clear ;
If faes but kenn'd the hand it bare,
They soon had fled for fear.

XIII.

"Farewell, my dame, sae peerless
gude"—
And took her by the hand,—
"Fairer to me in age you seem,
Than maids for beauty fam'd.

My youngest son shall here remain
To guard these stately towers,
And shut the silver bolt that keeps
Sae fast your painted bowers."

XIV.

And first she wet her comely cheeks,
And then her bodice green ;
Her silken cords of twirtle¹ twist,
Well plett with silver sheen ;
And apron set with mony a dice
Of needle-work sae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess,
Save that of Fairly fair.

XV.

And he has ridden o'er muir and moss,
O'er hills and mony a glen,
When he came to a wounded knight,
Making a heavy mane : "
"Here must I lie, here must I die,
By treachery's false guiles ;
Witless I was, that e'er gave faith
To wicked woman's smiles."

XVI.

"Sir Knight, if ye were in my bow'r,
To lean on silken seat,
My lady's kindly care you'd prove,
Who ne'er kenn'd deadly hate.
Her self wou'd watch you all the day,
Her maids watch all the night ;
And Fairly fair your heart wou'd cheer,
As she stands in your sight.

XVII.

"Arise, young knight, and mount your
steed,
Full lown³ the shining day ;
Choose frae my men whom you do please
To lead you on the way."
With smileless look, and visage wan,
The wounded knight reply'd,—
"Kind chieftain, your intent pursue,
For here I maun⁴ abide.

¹ Last night.³ Armour, warlike
accoutrements.² Broad, stout.¹ Twittery, slender(?)² Moan.³ Settles calmly.⁴ Must.

XVIII.

"To me nae after day nor night
Can e'er be sweet or fair;
But soon beneath some drapping tree,
Cauld death shall end my care."
With him nae pleading might prevail;
Brave Hardyknute to gain,
With fairest words and reason strong,
Strave courteously in vain.

XIX.

Syne he has gone far hynd¹ out o'er
Lord Chattan's land sae wide:
That lord a worthy wight was aye,
When faes his courage try'd:
Of Pictish race, by mother's side,
When Picts rul'd Caledon,
Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid,
When he sav'd Pictish crown.

XX.

Now with his fierce and stalwart train,
He reach'd a rising height,
Where, braid encampit on the dale,
The Norsemen lay in sight.
"Yonder, my valiant sons and feirs,²
Our raging reivers³ wait
On the unconquer'd Scottish sward,
To try with us their fate.

XXI.

"Make orisons to Him that sav'd
Our souls upon the rood,
Syne bravely show your veins are fill'd
With Caledonian bluid."
Then forth he drew his trusty glave,
While thousands all around,
Drawn frae their sheaths, glanc'd in the
sun,
And loud the bugles sound.

XXII.

To join his king, adown the hill
In haste his march he made,
While, playin' pibrochs, minstrels meet,
Before him stately strade.

¹ For *hyne*, hence? ² Companions. ³ Robbers.

"Thrice welcome, valiant stoup of weir,⁴
Thy nation's shield and pride;
Thy king nae reason has to fear,
When thou art by his side."

XXIII.

When bows were bent and darts were
thrown,
For thrang scarce could they flee,
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the tree.
Lang did they rage and fight full fierce,
With little scaith to man;
But bluidy, bluidy was the field,
Ere that lang day was done.

XXIV.

The king of Scots that sindle⁵ brook'd
The war that look'd like play,
Drew his brade sword, and brake his bow,
Since bows seem'd but delay.
Quoth noble Rothsay—"Mine I'll keep,
I wot it's bled a score."
"Haste up, my merry men," cried the
king,
As he rode on before.

XXV.

The king of Norse he sought to find,
With him to 'mence the faught;
But on his forehead there did light
A sharp unsonie⁶ shaft.
As he his hand put up to find
The wound, an arrow keen,
Oh, wae! chance! there pinn'd his hand
In midst between his een.

XXVI.

"Revenge! revenge!" cried Rothsay's
heir,
"Your mailcoat shall not bide
The strength and sharpness of my dart;"
Then sent it through his side.
Another arrow well he mark'd,
It pierc'd his neck in twa:

⁴ Support in war. ⁵ Seldom. ⁶ Unhappy.

His hands then quat the silver reins—
He low as earth did fa'.

XXVII.

"Sair bleeds my liege, sair, sair he bleeds!"
Again with might he drew,
And gesture dread his sturdy bow,
Fast the braid arrow flew.
Wae to the knight he ettled¹ at!
Lament now, queen Elgreid!
High dames, too, wail your darling's fall,
His youth and comely meid.²

XXVIII.

"Take aff, take aff, his costly jupe"
(Of gold well was it twin'd,
Knit like the fowler's net, through which
His steely harness shin'd).
"Take Norse that gift frae me, and bid
Him venge the bluid it bears;
Say, if he face my bended bow,
He sure nae weapon fears."

XXIX.

Proud Norse, with giant body tall,
Braid shoulder, and arms strong,
Cried—"Where is Hardyknute, sae fam'd
And fear'd at Britain's throne?
Tho' Britons tremble at his name,
I soon shall make him wail
That e'er my sword was made sae sharp,
Sae saft his coat of mail."

XXX.

That brag his stout heart cou'dna bide,
It lent him youthful might:
"I'm Hardyknute; this day," he cried,
"To Scotland's king I heght³
To lay thee low as horses' hoof;
My word I mean to keep;"
Synne, with the first stroke e'er he strake,
He gar'd⁴ his body bleed.

XXXI.

Norse e'en like gray gos-hawk star'd wild,
He sigh'd with shame and spite:
"Disgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm,
That left thee power to smite."
Then gave his head a blow sae fell,
It made him down to stoop,
As low as he to ladies us'd
In courtly guise to lout.¹

XXXII.

Full soon he rais'd his bent body,
His bow he marvell'd sair,
Since blows till then on him but darr'd²
As touch of Fairly fair.
Norse marvell'd too as sair as he,
To see his stately look;
Sae soon as e'er he strake a fae,
Sae soon his life he took.

XXXIII.

Where, like a fire to heather set,
Bauld Thomas did advance,
A sturdy fae, with look enrag'd,
Up towards him did prance.
He spurr'd his steed thro' thickest ranks,
The hardy youth to quell,
Who stood unmov'd at his approach,
His fury to repel.

XXXIV.

"That short brown shaft, sae meanly
trimm'd,
Looks like poor Scotland's gear;
But dreadful seems the rusty point!"
And loud he leugh³ in jeer.
"Oft Britons' bluid has dimn'd its shine,
This point cut short their vaunt;"
Synne pierc'd the boaster's bearded cheek,
Nae time he took to taunt.

XXXV.

Short while he in his saddle swang,
His stirrup was nae stay:

¹ Aimed at.³ Promised.² Appearance and bearing.⁴ Caused.¹ Bend.² Affected.³ Laughed.

Sae feeble hang his unbent knee,
 Sure token he was fey.¹
 Swith² on the harden'd clay he fell,
 Right far was heard the thud ;
 But Thomas look'd not as he lay,
 All weltering in his bluid.

XXXVI.

With careless gesture, mind unmov'd,
 On rode he north the plain ;
 He seemed in throng of fiercest strife
 When winner aye the same.
 Nor yet his heart-dame's dimpl'd cheek
 Cou'd mease³ saft love to brook,
 Till vengeful Ann return'd his scorn,
 Then languid grew his look.

XXXVII.

In thraws of death, with wallow'd⁴ cheek,
 All panting on the plain,
 The fainting corps of warriors lay,
 Ne'er to rise again ;
 Ne'er to return to native land,
 Nae mair, with blythesome sounds,
 To boast the glories of the day,
 And show their shining wounds.

XXXVIII.

On Norway's coast the widow'd dame
 May wash the rocks with tears—
 May lang look o'er the shipless seas
 Before her mate appears.
 Cease, Emma, cease; to hope in vain,
 Thy lord lies in the clay ;
 The valiant Scots nae reivers thole⁵
 To carry life away.

¹ At the point of
 death.

² Swift, quick.

³ Compel, force.

⁴ Withered, worn.

⁵ Rovers permit.

XXXIX.

There on a lee, where stands a cross,
 Set up for monument,
 Thousands full fierce that summer's day
 Fill'd keen war's black intent.
 Let Scots, while Scots, praise Hardy-
 knute,
 Let Norse the name aye dread :
 Ay, how he faught, oft how he spair'd,
 Shall latest ages read.

XL.

Loud and chill blew the westlin' wind,
 Sair beat the heavy shower,
 Mirk grew the night ere Hardyknute,
 Wan near his stately tow'r.
 His tower that used with torches blaze,
 To shine sae far at night,
 Seem'd now as black as mourning weed,
 Nae marvel sair he sigh'd.

XLI.

" There's nae light in my layde's bower,
 There's nae light in my hall ;
 Nae blink shines round my Fairly fair,
 Nor ward stands on my wall.
 What bodes it ? Robert, Thomas, say ! "—
 Nae answer fits their dread.
 " Stand back, my sons, I'll be your guide ; "—
 But by they pass'd with speed.

XLII.

" As fast I've sped o'er Scotland's faes,"—
 There ceas'd his brag of weir ;
 Sair sham'd to mind ought but his dame,
 And maiden Fairly fair.
 Black fear he felt ; but what to fear,
 He wist not yet with dread ;
 Sair shook his body, sair his limbs,
 And all the warrior fled.

His hands then quat the silver reins—
He low as earth did fa'.

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Again with might he drew,
And gesture dread his sturdy bow,
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¹ Bend.

² Affected.

³ Laughed.

y.

VI.

VII.

VIII.

IX.

X.

XI.

XII.

XIII.

XIV.

¹ Cupboard latch. ² Biddable (?)

SIR JOHN CLERK.

1680-1755.

THERE is no better evidence of the general prevalence of the poetic temperament among the people of Scotland than the number of what may be termed her one poem poets. By this term we mean poets who produced single poems of lasting merit, and who, but for a certain indolence of the poetic faculty, might have produced more if they had made the effort.

Sir John Clerk, second baronet of Penicuik, is one of these. He was born in 1680, and succeeded his father in the title and estates in 1722. As early as 1708, he was appointed one of the Barons of Exchequer in Scotland. He was one of the most accomplished men of his time, and carried on a learned correspondence with the English antiquary, Roger Gale, for about twenty years. Along with Baron Scrope, he wrote *An Historical View of the Forms and Powers of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland*. He was a great friend of Allan Ramsay, and being himself a poet, knew how to estimate Allan's genius. Sir John died in 1755, and was succeeded by his son Sir James Clerk, who raised an obelisk to Ramsay's memory in the grounds of Penicuik House, with a Latin inscription recording his own and his father's esteem for the poet's genius and worth.

Sir John's song of "The Miller" first appeared in *The Charmer* in 1751, and has since retained its popularity.

The first stanza is taken from an older song, and gives the key note. The candour with which a regard for the ways and means of domestic comfort is avowed, as a leading consideration in our old love songs, would almost imply that in this, as in some other things, we had taken lessons from our old allies the French. "The Miller" is an excellent representative of this class of songs.

THE MILLER.

MERRY may the maid be
That marries the miller,
For foul day or fair day
He's aye bringing till her;
Has aye a penny in his purse
For dinner and for supper;
And gin she please, a good fat cheese,
And lumps o' yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
I spier'd what was his calling:
Fair maid, says he, O come and see,
Ye're welcome to my dwelling.
Though I was shy, yet I cou'd spy
The truth of what he told me,
And that his house was warm and couth,
And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag o' meal,
And in the kist was plenty
O' good hard cakes his mither bakes,
And bannocks were na scanty;
A good fat sow, a sleeky cow
Was standing in the byre;
Whilst lazy puss with mealy mou'
Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
 And bids me tak the miller ;
 For foul day and fair day
 He's aye bringing till her ;
 For meal and maut he doesna want,
 Nor ony thing that's dainty ;
 And now and then a keckling hen
 To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter when the wind and rain
 Blaw's o'er the house and byre,
 He sits beside a clean hearth stane,
 Before a rousing fire ;
 With nut-brown ale he tells his tale,
 Which rows him o'er fu' nappy :
 Who'd be a king—a petty thing—
 When a miller lives so happy ?

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

1690—1733.

ROBERT CRAWFORD, whose best known pieces are "The Bush aboon Traquair" and "Tweedside," was born in Ayrshire about 1690. He was the second son of Patrick Crawford of Drumsoy, his mother being a daughter of Gordon of Turnberry. Allan Ramsay, in the preface to the second volume of the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, says that about thirty of the songs were contributed "by some ingenious young gentlemen," who were pleased with his undertaking. Crawford is said to have been one of them. He appears to have spent a considerable portion of his life in France, and was on his way home from that country in 1733, when he was drowned. His foreign residence may account for the paucity of the particulars of his life that have been preserved.

His poetry is characterised by an easy flow of natural and unstrained thought, and a pleasing variation of pastoral images and observations, conveyed in simple but refined language, slightly tinged with the vernacular.

TWEEDSIDE.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose !
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !
 Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 Nor daisy nor sweet-blushing rose,
 Not all the gay flowers of the field,
 Not Tweed gliding gently through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird and sweet-cooing dove,
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring ;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep ?
 Should Tweed's murmurs lull her to rest,
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her may compare ;
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
 Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed ?
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed ?

LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.

THE morn was fair, saft was the air,
 All nature's sweets were springing ;
 Then buds did bow with silver dew,
 Ten thousand birds were singing ;
 When on the bent ¹ with blythe content,
 Young Jamie sang his marrow,²
 Nae bonnier lass e'er trod the grass
 On Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

How sweet her face, where every grace
 In heav'nly beauty's planted !
 Her smiling een and comely mein,
 That nae perfection wanted.
 I'll never fret nor bann my fate,
 But bless my bonnie marrow :
 If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
 My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

Yet though she's fair, and has full share
 Of every charm enchanting,
 Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
 Poor me, if love be wanting.
 O, bonnie lass ! have but the grace
 To think ere ye gae further,
 Your joys maun flit ³ if you commit
 The crying sin of murder.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
 And day and night affright ye ;
 But if ye're kind, with joyful mind,
 I'll study to delight ye.

Our years around, with love thus crown'd,
 From all things joy shall borrow :
 Thus none shall be more blest than we,
 On Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

O, sweetest Sue ! 'tis only you
 Can make life worth my wishes,
 If equal love your mind can move,
 To grant this best of blisses.
 Thou art my sun, and thy least frown
 Would blast me in the blossom :
 But if thou shine and make me thine,
 I'll flourish in thy bosom.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me ;
 Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas ! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded, never move her ;
 At the bonnie bush aboon Traquair,
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smiled, and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder ;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I tried to sooth my amorous flame
 In words that I thought tender ;
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
 The fields we then frequented ;
 If e'er we meet, she shows disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonnie bush bloom'd fair in May,
 Its sweets I'll aye remember ;
 But now her frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in December.

¹ Pasturage. ² Mate. ³ Must remove.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
 Oh! make her partner in my pains,
 Then let her smiles relieve me.

If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion no more tender,
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

ALEXANDER ROSS.

1699-1784.

THE stimulus given to Scottish poetry by Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," happily produced its most successful results in a district whose manners, language, and scenery, though quite as pastoral, differed greatly from the romantic valley of the North Esk; yet, by a curious coincidence, having two rivers corresponding in name with those of Midlothian—North and South Esk.

"Helenore," Ross's chief poem, resembles Ramsay's in little more than the sub-title—the "Fortunate Shepherdess,"—in its purely pastoral character, and in being a repository of the dialect of the locality in which its scenes are laid. In structure and treatment the two poems differ entirely; and in both respects Ramsay's is much the superior. Yet Ross's pastoral, besides its general poetical excellence, has the special merit of being a faithful exponent of the thoughts and manners of as interesting, though a less known type of Scottish character, as that delineated in Ramsay's more genial and picturesquely varied representation of rural life.

Alexander Ross was the son of Andrew Ross, a small farmer in Kin-

cardine O'Neil, Aberdeenshire, and was born at Torphins, on the 16th April 1699. He was early sent to the parish school, where he received a good education; and at the age of fourteen was entered at Marischal College, Aberdeen, where he won a bursary, payable for four years. He remained at college till the expiry of his bursary, in 1718, and took his degree of M.A. He then obtained the situation of tutor in the family of Sir William Forbes of Craigievar. On the completion of his engagement, Sir William, who was pleased with his services, promised him a presentation—of which he had fourteen in his gift—if he prosecuted his divinity studies. Notwithstanding this encouragement, Ross did not return to college, but became a teacher at Aboyne, in his native district of Deeside, for some time. From Aboyne he removed to Laurencekirk, where he became acquainted with the father of Beattie, the author of *The Minstrel*.

In 1726, he married Jane Catanach, the daughter of a farmer in his native parish. She was a Roman Catholic in religion, but their family was brought up as Protestants, and their difference

of creed does not appear to have in any way interrupted the happiness of their married life.

In 1732 he was appointed teacher of the parish school of Lochlee, in the valley of the South Esk, and in this sequestered but romantic glen he passed the rest of his days, in the quiet and unambitious, but conscientious discharge of the monotonous duties of his small school, varied by those of session-clerk and precentor. He also qualified as a notary-public, but it is unlikely that the demands upon his time in this capacity were either many or remunerative. His money income, from all sources, did not much exceed twenty pounds a-year, besides a free house; yet, considering the fewness of his wants, and several perquisites in kind, with six acres of grazing and arable land, and an unlimited supply of peat fuel, his circumstances present nothing to excite our commiseration. Indeed, few poets have enjoyed a more equable share of happiness, and endured less of the cankering cares incident to the battle of life. Nothing that he has written bears the slightest trace of discontent.

His leisure time he divided between poetry and classical translation from the Latin, and the lighter relaxations of practising on the violin and angling. He continued his practice of translation from an early date, and wrote most of his poems long before the idea of publication occurred to him. His songs and other poems had a local fame, and appear to have been familiar to several persons of taste and influence in the neighbourhood, whose friendship and esteem he retained by the simplicity

(7)

of his character, his self-respect, and the urbanity of his manners.

In this uneventful, yet happy manner, his life passed on, till in his sixty-seventh year, when, requiring to go to Aberdeen on business, the idea struck him of taking his manuscripts along with him. The son of his friend Beattie of Laurencekirk, long since dead, was now professor of moral philosophy in Aberdeen; and though *The Minstrel* did not appear till two years after, he was known as a poet and elegant essayist—and Ross resolved to submit his manuscripts to his cultivated judgment. Beattie was favourably impressed with the poems and their author, and advised the publication of "Helenore" and a few of the songs. In 1768 the volume made its appearance at Aberdeen, and met with gratifying success. Beattie, to give it a lift, wrote an anonymous letter, and his only specimen of Scotch vernacular poetry, to the printer of the *Aberdeen Journal*. Ross's preface, which is modest enough, and somewhat prolix, informs us that the MS. lay beside him for many years, and that copies of it having got into circulation, one of the gentlemen who thus read it wrote him urging its publication. He cleared £20 by the venture.

In 1778 Ross resolved to bring out a second edition, which he carefully revised. It was dedicated to the famous Duchess of Gordon, and contains "Bydby's Dream," his finest imaginative sketch, which he must have written in the interval between the two editions. On its publication, having received an invitation to Gordon Castle, he resolved

2 E

to present his copies to his patroness in person. He was within a year of eighty when he undertook this journey of about sixty miles on horseback, accompanied by his grandson and future biographer. His reception was creditable to the Duchess, and the old man found his way home safely, and much gratified with his expedition.

In his 82d year he translated from Latin into blank verse of excellent quality, the *Poemata Sacra* of Andrew Ramsay, to which he added a preface, which shows his prose style to be much inferior to his verse. This was his last work, for on May 29, 1784, as Burns says, he joined "the sons of the morning," and was buried beside his wife in the old burying-ground of Lochlee. An Aberdeen granite slab, erected by subscription among his admirers, marks his last resting-place.

The defects in the plot of "Helenore" will be seen from the annexed prose story of it; and the specimens given are selected to represent its characteristic beauties.

The latest and best edition of Ross's published works, with life, and an account of his unpublished manuscripts, preserved in the Advocates' Library, is edited by Dr Longmuir, Edinburgh, 1865.

THE STORY OF HELENORE.

Nory and Lindy, as the hero and heroine of Ross's pastoral are familiarly known in the Mearns, are the children of two neighbouring cottars in the poetically named valley of Flaviana. They grow up from childhood as companions, and juvenile attachment in-

sensibly ripens into mutual love. Their parents are pleased, and look upon their union in due time as a matter of course.

The expected time is now not far distant, when one of those events, not unusual in love affairs, intervenes to change the current of their destinies. A band of Highland plunderers, called Sevitiens, make one of their predatory raids upon the glen, and sweep off almost all the live stock belonging to the peasantry. While defending their flocks and herds, Nory's father, Colin, and Lindy her lover, are made captives. Nory, fired by filial attachment, and the still stronger passion of love, follows in their track, but night coming on, she loses her way among the hills. Next morning she is discovered asleep by Olimund, the young Laird of Bonny-Ha, who is so fascinated with her beauty, that he remains by her till she awakes. He then kindly takes her home, and places her under the charge of his maiden aunt.

Meanwhile, Lindy and Colin have made their escape from their captors, by the assistance of Bydby, who has fallen in love with Lindy, and effected their release on condition of his marrying her. The three start for Flaviana together, but Lindy, to get quit of Bydby whom he has no thought of marrying, sends her back for his coat, which he left behind him, promising to wait her return. Bydby returns to find her lover fled, but she determines to follow. Passing Bonny-Ha, she falls in with Nory, who ascertaining her destination, determines to accompany her. On their way she learns about

Lindy's promise to Bydby, and resolves to treat him as his double breach of faith deserved. On their arrival at Flaviana, Bydby stoutly insists upon the fulfilment of Lindy's promise, and Nory treats him with indifference. While matters are in this plight, the young Laird of Bonny-Ha makes his appearance, and the case is submitted to his arbitration. He decides in favour of Bydby's claim, and Lindy seeing how matters stood consents to take her. Helenore then becomes the Lady of Bonny-Ha, and it turns out that she is no vulgar beauty after all, but of gentle blood, her mother, who was stolen by the gipsies in childhood, being a near relative of the Laird.

FLAVIANA.

Now Flaviana was the country's name,
That aye that bonny water-side did claim,
Frae yellow sands that trindled down the
same.

The fouks were wealthy, store¹ was a' their
stock ;

Wi' this, but little cunzie,² did they trock ;³
Frae 'mang the beasts his honour got his
fa',⁴

And got but little siller, or nane ava.

The water feckly⁵ on a level sled,
Wi' little din, but couthy⁶ what it made.

On ilka side the trees grew thick and strang.

And wi' the birds they a' were in a sang :

On ev'ry side, a full bow-shot and mair,

The green was even, gowany, and fair ;

With easy sklent,⁷ on ev'ry hand the braes,

To right well up, wi' scattered busses⁸
raise :

Wi' goats and sheep aboon, and ky below,
The bonny braes a' in a swarm did go.
Nae property these honest shepherds pled,¹
All kept alike, and all in common fed.
But ah ! misfortune ! while they fear'd no
ill,

A crowd of Kettrin² did their forest fill ;
On ilka side they took it in wi' care,
And in the ca'³ nor cow nor ewe did spare.
The sakeless⁴ shepherds stroove wi' might
an' main

To turn the dreary chase, but all in vain ;
They had nae maughts⁵ for sic a toilsome
task,

For barefaced robbery had put aff the
mask.

Amo' the herds, that play'd a maughty
part,

Young Lindy kyth'd⁶ himsell wi' hand and
heart ;

But mair than master maws⁷ the field, and
sae

It fared wi' him, poor man, that hapless
day.

Three fellows bauld, and like to lions
strang,

Were a' his wrack,⁸ and wrought him a'
his wrang ;

On him laid hands, when he dow⁹ do na
mair,

And wi' tough raips¹⁰ they band him hard
an' sair,

Then left him lying till they sud come back,
Hame for a brag intending him to tak.

NORY ASTRAY MEETS THE SQUIRE.

The night grew mark,¹¹ the mist began to
fa',

¹ Flocks and herds.

² Money.

³ Traffic.

⁴ Fall, rent.

⁵ Mostly.

⁶ Pleasing.

⁷ Slant, incline.

⁸ Bushes.

¹ Claimed (?)

² Highland marauders.

³ Call, visit.

⁴ Innocent.

⁵ Might.

⁶ Engaged, displayed.

⁷ Mows, proverbial

phrase.

⁸ Ruin.

⁹ Can.

¹⁰ Tough ropes.

¹¹ Mirk, dark.

The howlet shriek'd, and that was worst
of a';

For ilka time the on-beast¹ gae the yell,
In spite of grief, it gae her heart a knell.
At length, what wi' the fright, and what
wi' grief,

And soupit² spirits, hopeless of relief,
Sleep bit and bit crap in upon her wae,
And a' was quiet for an hour or sae;
But yet her heart was aye upo' the flouht;³
Sleeping and waking, Lindy filled her
thought.

Sair was she catcht, for ilka now and then
She'd start, and fumper,⁴ then lie o'er again.
At last her dolour gets the upper hand.
She starts to foot, but has nae maughts⁵
to stand:

Hallach'd and damish'd,⁶ and scarce at
hersell,
Her limbs they faickèd⁷ under her and fell.
When she had thought a wee, the dowie⁸
knell

Strak till her heart, for Lindy, sharp and
snell.
'Tis yet pit-mark, the yerd⁹ a' black about,
And the night-fowl began again to shout;
Thro' ilka limb and lith the terror thirl'd,
At ev'ry time the dowie monster skirl'd.

At last the kindly sky began to clear,
The birds to chirm,¹⁰ and daylight to ap-
pear:
This laid her eery¹¹ thoughts, but yet the
pain

For her dear Lindy, ever did remain.
When light did sair¹² her to see round about.
Where she might be, she now began to
doubt.

¹ Monster.

² Exhausted, de-
pressed.

³ Flight.

⁴ Whimper, mutter.

⁵ Power, strength.

⁶ Crazy and stupefied.

⁷ Failed.

⁸ Doleful, hideous.

⁹ The earth.

¹⁰ Chirp.

¹¹ Dismal.

¹² Serve.

Nae meiths¹ she kend, ilk hillock-head was
new,

And a' thing unco² that was in her view.
Nor was it fairly,³ for she had na been
So far a fieldward, or sick glens had seen;
For ne'erafore, by lang twa miles and mair,
Had errands led her thro' the glens to fare.
On ilka hand the hills were stay⁴ and steep,
And sud she tak them, she behoved to
creep.

Baith wit and will in her together strave,
And she's in swither⁵ how she shall behave.
The fear o' Lindy wad na let her turn,
The frightful craigs and mountains gar'd
her mourn.

And now for faut and mister⁶ she was spent,
As water weak, and dweble⁷ like a bent.
Yet try't she maun, her heart it wad na sair
To think but⁸ Lindy to look hameward
mair.

Up through the cleughs,⁹ where bink¹⁰ on
bink was set,

Scrambling wi' hands and feet, she tak
the gate;

Twa hours she took, the longest of the
day,

On sic a road, ere she clamb up the brae.
At last, when she unto the height had won,
What kaips her there but the sweet
morning sun?

Breathless and feckless,¹¹ there she sits her
down,

And will and willsome¹² spied a' her aroun':
Of this sae couthis¹³ blink she was right
fain,

And for a wee¹⁴ relieved of her pain.
But toil and heat so overpower'd her pith,

¹ Signs, marks.

² Strange, unknown.

³ Wonderful.

⁴ Difficult to climb.

⁵ Doubt.

⁶ Want and necessity.

⁷ Feeble, yielding.

⁸ Without.

⁹ Clefts.

¹⁰ Bank, acclivity.

¹¹ Strengthless.

¹² Bewildered and lone-
some.

¹³ Kindly.

¹⁴ A little, short while.

That she grew tabetless and swarf¹ there-
with,
And for a while shot out baith hand and
foot,
As she had been with an elf-arrow shot.
Atlast the dwaum yeed² frae her bit an' bit,
And she begins to draw her limbs and sit;
And by the help of a convenient stane,
To which she did her weary body lean,
She wins to foot, and swavering, makes
to gang.³
And spies a spot of averens⁴ ere lang.
Right yap⁵ she yokèd to the ready feast,
And lay and ate a full half-hour at least.
The feckless meltet⁶ did her head o'er set,
'Cause nature frae't did little sust'nance
get.
Sick, sick she grows; syne, after that a
wee,
When she o'ercame, the tear fell in her ee,
And till hersell she made this heavy main:
Propines⁷ like this I'll get nae mair again
Frae my dear Lindy; mony a time hast
thou
Of these to me thy pouches feschen fu':⁸
Alas! poor man, for aught that I can see,
This day thou lying in cauld bark⁹ mayst
be;
And wae's me for't; but I shall never stint,¹⁰
Till of thy chance the verity be kent;
Though to the world's end my search sud
be,
Dead or alive, thy bonny face I'll see.
Sae up she rises, and about she spies,
And, lo, beneath, a bonny burnie lies,
Out through the mist atweesh¹¹ her and the
sun,

¹ Strengthless and fainting.

² Swoon went.

³ Makes an unsteady attempt to walk.

⁴ Cloudberries.

⁵ Hungry.

⁶ Strengthless meal.

⁷ Presents.

⁸ Fetched full.

⁹ Clotted in cold blood (?)

¹⁰ Stop, give up.

¹¹ Betwixt.

That glanced and shined in ilka pool and
lyn.
A hail hauf-mile she had at least to gang,
Through birns, and pikes, and scrabs,
and heather lang?
Yet, put and row,¹ wi' mony a weary twine,
She wins at last to where the pools did
shine.
Along the burn, that buskèd was wi' trees,
A bonny easie beaten road she sees.
Upon the busses birdies sweetly sung,
Till a' the cloughs² about wi' musick rung:
They seem'd to do their best to ease the
fair,
But she for that was o'er far gane in care.
Yet with the pleasant roddie³ she was ta'en,
And down the burn she taks the road
her lane;
Weening at length she might some town
espy,
And sae amo' them for her Lindy try.
Now very sair the sun began to beat,
And she is like to sconifice⁴ wi' the heat;
The summer cauts⁵ were trembling here
and there,
And clouds of midges dancing i' the air!
The streams of sweat and tears through
ither ran
Down Nory's cheeks, and she to fag
began:
Wi' wae, and faut, and meethness⁶ of the
day,
Sae sair beset she was, that down she lay.
For her guede⁷ luck, a wee bit aff the paid,⁸
Grew there a tree, with branches close
and braid:
The shade beneath a canness-braid⁹ out
throw,

¹ A phrase indicating all means of progression.

² Cliffs.

³ Diminutive of road.

⁴ Be stifled.

⁵ The trembling appearance of the heated atmosphere.

⁶ Close warmth.

⁷ Good.

⁸ Path.

⁹ A canvas width.

Held aff the sunbeams frae a bonny how :¹
 Here she resolves to rest, and may be
 die,
 And lean'd her head unto the kindly tree.
 Her hand she had upon her haffat² laid,
 And fain, fain was she of the coolriff shade.
 Short while she in this calour³ posture lay.
 When welcome sleep beguiled her o' her
 wae.

Three hours that bliss to her was leng-
 then'd out,
 When, by odd chance, a hunter came
 about ;

A gallant youth, and, oh, so finely clad.
 In his right hand a bow unbent he had :
 A bonny page behind, hard at his heel,
 Carried a sheaf of arrows shod with steel,
 And knapsack clean compactly made and
 feat,

Slung o'er his head, well lined with gentle
 meat.

As this young squire on haste is standing
 by,

Wi' a side look he sees a woman lie ;
 Jumps in the gate ; but whan he saw her
 face,

Sae sweet, sae angel-like, and fu' of grace ;
 He durst na budge, nor speak, nor gang
 awa,

But stood stane-still, like picture on the wa' :
 His fill o' looking he could never get,
 On sic afore his een he never set,
 Though bluddert⁵ now with strypes of
 tears and sweat.

As he's thus gazing, Cupid draws a shaft,
 And proved himsell a master of the craft :
 With sic a twang he bent his golden bow,
 The red-het arrow pierced him through
 and through.

Nae eek⁶ frae Nory's hame-spun kirtle
 came,

To catch the lover, or to beet⁷ the flame.
 Plain was her gown, the hue was o' the
 ewe,²

And growing scrimp, as she was i' the grow.
 'Tis true, her head had been made up fu'
 sleek

The day before, and well prin'd on her
 keek :³

But a' her brows⁴ were out o' order now ;
 Her hair in taits⁵ hung down upon her
 brow.

To her left shoulder, too, her keek was
 worn,

Her gartens tint,⁶ her shoon a' skelt⁷ and
 torn :

And yet she makes a conquest as she lies,
 Nor had a glance been shot yet frae her
 eyes.

Some fright he judged the beauty might
 have got,

Or met with something hapless in her lot,
 And thought that she ev'n by hersell⁸
 might be,

And if awaken'd fiercelins, aff might flee :
 For she aoftimes was starting through her
 sleep,

And fumpering, as gin she made to weep,
 Still he looks on ; at length hersell she
 raised.

And round about with consternation
 gazed.

Upon the squire as soon's she set her eyes,
 Up till her foot she bangs with great sur-
 prise,

And was about to run ; he claught her by
 the claise,⁹

And said, " Sweet lassie, huly,¹⁰ gin you
 please :

Nae wrang yese get, bide only till I speer¹¹"

¹ Hollow.⁴ Trim.² Side of her cheek.⁵ Disfigured.³ Cool, fresh.⁶ Help.⁷ Incite, add fresh
fuel.⁶ Garters lost.² Undyed.⁷ Her shoes all rent.³ Linen bonnet.⁸ Beside herself.⁴ Dress.⁹ Clothes.⁵ Tufts.¹⁰ Slowly.¹¹ Inquire.

What ye be seeking, or what fuish¹ you here."
 The grip detain'd her, and she cud na speak,
 Her tongue for feartint fettle² in her cheek.
 Then saftly more the squire entreats her stay :
 At last she gae a sob, and said, "Hegh hey! Oh, let me gang, for I hae done nae ill"—
 "There's nane here thinks it," says he,
 "but bide still ;
 Tell me what ails you, and I'll right your wrang.
 Be what it list ; and Ise no hadd you lang."
 "My wrang, my wrang, gryte is my wrang," she says ;
 "Gin e'er ye heard of Flaviana's Braes, Frae them am I, 'tis there my wrang is wrought,
 Wrang unforsain'd,³ and that we never bought ;
 Rank Kettrin were they that did us the ill, They toom'd⁴ our braes that swarming store did fill :
 And mair than that, I reed our herds are ta'en,
 And it's sair borne o' me that they are slain :
 For they great dockers⁵ made, and tulyied⁶ strang,
 Ere they wad yield and let the cattle gang."
 And a' the time the tears ran down her cheek,
 And pinked o'er her chin upon her keek.
 To hear her tale his heart was like to brak,
 And sair intreated she wad courage tak :
 That he wad gar the gueeds⁷ come dancing hame,
 And them pay deep and dear, that had the blame.
 Then with a smile he to the maiden says,

¹ Fetched.² Lost the power of speech.³ Undeserved.⁴ Emptied.⁵ Struggle.⁶ Strove, fought.⁷ Cause the goods.

"I mind to hear of Flaviana's Braes :
 Fan¹ I was young, upo' the nourice² knee,
 My mammy used to sing a sang to me
 About the Braes, and Colin was the lad,
 And bonny Jean the name the lassie had :
 Well were they roos'd,³ gin a' was said be true,
 And fat wad⁴ I, but they belong'd to you :
 Gin they were bonny, ye are sae, I see." ' ' The tear again came trickling frae her ee.
 Scarce could she speak ; at last she sobbing says,
 "There was a sang ca'd *Flaviana's Braes* ;
 The fouks intil't belonging were to me,
 And tho' I say't, they could not sibber⁵ be :
 But sad's the sang that we may a' sing now !
 Of fouks and gear we're rich alike, I trow."
 "Fear no, sweet lassie, fear no," he replies,
 "'Tis nae a' hopeless that in peril lies ;
 Tak ye gueed heartning,⁶ and lay down your fears,
 Come to this strype⁷ and wash awa your tears ;
 Ise mak you right enough." The kindly tale,
 To gang and wash, wi' Nory did prevail.
 But O ! whan he beheld her face so fair,
 So sweet, so lovely, and so debonair,
 Gin he afore was o'er the lugs in love,
 Out o'er the head he now was, and above.
 Now ilka nook she fills within his heart,
 And he resolves that they sall never part.

BYDBY'S DREAM.

Then sat she down aneth a birken shade,
 That spread aboon her, and hang o'er her head,
 Couthy⁸ and warm, and gowany the green,
 Had it, instead of night, the day-time been ;
 But grim and gousty, and pit-mark with fright,

¹ When.² Nurse's.³ Praised.⁴ What know I ?⁵ Nearer related.⁶ Good courage.⁷ Stream.⁸ Comfortable.

Allthings appear'd upon the dead of night :
 For fear, she cower'd like maukin¹ in the
 seat,
 And dunt for dunt her heart began to beat ;
 Amidst this horror, sleep began to steal,
 And for a wee her flightring breast to heal.

As she hauf-sleeping, and hauf-waking
 lay,
 An unco din she hears of fouk and play.
 The sough² they made gar'd her lift up her
 eyn,
 And, oh, the gathering that was on the
 green
 Of little foukies, clad in green and blue !
 Kneefe³ and trigger never trade the dew ;
 In many a reel they scamper'd here and
 there,
 Whiles in the yerd,⁴ and whiles up in the
 air.

The pipers play'd like ony touting horn,
 Sic sight she never saw since she was born.
 As she's behadding⁵ all this mirthful glee,
 Or e'er she wist, they're dancing in the
 tree

Aboon her head, as nimble as the bees,
 That swarm in search of honey round the
 trees.

Fear's like to fell her, reed⁶ that they
 should fa'

And smore⁷ her dead, afore she wan awa ;
 Syne in a clap, as thick's the motty sin,⁸
 They hamphis'd⁹ her with unco fike¹⁰ and
 din.

Some cry'd, Tak ye the head, Ise tak a
 foot,

We'll lear¹¹ her upon this tree-head to sit,
 And spy about her. Others said, Out fy,
 Let be, she'll keep the King of Elfin's ky.

¹ Hare.² Sound, murmur.³ More active.⁴ Sometimes on the
earth.⁵ Beholding.⁶ Lest, in case.⁷ Smother.⁸ Sunbeam.⁹ Surrounded.¹⁰ Much ado, bustle.¹¹ Learn.

Another said, Oh, gin she had but milk,
 Then should she gae frae heed to foot in
 silk,

With castings¹ rare, and a gueed nourice-
 fee,

To nurse the King of Elfin's heir, Fizzee.
 Syne ere she wist, like house aboon her
 head,

Great candles burning, and braw tables
 spread ;

Braw dishes reeking, and just at her hand,
 Triggreencoats sairing,² a' upon command.

To cut they fa', and she among the lave ;³
 The sight was bonny, and her mou' did
 crave :

The mair she ate, the mair her hunger
 grew,

Eat what she like, and she could ne'er be
 fu' ;

The knible⁴ Elves about her ate ding-dang,
 Syne to the play they up, and danc'd and
 flang ;

Drink in braw cups was caw'd about gelore ;⁵
 Some fell asleep, and loud began to snore.

Syne in a clap, the Fairies a' sat down,
 And fell to crack about the table round.

Ane at another speer'd, Fat tricks play'd
 ye,

Whan in a riddle ye sail'd o'er the sea ?
 Quoth it, I steal'd the King of Sweden's
 knife,

Just at his dinner, sitting by his wife,

Whan frae his hand he newlins laid it
 down :

He blam'd the steward, said he had been
 the lown ;

The sakeless man deny'd, syne yeed⁶ to
 look,

And lifting of the tableclath the nook,
 I gae't a tit, and tumbl'd o'er the bree ;⁷

¹ Cast-off clothes.² Serving.³ The rest.⁴ Active, nimble.⁵ Served about in

abundance.

⁶ Went.⁷ Sauce.

Tam got the wyte, and I gae the tehee !
 I think I never saw a better sport,
 But dool fell'd Tam, for sadly he paid for't.
 But, quoth anither, I play'd a better prank,
 I gard a witch fa' headlins in a stank,¹
 As she was riding on a windle-strae,²
 The carling gloff'd,³ and cried out, Will
 awae !

Another said, I coup'd⁴ Mungo's ale,
 Clean heels o'er head, fan it was ripe and
 stale,

Just when the tapster the first chapin⁵ drew;
 Then bad her lick the pale, and aff I flew.
 Had ye but seen how blate⁶ the lassie
 looked,

When she was blam'd, how she the drink
 miscooked.

Says a gnib⁷ elf, As an auld carle was sitting
 Among his bags, and loosing ilka knitting,
 To air his rusty coin, I loot a claught,⁸
 And took a hundred dollars at a fraught.
 When with the sight the carle had pleas'd
 himsell,

Then he began the glancing heap to tell ;
 As soon's he miss'd it, he rampag'd red-
 wood,⁹

And lap and danc'd, and was in unco
 mood ;

Ran out and in, and up and down ; at
 last ;

His reeling eyn upon a raip he cast,
 Knit till a bauk,¹⁰ that had hung up a cow :
 He taks the hint, and there hings he, I
 trow.

As she's behadding¹¹ ilka thing that past,
 With a loud crack the house fell down at
 last ;

The reemish¹² put a knell unto her heart,

And frae her dream she waken'd wi' a
 start :

She thought she could na scape o' being
 smor'd,

And at the fancy loudly cry'd and roar'd.
 Syne frae the tree she lifted up her head,
 And fand for a' the din she was na dead ;
 But sitting body-like, as she sat down,
 But ony¹ alteration, on the ground.

THE ROCK AND THE WEE PICKLE TOW.

PART I.

THERE was an auld wife and a wee pickle
 tow,

And she wad gae try the spinning o't ;
 She louted³ her down, and her rock took
 a low,⁴

And that was a bad beginning o't.
 She sat and she grat, and she flet and she
 flang,

And she threw and she blew, and she
 wriggled and wrang,

And she chokèd and boakèd,⁵ and cry'd
 like to mang,⁶

Alas for the dreary spinning o't.

I've wanted a sark⁷ for these eight years
 and ten,

And this was to be the beginning o't ;
 But I vow I shall want it for as lang again,
 Or ever I try the spinning o't.

For never since ever they ca'd me as they
 ca' me,

Did sic a mishap or mishanter befa' me ;
 But ye shall hae leave baith to hang me
 and draw me,

The neist⁸ time I try the spinning o't.

¹ Headlong in a pool. ⁷ Clever, quick.

² Wisp of straw. ⁸ Let down a clutch.

³ Splashed. ⁹ Red mad.

⁴ Tumbled. ¹⁰ Beam.

⁵ Quart. ¹¹ Beholding.

⁶ Bashful. ¹² Rumbling noise.

¹ Without any.

² A small quantity.

³ Bent down.

⁴ Caught the flame.

⁵ Abortive vomiting.

⁶ Become frantic.

⁷ A shirt, chemise.

⁸ Next.

I hae keepèd my house for these three-
score o' years,

And aye I kept free o' the spinning o't;
But how I was sarkèd, foul fa' them that
speers,¹

For it minds me upo' the beginning o't.
But our women are now-a-days grown a'
sae braw,²

That ilk ane maun hae a sark, an' some
maun hae twa;

The world was better, when ne'er ane ava
Had a rag, but ane at the beginning o't.

Foul fa' her that ever advised me to spin,
That had been sae lang o' beginning o't;
I might well have ended as I did begin,
Nor have gat sic a skair with the spinn-
ing o't.

But they'll say, She's a wise wife that kens
her ain weird;³

I thought on a day it should never be
speer'd,

How lout⁴ ye the low tak your rock by the
beard,

When ye yeed⁵ to try the spinning o't?

The spinning, the spinning, it gars my
heart sob,

When I think upon the beginning o't;
I thought ere I died to have anes made a
wob,⁶

But still I had weers⁷ of the spinning o't.
But had I nine dothers, as I hae but three,
The safest and soundest advice I could gie,
Is, that they frae spinning wad keep their
hands free,

For fear of a bad beginning o't.

Yet, in spite o' my counsel, if they will
needs run

The drearysome risk of the spinning o't,

Let them seek out a lyth¹ in the heat of the
sun,

And there venture on the beginning o't.
But to do as I did, alas and awow!

To busk² up a rock at the cheek o' the low,
Says, that I had but little wit in my pow,
And as little ado wi' the spinning o't.

But yet, after a', there is ae thing that
grieves

My heart to think o' the beginning o't;
Had I won the length but of ae pair o'
sleeves,

Then there had been word o' the spinn-
ing o't.

This I wad hae washen an' bleach'd like
the snaw,

And on my twa gardies like moggans³ wad
draw,

And then fouk wad say, that auld Girzy
was braw,

And a' was upon her ain spinning o't.

But gin I could shog⁴ about 'till a new
spring,

I should yet hae a bout⁵ of the spinning
o't;

A mutchkin o' lintseed I'd in the yerd fling.
For a' the wanchancy⁶ beginning o't.

I'll gar my ain Tammie gae down to the
how,

And cut me a rock of a widdershins grow,
Of good ranry-tree⁷ for to carry my tow,

And a spindle o' same for the twining
o't.

For, now, when I mind me, I met Maggy
Grim

That morning, just at the beginning o't;
She was never ca'd chancy, but canny an'
slim,

And sae it has fared with my spinning o't.

¹ Inquires.

⁴ Allowed.

² Dressy.

⁵ Went.

³ Know what may
befall her.

⁶ Web.

⁷ Doubts.

¹ Sheltered spot.

⁴ Jog.

² Dress, fit up.

⁵ A trial.

³ Gurdy-moggans,
arm-sleeves.

⁶ Unlucky.

⁷ Mountain ash.

But gin my new rock war anes cutted and
dry,
I'll all Maggy's cann an' her cantrips¹ defy,
And, but ony sussie,² the spinning I'll try,
An' ye shall a' hear o' the beginning o't.

PART II.

Quo' Tibby, her dother, tak tent fat³ ye say,
The never a rag we'll be seeking o't ;
Gin ye anes begin, ye'll tarveal's⁴ night an'
day,
Sae 'tis vain ony mair to be speaking o't.
Since Lammas, I'm now gain' thirty an'
twa,
And never a dud sark had I yet great or
sma',
And what waur am I? I'm as warm an' as
braw,
As thrummy-tail'd⁵ Meg, that's the
spinner o't.

To labour the lint land, and then buy the
seed,
And then to yoke me to the harrowing
o't ;
And syne loll amon't and pick out ilka
weed,
Like swine in a sty at the farrowing o't;
Syne powing an' ripling, and steeping, and
then
To gar's gae and spread it upon the cauld
plain,
And then, after a', may be labour in vain,
When the wind and the weet gets the
fushion⁶ o't.

But though it should anter⁷ the weather to
bide,
With beetles we're set to the drubbing
o't ;

And then frae our fingers to gnidge aff¹ the
hide,
With the wearisome wark o' the rubbing
o't.
And syne ilka tait² maun be heckled out-
throw,
The lint putten ae gate, anither the tow,
Syne on on a rock wi't, and it taks a low,—
The back o' my hand³ to the spinning o't.

Quo' Jenny, I think, 'oman, ye're in the
right,
Set your feet ay a spar to the spinning o't;
Let's tak an example by our ain mither's
fright,
That she got, when she try'd the beginn-
ing o't.
But they'll say, that auld fouk are twice
bairns indeed,
And sae she has kyth'd it ;⁴ but there is nae
need
To siccan an amshach⁵ that we drive our
head,
As lang's we're sae skair'd frae the
spinning o't.

Quo' Nanny, the youngest, I've now heard
ye a',
An' dowie's your doom⁶ of the spinning
o't.
Gin ye, when the cow flings, the cog⁷ cast
awa',
Ye'll see where ye'll lick up your winn-
ing o't ;
But I see that, but⁸ spinning, I'll never be
braw,
But gae by the name of a dilp⁹ or a daw,
Sae, lack where ye like, I sall anes shak a
fa',
Afore I be dung¹⁰ wi' the spinning o't.

¹ Skill and spells.

² Without any hesi-
tation or concern.

³ Take heed what.

⁴ Fatigue, trouble.

⁵ Fringe-skirted.

⁶ Strength.

⁷ Chance.

¹ Rub off.

² Each little bit.

³ Good-by.

⁴ Proved it.

⁵ Such a misfortune.

⁶ Sad is your opinion.

⁷ Milk-pail.

⁸ Without.

⁹ A trollop.

¹⁰ Before I be beat.

For well I can mind me, when black Willie
Bell

Had Tibbie there just at the winning o't;
Fat blew up the bargain, she kens well
hersel,
Was the want o' the knack o' the spinning
o't.

And now, poor 'oman, for ought that I ken.
She never may get sic an offer again,
But pine awa' bit an' bit, like Jenkin's hen,¹
And naething to wyte,² but the spinning
o't.

But were it for naething but just this alane,
I shall yet hae a bout o' the spinning o't;
They may cast me for calling me black at
the bane,

But nae 'cause I shun the beginning o't.
But be that as it happens, I care not a
strae,
But nae o' the lads shall e'er have it to
say,

When they come to woo, she kens nae-
thing avae,³
Nor has ony knack o' the spinning o't.

In the days they call yore, gin auld fook
had but won
To a surcoat hough-side⁴ for the winning
o't,

Of coat raips, well cut to the cast of their
bun,
They never sought mair o' the spinning
o't.

A pair of grey hoggors⁵ well clinked benew,
Of nae ither litt⁶ but the hue of the ewe,
Wi' a pair of rough rullions⁷ to scuff thro'
the dew,

Was the fee they sought at the beginn-
ing o't.

¹ Die a maid.

² Blame.

³ At all.

⁴ An overcoat reaching
the hams or heels.

⁵ Coarse stockings

without feet.

⁶ Colour, dye.

⁷ Shoes made of un-
tanned leather.

But we maun hae linen, and that maun
hae we,

And how get we that but by spinning
o't?

How can we hae face for to seek a great
fee,

Except we can help at the winning o't?
And we maun hae pearlins, and mabbies,
and cocks,¹

And some ither things that the ladies ca'
smocks,

And how get we that, gin we tak nae our
rocks,

An' rug what we can at the spinning o't?

'Tis needless for us to mak ony remarks,
Frae our mother's miscooking the spinn-
ing o't:

She never kent ought o' the good o' the
sarks,

Frae this aback to the beginning o't.
Twa three ells o' plaiden was a' that was
sought.

By auld warld bodies, and that boot² be
bought,

For in ilka town siccan³ things was na then
wrought,

So little they kent o' the spinning o't.

In the first of the world, when Adam and
Eve

Was station'd here at the beginning o't,
Their very first wark was to sew the fig
leaves,

An' syne gaed to try the spinning o't.
When Adam he delved, and mother Eve

span,
There was naething like pride and like
gentry than;

But now there's eneugh⁴ baith in woman
an' man,

Which could not be but⁵ the spinning o't.

¹ Lace caps and head-
dresses.

² Needed, required.

³ Such.

⁴ Enough.

⁵ Without.

With spinning I hae a far happier life,
 Than Mary, the Queen, I'll warrant you
 o't;
 For she seldom lived free o' trouble or
 strife,
 For she kent nae the art o' the spinning
 o't.
 'Tis a trade that is honest, and ancient,
 an' true,
 Whoever can spin, they need never to rue,
 It gains claes to the back, and meat to the
 mou,
 Sae I'll never gie o'er the spinning o't.
 I've naething to mind but my rock and
 my reel,
 When I gang to try the spinning o't;
 Then fouk'll say that young Nanny spins
 weel,
 And is chief o' kin frae the beginning
 o't.
 Sae I'll hae a man, fatever betide,
 The weather is cauld, an' I canna abide,
 For I've siller eneugh now to mak me a
 bride,
 That I hae got hy the spinning o't.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

Woo'd and married and a',
 Married and woo'd and a';
 The dandilly toast of the parish
 Is woo'd and married and a'.
 The wooers will now ride thinner,¹
 And by, where they wanted to ca';
 'Tis needless to speer² for the lassie,
 That's woo'd and married and a'.
 The girss³ had na freedom of growing,
 As lang as she wasna awa',
 Nor in the town could there be stowing⁴
 For wooers that wanted to ca'.

For drinking, and dancing, and brulyies,¹
 And boxing and shaking of fa's,
 The town was for ever in tulyies;²
 But now the lassie's awa'.

But had they but ken'd her as I did,
 Their errand it wad hae been sma';
 She neither kent spinning nor carding,
 Nor brewing nor baking awa'.
 But wooers ran all mad upon her,
 Because she was bonny and braw,
 And sae I dread will be seen on her,
 When she's by hand, and awa'.

He'll roose³ her but sma' that has married
 her,
 Now when he's gotten her a',
 And wish, I fear, he had miscarry'd her,
 Tocher and ribbons and a'.
 For her art it lay all in her dressing;
 But gin her braws ance were awa',
 I fear she'll turn out of the fashion,
 And knit up her moggans⁴ with straw.

For yesterday I yeed⁵ to see her,
 And O she was wonderous braw,
 Yet she cried to her husband to gie her
 An ell of red ribbons or twa.
 He up, and he set down beside her
 A reel, and a wheelie to ca';⁶
 She said, Was he this gate to guide her?
 And out at the door and awa'.

Her neist road was hame till her mither,
 Who speer'd at her now, How was a';
 She says till her, Was't for nae ither
 That I was married awa',
 But gae and sit down to a wheelie,
 And at it baith night and day ca',
 And hae the yarn reel'd by a cheelie,⁷
 That ever was crying to draw?

¹ Fewer.
² Inquire.

³ Grass.
⁴ Accommodation.

⁵ Brawls.
⁶ Quarrels.
⁷ Praise.
⁸ Over-sleeves.

⁵ Went.
⁶ A spinning wheel to
 turn.
⁷ Little boy or girl.

Her mither says till her, Hegh, lassie,
 He's wisest, I fear of the twa ;
 Ye'll hae little to put in the bassie,¹
 Gin ye be backward to draw.
 'Tis now ye should work like a tyger,
 And at it baith wallop and ca',
 As lang's ye hae youthhead and vigour,
 And little anes and debt are awa'.

Sae swythe² awa' hame to your hadding,
 Mair fool than when ye came awa' ;
 Ye maunna now keep ilka wedding,
 Nor gae sae clean-finger'd and brow ;

But mind with a neiper¹ you're yokèd,
 And that ye your end o't maun draw,
 Or else ye deserve to be dockèd ;²
 Sae that is an answer for a'.

Young luckie now finds hersell niddè'd,³
 And wist na well what get to ca' ;⁴
 But with hersell even consider'd,
 That hamewith were better to draw,
 And e'en tak her chance of her landing,
 However the matter might fa' ;
 Fouk need not on frets to be standing,
 That's woo'd and married and a'.

ANONYMOUS POETRY.

THE SPEECH OF A FIFE
LAIRD

NEWLY COME FROM THE GRAVE.

[This characteristic *Fifish* speech,
 which after all has a considerable
 glimmering of common sense, first ap-
 peared in Watson's Collection, Part I.,
 1706.]

WHAT accident, what strange mishap
 Awakes me from my heavenly nap ?
 What spirit ? what godhead by the lave ?
 Hath raised my body from the grave ?
 It is a hundred years almost,
 Since I was buried in the dust,
 And now I think that I am living,
 Or else, but⁴ doubt, my brains are raving :
 Yet do I feel—while as I study—
 The faculties of all my body :
 I taste, I smell, I touch, I hear,
 I find my sight exceeding clear :
 Then I'm alive, yea sure I am,
 I know it by my corporal frame :

But in what part where I can be,
 My wavering brains yet torture me.
 Once I was called a great *Fife Laird*
 I dwelt not far from the Hall-yard :
 But who enjoys my land and pleugh,
 My castle and my fine coal-heugh ;⁵
 I can find out no living man,
 Can tell me this, do what I can.
 Yet if my mem'ry serves me well,
 This is the shire where I did dwell ;
 This is the part where I was born,
 For so beneath me stands Kinghorn,
 And there about the Lowmond hill
 Stands as it stood yet ever still ;
 There is Burntisland, Aberdore,⁶
 I see Fife's coast along the shore
 Yet I am right, and for my life,
 This is my native county Fife :
 O ! but it's long and many a year,
 Since last my feet did travel here.
 I find great change in old Laird's places,
 I know the ground but not the faces ;
 Where shall I turn me first about,
 For my acquaintance is worn out ?

¹ Meal basin.³ Past others.² Haste.⁴ Without.¹ Neighbour, mate.⁴ What way to turn.² Whipped.⁵ Coalpit.³ Snubbed.⁶ Aberdour.

O! this is strange, that even in Fife,
I do know neither man nor wife;
No earl, no lord, no laird, no people,
But Leslie and the Mark-Inch steeple.
Old noble Weemys, and that is all,
I think enjoy their father's hall.
For from Dunfermling to Fifeness,
I do know none that doth possess
His grandsire's castles and his towers;
All is away that once was ours.
I'm full of wrath, I scorn to tarrie,
I know them no more than the fairie:
But I admire¹ and marvel strange
What is the cause of this great change:
I hear a murmuring report
Passing among the common sort;
For some say this, and some say that,
And others tell I know not what;
Some say the Fife Lairds ever rue,
Since they began to take the Lews:²
That bargain first did brew their bale,
As tell the honest men of Crail.
Some too ascribe their supplantation,
Unto the lawyers congregation.
No, this is but a false suppose,
For all things wyte's³ that well not goes.
Be what it will, there is some source
Hath bred this universal curse;
This transmigration and earthquake
That caused the Lairds of Fife to break.
He that enthrones a shepherdling,
He that dethrones a potent king,
And he that makes a cottar laird,
The Baron's bairns to delve a yaird,⁴
Almighty He that shakes the mountains,
And brings great rivers from small foun-
tains,
It is the power of His hand,
That make both lords and lairds have land.
Yet there may be, as all men knaws,
An evident and well seen cause,

A public and a common evil,
That made the meikle Master-devil
To cast his club all Fife throughout,
And lent each Laird a deadly rout.¹

Mark then, I'll tell you how it was,
What way this wonder came to pass :
It sets² me best the truth to pen,
Because I fear no mortal men.

When I was born at Middle-yard weight
There was no word of Laird or Knight :
The greatest stiles of honour than³
Was to be titled the Good-man.

But changing time hath changed the case,
And puts a Laird in the Good-man's place.
For why ? my gossip Good-man John,
And honest James, whom I think on,
When we did meet⁴ whiles at the hawking
We used no cringes but hands shaking :

No bowing, should⁵ ring gambo-scraping,
No French whistling or Dutch gaping ;
We had no garments in our land
But what were spun by the Good-wife's
hand :

No drap-de-berry, clothes of seal ;
No stuff ingrained in cocheneal
No plush, no tissue, cramosee ;
No China, Turkey, taffety ;
No proud Pyropus, paragon,
Or chackarally, there was none :

No figurata or water-chamblet :
No bishop-satine, or silk-chamblet,
No cloth of gold, or beaver hats
We cared no more for than the cats :

No windy flourished flying feathers,
No sweet permusted shambo leathers,
No hilt or crampet richly hatched,
A lance, a sword in hand we snatched ;
Such base and boyish vanities,
Did not besem our dignities :

We were all ready and complete,
Stout for our friends, on horse or feet ;
True to our prince to shed our blood,
For Kirk and for our common good :

¹ Wonder.
² The island of Lewis,
of which a com-
pany of Fife pro-

prietors tried to
take possession.
³ Is blamed.
⁴ Kitchen garden.

¹ Blow. ² Suits. ³ For then.

Such men we were, it is well known
As in our chronicles are shown.
This made us dwell into our land
And our posterity to stand :
But when the young laird became vain
And went away to France and Spain,
Rome raking, wandering here and there,
O ! then became our bootless care :
Pride pufft him up because he was
Far travelled, and returned an ass.
Then must the Laird, the Good-man's oye¹
Be knighted straight, and make convoy,
Coached through the streets with horses
four,

Foot-grooms pasmented² o'er and o'er,
Himself cut out and slasht so wide
Even his whole shirt his skin doth hide.
Gowperd,³ gratnized,⁴ cloaks rare pointed,
Embroidered laced, with boots disjointed,
A belt embost with gold and purple
False hair made craftily to curl ;
Side breeks bebuttoned o'er the garters
Was ne'er the like seen in our quarters.
Tobacco and wine Frontinack,
Potato pasties, Spanish sack
Such uncouth food, such meat and drink,
Could never in our stomachs sink ;
Then must the grandson swear and
swagger,

And show himself the bravest bragger,
A bon companion and a drinker,
A delicate and dainty ginker,
So is seen on't. These foolish jigs
Hath caused his worship sell his rigs.

My Lady, as she is a woman
Is born a helper to undo man ;
Her Ladiship must have a share
For she is playmaker and mair ;
For she invents a thousand toys
That house and hold and all destroys,
As scarfs, sheproas, tuffs, and rings,
Fardings, facings, and powderings,

Rebats ribands, bands and ruffs,
Lapbends, shagbands, cuffs and muffs,
Folding outlays, pearling sprigs,
Atrys, vardigals, perewigs :
Hats, hoods, wires and also kells,
Washing-balls, perfuming smells :
French-gows cut out and double banded.
Jet rings to make her pleasant handed :
A fan, a feather, bracelets, gloves,
All new come-busks¹ she dearly loves :
For such trim bony baby-clouts
Still on the Laird she greets and shouts :
Which made the Laird take up more gear
Than all the lands or rigs could bear.
These are the emblems, that declares
The merchant's thriftless needless wares :
The tailor's curious vanitie,
My Lady's prodigalitie.

This is the truth that I discover ;
I do not care for feid or favour ;
For what I was, yet still I am,
An honest plain true dealing man ;
And if these words of mine would mend
them

I care not by though I offend them.

Here is the cause most plainly shown,
That have our country overthrowen.
It's said of old, that other's harms
Is often times the wise man's arms ;
And he is thought most wise of all
That learns good from his neighbour's
fall.

It grieves my heart to see this age,
I cannot stay to act more stage :
I will ingrave me in the ground,
And rest there till the trumpet sound ;
And if I have said ought astray,
Which may a messon's² mind dismay,
I do appeal before the throne
Of the great Powers three in One
The supream Sovereignty
The parliament of veritie,
And if you think my words offends
You must be there, I'se make amends.

¹ Grandchild² Livered.³ Puffed.⁴ Quilled.¹ New-fashioned dresses.² Cur, dog.

JAMES THOMSON.

1700—1748.

"Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow,"

is the verdict upon himself which Burns puts into the mouth of his poetical genius Coila; and in a sense it is not more candid than true. Burns could even rise above Thomson in associating the tumult of human passion with the "roar of the elements," as in "Tam o' Shanter;" or in describing the wondrous sympathy that the face of nature, in her "tragic moods," awakens in the susceptible breast of the poet:—

"I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the North his fleecy store
Drove through the sky,
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
Struck thy young eye."

Also in defining that gentler joy of the soul, responsive to the genial throbbings of Spring:—

"Or when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm cherished every flow'ret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In every grove;
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love."

These are strains as catholic in their treatment, and as pure and elevated in style, as anything of Thomson's. Nor does he lose in power when, with a slight admixture of his native Doric, he pours forth his compassion for the victims of the storm:—

"Ilk hapless bird, wee helpless thing!
That in the merry months o' Spring
(8)

Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
And close thy ee?"

Yet Burns is not the poet of inanimate nature as Thomson is; neither is Wordsworth, nor any other poet. Others may woo her occasionally, like ardent but inconstant lovers; but he is her devoted worshipper, who loves to trace her every feature, and study her every mood, not at second-hand, but face to face.

Thomson's father, the Rev. Thomas Thomson, was minister of the parish of Ednam, in Roxburghshire; and the poet, the eldest of a family of nine, was born there on the 11th September 1700. His mother, Beatrix Trotter, was the daughter of Mr Trotter of Fogo, in the same shire. In November 1700, his father was appointed to the parish of Southdean, near Jedburgh, where he remained till his death.

Thomson would appear to have been educated at home till he was twelve, at which age he was sent to the grammar-school at Jedburgh. An anecdote is told of his boyhood, which indicates that he was not an expert scholar. Being overheard by the teacher to "Confound the tower of Babel!" he was asked what he meant; when he replied, that "but for it there would be no languages to learn!"

Though perhaps a backward linguist, like Scott, he was a precocious

poet ; and his juvenile effusions attracted the notice of several gentlemen of the neighbourhood, of whom the Rev. Mr Riccaltoun, of the neighbouring parish of Hobkirk, a man of literary tastes, undertook to assist him in his studies. He was also a favourite with Sir William Bennet of Grubbat, the friend of Ramsay, at whose house at Chesters he used to spend his school vacations. His first known poem, written at the age of fifteen, is an epistle to Sir William.

In 1715, Thomson was sent to Edinburgh University to study for the Church, but he manifested great reluctance to sever his connection with the country. On the death of his father, in 1718, his mother removed with her family to Edinburgh, where, by mortgaging the small property of Windhope, of which she was co-heiress, she was enabled to keep the poet at the University till the end of his course. Among other college friends, he made the acquaintance of David Mallet, the author of "William and Margaret," and the two poets became fast friends. Their first published poems, which appeared together, in 1720, in *The Edinburgh Miscellany*, conducted by the "Athenian Society" club of wits, obtained such a reception from the critics as not to encourage their continuing long to cultivate the home-field. Mallet, who received the appointment of tutor in the Duke of Montrose's family, removed to London ; and Thomson, feeling the incompatibility of his disposition for the clerical profession, resolved to quit his country and it at the same time.

In March 1725, he embarked at

Leith for London, bidding adieu to his mother, whom he never saw again. On his arrival in the metropolis, he sought his friend Mallet, but on his way his pocket was emptied of his letters of introduction. By the assistance of his poetical countrywoman, Lady Grizell Baillie, he obtained the situation of tutor in the family of Lord Binning, near East Barnet, but he did not remain in it over a few months ; yet here he appears to have commenced "Winter," the first written of his *Seasons*. He soon returned to London ; and with the advice and assistance of Mallet, whose talents in matters of practical detail were as conspicuous as his friend's were the reverse, he had the detached fragments in which it was composed arranged in proper sequence.

Thomson was at this time living at the house of Millan, bookseller, Charing Cross, and completed the poem in the room above the shop ; but failing to find a purchaser, Millan was persuaded to venture the sum of three guineas for the copyright. It made its appearance in 1726, inscribed to Sir Spencer Compton, speaker of the House of Commons, but for what reason does not appear ; for the poet and his patron knew nothing of one another. Its reception could not be less propitious, and the venturesome bookseller was like to make a loss by his investment, when the Rev. Mr Whately, afterwards prebendary of York, happening accidentally to look into it, discovered its genius, and spread the news of the advent of a new poet. Its success is also attributed to other causes ; and it is quite probable its merits struck several

minds about the same time. It brought its author into contact with the literary men of the day, and a second edition was wanted before the end of the year.

One of his literary friends having directed the attention of his patron to the poet's merits, that gentleman expressed a desire to see him, when an interview took place. At parting, Sir Spencer made Thomson a present of twenty guineas. The first look of such a style of patronage appears somewhat degrading, at least in the eyes of present-day literary men; but this is an unfair standpoint from which to regard it; and if neither the poet nor his patron felt any incompatibility with the ideas that then prevailed about such matters, we may pass it over, hoping that nothing worse has crept into the usages of later times.

While the second edition of "Winter" was being printed, Thomson accepted the situation of tutor to a young gentleman at Mr Watt's Academy, in Little Tower Street; but the success of his poem brought him into influential society, and he resigned his tutorship in a short time.

In 1727, "Summer" was published, dedicated to Mr Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe; also a poem on the death of Sir Isaac Newton, dedicated to Sir Robert Walpole.

"Spring," which appeared in 1728, with a dedication to the Countess of Hertford, sold for fifty guineas; and the poet was invited to spend the summer at Marlborough Castle, the seat of the Earl of Hertford. He now resolved to complete the *Seasons*, and issued proposals for publishing them by subscription. In the meantime, *Britannia*

made its appearance; and in 1729-30, his *Sophonisba*, a tragedy, dedicated to the Queen, was played at Drury Lane theatre. Its success was not commensurate with the expectations of his friends; and it has now sunk into oblivion.

In 1730, the addition of "Autumn," with the closing Hymn, completed the *Seasons*, which were now brought out by subscription in a handsome quarto volume; and the number and rank of his subscribers indicated the increase of his popularity.

He was introduced by Dr Rundle, afterwards Bishop of Derry, to Sir Charles Talbot, who invited him to accompany his eldest son on a tour on the Continent. This was an engagement much to Thomson's taste, and he readily accepted it. His observation of Continental life and politics during the year to which their tour extended, confirmed him in his preference for the social and political habits and usages of his native land; and his poem of "Liberty," which embodies his opinions upon political freedom, was the outcome of his observations and their effects on his mind during his travels. His winter on the Continent was spent in Rome; but immediately on his return to England, before the end of 1731, he commenced the writing of "Liberty."

While he was engaged upon this poem, his friend Mr Talbot, who was equally enthusiastic on the subject of liberty, died; and shortly afterwards his father was raised to the woolsack. One of the earliest exercises of his patronage was to confer upon Thomson the Secretaryship of Briefs in the Court of Chancery.

The first part of "Liberty," which took him two years to write, appeared in 1734, dedicated to the memory of his young friend Talbot, with a prose dedication to the Prince of Wales; but its last part was not issued till 1736.

Its reception by the public disappointed the poet's expectations; for he considered it his best poem, and attributed its non-success to mistaken public opinion. Dr Johnson, who never read it, remarks, that "an enumeration of examples, to prove a position which nobody denied, as it was at the beginning superfluous, must quickly grow disgusting." According to this dictum, everything that is not a matter of dispute must quickly grow disgusting; yet it is obvious that in a country where every one is in the full enjoyment of liberty, the subject must create less enthusiasm than where it is an aspiration still to be realized. The treatment of the subject is also too severely classical, uniform, and heavy, for popular appreciation. To have made a didactic poem popular, required a skill of which Thomson was not possessed.

In 1736, he went to live in Richmond, and occupied a cottage in Kew Lane, which has since been associated with his name, and with the *Seasons*, three successive editions of which he here revised and enlarged.

In his prosperity he did not forget his family in Edinburgh; for, besides taking his only brother to live with him at Richmond, he assisted his sisters in setting up a millinery business. But he was of too indolent a disposition to be careful of his own interests; and on the death of the Lord Chancellor Talbot,

his Clerkship of Chancery was given to another, on account of his not applying for a renewal of the appointment. About this time he was confined for a debt of seventy pounds, when Mr Quin the actor called upon him, and said he owed the poet a debt of a hundred pounds. Thomson, not knowing for what it could be, was told by the actor that that was the lowest estimate he could place upon the pleasure he derived from reading his poems; and laying down the money on the table, he left the room. Soon after this, the Prince of Wales settled a pension of £100 a-year upon him.

Thomson's next work was his "Agamemnon," produced in Drury Lane in April 1738, and dedicated to the Prince of Wales, who went with the Princess to see it acted. Pope also attended its representation, and assisted Thomson in removing some of its defects. Notwithstanding his influential patronage, and the excellence of Quin's acting, the piece never became popular. His next play, "Edward and Eleanor," written in the interest of the Prince of Wales, was prohibited on account of the prince's political antagonism to the ministry. In 1740, he composed the masque of "Alfred" jointly with Mallet, and in it appeared his famous song, "Rule Britannia." Mallet's friends claim the authorship for him, though not on very convincing grounds. When, in 1751, Mallet largely rewrote the masque of "Alfred," he substituted three stanzas, by Lord Bolingbroke, for three of the original; but these have been justly discarded by the public as out of harmony with the broad catholic

spirit of the original, which is much more characteristic of Thomson's style than of Mallet's.

Thomson's political friend, Mr Lyttleton, having come into power in 1744, conferred upon him the appointment of Surveyor-General of the Leeward Isles; from which office, after paying a deputy, he derived £300 a-year. In 1745, his most successful tragedy, "Tancred and Sigismunda," was produced. Garrick played the leading character, and Pitt and Lyttleton attended the rehearsal.

The "Castle of Indolence," his second best poem, was published in 1748, and his pension from the Prince of Wales was discontinued; but as he died in the autumn of this year, the loss did not much affect his circumstances. The cause of his death was fever, brought on by having taken a boat in the chill air of the Thames, after being overheated with walking. He was attended by his fellow-poet and countryman, Dr Armstrong, author of *The Art of Preserving Health*, but his constitution was not sufficiently robust to throw off the disease.

Besides the works published under his own supervision, the tragedy of "Coriolanus" was published the year after his death.

Thomson was of an easy, indolent, and retiring disposition, not unlike Goldsmith in some aspects of his character; but wanting that simplicity, comic vanity, and utter forgetfulness of self, which, with his sprightly vivacity, formed such delightful features of Goldsmith's nature. Thomson's genius was grave and slow, but deep and devout; and

although he was not unsocial in his habits, and anything but narrow or bigoted in his religious and moral sentiments, yet serious subjects best harmonized with the tone of his mind; and he seemed to have a lofty and conscientious conception of the function and responsibilities of the poet's mission.

He had all the undemonstrative shyness and depth of natural feeling of his countrymen, with more of the cosmopolitan in his composition than is generally placed to their credit. One of the most striking characteristics of the *Seasons*—which forms part of their elevated tone—is the catholicity of the treatment, both as to the sentiment and the points of observation; they have no nationality, and no local colouring—a want which in some respects gives them an aspect of indefiniteness, and which, if a gain in breadth, is a loss in intensity. Numerous editions of his poems, especially of the *Seasons*, have been published.

SPRING.

[Specimens.]

COME, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness,
come,

And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a
shower

Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend!

O Hertford! fitted, or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation joined
In soft assemblage, listen to my song;
Which thy own Season paints, when nature all

Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.

And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:

His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shattered forest, and the ravaged vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed;
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets

Deform the day delightless; so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulfed,

To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore

The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,

And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more

Th' expansive atmosphere is cramped with cold,

But, full of life, and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,

Fleecy and white, o'er all surrounding heaven.

Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfined,

Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.

Joyous, the impatient husbandman perceives

Relenting nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-used plough

Lies, in the furrow, loosened from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harnessed yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,

Cheered by the simple song and soaring lark.

Meanwhile, incumbent o'er the shining share

The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,

Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

While through the neighbouring field the sower stalks

With measured step, and liberal throws the grain

Into the faithful bosom of the ground:

The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man

Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!

Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend!

And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes, unworthy of your ear:

Such themes as these the rural Maro sung
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refined.

ANGLING.

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,

Swelled with the vernal rains, is ebbed away;

And whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream,

Descends the billowy foam; now is the time,

While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,

To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,

The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
Snatched from the hoary steed the floating line,

And all thy slender watery stores prepare.

But let not on thy hook the tortured worm,
Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds,
Which, by rapacious hunger swallowed
deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding
breast
Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining
wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.
When with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierced the streams, and roused the
finny race,
Then issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair:
Chief should the western breezes curling
play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy
clouds.
High to their front, this day, amid the hills
And woodlands warbling round, trace up
the brooks;
The next, pursue their rocky-channelled
maze,
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point where with the
pool
Is mixed the trembling stream, or where
it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd
bank,
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive
fly;
And, as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing
game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed
hook:
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging
some,
With various hand proportioned to their
force.
If yet too young, and easily deceived,

A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant
rod,
Him piteous of his youth and the short
space
He has enjoyed the vital light of heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw. But should
you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled
roots
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the
brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans
the fly,
And oft attempts to seize it; but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the
death,
With sullen plunge. At once he darts
along,
Deepstruck, and runs out all the lengthened
line;
Then seeks the furthest ooze, the shelter-
ing weed,
The caverned bank, his old secure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding
hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following
now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage;
Till, floating broad upon his breathless
side,
And to his fate abandoned, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

NATURE AND NATURE'S GOD.

BEHOLD, yon breathing prospect bids
the Muse

Throw all her beauty forth. But who can
paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,

Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
 Or can it mix them with that matchless
 skill,
 And lose them in each other, as appears,
 In every bud that blows? If fancy then
 Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
 Ah, what shall language do? ah, where
 find words
 Tinged with so many colours, and whose
 power,
 To life approaching, may perfume my lays
 With that fine oil, those aromatic gales
 That inexhaustive flow continual round?
 Yet, though successful, will the toil
 delight.
 Come then, ye virgins and ye youths,
 whose hearts
 Have felt the raptures of refining love;
 And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my
 song!
 Formed by the graces, loveliness itself!
 Come with those downcast eyes, sedate
 and sweet;
 Those looks demure, that deeply pierce
 the soul,
 Where, with the light of thoughtful reason
 mix'd,
 Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
 Oh come! and, while the rosy-footed May
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread
 The morning dews, and gather in their
 prime
 Fresh blooming flowers, to grace thy
 braided hair,
 And thy lov'd bosom that improves their
 sweets.
 See, where the winding vale its lavish
 stores
 Irrigues spreads. See, how the lily drinks
 The latent rill, scarce oozing through the
 grass,
 Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,
 In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk
 Where the breeze blows from yon ex-
 tended field

Of blossomed beans. Arabia cannot boast
 A fuller gale of joy than, liberal, thence
 Breathes through the sense, and takes the
 ravished soul.
 Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot;
 Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd
 flowers,
 The negligence of Nature, wide and wild,
 Where, undisguised by mimic art, she
 spreads
 Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
 Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
 In swarming millions, tend: around,
 athwart,
 Through the soft air, the busy nations fly,
 Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
 Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;
 And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring
 dare
 The purple heath, or where the wild thyme
 grows,
 And yellow load them with the luscious
 spoil.
 At length, the finished garden to the view
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
 Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the
 hurried eye
 Distracted wanders: now the bowery walk
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of
 day
 Falls on the lengthened gloom, protracted
 sweeps:
 Now meets the bending sky: the river now
 Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake,
 The forest darkening round, the glittering
 spire,
 Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant
 main.
 But why so far excursive? when at hand,
 Along these blushing borders, bright with
 dew,
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
 Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace,
 Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus
 first,

The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
 And polyanthus of unnumbered dyes ;
 The yellow wall-flower, stained with iron
 brown ;
 And lavish stock that scents the garden
 round :
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed
 Anemones; auriculas, enriched
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet
 leaves ;
 And full ranunculus, of glowing red.
 Then comes the tulip race, where beauty
 plays
 Her idle freaks ; from family diffused
 To family, as flies the father-dust,
 The varied colours run ; and while they
 break
 On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist
 marks,
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
 No gradual bloom is wanting ; from the
 bud,
 First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky
 tribes :
 Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
 Low-bent, and blushing inward ; nor jon-
 quils
 Of potent fragrance ; nor Narcissus fair,
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;
 Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted
 pinks :
 Nor, showered from every bush, the dam-
 ask rose.
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
 The breath of nature, and her endless
 bloom.
 Hail, Source of Being ! Universal Soul
 Of heaven and earth ! Essential Presence,
 hail !
 To Thee I bend the knee ; to Thee my
 thoughts
 Continual climb, who with a master-hand
 Hast the great whole into perfection
 touched.
 By Thee the various vegetative tribes,

Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
 Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew :
 By Thee disposed into congenial soils,
 Stands each attractive plant, and sucks
 and swells
 The juicy tide, a twining mass of tubes.
 At Thy command the vernal sun awakes
 The torpid sap, detruded to the root
 By wintry winds, that now in fluent dance,
 And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
 All this innumerable-coloured scene of
 things.

SUMMER.

[EFFECTS OF SUMMER HEAT.]

Home, from his morning task, the swain
 retreats :
 His flock before him stepping to the fold :
 While the full-udder'd mother lows around
 The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
 The food of innocence, and health ! The
 daw,
 The rook, and magpie, to the grey-grown
 oaks
 That the calm village in their verdant arms,
 Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy
 flight ;
 Where on the mingling boughs they sit
 embowered,
 All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
 Faint, underneath, the household fowls
 convene ;
 And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
 The house-dog, with the vacant grey-
 hound, lies,
 Out-stretched, and sleepy. In his slumbers
 one
 Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
 O'er hill and dale ; till wakened by the
 wasp,
 They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse
 disdain
 To let the little noisy summer-race

Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song :
Not mean though simple ; to the sun
allied,
From him they draw their animating fire.

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile
young
Come wing'd abroad ; by the light air up-
borne,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every
think,

And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintry storms ; or rising from their
tombs,

To higher life ; by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour ; of all the varied
hues

Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms ! ten thousand dif-
ferent tribes !

People the blaze. To sunny waters some
By fatal instinct fly ; where on the pool
They, sportive, wheel ; or, sailing down
the stream,

Are snatched immediate by the quick-eyed
trout,

Or darting salmon. Through the green-
wood glade

Some love to stray ; there lodged, amused,
and fed,

In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every
flower,

And every latent herb : for the sweet
task,

To propagate their kinds, and where to
wrap,

In what soft beds, their young yet undis-
closed,

Employs their tender care. Some to the
house,

The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their
flight ;

Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling
cheese :

Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream

They meet their fate ; or, weltering in the
bowl,
With powerless wings around them wrapt,
expire.

A U T U M N.

[LAVINIA : A MODERN RUTH.]

The lovely young Lavinia once had
friends ;

And Fortune smiled, deceitful, on her
birth ;

For, in her helpless years deprived of all,
Of every stay, save innocence and heaven,
She, with her widowed mother, feeble, old,
And poor, lived in a cottage, far retired
Among the windings of a woody vale ;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, concealed.
Together thus they shunned the cruel
scorn

Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would
meet

From giddy passion and low-minded pride :
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed ;
Like the gay birds that sung them to re-
pose,

Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning
rose

When the dew wets its leaves ; unstained
and pure,

As is the lily, or the mountain snow.

The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming
flowers :

Or when the mournful tale her mother
told,

Of what her faithless fortune promised
once,

Thrilled in her thought, they, like the dewy
star

Of evening shone in tears. A native grace

Sat fair-proportioned on her polished limbs,

Veiled in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,

Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;

So flourished blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia ; till, at length, compelled

By strong Necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks she went

To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains

Palemon was, the generous, and the rich ;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times ;
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,

But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanced beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye ;
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick

With unaffected blushes from his gaze :
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty concealed.

That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;
For still the world prevailed, and its dread laugh,

Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,

Should his heart own a gleaner in the field :

And thus in secret to his soul he sighed :

'What pity ! that so delicate a form,
By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,

Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,

Of old Acasto's line ; and to my mind
Recalls that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;

Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands,

And once fair-spreading family, dissolved.
'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
Urged by remembrance sad, and decent pride,

Far from those scenes which knew their better days,

His aged widow and his daughter live,
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.

Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were !'

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found

She was the same, the daughter of his friend,

Of bountiful Acasto, who can speak
The mingled passions that surprised his heart,

And through his nerves in shivering transport ran ?

Then blazed his smothered flame, avowed, and bold ;

And as he viewed her, ardent, o'er and o'er,

Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
Confused and frightened at his sudden tears,

Her rising beauties flushed a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
Poured out the pious rapture of his soul.

'And art thou, then, Acasto's dear remains ?

She, whom my restless gratitude has sought,
 So long in vain? Oh, heavens! the very same,
 The softened image of my noble friend,
 Alive his every look, his every feature,
 More elegantly touched. Sweeter than Spring!
 Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 That nourished up my fortune! Say, ah where,
 In what sequestered desert hast thou drawn
 The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven?
 Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
 Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
 Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
 Oh! let me now into a richer soil
 Transplant thee safe, where vernal suns
 and showers
 Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
 And of my garden be the pride and joy!
 Ill it befits thee, oh! it ill befits
 Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
 Though vast, were little to his ample heart,
 The father of a country, thus to pick
 The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
 Which from his bounteous friendship I
 enjoy.
 Then throw that shameful pittance from
 thy hand,
 But ill applied to such a rugged task;
 The fields, the master, all, my fair, are
 thine;
 If to the various blessings which thy house
 Has on me lavished, thou wilt add that
 bliss,
 That dearest bliss, the power of blessing
 thee!
 Here ceased the youth: yet still his
 speaking eye
 Expressed the sacred triumph of his soul,
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely raised.

Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blushed consent.
 The news immediate to her mother
 brought,
 While, pierced with anxious thought, she
 pined away
 The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
 Amazed, and scarce believing what she
 heard,
 Joy seized her withered veins, and one
 bright gleam
 Of setting life shone on her evening hours:
 Not less enraptured than the happy pair;
 Who flourished long in tender bliss, and
 reared
 A numerous offspring, lovely like them-
 selves,
 And good, the grace of all the country
 round.

WINTER,

[AN EMBLEM OF THE END OF LIFE.]

'Tis done! dread WINTER spreads his
 latest glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered
 year.
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide
 extends
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man!
 See here thy pictured life; pass some few
 years,
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's
 ardent strength,
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now
 are fled
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid
 hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame?

Those restless cares? those busy bustling
days?

Those gay-spent, festive nights? those
veering thoughts

Lost between good and ill, that shared thy
life?

All now are vanished! virtue sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second
birth

Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature
hears

The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In every heightened form, from pain and
death

For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads.
To reason's eye refined clears up apace.

Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous!
now,

Confounded in the dust, adore that
power,

And wisdom oft arraign'd: see now the
cause,

Why unassuming worth in secret lived,
And died, neglected: why the good man's
share

In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans
pined

In starving solitude; while Luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born
truth,

And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge: why licensed
pain,

That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbittered all our bliss. Ye good dis-
tressed!

Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a
while,

And what your bounded view, which only
saw

A little part, deemed Evil is no more:
The storms of wintry time will quickly
pass,
And one unbounded Spring incircle all.

[SNOWSTORM.]

The keener tempests come: and fuming
dun

From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious
womb

A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congealed,
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gathered
storm.

Through the hushed air the whitening
shower descends,

At first thin wavering; till at last the
flakes

Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming
the day,

With a continual flow. The cherished
fields

Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new
snow melts

Along the mazy current. Low the woods,
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the
languid sun

Faint from the west emits his evening-ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries
wide

The works of man. Drooping, the
labourer-ox

Stands covered o'er with snow, and then
demands

The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of
heaven,

Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little
boon

Which Providence assigns them. One
 alone,
 The red-breast, sacred to the household
 gods,
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields, and thorny thickets,
 leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted
 man
 His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
 Against the window beats ; then, brisk,
 alights
 On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er
 the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where
 he is :
 Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless
 wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The
 hare,
 Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares,
 and dogs,
 And more unpitied men, the garden
 seeks,
 Urged on by fearless want. The bleating
 kind
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glisten-
 ing earth,
 With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad
 dispersed,
 Dig for the withered herb through heaps
 of snow.
 Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge
 be kind,
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
 With food at will ; lodge them below the
 storm,
 And watch them strict : for from the bil-
 lowing east,
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
 Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry
 plains

At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless
 flocks,
 Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring
 hills,
 The billowy tempest whelms ; till, upward
 urged,
 The valley to a shining mountain swells,
 Tipt with a wreath, high-curling in the
 sky.
 As thus the snows arise ; and foul and
 fierce,
 All winter drives along the darkened air ;
 In his own loose revolving fields, the
 swain
 Disastered stands ; sees other hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow ; and other
 scenes,
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless
 plain :
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest hid
 Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more
 astray ;
 Impatient flouncing through the drifted
 heaps,
 Stung with the thoughts of home ; the
 thoughts of home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour
 forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his
 soul !
 What black despair, what horrors fill his
 heart !
 When for the dusky spot, which fancy
 feigned
 His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle
 waste,
 Far from the track, and blest abode of
 man ;
 While round him night resistless closes
 fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his
 head,
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.

Then throng the busy shapes into his
mind,
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of
frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smoothed up with snow; and, what is
land, unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring.
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom
boils.

These check his fearful steps; and down
he sinks

Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mixed with the tender anguish Nature
shoots

Through the wrung bosom of the dying
man,

His wife, his children, and his friends un-
seen.

In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire far blazing, and the vestment
warm;

In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their
sire,

With tears of artless innocence. Alas!

Nor wife, nor children, more shall be be-
hold,

Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every
nerve

The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened
corpse,

Stretch'd out and bleaching in the north-
ern blast.

[A SHORT PRAYER.]

Father of light and life! thou Good
Supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me Thy-
self!

Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my
soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and
virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-failing bliss!

A HYMN.

These, as they change, Almighty Father,
these

Are but the varied God. The rolling
year

Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing
Spring

Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and
love.

Wide flush the fields; the softening air is
balm;

Echo the mountains round; the forest
smiles;

And every sense and every heart is joy.

Then comes Thy glory in the Summer
months,

With light and heatrefulgent. Then Thy
sun

Shoots full perfection through the swelling
year:

And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder
speaks,

And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves in hollow-whisper-
ing gales.

Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that
lives.

In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and
storms

Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest
rolled,

Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's
wing

Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world
adore,

And humblest nature with Thy northern
blast.

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force
divine,

Deep-felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind
art,

Such beauty and beneficence combined ;
Shade unperceived, so softening into shade ;
And all so forming a harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish
still.

But wandering oft, with rude unconscious
gaze,

Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty
hand

That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
Works in the secret deep ; shoots steam-
ing thence

The fair profusion that o'erspreads the
spring ;

Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest
forth,

And, as on earth this grateful change re-
volves,

With transport touches all the springs of
life.

Nature, attend ! join, every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join ; and ardent raise
One general song ! To Him, ye vocal
gales,

Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness
breathes.

Oh ! talk of Him in solitary glooms,
Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving
pine

Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high
to heaven

The impetuous song, and say from whom
you rage.

His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trem-
bling rills ;

And let me catch it as I muse along.

Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ;

Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze

Along the vale ; and thou majestic main,

A secret world of wonders in thyself,

Sound His stupendous praise, whose
greater voice

Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring fall.

So roll your incense, herbs, and fruits,
and flowers,

In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun
exalts,

Whose breath perfumes you, and whose
pencil paints.

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to Him :

Breathe your still song into the reaper's
heart,

As home he goes beneath the joyous
moon.

Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth
asleep

Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest
beams,

Ye constellations, while your angels strike.

Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.

Great source of day ! blest image here be-
low

Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,

From world to world, the vital ocean
round,

On nature write with every beam His
praise.

The thunder rolls : be hushed the pros-
trate world,

While cloud to cloud returns the solemn
hymn.

Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks
Retain the sound ; the broad responsive

low,

Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd
reigns,

And His unsuffering kingdom yet will come.

Ye woodlands all, awake ; a boundless
song

Burst from the groves ; and when the rest-
less day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night
His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation
smiles ;
At once the head, the heart, the tongue
of all,
Crown the great hymn ! in swarming
cities vast,
Assembled men to the deep organ join
The long resounding voice, oft breaking
clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling
base ;
And, as each mingling flame increases
each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's lute, the virgin's
lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer
ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn
gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east—
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no
more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
Should fate command me to the farthest
verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous
climes,
Rivers unknown to song ; where first the
sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting
beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis nought
to me ;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
(8)

In the void waste as in the city full ;
And where He vital breathes, there must
be joy.
When even at ast the solemn hour shall
come,
And wing my mystic flight to future
worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there with new
powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where universal love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns ;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable !
Come, then, expressive silence, muse His
praise.

LIBERTY.

Specimen.

[ANCIENT GREECE.]

Hail Nature's utmost boast ! unrivalled
Greece !
My fairest reign ! where every power be-
nign
Conspir'd to blow the flower of human-
kind,
And lavished all that genius can inspire.
Clear sunny climates, by the breezy main,
Ionian or *Ægean*, tempered kind.
Light, airy soils. A country rich and gay ;
Broke into hills with balmy odours crowned,
And, bright with purple harvest, joyous
vales ;
Mountains, and streams, where verse
spontaneous flowed ;
Whence deemed by wondering men the
seat of gods,
And still the mountains and the streams
of song.
All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour
Of high materials, and my restless arts
2 G

Frame into finished life. How many states,
And clustering towns, and monuments of
fame,
And scenes of glorious deeds, in little
bounds !

From the rough tract of bending moun-
tains, beat

By Ardria's here, there by Ægæan waves;
To where the deep-adorning Cyclade isles
In shining prospect rise, and on the shore
Of farthest Crete resounds the Lybian
main.

O'er all two rival cities reared the brow,
And balanced all. Spread on Eurotas'
bank,

Amid a circle of soft-rising hills,
The patient Sparta one : the sober, hard,
And man-subduing city ; which no shape
Of pain could conquer, nor of pleasure
charm.

Lycurgus there built, on the solid base
Of equal life, so well a tempered state ;
Where mixed each government, in such
just poise ;

Each power so checking, and supporting,
each ;

That firm for ages, and unmoved, it stood,
The fort of Greece ! without one giddy
hour,

One shock of faction, or of party-rage.
For, drained the springs of wealth, cor-
ruption there

Lay withered at the root. Thrice happy
land !

Had not neglected art, with weedy vice
Confounded, sunk. But if Athenian arts
Loved not the soil ; yet there the calm abode
Of wisdom, virtue, philosophic ease,
Of manly sense and wit, in frugal phrase
Confined, and pressed into Laconic force.
There too, by rooting thence still treach-
erous self,

The public and the private grew the same.
The children of the nursing public all,
And at its table fed, for that they toiled,

For that they lived entire, and even for that
The tender mother urged her son to die.

Of softer genius, but not less intent
To seize the palm of empire, Athens rose.
Where, with bright marbles big and future
pomp,

Hymettus spread, amid the scented sky,
His thymy treasures to the labouring bee,
And to botanic hand the stores of health ;
Wrapt in a soul-attenuating clime,
Between Ilissus and Cephissus glowed
This hive of science, shedding sweets
divine,

Of active arts, and animated arms.
There, passionate for me, an easy-moved,
A quick, refined, a delicate, humane,
Enlightened people reigned. Oft on the
brink

Of ruin, hurried by the charm of speech,
Inforcing hasty counsel immature,
Tottered the rash democracy ; unpoised,
And by the rage devoured, that ever tears
A populace unequal ; part too rich,
And part or fierce with want or abject
grown.

Solon, at last, their mild restorer rose :
Allayed the tempest ; to the calm of laws
Reduced the settling whole ; and with the
weight

Which the two senates to the public lent,
As with an anchor fixed the driving state.
Nor was my forming care to these con-
fined.

For emulation through the whole I poured,
Noble contention who should most excel
In government well-poised, adjusted best
To public weal : in countries cultured high ;
In ornamented towns, where order reigns,
Free social life, and polished manners fair :
In exercise, and arms ; arms only drawn
For common Greece, to quell the Persian
pride :

In moral science, and in graceful arts.
Hence as for glory peacefully they strove,
The prize grew greater, and the prize of all.

By contest brightened, hence the radiant youth

Poured every beam ; by generous pride inflamed,

Felt every ardour burn : their great reward
The verdant wreath, which sounding Pisa gave.

Hence flourished Greece : and hence a race of men,

As gods by conscious future times adored,
In whom each virtue wore a smiling air,
Each science shed o'er life a friendly light,
Each art was nature. Spartan valour hence,

At the famed pass, firm as an isthmus stood ;

And the whole eastern ocean, waving far
As eye could dart its vision, nobly checked.
While in extended battle, at the field
Of Marathon, my keen Athenians drove
Before their ardent band an host of slaves.

Hence through the continent ten thousand Greeks

Urged a retreat, whose glory not the prime
Of victories can reach. Deserts, in vain,
Opposed their course ; and hostile lands,
unknown ;

And deep rapacious floods, dire-banked
with death ;

And mountains, in whose jaws destruction
grinned ;

Hunger, and toil ; Armenian snows, and
storms ;

And circling myriads still of barbarous
foes.

Greece in their view, and glory yet un-
touched,

Their steady column pierced the scattering
herds,

Which a whole empire poured ; and held
its way

Triumphant, by the sage-exalted chief
Fired and sustained. Oh light and force
of mind,

Almost almighty in severe extremes !

The sea at last from Colchian mountains
seen.

Kind-hearted transport round their cap-
tains threw

The soldiers fond embrace : o'erflowed
their eyes

With tender floods, and loosed the general
voice

To cries resounding loud—The sea ! The
sea !

In Attic bounds hence heroes, sages,
wits,

Shone thick as stars, the milky way of
Greece !

And though gay wit, and pleasing grace
was theirs,

All the soft modes of elegance and ease ;
Yet was not courageless, the patient touch
Of toiling art, and disquisition deep.

My spirit pours a vigour through the soul,
The unfettered thought with energy in-
spires,

Invincible in arts, in the bright field
Of nobler science, as in that of arms,
Athenians thus not less intrepid burst

The bonds of tyrant darkness, than they
spurned

The Persian chains : while through the
city, full

Of mirthful quarrel and of witty war,
Incessant struggled taste refining taste,

And friendly free discussion, calling forth
From the fair jewel Truth its latent ray.

O'er all shone out the great Athenian sage,
And father of philosophy ; the sun,

From whose white blaze emerged each
various sect

Took various tints, but with diminished
beam.

Tutor of Athens : he, in every street,
Dealt priceless treasure : goodness his de-
light,

Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward.
Deep through the human heart, with
playful art,

His simple question stole ; as into truth,
 And serious deeds, he smiled the laughing
 race ;
 Taught moral happy life, whate'er can
 bless,
 Or grace mankind ; and what he taught he
 was.
 Compounded high, though plain, his doc-
 trine broke
 In different schools. The bold poetic
 phrase
 Of figured Plato, Xenophon's pure strain,
 Like the clear brook that steals along the
 vale ;
 Dissecting truth, the Stagyrte's keen eye ;
 The exalted Stoic pride ; the Cynic sneer ;
 The slow-consenting Academic doubt ;
 And, joining bliss to virtue, the glad ease
 Of Epicurus, seldom understood.
 They, ever candid, reason still opposed
 To reason ; and, since virtue was their aim,
 Each by sure practice tried to prove his
 way
 The best. Then stood untouched the solid
 base
 Of liberty, the liberty of mind :
 For systems yet, and soul-enslaving creeds,
 Slept with the monsters of succeeding
 times.
 From priestly darkness sprung th' enlight-
 ening arts
 Of fire, and sword, and rage, and horrid
 names.
 O Greece ! thou sapient nurse of finer
 arts !
 Which to bright Science blooming Fancy
 bore,
 Be this thy praise, that thou, and thou
 alone,
 In these hast led the way, in these excelled,
 Crown'd with the laurel of assenting Time.
 In thy full language, speaking mighty
 things ;
 Like a clear torrent close, or else diffused
 A broad majestic stream, and rolling on

Through all the winding harmony of
 sound :
 In it the power of Eloquence, at large,
 Breathed the persuasive or pathetic soul ;
 Stilled by degrees the democratic storm,
 Or bade it threatening rise, and tyrants
 shook,
 Flushed at the head of their victorious
 troops.
 In it the Muse, her fury never quenched,
 By mean unyielding phrase, or jarring
 sound,
 Her unconfined divinity displayed ;
 And, still harmonious, formed it to her
 will :
 Or soft depressed it to the shepherd's
 moan,
 Or raised it swelling to the tongue of Gods.
 Heroic song was thine ; the Fountain-
 bard,
 Whence each poetic stream derives its
 course.
 Thine the dread moral scene, thy chief
 delight !
 Where idle Fancy durst not mix her voice,
 When Reason spoke august ; the fervent
 heart,
 Or plained, or stormed ; and in the im-
 passionate man,
 Concealing art with art, the poet sunk.
 This potent school of manners, but when
 left
 To loose neglect, a land corrupting plague,
 Was not unworthy deemed of public care,
 And boundless cost, by thee ; whose every
 son,
 Even last mechanic ; the true taste pos-
 sessed
 Of what had flavour to the nourished soul,
 The sweet enforcer of the poet's strain,
 Thine was the meaning music of the
 heart.
 Not the vain trill, that, void of passion,
 runs
 In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears ;

But that deep-searching voice, and artful hand,
To which respondent shakes the varied soul.

Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
By love imagined, by the graces touched,
The boast of well-pleased Nature! Sculpture seized,

And bade them ever smile in Parian stone.
Selecting Beauty's choice, and that again
Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,
Thy workmen left even Nature's self behind.

From those far different, whose prolific hand

Peoples a nation; they for years on years,
By the cool touches of judicious toil,
Their rapid genius curbing, poured it all
Through the live features of one breathing stone.

There, beaming full, it shone; expressing
Gods:

Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,
The fierce atrocious frown of sinewed Mars,

Or the sly graces of the Cyprian queen,
Minutely perfect all! Each dimple sunk,
And every muscle swelled, as nature taught.
In tresses, braided gay, the marble waved;
Flowed in loose robes, or thin transparent veils;

Sprung into motion; softened into flesh;
Was fired to passion, or refined to soul.

Nor less thy Pencil with creative touch,
Shed mimic life, when all thy brightest dames,

Assembled, Zeuxis in his Helen mixed.
And when Apelles, who peculiar knew
To give a grace that more than mortal smiled,

The soul of beauty! called the queen of love,

Fresh from the billows, blushing orient charms.

Even such enchantment then thy Pencil poured,

That cruel-thoughted War the impatient torch

Dashed to the ground; and, rather than destroy

The patriot picture, let the city 'scape.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

[Specimens.] •

I.

O mortal man! who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,

Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reason great;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,

And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,

Withouten that would come a heavier bale,

Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

II.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,

A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.

It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground:
And there a season between June and May,

Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrowned,

A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,

No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

III.

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;

And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,
 From poppies breathed ; and beds of pleasant green,
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
 Meantime unnumbered glitt'ring streamlets played,
 And hurled everywhere their waters sheen ;
 That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

IV.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills,
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
 And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale :
 And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
 Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
 And still a coil the grasshopper did keep ;
 Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

V.

Full in the passage of the vale above,
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,
 Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
 As Idlesse fancied in her dreaming mood :
 And up the hills, on either side, a wood
 Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood ;
 And where this valley winded out below,
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard to flow.

VI.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye :
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
 For ever flushing round a summer sky :
 There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
 And the calm pleasures, always hovered nigh ;
 But whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest,
 Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

VII.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,
 Where Indolence (for so the wizard high)
 Close hid his castle mid embowering trees,
 That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
 And made a kind of checkered day and night.
 Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
 Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
 Was placed ; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
 And labour harsh, complained, lamenting man's estate.

VIII.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
 From all the roads of earth that pass there by ;
 For, as they chanced to breathe on neighbouring hill,
 The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
 And drew them ever and anon more nigh ;

Till clustering round the enchanter false
 they hung,
 Ymolten with his syren melody ;
 While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand
 he flung,
 And to the trembling chords these tempt-
 ing verses sung :

IX.

"Behold ! ye pilgrims of this earth, be-
 hold !
 See all but man with unearned pleasure
 gay :
 See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
 Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of
 May !
 What youthful bride can equal her array ?
 Who can with her for easy pleasure vie ?
 From mead to mead with gentle wind to
 stray,
 From flower to flower on balmy gales to
 fly,
 Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

X.

Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
 The swarming songsters of the careless
 grove,
 Ten thousand throats ! that from the
 flowering thorn,
 Hymn their good God, and carol sweet
 of love,
 Such grateful kindly raptures them
 emove :
 They neither plough, nor sow ; ne, fit for
 flail,
 E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves
 they drove ;
 Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the
 gale,
 Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along
 the vale.

XI.

Outcast of nature, man ! the wretched
 thrall

Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry
 pain,
 Of cares that eat away thy heart with
 gall,
 And of the vices, an inhuman train,
 That all proceed from savage thirst of
 gain :
 For when hard-hearted Interest first be-
 gan
 To poison earth, Astræa left the plain ;
 Guile, violence, and murder, seized on
 man,
 And, for soft milky streams, with blood
 the rivers ran !

XII.

Come, ye who still the cumbrous load of
 life
 Push hard up hill ; but as the farthest
 steep
 You trust to gain, and put an end to
 strife,
 Down thunders back the stone with
 mighty sweep,
 And hurls your labours to the valley
 deep,
 For ever vain ; come, and, withouten
 fee,
 I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
 Your cares, your toils, will steep you in
 a sea
 Of full delight : oh come, ye weary wights,
 to me !

XIII.

With me, you need not rise at early
 dawn,
 To pass the joyless day in various
 stounds ;
 Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
 And sell fair honour for some paltry
 pounds ;
 Or through the city take your dirty
 rounds,
 To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit
 pay,

Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds :
Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,
In venal senate thief, or rob on broad highway.

XIV.

No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
From village on to village sounding clear :
To tardy swain no shrill-voiced matrons squall ;
No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear ;
No hammers thump ; no horrid blacksmith sear ;
No noisy tradesman your sweet slumbers start,
With sounds that are a misery to hear :
But all is calm, as would delight the heart
Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

XV.

Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent ease,
Good-natured lounging, sauntering up and down :
They who are pleased themselves must always please ;
On others' ways they never squint a frown,
Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town :
Thus, from the source of tender indolence,
With milky blood the heart is overflown,
Is soothed and sweetened by the social sense ;
For interest, envy, pride, and strife, are banished hence.

XVI.

What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm ;
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,

Above the passions that this world deform,
And torture man, a proud malignant worm ?
But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
A quicker sense of joy ; as breezes stray
Across the enlivened skies, and make them still more gay.

XVII.

The best of men have ever loved repose :
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray ;
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
Imbittered more from peevish day to day.
Even those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
The most renowned of worthy wights of yore,
From a base world at least have stolen away :
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore,
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

XVIII.

But if a little exercise you choose,
Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
Amid the groves you may indulge the muse,
Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year ;
Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,
Along the brook, the crimson-spotted fry
You may delude ; the whilst, amused, you hear
Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh,
Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

XIX.

Oh ! grievous folly, to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun ;

When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting
fate,
And gives the untasted portion you have
won,
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch
undone,
To those who mock you gone to Pluto's
reign,
There with sad ghosts to pine, and
shadows dun :
But sure it is of vanities most vain,
To toil for what you here untoiling may
obtain."

XX.
He ceased. But still their trembling
ears retained
The deep vibrations of his 'witchingsong ;
That, by a kind of magic power, con-
strained
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng,
Heaps poured on heaps, and yet they
slipped along,
In silent ease ; as when beneath the
beam
Of summer-moons the distant woods
among,
Or by some flood all silvered with the
gleam,
The soft-embodied fays through airy portal
stream.

[THE PORTER OF INDOLENCE.]

XXI.
Waked by the crowd, slow from his
bench arose
A comely full-spread porter, swollen
with sleep ;
His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect
breathed repose ;
And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,
Ne could himself from ceaseless yawn-
ing keep ;
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
Through which his half-waked soul
would faintly peep,

Then taking his black staff, he called
his man,
And roused himself as much as rouse him-
self he can.

XXII.
The lad leaped lightly at his master's call.
He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
Save sleep and play who minded nought
at all,
Like most the untaught striplings of his
age.
This boy he kept each band to disengage,
Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave personage,
And which his portly paunch would not
permit,
So this same limber page to all performed
it.

XXIII.
Meantime the master-porter wide dis-
played
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of
gowns ;
Wherewith he those that entered in,
arrayed
Loose, as the breeze that plays along
the downs,
And waves the summer-woods when
evening frowns.
Oh ! fair undress, best dress, it checks
no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure
drowns,
And heightens ease with grace. This
done, right fain
Sir porter sat him down, and turned to
sleep again.

RULE BRITANNIA.

When Britain first at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain :
Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves !
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,

And work their woe and thy renown.
Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All shall be subject to the main,
And every shore it circles thine.
Rule Britannia, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule Britannia, &c.

ROBERT BLAIR.

1699—1746.

THE poem on which alone rest Blair's claims to rank as a poet, from its title *The Grave*, could hardly be expected to yield other than a melancholy pleasure; and yet, like Gray's famous Elegy almost on the same subject, but published six years later, it has been largely popular; though not nearly to the same extent, nor with the same permanence. Though somewhat sermonizing in its tone, it contains many noble passages, and is perhaps the nearest approach to the style of Thomson's blank verse that we possess: a resemblance no doubt owing to its being written immediately after the *Seasons*. The style, however, is all that it owes to Thomson.

Blair was born in Edinburgh in 1699, and was the son of the Rev. David Blair, one of the ministers of the city.

He was named after his grandfather, who was chaplain to Charles I., and was destined for the ministry of the Church of Scotland. Having completed his studies at the University of his native city, he travelled for some time on the Continent; and on his return was appointed to the parish of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian. His settlement took place in 1731; but *The Grave* must have been mostly written before this, as he informs Dr Doddridge, with whom, and with Dr Isaac Watts, he corresponded in 1742, as to its publication, that the greater part of it was written before his appointment to the ministry.

Blair owed his introduction to his two distinguished English correspondents to their mutual friend, his neighbour, the celebrated Colonel Gardiner, whose death forms one of the most

touching incidents of the battle of Prestonpans, and whose piety and valour are commemorated by his friend Dr Doddridge.

The Grave was published in 1743, and its author died in 1746, leaving a numerous family, one of whom became Lord President of the Court of Session, and the intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott. Blair's successor in Athelstaneford was John Home, the author of the tragedy of *Douglas*.

The Grave is a poem of over 800 lines, in paragraphs whose illustrations have no necessary sequence, and may therefore be read in any order. The specimens given are in the order of the poem, though not consecutive; yet they read almost as if they were. They have been selected as the best examples of the author's powers and style.

THE GRAVE.

[Specimens.]

See yonder hallowed fane! the pious
work
Of names once famed, now dubious or forgot,
And buried midst the wreck of things
which were :
Therelie interred the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up : hark ! how it howls ! methinks,
Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary :
Doors creak, and windows clap, and
night's foul bird,
Rocked in the spire, screams loud : the
gloomy aisles,
Black plastered, and hung round with
shreds of scutcheons
And tattered coats of arms, send back the
sound,

Laden with heavier airs, from the low
vaults,
The mansions of the dead. Roused from
their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hushed as the foot of
night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks :—ungracious
sound !
I'll hear no more ; it makes one's blood
run chill.

Oft, in the lone churchyard at night
I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine, chequering
through the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his
hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat
stones
(With nettles skirted, and with moss
o'ergrown)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below :
Sudden he starts ! and hears, or thinks he
hears,
The sound of something purring at his
heels :
Full fast he flies, and dares not look be-
hind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows,
Who gather round, and wonder at the
tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his
stand
O'er some new-opened grave ; and,
strange to tell !
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

Invidious grave ! how dost thou rend
in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made
one !
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.

Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul !

Sweet'ner of life ! and solder of society !
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me

Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of thy gentle heart
Anxious to please. Oh ! when my friend and I

In some thick wood have wandered heedless on,

Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-covered bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along

In grateful errors through the underwood
Sweet-murmuring ; methought the shrill-tongued thrush

Mended his song of love ; the sooty black-bird

Mellowed his pipe, and softened every note ;
The eglantine smelled sweeter, and the rose
Assumed a dye more deep ; whilst every flower

Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress. O ! then the longest summer's day

Seemed too, too much in haste : still the full heart

Had not imparted half : 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance !

But see ! the well-plumed hearse comes nodding on,

Stately and slow ; and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,

By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad.

How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurled,

And glittering in the sun ! Triumphant entries

Of conquerors and coronation pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people

Retard the unwieldy show ; whilst from the casements,

And houses' tops, ranks behind ranks, close wedged,

Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?

Why this ado in earthing up a carcass
That's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostril

Smells horrible ? Ye undertakers ! tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal concealed, for which
You make this mighty stir ? 'Tis wisely done :

What would offend the eye in a good picture,

The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Beauty ! thou pretty plaything ! dear deceit !

That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,

And gives it a new pulse unknown before !
The Grave discredits thee. Thy charms expunged,

Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soiled,
What hast thou more to boast of ? Will thy lovers

Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage ?

Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,

Whilst, surfeited upon thy damask cheek,
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes rolled,
Riots unscared. For this was all thy caution ?

For this thy painful labours at thy glass
T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,

For which the spoiler thanks thee not ?
Foul feeder !

Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,

And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
Look, how the fair one weeps! the conscious tears

Stand thick as dewdrops on the bells of flowers :

Honest effusion ! the swoln heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

Tell us, ye Dead! will none of you in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret ?

Oh ! that some courteous ghost would blab it out

What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard that souls departed have sometimes -

Forewarned men of their death. 'Twas kindly done

To knock and give the alarm. But what means

This stinted charity? 'Tis but lame kindness

That does its work by halves. Why might you not

Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws

Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice? I'll ask no more.
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves. Well— 'tis no matter ;

A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends

Drop off, like leaves in autumn ; yet launch out

Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers

In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Could scarce have leisure for. Fools that we are !

Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time ! as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. Oh! more than
sottish !

For creatures of a day in gamesome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehensive ; when, for aught we know,

The very first swoln surge shall sweep us in !

Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft than e'er did mid-
night thief,

That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,

And carries off his prize. What is this world ?

What, but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strewed with death's spoils, the spoils of animals

Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones !

The very turf on which we tread, once lived ;

And we that live must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring : in their turns
They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet !

The shivering Icelander, and sun-burnt Moor ;

Men of all climes, that never met before,
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian !

Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,

His sovereign's keeper, and the people's scourge,

Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abashed

The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,

Deep read in stratagems and wiles of courts :

Now vain their treaty-skill ! Death scorns to treat.

Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his
burden
From his galled shoulders; and when the
cruel tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of power
about him,
Is meditating new unheard of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and quick as thought
escapes
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary
rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool
shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling
stream,
Time out of mind the favourite seats of
love,
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends
and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-robed prelate and plain presby-
ter,
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister streams
That some rude interposing rock had split.
Here is the large-limbed peasant : here
the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor pressed the nipple, strangled in life's
porch.
Here is the mother, with her sons and
daughters ;
The barren wife ; the long-demurring
maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smiled like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, and gay
coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green
virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose, before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclosed. Strange medley
here !
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale ;

And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant
heart,
Whose every day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth : the shrill-
tongued shrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chid-
ing.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the
brave ;
The just, the good, the worthless, and
profane, .
The downright clown, and perfectly well-
bred ;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and
the mean ;
The supple statesman, and the patriot
stern ;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of
time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.
What havoc hast thou made, foul
monster, Sin !
Greatest and first of ills ! the fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions ! But for thee
Sorrow had never been. All-noxious thing,
Of vilest nature ! Other sorts of evils
Are kindly circumscribed, and have their
bounds.
The fierce volcano, from his burning en-
trails
That belches molten stone and globes of
fire,
Involved in pitchy clouds of smoke and
stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues
round,
And there it stops. The big-swoln inun-
dation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning
more ;
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these, Sin has laid
waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world ;

Despatching at a wide-extended blow
 Entire mankind, and for their sakes de-
 facing
 A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
 Blasting the foodful grain, and loaded
 branches,
 And marking all along its way with ruin!
 Accursed thing! Oh where shall fancy find
 A proper name to call thee by, expressive
 Of all thy horrors? Pregnant womb of ills?
 Of temper so transcendently malign,
 That toads and serpents of most deadly
 kind,

Compared to thee, are harmless! Sick-
 nesses
 Of ev'ry size and symptom, racking pains
 And bluest plagues are thine! See how
 the fiend
 Profusely scatters the contagion round!
 Whilst deep-mouth'd Slaughter, bellow-
 ing at her heels,
 Wades deep in blood new-spilt; yet for
 to-morrow
 Shapes out new work of great uncommon
 daring,
 And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.

DAVID MALLET.

1702—1765.

THOMSON and MALLET, the first two
 Scottish poets of the modern school
 whose writings show no trace of their
 nationality, belong to each of the two
 distinct races that compose the Scottish
 people—Thomson being a pure Saxon,
 and Mallet a pure Celt. They were
 born within a few years of one another,
 became fast friends as students, com-
 menced their literary career together,
 and remained fast friends during the
 rest of their lives. They were of very
 different dispositions and characters;
 Thomson being very much of an abstract,
 impracticable dreamer, who made no
 enemies, and Mallet a shrewd, versatile,
 and accomplished man of the world,
 whose success excited the envy of many
 of his contemporaries, and whose be-
 haviour in several acts of his career ex-
 posed his memory to animadversions,
 from which there is nothing left to de-
 fend him beyond the fact that during

his life he retained the friendship of
 eminent men, who must have known as
 much about the conduct for which he
 is censured by posterity, as Dr Johnson
 or Boswell, his chief detractors.

Mallet's original surname, Malloch,
 has been derived from two Gaelic
 roots, one of which at least is a very
 improbable source, namely *Mallaich*,
 cursed, supposed to refer to the pro-
 scription of the Clan M'Gregor, whom
 the Mallochs are said to represent.
 That a clan which boasted of being the
 descendants of "Alpin who reigned in
 Dunstaffnage," should assume a surname
 that implied their disgrace, is not con-
 sistent with common-sense. The other,
 and more rational derivation, that from
Malach, large-browed, or large-eye-
 browed, which may be idiomatically
 rendered "The Grim," is not without
 precedent in Highland designations.
 That Mallet believed that the Mallochs

were connected with the M'Gregors is implied in the fact that, when he used a crest, he adopted that of the M'Gregors, and gave one of his daughters that surname.

Neither his parentage, nor his birth-place, have been traced with certainty—his latest biographer, Dr Dinsdale, having abandoned the traditional belief that he was the son of James Malloch, an innkeeper in Crieff, adopts that of his being the son of James Malloch and Beatrix —, who occupied the farm of Dunruchan (*Dun fraochan*. Heathery Knowe), about four miles from Crieff. The session records of Crieff place it beyond doubt that a James Malloch and his wife Beatrix Clerk kept an inn at Crieff in 1704, and the strange coincidence of two James Mallochs, both of whose wives were named Beatrix, is sufficient to account for the confusion as to the identity of the poet's parents.

To whichever of the two he belonged, he was educated at the parish school of Crieff, under Mr Ker, afterwards one of the masters of the High School, Edinburgh, and subsequently professor both in Aberdeen and Edinburgh Universities. It is probably to his teacher, who continued his friend during life, that he owed his appointment, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, as janitor of the High School of Edinburgh. He is said to have studied in Aberdeen for some time, but this does not appear to have been the case; for though that University in 1726 conferred on him the degree of M.A., it was on account of a poem in imitation of Professor Ker's "Doniades." In 1720, he became tutor in the family of Mr Home of Dreghorn, near Edin-

burgh, on such terms as admitted of his attending the University at the same time. It was then that he made the acquaintance of Thomson, when the two became fast friends.

Mallet was also a literary confidant of Allan Ramsay, who wrote some stanzas addressed to him on the occasion of his leaving Scotland, from which it appears that "William and Margaret" was known to Ramsay a year at least before it was published in England.

On the recommendation of the University professors, Mallet was appointed tutor to the sons of the Duke of Montrose; and in this capacity he accompanied the family to London in 1723. In 1724, he sent "William and Margaret" as an anonymous contribution to the *Plain Dealer*, Aaron Hill's serial. From the introduction by the author of the *Plain Dealer*, and Ramsay's reference, it would appear as if it was first printed in one of those ephemeral "pennyworths," in which Ramsay published a great many of his own pieces before adopting the more ambitious profession of bookseller and publisher, for which he abandoned wig-making. The fame of Mallet's ballad, and his own address, soon procured his introduction into the best literary society in London, and he became the intimate acquaintance of Pope, Young, and other literary magnates of the time. In 1726, he changed his name to Mallet, on the plea that Englishmen were unable to pronounce Malloch; and in 1727, he made the tour of Europe with his pupils. In 1728, he published the "Excursion," after the style of Thomson's "Winter," but with little resemb-

lance to his friend's verse beyond the manner.

His next literary effort was "Eurydice," a tragedy, which was performed at Drury Lane Theatre in 1731. A satire on Bently, entitled "Verbal Criticism," he dedicated to Pope, on whose recommendation he received the appointment of tutor and travelling companion to Mr Newsham, son of Mrs Knight of Gosfield. In this situation he remained for five years, during part of which he was abroad with his pupil. He also matriculated at Oxford, along with Mr Newsham, in 1734, and obtained the degree of M.A. About the same time he received the same honour from the University of Edinburgh.

His first marriage, of which so little is known, is supposed to have taken place at this time; for his wife, whose name was Susanna, died in January 1741, leaving him with a family of three daughters. In 1739, his tragedy of "Mustapha" was acted at Drury Lane; it was dedicated to the Prince of Wales, and the prologue was written by Thomson. His next literary work was the masque of "Alfred," written in conjunction with Thomson, and performed before the Prince of Wales at Cliefden, in 1740. It was greatly altered by Mallet in 1751, after Thomson's death, and was represented at Drury Lane Theatre. In this piece first appeared the song of "Rule Britannia," whose composition is generally attributed to Thomson, though more than one of Mallet's biographers claim it for him. About this time he wrote a life of Lord Bacon, as a preface to an edition of Bacon's works.

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In 1742, he was made under-secretary to the Prince of Wales, and shortly afterwards he married his second wife, Lucy Elstob, a lady with a fortune of £10,000, and like himself said to be of very advanced religious opinions.

On the death of the Duchess of Marlborough, in 1744, it was found that she left £1000 to Glover, the author of "Leonidas," and Mallet jointly, on condition of writing a memoir of her husband, the great duke. Glover declined in consequence of its being made a stipulation that the life, before being published, was to be submitted to the inspection of the Earl of Chesterfield. Mallet undertook the work alone, and had a pension allowed him by the second Earl of Marlborough; yet notwithstanding his having accepted the money, the life never made its appearance.

In 1747, he published *Amyntor and Theodora*, a tale, in blank verse, of which the scene is laid in the island of St Kilda. Gibbon considered this to be Mallet's chief claim to poetic fame, but the result has not justified the historian's anticipations.

On Pope's death in 1744, Lord Bolingbroke discovered what he considered a breach of faith on the part of the poet, and Mallet drew up a statement of the case against Pope in the form of an advertisement to an edition of Bolingbroke's "Patriot King," of which Pope was said to have surreptitiously printed an edition of 1500 copies. Bolingbroke died in 1751, and left Mallet the legacy of his writings, which in 1754 he published in five volumes. In 1755, his *Masque of Britania* was re-

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presented at Drury Lane ; and in 1756, he wrote a letter accusing Admiral Byng of cowardice, for which he is said, without authority, however, to have got a pension. The probability of such being the case may be judged of by the fact that the party benefited was not then in power.

In 1759, he published a collected edition of his own works in prose and poetry, inscribed to Lord Mansfield ; and in 1760 appeared "Edwin and Emma," which, near the close of his life, is a resumption of his earliest style. In 1762, his "poems on several occasions" made their appearance, with a dedication to the Duke of Marlborough ; and *Ekvira*, his best tragedy, inscribed to Lord Bute, was represented at Drury Lane, in 1763. This same year he received the appointment of keeper of the Book of Entries at the port of London. But shortly after his health began to give way, and he made a visit to France, accompanied by his wife. He did not long survive his return, for he died in April 1765, in his sixty-third year.

Mallet's character as a man has been the subject of much animadversion, and as a poet he cannot claim a high position. That he was a man of great literary culture and talent, but rather of an imitative than an original type, is evident. It is possible that his practical instincts, and the ambition to command an important social position, may have induced him to keep his original powers in check, or to regard their cultivation as a hindrance to his advancement.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

I.

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,
When night and morning meet ;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

II.

Her face was like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud ;
And clay-cold was her lily hand
That held her sable shroud.

III.

So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown :
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

IV.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek !
Just opening to the view.

V.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consumed her early prime ;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek,
She died before her time.

VI.

Awake ! she cried, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave :
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refused to save.

VII.

This is the dumb and dreary hour
When injured ghosts complain ;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

VIII.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath !
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

IX.

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

X.

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

XI.

Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid!
Believe the flattering tale?

XII.

That face, alas! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
And every charm is fled.

XIII.

The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

XIV.

But hark! the cock has warned me hence;
A long and late adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
Who died for love of you.

XV.

The lark sung loud; the morning smiled
With beams of rosy red:
Pale William quaked in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

XVI.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay;
And stretched him on the grass-green turf
That wrapt her breathless clay.

XVII.

And thrice he called on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake never more!

EDWIN AND EMMA.

I.

Far in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
A humble cottage stood.

II.

There beauteous Emma flourished fair,
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest, and die.

III.

The softest blush that nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek;
Such orient colour smiles through heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

IV.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plains:
That sun, who bids their diamonds blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

V.

Long had she filled each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair;
And though by all a wonder owned,
Yet knew not she was fair:

VI.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul devoid of art;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

VII.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too revealed;

For neither bosom lodged a wish
That virtue keeps concealed.

VIII.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow !
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

IX.

His sister, who, like envy formed,
Like her in mischief joyed,
To work them harm, with wicked skill,
Each darker art employed.

X.

The father too, a sordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the clod
From whence his riches grew.

XI.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
And seen it long unmoved ;
Then with a father's frown at last
Had sternly disapproved.

XII.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of differing passions strove :
His heart, that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

XIII.

Denied her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walked and wept.

XIV.

Oft, too, on Stanmore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his softened soul,
The midnight mourner strayed.

XV.

His cheek, where health with beauty
glowed,

A deadly pale o'ercast ;
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

XVI.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed ;
And wearied Heaven with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrows shed.

XVII.

'Tis past ! he cried, but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold
What they must ever love !

XVIII.

She came ; his cold hand softly touched,
And bathed with many a tear :
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

XIX.

But oh ! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she !
Forbade what Emma came to say ;
' My Edwin, live for me ! '

XX.

Now homeward as she hopeless wept,
The churchyard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl
screamed
Her lover's funeral song.

XXI.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

XXII.

Alone, appalled, thus had she passed
The visionary vale—
When lo ! the death-bell smote her
ear,
Sad sounding in the gale !

XXIII.

Just then she reached, with trembling
step,

Her aged mother's door :
He's gone ! she cried, and I shall see
That angel-face no more.

XXIV.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side !
From her white arm down sunk her
head—
She shivering, sighed, and died.

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

1704—1754.

THE tragic love ballad is a characteristic production of the times at which we have now arrived, and the "Braes of Yarrow" is an excellent specimen of the class ; but with special features of its own. Its author, William Hamilton of Bangour, was born in 1704. He was descended from an ancient Ayrshire family ; and mixed in the highest social circles of Edinburgh society, where his poetical accomplishments (he can hardly be described as a poetical genius) made him a favourite. He was also one of the band of young gentlemen who assisted Allan Ramsay with his *Tea-Table Miscellany*.

Attracted by the romance of the enterprise, he joined the standard of the young Pretender on the breaking out of the Rebellion of 1745-6, and became the laureate of the expedition. After its collapse, he escaped to France, and, having influential friends on the royal side, was more fortunate in obtaining an early pardon, and the restoration of his estate, than most of his compatriots. He was of a delicate constitu-

tion, and his health having given way he returned to France, whose warmer climate was better adapted to his enfeebled frame ; yet even here he did not long survive, for he died at Lyons in 1754, in his fiftieth year.

An imperfect edition of his poems was published in Glasgow, in 1748, by an unknown editor, and it was not till 1760 that a correct edition was printed from his own manuscripts.

His style, while very correct as regards the purity of its English, is too ornate and fanciful to give that impression of real passion and spontaneity without which amatory lyric poetry is mere affectation. His "Braes of Yarrow" is the only production of his in which, with some exceptional conceits, the directness and simplicity proper to this style of composition is preserved. Wordsworth had it in view in the composition of his poems on the Yarrow.

An edition of Hamilton's poems was published in 1850, edited by James Paterson, the author of several books connected with Ayrshire.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

I.

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow !
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny
 bride,
 And think nae mair on the Braes of
 Yarrow.

II.

Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride ?
 Where gat ye that winsome marrow ?
 I gat her where I darena weil be seen,
 Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

III.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny
 bride,
 Weep not, weep not, my winsome
 marrow !
 Nor let thy heart lament to leave
 Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

IV.

Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny
 bride ?
 Why does she weep, thy winsome
 marrow ?
 And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen,
 Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow ?

V.

Lang maun she weep, lang maun she,
 maun she weep,
 Lang maun she weep with dule and
 sorrow,
 And lang maun I nae mair weil be
 seen
 Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

VI.

For she has tint her lover dear,
 Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow,
 And I hae slain the comeliest swain
 That e'er poued birks on the Braes of
 Yarrow.

VII.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow,
 red ?
 Why on thy braes heard the voice of
 sorrow ?
 And why yon melancholious weeds
 Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow ?

VIII.

What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful
 flude ?
 What's yonder floats ? O dule and
 sorrow !
 'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
 Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

IX.

Wash, oh wash his wounds his wounds in
 tears,
 His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow,
 And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
 And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

X.

Then build, then build, ye sisters sisters
 sad,
 Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
 And weep around in waeful wise,
 His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

XI.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless
 shield,
 My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
 The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
 His comely breast, on the Braes of
 Yarrow.

XII.

Did I not warn thee not to lo'e,
 And warn from fight, but to my sorrow ;
 O'er rashly bauld a stronger arm
 Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of
 Yarrow.

XIII.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green
 grows the grass,
 Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,

Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

XIV.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet
flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

XV.

Fair was thy love, fairfair indeed thy love,
In flowery bands thou him didst fetter;
Though he was fair and weil beloved
again,
Than me he never lo'ed thee better.

XVI.

Busk ye, then busk my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of
Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of
Yarrow.

XVII.

How can I busk a bonny bonny bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How lo'e him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my love on the Braes of
Yarrow.

XVIII.

O Yarrow fields! may never never rain,
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover.

XIX.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of
green,
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing,
Ah! wretched me! I little little kenned
He was in these to meet his ruin.

XX.

The boy took out his milk-white milk-
white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow,

But e'er the to-fall of the night
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

XXI.

Much I rejoiced that waeful waeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning,
But long ere night the spear was flown
That slew my love, and left me mourn-
ing.

XXII.

What can my barbarous barbarous father
do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?'
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, barbarous man, then
woo me?

XXIII.

My happy sisters may be may be proud;
With cruel and ungentle scoffin',
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

XXIV.

My brother Douglas may upbraid up-
braid,
And strive with threatening words to
move me,
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

XXV.

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband lover.

XXVI.

But who the expected husband husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in
slaughter,
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding
after?

XXVII.

Pale as he is, here lay him lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;

Take aff take aff these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with wil-
low.

XXVIII.

Pale though thou art, yet best yet best
beloved,
O could my warmth to life restore
thee !
Ye'd lie all night between my breasts,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

XXIX.

Pale pale, indeed, O lovely lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts,
No youth shall ever lie there after.

XXX.

Return, return, O mournful mournful
bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow :
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

1709—1779

JOHN ARMSTRONG, the son of the parish minister of Castleton, in Roxburghshire, was born in 1709. He studied for the medical profession, in Edinburgh University, and took his M.D. degree in 1734. Having completed his education, he started for London, probably fired by the success of his countrymen Thomson and Mallet, with whom he soon became on the most friendly terms. His intimacy with them, and his introduction into literary society, drew him aside from his proper profession ; and his publication of the *Economy of Love*, a poem of a somewhat licentious tone, destroyed his prospects as a physician. He afterwards revised the poem, and toned down its more objectionable features.

In 1744, he published *The Art of Preserving Health*, in four books ; and in 1746, he received the appointment of physician to the Hospital for Lame and

Sick Soldiers. In 1751, he published *Benevolence* ; and in 1753, *Taste, an Epistle to a Young Critic*. In 1758 appeared his *Sketches, or Essays on various subjects*, by Lancelot Temple, Esq., in which Wilkes is supposed to have had a hand. They consist chiefly of critical strictures upon tasteless innovations in the language and manners, &c. In 1760, he was appointed physician to the Army in Germany ; but at the conclusion of the Seven Years' War, in 1763, he returned to London on half-pay, and resumed his medical practice. About 1773, he quarrelled with Wilkes, and made the acquaintance of Fuseli, the celebrated Swiss painter, whose genius he was one of the first to appreciate.

While getting out of a carriage, in which he returned from a visit in Lincolnshire, he met with an accident which brought on a fever, of which he died in September 1779. Though

apparently unsuccessful in business, he was found to have left £3000 at his death.

In disposition Armstrong was irritable, and fond of controversy—a bias that brought him into several literary squabbles; yet he had many attached friends, who appreciated his worth and knew his bitterness to be rather splenetic than venomous.

As a poet, he does not rank high, yet his *Art of Preserving Health*, at least in its subject, takes up unoccupied ground, and deals with it in as poetical and pleasing a manner as is consistent with the theme. It is evidently suggested by his friend Thomson's *Seasons*, and is arranged in four books, headed Air, Diet, Exercise, The Passions, from each of which we have selected favourable specimens. But, though in Thomson's manner, the treatment of the subject is original, and is characterized by good taste and judgment, in exhibiting only such aspects of it as are capable of being presented in poetical language. Rightly deeming that it is the object of poetry rather to excite interest in a subject than to teach it in detail, the poet has avoided making his poem a medical manual.

THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

[WHERE TO BUILD.]

Meantime, the moist malignity to shun
Of burthen'd skies; mark where the dry
champaign
Swells into cheerful hills; where mar-
joram
And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the
air;

And where the cynorhodon¹ with the rose
For fragrance vies: for in the thirsty soil
Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
There bid thy roofs high on the basking
steep
Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires.
And let them see the winter morn arise,
The summer evening blushing in the west;
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge
behind
O'erhung, defends you from the bluster-
ing north,
And bleak affliction of the peevish east.
Oh! when the growling winds contend,
and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the
storm;
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser
strain
Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
To please the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is studied; for whatever
moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the
just
And natural movements of the harmonious
frame.
Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes
The trembling air, that floats from hill to
hill,
From vale to mountain, with incessant
change
Of purest element, refreshing still
Your airy seat, and uninfected gods.
Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds
High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
The ethereal deep with endless billows
chafes.
His purer mansion nor contagious years
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

¹ The wild rose.

But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain,
Involve my hill ! And wheresoe'er you
 build ;
Whether on sun-burnt Epsom, or the
 plains
Washed by the silent Lee ; in Chelsea low,
Or high Blackheath with wintry winds
 assailed,
Dry be your house : but airy more than
 warm.
Else every breath of ruder wind will strike
Your tender body through with rapid
 pains ;
Fierce coughs will tease you, hoarseness
 bind your voice,
Or moist gravedo load your aching brows.
These to defy, and all the fates that dwell
In cloistered air tainted with steaming life,
Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms ;
And still at azure noontide may your
 dome
At every window drink the liquid sky.
 Need we the sunny situation here,
And theatres open to the south, commend ?
Here, where the morning's misty breath
 infests
More than the torrid noon ? how sickly
 grow,
How pale the plants in those ill-fated vales
That, circled round with the gigantic heap
Of mountains, never felt, not ever hope
To feel, the genial vigour of the sun !
While on the neighbouring hill the rose
 inflames
The verdant spring ; in virgin beauty blows
The tender lily, languishingly sweet ;
O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine
 roves,
And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.
Nor less the warmer living tribes demand
The fostering sun : whose energy divine
Dwells not in mortal fire ; whose generous
 heat
Glows through the mass of grosser
 elements,

And kindles into life the ponderous
 spheres.
Cheered by thy kind invigorating warmth,
We court thy beams, great majesty of day !
If not the soul, the regent of this world,
First-born of heaven, and only less than
 God !

[UNIVERSAL CHANGE.]

What does not fade ? The tower that long
 had stood
The crush of thunder and the warring
 winds,
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer
 Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base.
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
Descend : the Babylonian spires are sunk ;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires, crush by their own
 weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old ;
And all those worlds that roll around the
 sun :
The sun himself shall die ; and ancient
 Night
Again involve the desolate abyss :
Till the great FATHER through the life-
 less gloom
Extend His arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.
For through the regions of unbounded
 space,
Whereunconfined Omnipotence has room,
BEING, in various systems, fluctuates still
Between creation and abhorred decay :
It ever did, perhaps, and ever will.
New worlds are still emerging from the
 deep ;
The old descending, in their turns to rise.

[THE CHASE.]

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid
 nerves

Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone ;

The greener juices are by toil subdued,
Mellowed, and subtilised ; the vapid old
Expelled, and all the rancour of the blood.
Come, my companions, ye who feel the
charms

Of Nature and the year ; come, let us stray
Where chance or fancy leads our roving
walk :

Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs
in balm,

And shed a charming languor o'er the soul.
Nor when bright Winter sows with prickly
frost

The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
Indulge at home ; nor even when Eurys'
blasts

This way and that convolve the labouring
woods.

My liberal walks, save when the skies in
rain

Or fogs relent, no season should confine,
Or to the cloistered gallery or arcade.

Go, climb the mountain ; from the ethereal
source

Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn
Beams o'er the hills ; go, mount the ex-
ulting steed.

Already, see, the deep-mouthed beagles
catch

The tainted mazes ; and, on eager sport
Intent with emulous impatience try
Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey
Delight you more, go chase the desperate
deer ;

And through its deepest solitudes awake
The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

[ANGLING.]

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and
dale

Exceed your strength ; a sport of less
fatigue,

Not less delightful, the prolific stream
Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
Swarms with the silver fry. Such, through
the bounds

Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling
Trent ;

Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian moun-
tains ; such

The Esk, o'erhung with woods ; and such
the stream,

On whose Arcadian banks I first drew
air,

Liddel ; till now except in Doric lays
Tuned to her murmurs by her love-sick
swains,

Unknown in song : though not a purer
stream,

Through meads more flowery, more ro-
mantic groves,

Rolls toward the western main. Hail,
sacred flood !

May still thy hospitable swains be bless'd
In rural innocence ; thy mountains still

Teem with the fleecy race ; thy tuneful
woods

For ever flourish ; and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows, and the golden
grain !

Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was
new,

Sportive and petulant, and charmed with
toys,

In thy transparent eddies have I laved :
Oft traced with patient steps thy fairy
banks,

With the well-imitated fly to hook

The eager trout, and with the slender
line

And yielding rod solicit to the shore
The struggling panting prey ; while ver-
nal clouds

And tepid gales obscured the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps called forth the
wanton swarms.

[GARDENING.]

Formed on the Samian¹ school, or those
of Ind,
There are who think these pastimes scarce
humane.
Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)
His life is pure that wears no fouler stains,
But if through genuine tenderness of heart,
Or secret want of relish for the game,
You shun the glories of the chase, nor care
To haunt the peopled stream ; the garden
yields
A soft amusement, a humane delight.
To raise the insipid nature of the ground ;
Or tame its savage genius to the grace
Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems
The amiable result of happy chance,
Is to create ; and gives a god-like joy,
Which every year improves. Nor thou
d disdain
To check the lawless riot of the trees,
To plant the grove, or turn the barren
mould.
O happy he ! whom, when his years decline
(His fortune and his fame by worthy
means
Attained, and equal to his moderate mind ;
His life approved by all the wise and good,
Even envied by the vain), the peaceful
groves
Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,
Receive to rest ; of all ungrateful cares
Absolved, and sacred from the selfish
crowd.
Happiest of men ! if the same soil invites
A chosen few, companions of his youth,
Once fellow rakes perhaps, now rural
friends ;
With whom in easy commerce to pursue
Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan
fame :
A fair ambition ; void of strife or guile,
Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone.

¹ Pythagorean.

Who plans the enchanted garden, who
directs
The vista best, and best conducts the
stream ;
Whose groves the fastest thicken and
ascend ;
Whom first the welcome spring salutes ;
who shows
The earliest bloom, the sweetest, proudest
charms
Of Flora ; who best gives Pomona's juice,
To match the sprightly genius of cham-
pagne.
Thrice happy days ! in rural business past :
Blest winter nights ! when as the genial fire
Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family
With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,
And pleasing talk that starts no timorous
fame,
With witless wantonness to hunt it down :
Or through the fairy-land of tale or song
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
Engaged, and all that strikes humanity :
Till lost in fable, they the stealing hour
Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve
His neighbours lift the latch, and bless
unbid
His festal roof ; while, o'er the light repast,
And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy ;
And, through the maze of conversation,
trace
Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.
Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste
The native zest and flavour of the fruit,
Where sense grows wild and takes of no
manure)
The decent, honest, cheerful husbandman
Should drown his labours in my friendly
bowl ;
And at my table find himself at home.

[THE POWER OF MUSIC.]

There is a charm, a power, that sways the
breast ;
Bids every passion revel or be still ;

<p>Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves ; Can soothe distraction, and almost despair. That power is music : far beyond the stretch Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage ; Those clumsy heroes, those fat-headed gods, Who move no passion justly but contempt : Who, like our dancers (light indeed and strong !) Do wondrous feats, but never heard of grace. The fault is ours ; we bear those monstrous arts ; Good Heaven ! we praise them : we, with loudest peals, Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels ; And, with insipid show of rapture, die Of idiot notes impertinently long. But he the Muse's laurel justly shares, A poet he, and touched with Heaven's own fire, Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds, Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul ; Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,</p>	<p>In love dissolves you ; now in sprightly strains. Breathes a gay rapture through your thrilling breast ; Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad ; Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings. Such was the bard, whose heavenly strains of old Appeased the fiend of melancholy Saul. Such was, if old and heathen fame say true, The man who bade the Theban domes ascend, And tamed the savage nations with his song ;¹ And such the Thracian,² whose melodious lyre, Tuned to soft woe, made all the mountains weep ; Soothed even the inexorable powers of hell, And half redeemed his lost Eurydice. Music exalts each joy, allays each grief, Expels diseases, softens every pain, Subdues the rage of poison, and the plague ; And hence the wise of ancient days adored One power of physis, melody, and song.</p>
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TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT.

1721—1771.

SMOLLETT's literary fame is properly based upon his novels—*Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Humphry Clinker*, and his *History of England*. Yet the opening of his "Ode to Independence," and his "Ode to Leven Water," are sufficient proofs of his possession of the poetic instinct to a degree which,

had his aspirations not been withdrawn from the direction of the Muses, by forces of greater attraction or necessity, would have left ampler demonstrations of his poetic genius.

He was born in 1721, according to

¹ Amphion.² Orpheus.

the most probable account, at Dalquhurn House, Dumbartonshire. Yet Bonhill House, a short distance farther up the Vale of Leven, is also assigned as his birthplace.

His father, a younger son of Sir James Smollett of Bonhill, died early in life, and consequently young Smollett was educated by his grandfather, first at the grammar-school of Dumbarton, and afterwards at Glasgow University. After what can hardly be called a regular University course, he was consigned to Dr Gordon, of Glasgow, as a medical apprentice; and at the age of nineteen completed his engagement. The death of his grandfather about this time deprived him of any expectations that he might have built upon his relations; and he resolved to try his fortunes in London, having already tried his literary powers in the form of a tragedy, entitled the *Regicide*, which he was sanguine enough to expect he would get brought out at one of the London theatres. Arbuthnot, Mallet, and Thomson, had set an example of successful literary adventure to young Scotchmen, which had the effect of inspiring many of them with the confidence to follow their lead; and Armstrong and Smollett, both medical men, were the earliest additions to the Scotch literary colony in London. As might be expected, Smollett's expectations were at first disappointed, and, having failed to storm the citadel of the tragic Muse, he returned to the service of Æsculapius, and entered the navy as a surgeon's mate on board an eighty-gun ship, in which he took part in the ill-fated expedition against Carthage.

But he did not despair of literary distinction, and his experience here and elsewhere formed the materials out of which he constructed his *Roderick Random*.

After leaving the naval service, he resided some time in the West Indies, where he married Miss Lascelles. On his return to London, which took place in 1744, he tried to obtain practice as a physician, but was unsuccessful; he therefore settled in Chelsea, and again took to literature. His first essays were two satires, the *Advice* and the *Reproof*, the former published in 1746, and the latter in 1747. But his first popular work was *Roderick Random*, published in 1748. With little by way of plot or plan, it consists of a series of incidents of the most varied kind, which seldom exceed the bound of probability, related with a profusion of humour, which, though often gross, is never dull or constrained in its flow. Its verisimilitude is even enhanced by its absence of plan or aim, or even moral purpose or principle in the character of its hero. *Peregrine Pickle* appeared in 1751, and is constructed on the same lines as *Roderick Random*, but with greater scope, and surpasses its precursor in the richness and grossness of its humour, as well as in the moral unscrupulousness of its hero. His next work, *Count Fathom*, published in 1754, is a romance.

Having in 1755 completed his translation of *Don Quixote*, he visited Scotland, for the first time since he left it. He had the pleasure of seeing his mother, and enjoying the consideration which his literary fame gave him in the estimation of his countrymen. After visiting the scenes

of his boyhood and youth, he returned to London, when he commenced his *History of England*, which appeared in 1758 in four volumes, the work of fourteen months. He also undertook the editing of the *Critical Review*. In it he published in 1762 an attack on Admiral Knowles, one of the commanders of the Carthage expedition. For this article he was tried and condemned to an imprisonment of three months, and to pay a fine of £100. While in prison he wrote the romance of *Sir Lancelot Greaves*, a travesty of *Don Quixote*. His health now began to yield to the strain which the number of his literary labours entailed; and the death of his daughter, an only child, at the age of fifteen, accelerated the progress of its decline. He went abroad for two years, and published an account of his travels on his return, which savours of the irritability which impaired health served to aggravate. On his return from the Continent, he again sought the benefits of his native air; and again had the pleasure of seeing his mother, to whom he was much attached.

After residing for some time with his cousin, Mr Smollett of Bonhill, he returned to London and his literary labours, and wrote the *Adventures of an Atom*, an attack on Lord Bute and the Earl of Chatham.

His health having become worse, he again resolved to go abroad, and his friend, countryman, and fellow-poet Dr Armstrong engaged a cottage for him near Leghorn, where his strength somewhat rallied. Here he wrote *Humphry Clinker*, his last and best work, in which he describes the scenes of his boyhood :

but he had little more than the satisfaction of seeing it published, when, on the 21st October 1771, he died in his fifty-first year. He was buried at Leghorn, where his widow erected a monument to his memory. A similar memorial was erected by his relations in his native Vale of Leven, whose pastoral beauties he so well loved.

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye ;
Thy steps I follow, with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
Hath bleached the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.

What time the iron-hearted Gaul,
With frantic superstition for his guide,
Armed with the dagger and the pall,
The sons of Woden to the field defied
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
In Heaven's name urged the infernal blow ;

And red the stream began to flow :
The vanquished were baptised with blood !

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled,
From altars stained with human gore,
And Liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
There in a cave asleep she lay,
Lulled by the hoarse-resounding main,
When a bold savage passed that way,
Impelled by destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appeared :
The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest ;

The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard,
 And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast,
 He stopt, he gazed, his bosom glowed,
 And deeply felt the impression of her charms :
 He seized the advantage Fate allowed,
 And straight compressed her in his vigorous arms.

STROPHE.

The curlew screamed, the tritons blew
 Their shells to celebrate the ravished rite ;
 Old Time exulted as he flew ;
 And Independence saw the light.
 The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
 Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
 While Philomel renewed her warbled strains,
 The auspicious fruit of stolen embrace was born—
 The mountain Dryads seized with joy,
 The smiling infant to their charge con-signed ;
 The Doric muse caressed the favourite boy ;
 The hermit Wisdom stored his opening mind.
 As rolling years matured his age,
 He flourished bold and sinewy as his sire ;
 While the mild passions in his breast assuage
 The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplished thus, he winged his way,
 And zealous roved from pole to pole,
 The rolls of right eternal to display,
 And warm with patriot thought the aspiring soul.
 On desert isles 'twas he that raised
 Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
 Where Tyranny beheld amazed

Fair Freedom's temple, where he marked her grave.

He steeled the blunt Batavian's arms
 To burst the Iberian's double chain :
 And cities reared, and planted farms,
 Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.

He, with the generous rustics, sat
 On Uri's rocks in close divan ;
 And winged that arrow sure as fate,
 Which ascertained the sacred rights of man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he crossed,
 Where blasted nature pants supine,
 Conductor of her tribes adust,
 To Freedom's adamantine shrine ;
 And many a Tartar horde forlorn, aghast
 He snatched from under fell Oppression's wing,
 And taught amidst the dreary waste,
 The all-cheering hymns of liberty to sing.
 He virtue finds, like precious ore,
 Diffused through every baser mould ;
 Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore.
 And turns the dross of Corsica to gold ;
 He, guardian genius, taught my youth
 Pomp's tinsel livery to despise :
 My lips by him chastised to truth,
 Ne'er paid that homage which my heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptured halls my feet shall never tread,
 Where varnished vice and vanity combined
 To dazzle and seduce, their banner spread,
 And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.
 While Insolence his wrinkled front up-rears,
 And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow ;
 And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,

Full often, wreathed around the miscreant's brow ;
Where ever-dimpling falsehood, pert and vain,
Presents her cup of stale profession's froth ;
And pale disease, with all his bloated train,
Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering spoils oppressed,
So moves the sumpter-mule in harnessed pride,
That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string ;
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
And jingling bells fantastic folly ring :
Disquiet, doubt, and dread shall intervene ;
And nature, still to all her feelings just,
In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
Shook from the baleful pinions of disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequestered haunts,
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell ;
Where the poised lark his evening ditty chaunts,
And health, and peace, and contemplation dwell.
There, study shall with solitude recline,
And friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains,
And toil and temperance sedately twine
The slender cord that fluttering life sustains ;
And fearless poverty shall guard the door,

And taste unspoiled the frugal table spread,
And industry supply the humble store,
And sleep unbribed his dews refreshing shed ;
White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,
Shall chase far off the goblins of the night ;
And Independence o'er the day preside,
Propitious power ! my patron and my pride.

ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
Pure stream, in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave ;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polished pebbles spread ;
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood ;
The springing trout in speckled pride,
The salmon, monarch of the tide ;
The ruthless pike, intent on war,
The silver eel, and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flowered with eglantine.
Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen :
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale ;
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrowned with toil ;
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard !

JOHN SKINNER.

1721—1807.

It might be a mistake to say that the poetic instinct is less generally diffused among the natives of the north of Scotland than among those of the south; but it is no mistake, however it may be accounted for, that it has produced fewer poets than the south. Yet at the period at which we have arrived, Ross, Skinner, Beattie, Geddes, and M'Pherson, all natives of the north, were contemporaries.

John Skinner, best known as the author of the national song "*Tullochgorum*," named after a famous strathspey, was born in 1721, at Balfour, in Aberdeenshire. His father was schoolmaster of the parish of Birse. Young Skinner was sent to Aberdeen University at the age of thirteen, and distinguished himself as a student. After graduating, he became an assistant teacher for some time, and in 1740 went to Shetland as a tutor. On his return he was ordained a presbyter of the Episcopal Church, and became a pastor of that communion at Longside. In 1745, he was imprisoned for six months, for refusing to take the oath of allegiance.

Burns, on his tour to the north of Scotland, was anxious to meet Skinner, whose "*Tullochgorum*" he considered one of the best songs in Scottish literature; but having omitted to get its author's address he returned without seeing him, though he was in his immediate neighbourhood. This cir-

cumstance led to some complimentary correspondence between the poets, from which it appears that Skinner had a very modest opinion of his own verses, which he says he composed to please his daughters, who were well acquainted with the native airs.

After ministering at Longside for sixty-five years, he went to live with his son, the Bishop of Aberdeen, and died in that city a few days after his arrival, in his eighty-sixth year.

Skinner resembles Ross in many points, as a man and as a poet. Both were of equally happy and contented dispositions, fond of the native manners and music; and both were skilful players on the violin. They both excelled in Latin composition, and lived to about the same age, in the same spot to which they had been appointed in youth. Skinner, though devout, was devoid of either political or ecclesiastical narrowness; and the same may be said of Ross, whose wife was of the Roman Catholic persuasion; and lastly, each of them is best known by a single contribution to our song literature, which excited the admiration of the greatest master of the lyre which our own or any country has yet produced.

Besides his poems, which were published in a collected form, and entitled *Amusements of Leisure Hours, &c.*, Skinner wrote an *Ecclesiastical History of Scotland*, as well as several theological treatises.

TULLOCHGORUM.

COME, gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside;
What signifies 't for folk to chide

For what's been done before them?

Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree

To drop their Whig-mig-morum.

Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend this night in mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing, along wi' me,
The reel of Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight;
It gars us a' in ane unite;
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.

Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a',

And mak' a cheerfu' quorum.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needna be sae great a phrase
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys

For half a hundred score o' 'em.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum.

They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their allegros, and a' the rest,
They canna please a Highland taste,
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let worldly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fear of want, and double cess,
And sullen sots themselves distress

Wi' keeping up decorum:
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,

Like auld Philosophorum?

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
And canna rise to shake a fit
At the reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend
Each honest open-hearted friend;
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's good watch o'er him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o' 'em!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstained by any vicious blot;
And may he never want a groat,
That's fond of Tullochgorum!

But for the discontented fool,
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And nane say, Wae's me for 'im!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
The reel of Tullochgorum!

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

O, WERE I able to rehearse,
My ewie's praise in proper verse,
I'd sound it out as loud and fierce
As ever piper's drone could blaw.
My ewie wi' the crookit horn!
A' that kenn'd her would ha'e sworn,
Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
Hereabouts nor far awa'.

She neither needed tar nor keel,
To mark her upon hip or heel ;
Her crookit hornie did as weel
To ken her by amang them a'.

She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
But keepit aye her ain jog-trot ;
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
Was never sweir to lead nor ca'.

A better nor a thrifter beast,
Nae honest man need e'er ha'e wish'd ;
For, silly thing, she never miss'd
To ha'e ilk year a lamb or twa.

The first she had I ga'e to Jock,
To be to him a kind o' stock ;
And now the laddie has a flock
Of mair than thretty head and twa.

The neist I ga'e to Jean ; and now
The bairn's sae braw, has faulds sae fu',
That lads sae thick come her to woo,
They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.

Cauld nor hunger never dang her,
Wind or rain could never wrang her ;
Ance she lay an ouk and langer
Forth aneath a wreath o' snaw.

When other ewies lap the dyke,
And ate the kale for a' the tyke,
My ewie never play'd the like,
But teezed about the barn wa'.

I lookit aye at even for her,
Lest mishanter should come ower her,
Or the foumart micht devour her,
Gin the beastie bade awa'.

Yet, last ouk, for a' my keeping,
(Wha can tell o't without greeting ?)
A villain cam', when I was sleeping,
Staw my ewie, horn and a'.

I socht her sair upon the morn,
And down aneath a bush o' thorn,
There I fand her crookit horn,
But my ewie was awa'.

But gin I had the loon that did it,
I ha'e sworn as weel as said it,
Although the laird himsell forbid it,
I sall gi'e his neck a thraw.

I never met wi' sic a turn :
At e'en I had baith ewe and horn
Safe steekit up ; but, 'gain the morn,
Baith ewe and horn were stown awa'.

A' the claes that we ha'e worn,
Frae her and hers sae aft was shorn ;
The loss o' her we could ha'e borne,
Had fair-strae death ta'en her awa'.

O, had she died o' croup or cauld,
As ewies die when they grow auld,
It hadna been, by mony fauld,
Sae sair a heart to ane o' us a'.

But thus, puir thing, to lose her life,
Beneath a bluidy villain's knife ;
In troth, I fear that our gudewife
Will never get abune 't ava.

O, all ye bards benorth Kinghorn,
Call up your muses, let them mourn
Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Frae us stown, and fell'd and a' !

OLD AGE.

O ! WHY should old age so much wound
us, O ?
There is nothing in't all to confound us,
O ?

For how happy now am I,
With my old wife sitting by,
And our bairns and our oyes all around
us, O,
We began in the world wi' naething, O,
And we've jogged on and toiled for the
ae thing, O ;

We made use of what we had,
And our thankfu' hearts were glad,
When we got the bit meat and the clath-
ing, O.

We have lived all our lifetime contented,
O,
Since the day we became first acquainted,
O ;

It's true we've been but poor,
And we are so to this hour,
Yet we never pined nor lamented, O.
We ne'er thought o' schemes to be
wealthy, O,
By ways that were cunning or stealthie,
O ;

But we always had the bliss—
And what farther could we wiss?—
To be pleased wi' ourselves and be
healthy, O.

What though we canna boast of our
guineas, O,
We have plenty of Jockies and Jeanies,
O ;

And these, I'm certain, are
More desirable by far,
Than a pock full of poor yellowsteenies, O.
We have seen many a wonder and ferlie,
O,

Of changes that almost are yearlie, O,
Among rich folks up and down,
Both in country and in town,
Who now live but scrimply and barely, O.

Then why should people brag of prosper-
ity, O ?

A straitened life, we see, is no rarity, O ;
Indeed, we've been in want,
And our living been but scant,
Yet we never were reduced to need
charity, O.

In this house we first came together, O,
Where we've long been a father and
mother, O ;

And though not of stone and lime,
It will last us a' our time ;
And I hope we shall never need anither, O.

And when we leave this poor habita-
tion, O,
We'll depart with a good commendation,
O ;

We'll go hand in hand, I wiss,
To a better house than this,
To make room for the next genera-
tion, O.

Then why should old age so much wound
us, O ?

There is nothing in't all to confound us, O ;
For how happy now am I,
With my auld wife sitting by,
And our bairns and our oyes all around
us, O !

JOHN HOME.

1722—1808.

JOHN HOME, although the writer of eight other tragedies and comedies, besides an account of the rebellion of 1745. (known to students of Scottish history as of little value), is only remembered as the author of *Douglas*. It is one of the few dramatic essays on a Scottish subject ; yet *Macbeth* proves

that Scottish history affords a worthy field for genius to exercise its highest powers upon.

Home was a descendant of a scion of the Earls of Home, a family that has given several names to literature. His father was town-clerk of Leith ; and here the poet was born in 1722. He

was educated at the University of Edinburgh for the ministry of the Church of Scotland ; and while a probationer, took part as a volunteer, in the rebellion of 1745-6, on the royal side. He was present at the Battle of Falkirk, and, being taken prisoner, was confined in Doune Castle, from which however he contrived to make his escape with some others, by means of their blankets used as ropes.

In 1746, he was appointed parish minister of Athelstaneford, as the successor of Blair, the author of *The Grave*.

His first attempt in literature was a tragedy entitled *Agis*, written in 1749, with which he proceeded to London, in the hope of getting Garrick to produce it at Drury Lane Theatre. In this he was not successful; yet though temporarily discouraged, he did not despair; and, having in 1755 produced *Douglas*, he again repaired to London, but met with a similar reception from Garrick, who pronounced his tragedy unfit for the stage.

In 1756, he got it produced in the Canongate theatre, Edinburgh, and it became immensely popular. Yet the production of a play for the theatre—reckoned by the religious community of Scotland as the “Synagogue of Satan”—however harmless, or even pure, was too much for the temper of the Presbytery, and Home was obliged to resign his charge, while some of his ministerial friends, who had gone to see *Douglas* acted, incurred the censure of the Church.

Deprived of his living, Home again repaired to London, and, through the influence of Lord Bute, got *Douglas* re-

presented at Drury Lane, where it met with such a hearty reception that Garrick now consented to produce *Agis*—himself and Mrs Cibber taking the chief characters. The *Siege of Aquileia* was Home's next production for the stage, but it failed to interest the public.

In 1760, he published his tragedies, in a volume dedicated to the Prince of Wales, to whom he was introduced by his friend Lord Bute; and through the same medium he obtained a pension of £300 a-year, besides the office of conservator of Scots privileges at Campvere, with a salary of £300 per annum.

In 1779, he returned to Edinburgh, where he mixed in the best society, and enjoyed the friendship of the distinguished literary men who then adorned the Scottish capital. The *History of the Rebellion* was his last work. Having outlived all his literary associates, he died in 1808, at the ripe age of eighty-six, and was buried at Leith.

Douglas, on which Home's literary fame alone depends, is founded on the ballad of “Gil Morice,” and when first acted in the Canongate theatre, what is now Lady Randolph, was then Lady Barnard. The change had been made on its production at Drury Lane. As a dramatic performance it is of little account, being properly a poem in a dramatized form, and fitter for recitation than for being acted; indeed, its declamatory speeches, viewed as a poem, are its chief beauties; but their oratorical tendency, due to the prevailing style of the times, is a weakness. We give an analysis of the story, and favourable specimens of the poetry; and add the ballad of “Gil Morice,” of which Home

has made but a limited and legitimate use.

A collected edition of Home's works, with a life by Henry Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling," was published in three volumes, Edinburgh, 1822.

THE STORY OF THE TRAGEDY OF DOUGLAS,

IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.

ONE of those inveterate family feuds, like that which forms the groundwork of Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, existed between the Douglasses of Liddesdale and (we shall assume) the Graemes of Teviotdale; for the Graemes of Stirlingshire came at an early date from the Borders, about the reign of Alexander III., the assumed date of the tragedy. The feud was kept up, notwithstanding the removal of the Graemes into Stirlingshire.

In one of the battles of the time, the son and heir of Sir Malcolm Graeme saved the life of the son of Douglas, an event which led to the closest secret friendship between the young men. Douglas visited Graeme at Balarmo, his father's seat on the Carron Water, under an assumed name; and here Matilda Graeme and he fell in love, and got secretly married, her brother and the priest only being privy to the secret. Shortly after, both young warriors, accompanied by the priest, left for the wars, and all fell in the same battle.

Lady Douglas, now Sir Malcolm's heir, and the last of her race, about the same time gave birth to a son, and knowing her father's hatred of the house of

Douglas, she resolved to keep him ignorant of her connection with it. She arranged to have her child concealed till her father's death should put her in possession of his estates. To this end she entrusted it to a confidential servant, to have it brought up as her sister's son. The nurse employed to carry the child to its new home was overtaken by a storm on the way, and in crossing the Carron was drowned. Her cries were heard by Norval, a tenant of Sir Malcolm's, who reached the river in time to save the child floating in a basket. Concealed amongst its clothes were some rich family jewels, and a sum of money. With the wealth thus acquired, Norval removed northward to the Grampian Hills, and bought flocks and herds; but his family all died, and young Douglas, who was brought up as his own son, alone survived.

In their neighbourhood lived a hermit, who in his youth fought in Palestine, and loved to relate his warlike exploits to young Norval, and instruct him in the art of war. So well did he profit by the hermit's instructions, that when a robber horde attacked their flocks, he slew their chief, and stript him of his arms, which so elated him that, having heard that a Danish invasion was imminent, he resolved to join his countrymen in repelling the invaders. Accompanied by his assumed father, he started for the Scottish camp.

His mother, meanwhile, plunged in the deepest sorrow for the loss of her husband and child, affected to mourn her brother's early fate; and her father, Sir Malcolm, anxious to see her married before his death, she accepted Lord Ran-

dolph's hand to relieve his anxiety. Yet she never ceased to mourn her secret bereavements, and was accustomed to indulge her sorrows in the solitude of the surrounding forest.

Lord Randolph having no family, made Glenalvon, a young warrior who gained his confidence, his heir. He, not content with his fair prospects, resolved to win the hand if not the heart of Lady Randolph, and to repay his benefactor by hiring ruffians to put him to death in the forest. His plot against Randolph's life would have succeeded, but for the timely arrival of young Norval, who killed two of the assassins, and put the others to flight. Randolph, thus rescued, invited Norval to his castle, and presented him to Lady Randolph as his deliverer. She manifested a special interest in him; while Randolph accompanied him to the Scottish camp, to introduce him to the king.

Meanwhile old Norval is brought to the castle, suspected of being one of the assassins, and, having the jewels of his reputed son in his keeping, is brought before Lady Randolph, who makes him account for his possession of them. This leads to his disclosing the story of young Douglas's rescue from drowning, and his history till the time of his rescue of Lord Randolph. Lady Randolph is now satisfied that her husband's deliverer is none other than her own son—the son of Douglas. On his return with Randolph from the camp, she secretly informs him of his birth, and embraces him as his mother; but fearing the wily and treacherous Glenalvon, it is determined that in the meantime he shall keep his disguise as young Norval.

Glenalvon, while pretending to be Douglas's friend and guide, excites Randolph's jealousy regarding his reception by Lady Randolph, and undertakes to prove that they hold secret meetings in the forest, for purposes prejudicial to his honour. Randolph, led by Glenalvon, goes to the forest, and seeing Douglas in conference with Lady Randolph, attacks him. While they are engaged, Glenalvon resolves to remove both out of the way of his ambition, and wounds Douglas from behind, who, having disarmed Randolph, turns upon Glenalvon and puts him to death. Douglas's wound turns out to be mortal, and he dies, tended by his mother, who faints over his dead body. Randolph having learned the truth from Lady Randolph's maid, returns to the scene of conflict to find Douglas dead. Lady Randolph, having recovered consciousness, in her despair throws herself over a precipice, after which Randolph hurries to the field of battle, resolved not to survive his misfortunes.

DOUGLAS.

[LADY RANDOLPH ON THE SCOTCH
AND ENGLISH WARS.]

"WAR I detest; but war with foreign
foes,

Whose manners, language, and whose
looks are strange,

Is not so horrid, nor to me so hateful,
As that which with our neighbours oft we
wage.

A river here, there an ideal line

By fancy drawn, divides the sister king-
doms.

On each side dwells a people similar
As twins are to each other, valiant both;

Both for their valour famous through the world :

Yet will they not unite their kindred arms ;
And, if they must have war, wage distant war ;

Not with each other fight in cruel conflict.
Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
The battle is their pastime. They go forth

Gay in the morning as to summer sport :
When evening comes, the glory of the morn,

The youthful warrior is a clod of clay,
Thus fall the prime of either hapless land ;
And such the fruit of Scots and English wars.

[LORD RANDOLPH'S REPLY.]

I'll hear no more : this melody would make

A soldier drop his sword, and doff his arms,

Sit down and weep the conquests he has made :

Yea, like a monk, sing rest and peace in heaven

To souls of warriors in his battles slain.

Lady, farewell ; I leave thee not alone ;
Yonder comes one whose love makes duty light.

[DOUGLAS' ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.]

My name is Norval : on the Grampian hills

My father feeds his flocks : a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,

And keep his only son, myself, at home :
For I had heard of battles, and I longed
To follow to the field some warlike lord ;
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.

This moon, which rose last night, round as my shield,

Had not yet filled her horns, when, by her light,

A band of fierce barbarians from the hills,
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled

For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow and quiverfull of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took ; then hastened to my friends,

Whom with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.

We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,

An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,

Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.

Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life ; and, having heard

That our good king had summon'd his bold peers

To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps—
Yon trembling coward who forsook his master.

Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers,

And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

[GLENALVON'S ESTIMATE OF WOMAN.]

Amen ! and virtue is its own reward !

I think, that I have hit the very tone
In which she loves to speak. Honey'd assent,

How pleasing art thou to the taste of man,
And woman also ! Flattery direct
Seldom disgusts. They little know mankind

Who doubt its operation ; 'tis my key,
And opes the wicket of the human heart.

How far I have succeeded now, I know
not ;
Yet I incline to think her stormy virtue
Is lull'd awhile ; 'tis her alone I fear :
Whilst she and Randolph live, and live
in faith
And amity, uncertain is my tenure.
Fate o'er my head suspends disgrace
and death,
By that weak hair, a peevish female's will.
I am not idle ; but the ebbs and flows
Of fortune's tide cannot be calculated.
That slave of Norval's I have found most
apt! :
I show'd him gold, and he has pawn'd his
soul
To say and swear whatever I suggest.
Norval, I'm told, has that alluring look,
'Twixt man and woman, which I have
observed
To charm the nicer and fantastic dames,
Who are, like Lady Randolph, full of
virtue.
In raising Randolph's jealousy, I may
But point him to the truth. He seldom
errs
Who thinks the worst he can of woman-
kind.

[HOW DOUGLAS LEARNED THE ART OF
WAR.]

Small is the skill my lord delights to
praise
In him he favours. Hear from whence it
came :
Beneath a mountain's brow, the most
remote
And inaccessible, by shepherds trod,
In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit lived, a melancholy man !
Who was the wonder of our wandering
swains :
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
Did they report him ; the cold earth his
bed,

Water his drink, his food the shepherd's
alms.
I went to see him, and my heart was
touch'd
With reverence and pity. Mild he spake.
And, entering on discourse, such stories
told,
As made me oft revisit his sad cell :
For he had been a soldier in his youth,
And fought in famous battles, when the
peers
Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
Against the usurping Infidel displayed
The blessed cross, and won the Holy
Land.
Pleased with my admiration, and the fire
His speech struck from me, the old man
would shake
His years away, and act his young en-
counters :
Then, having showed his wounds, he'd
sit him down,
And all the live-long day discourse of war.
To help my fancy, in the smooth green
turf
He cut the figures of the marshalled hosts ;
Described the motions, and explained the
use
Of the deep column, and the lengthened
line,
The square, the crescent, and the phalanx
firm :
For all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit
known.

[THE QUARREL OF DOUGLAS AND
GLENALVON.]

Glenalvon.

His port I love : he's in a proper mood
To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd.
Has Norval seen the troops ?

Douglas.

The setting sun,
With yellow radiance lightened all the vale,

And, as the warriors moved, each polished
helm,
Corslet, or spear, glanced back his gilded
beams.
The hill they climbed, and, halting at its
top,
Of more than mortal size, tow'ring, they
seemed
An host angelic, clad in burning arms.

Glenalvon.

Thou talk'st it well; no leader of our host
In sounds more lofty speaks of glorious
war.

Douglas.

If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful
admiration
Vents itself freely; since no part is mine
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.

Glenalvon.

You wrong yourself, brave sir; your
martial deeds
Have rank'd you with the great. But
mark me, Norval;
Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your
youth
Above his veterans of former service.
Let me, who know these soldiers, coun-
sel you.
Give them all honour: seem not to com-
mand;
Else they will scarcely brook your late
sprung power,
Which nor alliance props, nor birth
adorns.

Douglas.

Sir, I have been accustom'd all my days
To hear and speak the plain and simple
truth;
And though I have been told, that there
are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak
their scorn,

Yet in such language I am little skilled;
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his coun-
sel,
Although it sounded harshly. Why re-
mind
Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my
power
With such contemptuous terms?

Glenalvon.

I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now I see is
great.

Douglas.

My pride!

Glenalvon.

Suppress it, as you wish to prosper.
Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Ran-
dolph's sake,
I will not leave you to its rash direction.
If thus you swell and frown at high-born
men,
Think you, will they endure a shepherd's
scorn?

Douglas.

A shepherd's scorn!

Glenalvon.

Yes; if you presume
To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
As if you took the measure of their minds,
And said in secret, You're no match for
me,
What will become of you?

Douglas.

If this were told!—
Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous
self?

Glenalvon.

Ha! dost thou threaten me?

Douglas.

Didst thou not hear?

Glenalvon.

Unwillingly I did; a nobler foe
Had not been questioned thus: but such
as thee—

<i>Douglas.</i> Whom dost thou think me?	Perhaps I should revile ; but as I am, I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
<i>Glenalvon.</i> Norval.	Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.
So I am— And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?	Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour, And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
<i>Glenalvon.</i> A peasant's son, a wandering beggar boy ; At best no more ; even if he speaks the truth.	I'd tell thee—what thou art. I know thee well.
<i>Douglas.</i> False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth?	<i>Glenalvon.</i> Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to command Ten thousand slaves like thee?—
<i>Glenalvon.</i> Thy truth ! thou'rt all a lie ; and false as hell Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.	<i>Douglas.</i> Villain, no more ! Draw, and defend thy life. I did design To have defied thee in another cause ; But Heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.
<i>Douglas.</i> If I were chain'd, unarm'd, and bed-rid old,	Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs !

ANONYMOUS POETRY.

GIL MORICE.

[The origin of this very popular ballad is involved in mystery. It first appeared in print about the time (1756) that Home's tragedy of *Douglas*, of which it forms the germ, was first acted in an Edinburgh theatre ; and the fact of its relation to *Douglas* was stated in the title of the copy then hawked about the country. The heroine, Lady Barnard, was the original name of Home's Lady Randolph.

Motherwell, who has gone at some length into the question of its production, says that, "If any reliance is to

be placed on the traditions of that part of the country where the scene of the ballad is laid, we shall be enforced to believe that it is founded on facts which occurred at some remote period of Scottish history. The "greenwood" of the ballad was the ancient forest of Dundaff, in Stirlingshire ; and Lord Barnard's castle is said to have occupied a precipitous cliff overhanging the water of Carron, on the lands of Halbertshire." Whether the ballad ever had any traditional kernel or not, none of the authorities consider its present form to be much older than *Douglas*. It has a strong family likeness to *Hardvknute*.]

I.

GIL MORICE was an earl's son ;
His name it waxed wide ;
It was nae for his great riches,
Nor yet his meikle pride.

II.

His face was fair, lang was his hair,
In greenwood he did bide ;
But his fame was for a lady gay,
That lived on Carron side.

III.

Gil Morice sat in gude greenwood,
He whistled and he sang :
"Where shall I get a bonnie boy
That will my errand gang ?

IV.

"Where shall I get a bonnie boy
That will win hose and shoon :
That will gae to Lord Barnard's hall,
And tryst ' his ladye doon ? "

V.

"And ye maun gae³ my errand, Willie ;
And ye maun gae with pride ;
When other boys gae on their foot,
On horseback ye shall ride."

VI.

"Oh no, oh no, my master dear !
I darena, for my life ;
I'll no gae to the bauld baron's,
For to tryst forth his wife."

VII.

"My bird, Willie, my boy, Willie,
My dear Willie," he said ;
"How can ye strive against the stream ?
For I shall be obey'd."

VIII.

"But oh, my master dear," he cried,
"In greenwood ye're your lane ;
Gie o'er sic thochts, I wou'd ye rede,⁴
For fear ye shou'd be ta'en."

IX.

"Haste, haste, I say, gae to the hall,
Bid her come here with speed :
If ye refuse my high command,
I'll gar your body bleed.

X.

"And bid her take this gay mantle—
'Tis all gowd¹ but the hem,—
Bid her come to the gude greenwood,
And bring nane but her lane.

XI.

"And there it is a silken sark,²
Her ane hand sew'd the sleeve ;
And bid her come to Gil Morice—
Speir³ nae bauld baron's leave."

XII.

"Yes, I will gae your black erran
Though it be to your cost ;
Since ye by me will nae be warn'd,
It's ye shall find the frost.

XIII.

"The baron he is a man of might,
He ne'er cou'd bide to taunt ;
As ye will see before it's night,
How small ye hae to vaunt.

XIV.

"And since I maun your errand rin,
Sae sair against my will,
I'se make a vow, and keep it trow,
It shall be done for ill."

XV.

And when he came to broken brig,
He bent his bow and swam ;
And when he came to grass growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

XVI.

And when he came to Barnard's hall,
Wou'd neither chap⁴ nor call ;
But set his bent bow to his breast,
And lightly lap the wall.

¹ Engage. ² Down. ³ Must go. ⁴ Advise.

¹ Gold. ² Shirt. ³ Ask. ⁴ Knock.

XVII.

He wou'dna tell the man his errand,
Though he stood at the gate ;
But straight into the hall he came,
Where they were sat at meat.

XVIII.

" Hail ! hail ! my gentle sire and dame !
My message winna' wait ;
Dame, ye maun to the gude greenwood,
Before that it be late.

XIX.

" Ye're bidden take this gay mantle—
'Tis all gowd but the hem ;
You maun gae to the gude greenwood,
E'en by yoursel' alane.

XX.

" And there it is, a silken sark ;
Your ain hand sew'd the sleeve ;
Ye maun gae speak to Gil Morice,
Speir nae bauld baron's leave."

XXI.

The ladye stampit with her foot,
And winkit with her e'e ;
But all that she cou'd say or do,
Forbidden he wou'dna be.

XXII.

" It's surely to my bow'r-woman ;
It ne'er cou'd be to me."
" I brought it to Lord Barnard's ladye ;
I trow that ye be she."

XXIII.

Then up and spake the wylie nurse,
(The bairn upon her knee),
" If it be come frae Gil Morice,
It's dear welcome to me."

XXIV.

" Ye lee, ye lee, ye filthy nurse,
Sae loud I heard ye lee ;
I brought it to Lord Barnard's ladye ;
I trow ye be na she."

XXV.

Then up and spake the bauld baron,
An angry man was he :
He's ta'en the table with his foot,
Sae has he with his knee,

¹ Will not.

Till siller cup and mazer¹ dish
In flinders he gar'd flee.

XXVI.

" Gae, bring a robe of your cleiding,²
That hings upon the pin ;
And I'll gae to the gude greenwood,
And speak with your leman."³

XXVII.

" Oh, bide at hame now, Lord Barnard,
I rede ye bide at hame ;
Ne'er wyte⁴ a man for violence,
That ne'er wyte ye with nane."

XXVIII.

Gil Morice sat in gude greenwood,
He whistled and he sang :
" Oh, what mean all the folk coming ?
My mother tarries lang."

XXIX.

His hair was like the threads of gold,
Drawn frae Minerva's loom ;
His lips like roses drapping dew,
His breath was all perfume.

XXX.

His brow was like the mountain snow,
Gilt by the morning beam ;
His cheeks like living roses glow,
His een like azure stream.

XXXI.

The boy was clad in robes of green,
Sweet as the infant spring ;
And like the mavis on the bush,
He gar'd the valleys ring.

XXXII.

The baron came to the greenwood
With meikle dule and care ;
And there he first spied Gil Morice
Kaiming⁵ his yellow hair,

XXXIII.

That sweetly waved around his face,
That face beyond compare ;
He sang sae sweet, it might dispel
All rage but fell despair.

¹ A large drinking dish.⁴ Blame.² Clothing.³ Lover.⁵ Combing.

XXXIV.

"Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gil Morice,
My ladye lo'ed thee weel;
The fairest part of my body
Is blacker than thy heel.

XXXV.

"Yet, ne'ertheless, now, Gil Morice,
For all thy great beautie,
Ye's rue the day ye e'er was born—
That head shall gae with me."

XXXVI.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slait it on a spear,¹
And through Gil Morice's fair body
He's gar'd cauld iron gae.

XXXVII.

And he has ta'en Gil Morice's head,
And set it on a spear;
The meanest man in all his train
Has gotten that head to bear.

XXXVIII.

And he has ta'en Gil Morice up,
Laid him across his steed,
And brought him to his painted bow'r,
And laid him on a bed.

XXXIX.

The ladye sat on castle wall,
Beheld baith dale and down;
And there she saw Gil Morice's head
Come trailing to the town.

XL.

"Far better I lo'e that bluidy head,
Both and that yellow hair,
Than Lord Bernard and all his lands,
As they lig² here and there!"

XLI.

And she has ta'en her Gil Morice,
And kiss'd baith mouth and chin:
"Oh, better I lo'e my Gil Morice
Than all my kith and kin!"

XLII.

"I got ye in my father's house,
With meikle grief and pain;
I brought thee up in gude greenwood,
Under the heavy rain.

XLIII.

"Oft have I by thy cradle sat,
And fondly seen thee sleep;
But now I gae about thy grave,
The saut¹ tears for to weep."

XLIV.

"Away, away, ye ill woman,
And an ill death may ye dee:
If I had kenn'd he'd been your son,
He'd ne'er been slain for me."

XLV.

"Upbraid me not, my Lord Barnard!
Upbraid me not, for shame!
With that same spear, oh, pierce my heart,
And put me out of pain!"

XLVI.

"Since nothing but Gil Morice's head
Thy jealous rage cou'd quell,
Let that same hand now take her life
That ne'er to thee did ill.

XLVII.

"To me nae after-days nor nights
Will e'er be saft and kind;
I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
And greet² till I am blind."

XLVIII.

"Enough of blood by me's been spilt;
Seek not your death frae me;
I'd lever loured³ it had been mysel'
Than either him or thee.

XLIX.

"With waeful heart I hear your plaint;
Sair, sair, I rue the deed,
That e'er this curs'd hand of mine
Had gar'd his body bleed.

L.

"Dry up your tears, my winsome dame,
Ye ne'er can heel his wound;

¹ Meaning obscure.² Lie, extend.³ Salt.² Weep.³ Rather prefer.

Ye see his head upon the spear,
His heart's bluid on the ground.

LI.

"I curse the hand that did the deed,
The heart that thought the ill ;
The feet that bore me with sic speed,
The comely youth to kill.

LII.

"I'll aye lament for Gil Morice,
As if he were mine ain ;
I'll ne'er forget the dreary day
On which the youth was slain."

LIII.

She heard him speak, but fell despair
Sat rooted in her heart ;
She heard him, and she heard nae mair,
Though sair she rued the smart.

LIV.

Fast to the steep high craig¹ she ran,
That o'er the water hung :
"I come, I come, dear Gil Morice !"
And down herself she flung.

LV.

Syne word came to Lord Barnard's hall ;
"Fye, fye ! gar run with speed ;
My ladye o'er the craig did fall ;
I fear ere this she's dead."

LVI.

"'Twas me, 'twas me that kill'd the dame ;
'Twas me Gil Morice slew :
Oh, how I've blasted all my fame,
And all my honour true !

LVII.

"But soon, soon will I make amends :
My horse gar saddle swift ;
Farewell, farewell, my merry men !"
And off he flew like drift.

LVIII.

He came where Scotland's valiant sons
Their fierce invaders fought ;
Among the thickest fight he runs,
And meets the death he sought.

¹ Rock.

O WALY, WALY.

O waly, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae.
And waly, waly by yon burnside,
Where I and my love wont to gae.
I leaned my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree ;
But first it bowed, and syne it brak',
Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, but love be bonny
A little time while it is new ;
But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like morning dew.
O wherefore should I busk my head ?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair ?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me :
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true love's forsaken me.
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blow,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree ?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come ?
For of my life I am weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemency ;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow toun,
We were a comely sight to see ;
My love was clad in black velvet,
And I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kiss'd,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, oh, if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel' were dead and gane,
For a maid again I never shall be !

MRS COCKBURN.

1712—1794.

OF the sociality, the ready wit, and the irrepressible vivacity of Mrs Cockburn, a most ample and faithful record is preserved in her letters; but her right to a place among the poets of Scotland is due to her being the author of one of the two beautiful lyrics known as *The Flowers of the Forest*.

Alice or Alison Rutherford—for that was her maiden name, the daughter of Robert Rutherford of Fairnalee—was born at the family mansion in Selkirkshire, in 1712. Little is known of her youth, except that she was a great beauty; and it may be inferred from her letters that she received the best education that it was then customary to give to girls of her social rank. Referring to her youth, she herself says: "I was a prude when young, and remarkably grave; it was owing to a consciousness that I could not pass unobserved, and a fear of giving offence, or incurring censure. I loved dancing exceedingly, because I danced well." In 1731, she was married to Patrick Cockburn, advocate, who died in 1753, leaving an only son. She survived her husband forty years, and died in 1794, at the age of eighty-two. She was buried in Buccleuch Churchyard, Edinburgh.

Her version of *The Flowers of the Forest* is said to have been written before her marriage—a fact which, if true, would make this beautiful lyric the composition of a young girl of eighteen. The air to which it is sung,

(9)

and the refrain, are those of an old song, now lost, on the fall of so many of the natives of Ettrick Forest at the battle of Flodden. There is some doubt about the occasion of Mrs Cockburn's song, but Dr Robert Chambers records, on Sir Walter Scott's authority, that it was written in consequence of the unfortunate bankruptcy of several border gentlemen. Sir Walter from boyhood was well acquainted with Mrs Cockburn, and was a special favourite of hers.

Her letters convey a remarkably vivid picture of Edinburgh social life during the time when she flourished as one of its chief ornaments,—a time of great interest from a national and a literary point of view. They have never been published entire, but pretty copious extracts are given in *The Songstresses of Scotland*, London, 1871. They were known and appreciated in manuscript by Scott.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've seen the smiling
Of fortune beguiling;
I've felt all its favours, and found its
decay:
Sweet was its blessing,
Kind its caressing;
But now 'tis fled—fled far away.

I've seen the forest
Adorned the foremost
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant
and gay;

2 K

Sae bonnie was their blooming !
 Their scent the air perfuming !
 But now they are wither'd and a' wede²
 away.

I've seen the morning
 With gold the hills adorning,
 And loud tempest storming before the
 mid-day.
 I've seen Tweed's sillar streams,
 Glittering in the sunny beams,

Grow drumly and dark as they row'd³ on
 their way.

O fickle Fortune !
 Why this cruel sporting ?
 Oh, why still perplex us, poor sons of
 a day ?
 Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
 Nae mair your frowns can fear me ;
 For the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede
 away.

JANE ELLIOT.

1727—1805.

JANE, or according to the Scotch rendering, Jean Elliot, although fifteen years Mrs Cockburn's junior, we place immediately after her sister-poetess, on account of their both owing their laudels to what may be called twin lyrics. Both compositions are beautiful, yet they cannot be said to borrow a single feature from one another ; for they derive the air and the refrain from the same traditionary source. It has been remarked, and perhaps correctly, that Mrs Cockburn's sings best, but that Miss Elliot's is the most poetical. It certainly has caught the tone and spirit, and treats of the proper subject, of the ancient relics that suggested it, which the other does not.

Miss Elliot was the daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot, the second baronet of Minto ; and the third baronet, Sir Gilbert, the author of *Amynta*, was her brother. She was born at Minto House, not far from the banks of the Teviot, in Roxburghshire, in 1727. As might be

expected, she received an excellent education, and was characterized by those hereditary traits of sagacity and capacity which distinguished her family. It is related that, in 1745, when in her nineteenth year, her self-possession so imposed upon a party of Jacobites, who made their appearance at the house in search of her father (who was a staunch Whig) before he could escape beyond Minto Crag, in the immediate neighbourhood, that they left without making any further search ; judging, from the absence of any signs of anxiety on the part of their young entertainer, that the object of their search must have been safe beyond their reach.

Her version of *The Flowers of the Forest* is said to have originated in a wager by her brother Gilbert, who ventured a pair of gloves, or a set of ribbons, on the chance of her composing a ballad on the battle of Flodden. It need not be doubted that he paid his forfeit with a good grace on the produc-

² Weeded.³ Rolled.

tion of *The Flowers of the Forest*. Miss Elliot was in her twenty-eighth year when she wrote it; but its success did not stimulate her ambition to further efforts, nor even to acknowledging the authorship; for it was circulated anonymously as an old ballad recovered.

Being unmarried, on her brother's succession to the baronetcy, she went to reside in Edinburgh with her mother, and here she lived till 1804. Having gone to live with her friends in Teviotdale, she died on the 29th March 1805, in her seventy-eighth year. *The Flowers of the Forest* was traced to her authorship by Sir Walter Scott, Ramsay of Ochertyre, and Dr Somerville.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard them liltin'¹ at our yowe-milking,

Lasses a' liltin' before the dawn o' day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning²—

The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,³

The lasses are lonely and dowie and wae;⁴

Nae daffin', nae gabbin',⁵ but sighing and sabbing,

Ilk⁶ ane lifts her leglen,⁷ and hies her away.

In hairst,¹ at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,

The bandsters² are lyart³ and runkled and grey;

At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,⁴—

The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming,⁵ nae swankies⁶ are roaming

'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle⁷ to play;

But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie,—

The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border,

The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;

The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost,

The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liltin' at the yowe-milking,

Women and bairns are heartless and wae;

Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—

The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

¹ Singing or playing.

² Every green meadow.

³ Teasing about their sweethearts.

⁴ Sad and woeful.

⁵ Romping and talking.

⁶ Each.

⁷ Milk-pail.

¹ Harvest.

² Those who tie the sheaves.

³ Grey-haired.

⁴ Flattering.

⁵ Evening.

⁶ Smart young fellows.

⁷ A species of hide-and-seek.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

1722—1777.

THE Elliots have the distinction of being a musical, a poetical, an eloquent, and a political family. Sir Gilbert, the second baronet, was the first to introduce the German flute into Scotland.

His son, Sir Gilbert, the third baronet, the author of *Amynta*, was born in 1722, at the family seat in Roxburghshire. He was educated for the Scottish bar, and for the space of twenty years represented the counties of Roxburgh and Selkirk in Parliament, where he was distinguished as a speaker. In 1763, he became Treasurer of the Navy; and, on the death of his father, in 1766, he succeeded him in the office of Keeper of the Signet in Scotland. In 1777, his health having given way, he sought the benefit of the milder climate of the south of France, but without effect; for he died at Marseilles that same year.

His son, Sir Gilbert, the fourth baron, who was some time Governor-general of India, was raised to the peerage as Lord Minto; and his sister Jane is the authoress of the beautiful lyric, "The Flowers of the Forest." His own poetic fame, like that of the accomplished Baron of Penicuik, depends on a single song, which, about the same time as "The Miller," first appeared

in *The Charmer*. He was a man of varied literary culture, and carried on a philosophical correspondence with David Hume.

AMYNTA.

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow?
Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love!
Oh, fool! to imagine that aught could subdue
A love so well-founded, a passion so true!
Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;
Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be thine:
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.

ADAM SKIRVING.

1719—1803.

PERHAPS no better example of what is so easy to feel, yet so difficult to define—dry Scotch humour—could be selected than Skirving's "Johnnie Cope." It has a dramatic vividness in its banter unequalled since Sir John Suckling's supposed witty pasquil upon his own military exploits in Scotland, when—

"Sir John he got on an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride-a,
With a hundred horse more, all his own
he swore,
To guard him on every side-a."

Its author, Adam Skirving, was a native of East Lothian, where he occupied the farm of Garelton, near Haddington, for many years. He wrote a ballad song, of no great merit, on the battle of Prestonpans, called "Tranent Muir," in which he reflects on the fugitive exploits and veracity of an Irish Lieutenant Smith, in terms which provoked the calumniated son of Erin to send him a challenge to meet him at Haddington. Skirving, who was a powerful but good-natured wag, is related by Burns to have said to Smith's messenger, "Gang awa back, and tell Mr Smith that I hae nae leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here, and I'll tak a look o' him, and if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him, and if no, I'll do as he did,—*I'll rin awa.*"

Several versions of "Johnnie Cope" are in existence, but mostly variations of Skirving's. The air and chorus may have previously existed, but if so, the popularity of his has so absorbed both

that they are only known in their present connection.

Skirving died in 1803, and was buried at Athelstaneford.

JOHNNIE COPE.

COPE sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
"Come, Charlie, meet me an ye daur,
And I'll teach you the art of war,
If you'll meet wi' me i' the morning."
Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?

Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye were wauking I would wait
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from;
"Come follow me, my merry merry men,
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the morning."
Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Now, Johnnie, be as gude's your word,
Come let us try baith fire and sword,
And dinna flee awa like a frightened bird,
That's chased frae its nest i' the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss
To hae a horse in readiness,
To flee awa i' the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Fy, now, Johnnie, get up and rin:
The Highland bagpipes make a din,
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluidie morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They speer'd at him, "Where's a' your
men?"

"The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning."
Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Now, Johnnie, troth ye were na blate,
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,

And leave your men in sic a strait,
So early in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

"I' faith," quo' Johnnie, "I got a fleg,
Wi' their claymores and philabegs;
If I face them again, deil break my legs!
So I wish you a very gude morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

WILLIAM FALCONER.

1732—1769.

WILLIAM FALCONER is the first poet that Edinburgh claims as a child of her own. She has been the nurse and the admired of many, before and after his time, but he, so far as is known to us, is her first poetic son; and so little did she regard the fact, that, for long after his disappearance among the mysteries of the ocean, it was unknown to his biographers where he first drew breath.

He is also the first of Scottish, if not of British, poets, who was a sailor by profession.

His father, a poor barber, had other two children, who were deaf and dumb. William, who was born on the 11th February 1732, seems to have got a fair education, but went to sea when quite a boy in a Leith merchant-ship. At the age of eighteen, he rose to be second mate in the *Britannia*, a vessel which traded to the Levant; and whose loss, off Cape Collona, is the subject of his *Shipwreck*—he and other two being the only survivors of the crew.

But the *Shipwreck* was not his first published venture. While residing in

his native city, in 1751, he there issued a poem on the "Death of Frederick Prince of Wales," but it shared the fate of most effusions of that kind; and had its author not produced something better, the fact of its existence would have passed into oblivion along with itself. In 1762, the *Shipwreck* made its appearance, with a dedication to the Duke of York.

Its success seems to have pleased his royal highness, for he procured the author a midshipman's appointment on board the *Royal George*. Falconer was soon afterwards promoted to be purser on the *Glory*, a frigate of 32 guns, which, on the conclusion of peace in 1763, was laid up at Sheerness. Here he married Miss Hicks, daughter of the surgeon to the dockyard.

A greatly enlarged edition of the *Shipwreck* appeared in 1764, besides a weak political satire on Pitt, Wilkes, and Churchill. He now also compiled his "Universal Marine Dictionary," a useful practical work.

In 1768, he was offered a partnership

by his fellow-townsmen, John Murray, originally an officer of marines, but then commencing his publishing career in London. The reason of his declining Murray's offer is not known; but that it did not abate their friendship appears from the fact that some verses addressed to Murray, intended for the third edition of the *Shipwreck*, were omitted in the hurry of his departure for India.

In October 1769 he sailed for India, as purser in the *Aurora*. The frigate reached the Cape of Good Hope in December, but was not afterwards heard of, and is supposed to have foundered, or taken fire, in the Mosambique Channel. A third edition of the *Shipwreck*, with considerable additions and alterations, was published the day previous to that on which he embarked on his last voyage. It is considered not to have been at all an improvement on the second; and the fact has been accounted for by supposing David Mallet to be responsible for the changes, in utter oversight of the fact that Mallet died in 1765.

There is nothing specially Scottish about the *Shipwreck*, either in treatment or subject, and it forms a part of Standard English Literature. That Falconer wrote nothing to indicate his nationality is easily accounted for by his early departure from his native shores; and his satire on Wilkes and Churchill, if it did nothing else, shows that he did not forget the land of his birth.

Since his death many editions of the *Shipwreck* have appeared, some adhering to the second, and some to the third edition; and others have been edited on

the principle of collating the author's three editions, and selecting the most poetical variations.

When done with taste, this is a legitimate enough process of producing a standard text, especially of a young author like Falconer, who had not written much, and whose profession did not admit of his cultivating literature largely as an art. It is not admissible, however, to travel beyond the author.

Byron, himself one of our greatest poetical lovers of the ocean, and well acquainted with the scene of the *Shipwreck*, has recorded his admiration of the poem, where the author has adhered to the subject of his own observations. It is very likely that his description of the dying dolphin, in *Childe Harold*, has been suggested by that of his predecessor.

THE SHIPWRECK.

[Specimens.]

THE POET'S APOLOGY.

Alas ! neglected by the sacred Nine,
Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine!
Ah ! will they leave Pieria's happy shore,
To plough the tide where wintry tempests
 roar ?

Or shall a youth approach their hallow'd
 fane,
Stranger to Phœbus and the tuneful
 train !

Far from the Muse's academic grove,
'Twas his the vast and tractless deep to rove.
Alternate change of climates has he known,
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone,
Where polar skies congeal th' eternal snow,
Or equinoctial suns for ever glow.

Smote by the freezing or the scorching
 blast,

"A ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,"

From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
To the bleak coasts of savage Labrador.
From where Damascus, pride of Asian
plains!

Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic
chains,

To where the Isthmus, lav'd by adverse
tides,

Atlantic and Pacific seas divides.
But while he measur'd o'er the painful race,
In Fortune's wild illimitable chase,
Adversity, companion of his way!

Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway;
Bade new distresses every instant grow,
Marking each change of place with change
of woe.

In regions where the Almighty's chasten-
ing hand

With livid pestilence afflicts the land;
Or where pale Famine blasts the hopeful
year,

Parent of want and misery severe!

Or where, all dreadful in the embattled line,
The hostile ships in flaming combat join;
Where the torn vessel wind and waves
assail,

Till o'er her crew distress and death pre-
vail;

Where'er he wander'd, thus vindictive Fate
Pursu'd his weary steps with lasting hate!
Rous'd by her mandate, storms of black
array

Winter'd the morn of life's advancing day;
Relax'd the sinews of the living lyre,
And quench'd the kindling spark of vital
fire.

Thus while forgotten or unknown he woos,
What hope to win the coy reluctant Muse!
Then let not censure, with malignant joy,
The harvest of his humble hope destroy!
His verse no laurel-wreath attempts to
claim,

Nor sculptur'd brass to tell the poet's name.
If terms uncouth, and jarring phrases,
would

The softer sense with inharmonious sound,
Yet here let listening sympathy prevail,
While conscious truth unfolds her piteous
tale!

RETROSPECT OF THE VOYAGE.

A ship from Egypt, o'er the deep im-
pell'd

By guiding winds, her course for Venice
held;

Of fam'd Britannia were the gallant crew,
And from that isle her name the vessel
drew.

The wayward steps of Fortune, that de-
lude

Full oft to ruin, eager they pursu'd,
And, dazzled by her visionary glare,
Advanc'd, incautious of each fatal snare;
Tho' warn'd full oft the slippery track to
shun,

Yet Hope, with flattering voice, betray'd
them on.

Beguil'd to danger thus, they left behind
The scene of peace, and social joy re-
sign'd.

Long absent they from friends and native
home,

The cheerless ocean were inur'd to roam;
Yet heaven, in pity to severe distress,
Had crown'd each painful voyage with
success:

Still, to atone for toils and hazards past,
Restor'd them to maternal plains at last.

Thrice had the sun, to rule th' varying
year,

Across th' equator roll'd his flaming sphere,
Since last the vessel spread her ample sail
From Albion's coast, obsequious to the
gale.

She o'er the spacious flood, from shore to
shore,

Unwearying wafted her commercial store.
The richest ports of Afric she had view'd,
Thence to fair Italy her course pursu'd;
Had left behind Trinacria's burning isle,

And visited the margin of the Nile.
And now that winter deepens round the
Pole,

The circling voyage hastens to its goal,
They, blind to Fate's inevitable law,
No dark event to blast their hope foresaw;
But from gay Venice soon expect to steer
For Britain's coast, and dread no perils
near.

A thousand tender thoughts their souls
employ,

That fondly dance to scenes of future joy.
Already British coasts appear to rise,
The chalky cliffs salute their longing eyes;
Each to his breast, where floods of rap-
ture roll,

Embracing, strains the mistress of his soul;
Nor less o'erjoyed, with sympathetic truth,
Each faithful maid expects th' approach-
ing youth :

In distant souls congenial passions glow,
And mutual feelings mutual bliss be-
stow—

Such shadowy happiness their thoughts
employ,

Illusion all, and visionary joy !

Thus time elaps'd, while o'er the pathless
tide

Their ship thro' Grecian seas the pilots
guide.

Occasion call'd to touch at Candia's shore,
Which, blest with favouring winds, they
soon explore ;

The haven enter, borne before the gale,
Dispatch their commerce, and prepare to
sail.

CANDIA, ITS PAST AND PRESENT STATE.

Eternal powers ! what ruins from afar
Mark the fell track of desolating war !
Here art and commerce, with auspicious
reign,

Once breath'd sweet influence on the
happy plain !

While o'er the lawn, with dance and fes-
tive song,

Young Pleasure led the jocund hours along.
In gay luxuriance Ceres too was seen
To crown the valleys with eternal green.
For wealth, for valour, courted and re-
vered,

What Albion is, fair Candia then appear'd.
Ah ! who the flight of ages can revoke ?

The free-born spirit of her sons is broke ;
They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke !
No longer fame their drooping heart in-
spires,

For stern oppression quench'd its genial
fires,

But still her fields, with golden harvest
crown'd,

Supply the barren shores of Greece around.
What sharp distress afflicts those wretched
isles !

There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure
never smiles ;

The vassal wretch obsequious drags his
chain,

And hears his famish'd babes lament in
vain.

These eyes have seen the dull reluctant
soil

A seventh year scorn the weary labourer's
toil.

No blooming Venus, on the desert shore,
Nor views, with triumph, captive gods
adore.

No lovely Helens now, with fatal charms,
Call forth th' avenging chiefs of Greece to
arms ;

No fair Penelopes enchant the eye,
For whom contending kings are proud to
die.

Here sullen beauty sheds a twilight ray,
While sorrow bids her vernal bloom decay.
Those charms, so long renown'd in classic
strains,

Had dimly shone on Albion's happier
plains !

CHARACTER OF THE MASTER, ALBERT.

O'er the gay vessel, and her daring band,
Experienc'd Albert held the chief command ;

Tho' train'd in boisterous elements, his
mind

Was yet by soft humanity refin'd.

Each joy of wedded love at home he knew,
Aboard confest the father of his crew !
Brave, liberal, just, the calm domestic
scene

Had o'er his temper breathed a gay serene.
Him science taught by mystic lore to trace
The planets wheeling in eternal race ;
To mark the ship in floating balance held,
By earth attracted and by seas repell'd ;
Or point her devious track thro' climes unknown,

That leads to every shore and every zone.
He saw the moon thro' heaven's blue concave glide,

And into motion charm th' expanding tide ;
While earth impetuous round her axle
rolls,

Exalts her wat'ry zone, and sinks the poles.
Light and attraction, from her genial
source,

He saw still wandering with diminish'd
force ;

While on the margin of declining day,
Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts
away.

Inur'd to peril, with unconquer'd soul,
The chief beheld tempestuous oceans roll ;
His genius, ever for the event prepar'd,
Rose with the storm, and all his dangers
shar'd.

FIRST MATE, RODMOND.

Rodmond the next degree to Albert
bore ;

A hardy son of England's further shore !
Where bleak Northumbria pours her
savage train

In sable squadrons o'er the northern main ;
That, with her pitchy entrails stor'd, resort,
A sooty tribe ! to fair Augusta's port.
Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands,
They claim the danger ; proud of skilful
bands !

For while with darkling course their ves-
sels sweep

The winding shore, or plough the faithless
deep,

O'er bar and shelf the watery path they
sound

With dexterous arm, sagacious of the
ground !

Fearless they combat every hostile wind,
Wheeling in mazy tracks with course in-
clined.

Expert to moor, where terrors line the
road ;

Or win the anchor from its dark abode :
But drooping and relax'd in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undisciplin'd in war.

Such Rodmond was ; by learning unrefin'd,
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind.
Boisterous of manners ; train'd in early
youth

To scenes that shame the conscious cheek
of truth :

To scenes that Nature's struggling voice
control,

And freeze compassion rising in the soul !
Where the grim hell-hounds, prowling
round the shore,

With foul intent the stranded bark ex-
plore ;

Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they
board,

While tardy Justice slumbers o'er her
sword :

Th' indignant Muse, severely taught to feel,
Shrinks from a theme she blushes to re-
veal !

Too oft example, arm'd with poisons fell,
Pollutes the shrine where mercy loves to
dwell.

Thus Rodmond, train'd by this unhallow'd crew,
 The sacred social passions never knew :
 Unskill'd to argue ; in dispute yet loud ;
 Bold without caution ; without honours proud ;
 In art unschool'd, each veteran rule he priz'd,
 And all improvement haughtily despis'd.
 Yet though full oft to future perils blind,
 With skill superior glow'd his daring mind,
 Through snares of death the reeling bark to guide,
 When midnight shades involve the raging tide.

ARION, SECOND MATE.

To Rodmond next, in order of command,
 Succeeds the youngest of our naval band.
 But what avails it to record a name
 That courts no rank among the sons of fame ?
 While yet a stripling, oft with fond alarms
 His bosom danc'd to nature's boundless charms ;
 On him fair science dawn'd, in happier hour,
 Awakening into bloom young fancy's flower ;
 But frowning fortune, with untimely blast
 The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'er-cast.
 Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree
 Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea ;
 With long farewell he left the laurel grove,
 Where science and the tuneful sisters rove.
 Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore
 Antiquities of nations now no more ;
 To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
 And range excursive o'er th' untravell'd zone.
 In vain !—for rude adversity's command,
 Still on the margin of each famous land,
 With unrelenting ire his steps oppos'd,

And every gate of hope against him clos'd.
 Permit my verse, ye blest Pierian train,
 To call Arion this ill-fated swain !
 For, like that bard unhappy, on his head
 Malignant stars their hostile influence shed.

Both, in lamenting numbers o'er the deep,
 With conscious anguish taught the harp to weep ;

And both the raging surge in safety bore
 Amid destruction panting to the shore.
 This last our tragic story from the wave
 Of dark oblivion haply yet may save ;
 With genuine sympathy may yet complain
 While sad remembrance bleeds at every vein.

SUNSET.

The sun's bright orb declining, all serene,
 Now glanc'd obliquely o'er the woodland scene ;
 Creation smiles around, on every spray
 The warbling birds exalt their evening lay,
 Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
 Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain :
 The golden lime and orange there were seen,
 On fragrant branches of perpetual green.
 The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
 To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
 The glassy ocean hush'd, forgets to roar,
 But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore :
 And lo ! his surface lovely to behold,
 Glows in the west, a sea of living gold !
 While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
 The skies with pomp ineffable array.
 Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains :
 Above, beneath, around, enchantment reigns !
 While yet the shades, on Time's eternal scale,
 With long vibration deepen o'er the vale ;

While yet the songsters of the vocal grove
With dying numbers tune the soul to love;
With joyful eyes the attentive master sees
Th' auspicious omens of the eastern breeze.

Now radiant Hesper leads the starry train,
And night slow draws her veil o'er land
and main.

Round the charg'd bowl the sailors form a
ring,

By turns recount the wondrous tale, or
sing,

As love or battle, hardships of the main,
Or genial wine, awake the homely strain;
Then some the watch of night alternate
keep,

The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SHIP.

The natives, while the ship departs their
land,

Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
Majestically slow, before the breeze,
She moved triumphant o'er the yielding
seas;

Her milk-white bottom cast a softer gleam
While trembling thro' the green trans-
lucent stream.

The wales, that close above in contrast
shone,

Clasp the long fabric with a jetty zone.
Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
Gaz'd o'er the vassal-wave that roll'd be-
low;

Where'er she mov'd, the vassal-waves
were seen

To yield obsequious, and confess their
queen.

Th' imperial trident grac'd her dexter
hand,

Of power to rule the surge, like Moses'
wand,

Th' eternal empire of the main to keep,
And guide her squadrons o'er the trem-
bling deep.

Her left propitious bore a mystic shield,
Around whose margin rolls the wat'ry
field.

There her bold Genius, in his floating car,
O'er the wild billows hurls the storm of
war;

And lo! the beasts, that oft with jealous
rage

In bloody combat met, from age to age,
Tam'd into Union, yok'd in friendship's
chain,

Draw his proud chariot round the van-
quish'd main,

From the broad margin to the centre grew
Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous
to the view!

Th' immortal shield from Neptune she
receiv'd,

When first her head above the waters
heav'd.

Loose floated o'er her limbs an azure vest;
A figur'd scutcheon glitter'd on her breast:
There, from one parent-soil, for ever
young,

The blooming rose and hardy thistle
sprung.

Around her head an oaken wreath was
seen,

Inwove with laurels of unfading green.
Such was the sculptur'd prow—from van
to rear,

Th' artillery frown'd, a black tremendous
tier!

Enbalm'd with orient gum, above the
wave,

The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.
On the broad stern a pencil warm and
bold,

That never servile rules of art controll'd,
An allegoric tale on high portray'd;

There a young hero; here a royal maid:
Fair England's Genius, in the youth ex-
prest,

Her ancient foe, but now her friend, con-
fess,

The warlike nymph with fond regard survey'd ;

No more his hostile frown her heart dismay'd.

His look, that once shot terror from afar,
Like young Alcides, or the god of war,
Serene as summer's evening skies she saw;
Serene, yet firm; tho' mild, impressing awe.
Her nervous arm, inur'd to toils severe,
Brandish'd th' unconquer'd Caledonian spear.

The dreadful falchion of the hills she wore,
Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore,
That oft her rivers dy'd with hostile gore.
Blue was her rocky shield ; her piercing eye

Flash'd like the meteors of her native sky.
Her crest, high-plumed, was rough with many a scar,

And o'er her helmet gleam'd the northern star.

The warrior youth appear'd of noble frame ;

The hardy offspring of some Runic dame.
Loose o'er his shoulders hung the slacken'd bow,

Renown'd in song, the terror of the foe !
The sword, that oft the barbarous North defy'd,

The scourge of tyrants ! glitter'd by his side.

Clad in refulgent arms, in battle won,
The George emblazon'd on his corslet shone.

Fast by his side was seen a golden lyre,
Pregnant with numbers of eternal fire ;
Whose strings unlock the witches' midnight spell,

Or waft rapt fancy through the gulfs of hell;
Struck with contagion, kindling Fancy hears

The songs of heaven ! the music of the spheres !

Borne on Newtonian wing, thro' air she flies,

Where other suns to other systems rise !
These front the scene conspicuous ; over head

Albion's proud oak his filial branches spread ;

While on the sea-beat shore obsequious stood,

Beneath their feet, the father of the flood.
Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,
Perched by the martial maid the bird of Jove ;

There on the watch, sagacious of his prey,

With eyes of fire, an English mastiff lay.
Yonder fair commerce stretch'd her wing'd sail ;

Here frowned the god that wakes the living gale :

High o'er the poop, the flattering winds unfurl'd

Th' imperial flag that rules the wat'ry world.

Deep-blushing armours all the tops invest,
And warlike trophies either quarter dress'd ;

There tower'd the masts ; the canvasswell'd on high ;

And waving streamers floated in the sky.
Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
Like some fair virgin on her bridal day.
Thus like a swan she cleaves the wat'ry plain,

The pride and wonder as the Ægean main !

THE DYING DOLPHIN.

And now, approaching near the lofty stern,

A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern.
From burnish'd scales they beam refulgent rays,

Till all the glowing ocean seems to blaze.
In curling wreaths they wanton on the tide,

Now bound aloft, now downward swiftly glide ;

Awhile beneath the waves their tracks remain,
 And burn in silverstreams along the liquid plain.
 Soon to the sport of death the crew repair,
 Dart the long lance, or spread the baited snare.
 One in redoubling mazes wheels along,
 And glides, unhappy! near the triple prong.
 Rodmond unerring o'er his head suspends
 The barbed steel, and every turn attends;
 Unerring aim'd, the missile weapon flew,
 And, plunging, struck the fated victim thro'.
 Th' upturning points his ponderous bulk sustain;
 On deck he struggles with convulsive pain.
 But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
 And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,
 What radiant changes strike th' astonish'd sight!
 What glowing hues of mingled shade and light!
 Not equal beauties gild the lucid west,
 With parting beams all o'er profuse ly drest.
 Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn,
 When orient dews impearl th' enamell'd lawn,
 Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
 That now with gold empyreal seem to glow;
 Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
 And emulate the soft celestial hue;
 Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye,
 And now assume the purple's deeper dye.
 But here description clouds each shining ray;
 What terms of art can nature's power display?

THE STORM : TRIMMING THE SHIP.
 Fair Candia now no more, beneath her lee,
 Protects the vessel from th' insulting sea:
 Round her broad arms, impatient of control,
 Roused from their secret deeps, the billows roll.
 Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly shore,
 And all the scene a hostile aspect wore.
 The flattering wind, that late with promised aid,
 From Candia's bay th' unwilling ship betray'd,
 No longer fawns beneath the fair disguise,
 But like a ruffian on his quarry flies.
 Toss'd on the tide, she feels the tempest blow,
 And dreads the vengeance of so fell a foe.
 As the proud horse, with costly trappings gay,
 Exulting prances to the bloody fray;
 Spurning the ground, he glories in his might,
 But reels tumultuous in the shock of fight;
 E'en so, caparison'd in gaudy pride,
 The bounding vessel dances on the tide.
 Fierce and more fierce the gathering tempest grew,
 And more incensed the southern demon blew.
 The ship no longer can her topsails spread,
 And every hope of fairer skies is fled.
 Bowlines and halliards are relax'd again;
 Clewlines haul'd down, and sheets let fly amain;
 Clued up each topsail, and by braces squar'd;
 The seamen climb aloft and man each yard.
 They furl the sail, and pointed to the wind
 The yard, by rolling tackles then confin'd.

While o'er the ship the gallant boatswain
flies,
Like a hoarse mastiff, thro' the storm he
cries :
Prompt to direct the unskilful still ap-
pears ;
Th' expert he praises, and the fearful
cheers.
Now some to strike top-gallant yards at-
tend ;
Some travellers up the weather backstays
send ;
At each masthead the top-ropes others
bend.
The youngest sailors from the yards
above
Their parrels lifts, and braces soon re-
move ;
Then topped an end, and to the travellers
tied,
Charg'd with their sails, they down the
backstays slide.
The yards secure along the booms re-
clin'd ;
While some the flying cords aloft confin'd.
Their sails reduc'd, and all their rigging
clear,
Awhile the crew relax from toils severe,
Awhile their spirits, with fatigue opprest,
In vain expect th' alternate hour of rest ;
But with redoubling force the tempests
blow,
And watery hills in dread succession flow.
A dismal shade o'ercasts the frowning
skies ;
New troubles grow ; new difficulties rise.
No season this from duty to descend !
All hands on deck, th' eventful hour at-
tend.
His race perform'd, the sacred lamp of
day
Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray.
His languid fires, half lost in ambient
haze,
Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze ;

Till deep immerg'd the sick'ning orb de-
clines,
And now to cheerless night the sky re-
signs !
Sad evening's hour, how different from the
past !
No flaming pomp, no blushing glories cast.
No ray of friendly light is seen around :
The moon and stars in hopeless shade are
drown'd.

FOUR SEAMEN LOST.

Hadst thou, Arion ! held the leeward
post,
While on the yard by mountain billows
tost,
Perhaps oblivion o'er our tragic tale
Had then for ever drawn her dusky veil ;
But ruling Heaven prolong'd thy vital
date,
Severer ills to suffer and relate !
For, while their orders those aloft at-
tend,
To furl the mainsail, or on deck descend,
A sea, up-surgng with tremendous roll,
To instant ruin seems to doom the whole.
O friends, secure your hold ! Arion cries ;
It comes all-dreadful, stooping from the
skies !
Uplifted on its horrid edge, she feels
The shock, and on her side half-buried
reels :
The sail, half-buried in the whelming
wave,
A fearful warning to the seamen gave :
While from its margin, terrible to tell !
Three sailors with their gallant boatswain
fell,
Torn with resistless fury from their hold,
In vain their struggling arms the yard en-
fold :
In vain to grapple flying cords they try ;
The cords, alas ! a solid gripe deny ?
Prone on the midnight surge, with pant-
ing breath .

They cry for aid, and long contend with death.
 High o'er their heads the rolling billows sweep,
 And down they sink in everlasting sleep.
 Bereft of power to help, their comrades see
 The wretched victims die beneath the lee;
 With fruitless sorrow their lost state bemoan;
 Perhaps a fatal prelude to their own!

CAPE COLONNA IN SIGHT.

But now Athenian mountains they describe,
 And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high.
 Beside the cape's projecting verge is plac'd
 A range of columns, long by time defac'd;
 First planted by devotion, to sustain,
 In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane.
 Foams the wild beach below with madd'ning rage,
 Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.
 The sickly heav'n, fermenting with its freight,
 Still vomit, o'er the main the feverish weight:
 And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high,
 Thro' the rent cloud the raging lightnings fly,
 A flash, quick-glancing on the nerves of light,
 Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night:
 Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
 Touch'd with compassion, gaz'd upon the blind;
 And, while around his sad companions crowd,
 He guides th' unhappy victim to the shroud.

Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend! he cries;
 Thy only succour on the mast relies!
 The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
 Now scarce subdu'd the wild unbridl'd course.

Quick to th' abandon'd wheel Arion came,
 The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim:
 Amaz'd he saw her, o'er the sounding foam
 Upborne, to right and left distracted roam.

So gaz'd young Phæton, with pale dismay,

When mounted on the flaming car of day.
 With rash and impious hand, the stripping tried

Th' immortal coursers of the sun to guide.
 The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,

Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly:

Fate spurs her on. Thus issuing from afar,

Advances to the sun some blazing star;
 And as it feels attraction's kindling force,
 Springs onward with accelerated course.

THE VESSEL ON THE ROCKS.

With mournful look the seamen ey'd the strand,

Where death's inexorable jaws expand.

Swift from their minds elaps'd all dangers past,

As, dumb with terror, they beheld the last.

Now, on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,

In mute suspense they mount into the wind.

The Genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
 The black eventful moment seemed to bring.

The fatal Sisters, on the surge before,
 Yok'd their infernal horses to the prore.
 The steersmen now receiv'd their last command

To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand:

Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,
 High on the platform of the top ascend ;
 Fatal retreat ! for while the plunging prow
 Immerges headlong in the wave below,
 Down-press'd by wat'ry weight, the bowsprit bends,
 And from above the stem deep crashing rends.
 Beneath her bow the floating ruins lie ;
 The foremast totters, unsustain'd on high :
 And now the ship, forlorn'd by the sea,
 Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee ;
 While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
 Drags the main-topmast from its post away.
 Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain
 Thro' hostile floods their vessel to regain.
 The waves they buffet, till bereft of strength,
 O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length ;
 The hostile waters close around their head ;
 They sink for ever, number'd with the dead !
 Those who remain their fearful doom await,
 Nor longer mourn their lost companions' fate.
 The heart that bleeds with sorrows all its own,
 Forgets the pangs of friendship to hemoan.
 Albert, and Rodmond, and Palemon here,
 With young Arion, on the mast appear ;
 E'en they, amid th' unspeakable distress,
 In every look distracting thoughts confess ;
 In every vein the reflux blood congeals,
 And every bosom fatal terror feels.
 Enclosed with all the demons of the main,
 They view'd th' adjacent shore, but view'd in vain.
 Such torments in the drear abodes of hell,
 Where sad despair laments with rueful yell,
 (9)

Such torments agonize the damn'd breast,
 While fancy views the mansions of the blest.]
 For Heaven's sweet help their suppliant cries implore ;
 But Heaven, relentless, deigns to help no more !
 And now lash'd on by destiny severe,
 With horror fraught, the dreadful scene drew near !
 The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death ;
 Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath !
 In vain, alas ! the sacred shades of yore
 Would arm the mind with philosophic lore ;
 In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
 To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
 E'en Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
 This fell abyss had shudder'd to behold.
 Had Socrates, for godlike virtue famed,
 And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,
 Beheld this scene of frenzy and distress,
 His soul had trembled to its last recess !
 O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above !
 This last tremendous shock of fate to prove.
 The tottering frame of reason yet sustain !
 Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain !
 In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
 For every wave now smites the quivering yard ;
 High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
 And o'er her burst in terrible cascade.
 Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
 Her shatter'd top half buried in the skies ;
 Borne o'er a latent reef, the hull impends,
 Then thundering on the marble crags descends !
 Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
 And o'er upheaving surges wounded reels,
 2 L

So reels, convulsed with agonizing throws,
The bleeding bull beneath the murd'rer's
blows.

Again she plunges ! hark ! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble
rock !

Down on the vale of death, with dismal
cries,
The fated victims shuddering cast their
eyes

In wild despair ; while yet another stroke,
With strong convulsion, rends the solid oak ;
Till, like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruins o'er the
tides.

O were it mine with tuneful Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart ;
Like him the smooth and mournful verse
to dress

In all the pomp of exquisite distress !
Then, too severely taught by cruel fate
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I with unrivall'd strains de-
plore

Th' impervious horrors of a leeward shore.
As o'er the surge the stooping mainmast
hung,

Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung :
Some, struggling, on a broken crag were
cast,

And there by oozy tangles grappled fast :
Awhile they bore th' o'erwhelming billows'
rage,

Unequal combat with their fate to wage ;
Till, all benumb'd and feeble, they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades
below.

Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous
thrown

On marble ridges, die without a groan.
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts de-
scend.

Now on the mountain-wave on high they
ride,

Then downward plunge beneath th' involv-
ing tide ;

Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heaves on shore
alive ;

The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And prest the stony beach, a lifeless crew !
Next, O unhappy Chief ! th' eternal
doom

Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb ;
What scenes of misery torment thy view !
What painful struggles of thy dying crew !
Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erspread with corpses ! red with human
blood !

So pierced with anguish hoary Priam
gazed,

When Troy's imperial domes in ruin
blazed,

While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,
Expired beneath the victor's murdering
steel.

Thus with his helpless partners till the last,
Sad refuge ! Albert hugs the floating mast ;
His soul could yet sustain the mortal
blow,

But droops, alas ! beneath superior woe ;
For now soft nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful
strain ;

His faithful wife for ever doom'd to mourn
For him, alas ! who never shall return ;
To black adversity's approach exposed,
With want and hardships unforeseen en-
closed ;

His lovely daughter left without a friend
Her innocence to succour and defend ;
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray.

While these reflections rack his feeling
mind,

Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp
resign'd ;

And, as the tumbling waters o'er him
roll'd,
His outstretch'd arms the master's legs
enfold.
Sad Albert feels the dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to
clear ;
For death bids every clinching joint adhere,
All-faint to Heaven he throws his dying
eyes,
And "O protect my wife and child !" he
cries :
The gushing streams roll back th' un-
finish'd sound !
He gasps ! and sinks amid the vast pro-
found.
Five only left of all the shipwrecked
throng,
Yet ride the mast which shoreward drives
along ;
With these Arion still his hold secures,
And all th' assaults of hostile waves en-
dures.
O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,
He looks if poor Palemon yet survives.
Ah, wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
Didst thou, incautious ! from the wreck
depart ?
Alas ! these rocks all human skill defy,
Who strikes them once beyond relief must
die :
And now, sore wounded, thou perhaps
art tost
On these, or in some oozy cavern lost.
Thus thought Arion, anxious gazing
round
In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found.
The demons of destruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal shafts commis-
sion'd fly.
And now a breaking surge, with forceful
sway,
Two next Arion furious tears away.
Hurl'd on the crags, behold, they gasp !
they bleed !

And, groaning, cling upon th' elusive
weed !
Another billow bursts in boundless roar !
Arion sinks ! and Memory views no more !
Ha ! total night and horror here preside !
My stunn'd ear tingles to the whizzing
tide !
It is the funeral knell ! and, gliding near,
Methinks the phantoms of the dead
appear !
But lo ! emerging from the watery
grave,
Again they float incumbent on the wave !
Again the dismal prospect opens round,
The wreck, the shores, the dying, and the
drown'd !
And see ! enfeebled by repeated shocks,
Those two who scramble on th' adjacent
rocks,
Their faithless hold no longer can retain,
They sink o'erwhelm'd, and never rise
again !

THREE SEAMEN SAVED.

Two with Arion yet the mast upbore,
That now above the ridges reach'd the
shore :
Still trembling to descend, they downward
gaze
With horror pale, and torpid with amaze :
The floods recoil ! the ground appears
below !
And life's faint embers now rekindling
glow :
Awhile they wait th' exhausted wave's re-
treat,
Then climb slow up the beach with hands
and feet.
O Heaven ! deliver'd by whose sovereign
hand,
Still on destruction's brink they shuddering
stand,
Receive the languid incense they bestow,
That damp with death appears yet not to
glow.

To thee each soul the warm oblation pays,
With trembling ardour, of unequal praise;
In every heart dismay with wonder strives,
And Hope the sicken'd spark of life revives:
Her magic powers their exiled health re-
store,

Till horror and despair are felt no more.

A troop of Grecians who inhabit nigh,
And oft these perils of the deep descry,
Roused by the blustering tempest of the
night,

Anxious had climb'd Colonna's neigh-
bouring height ;

When gazing downward on th' adjacent
flood,

Full to their view the scene of ruin stood ;
The surf with mangled bodies strew'd
around,

And those yet breathing on the sea-wash'd
ground !

Tho' lost to science and the nobler
arts,

Yet nature's lore inform'd their feeling
hearts :

Straight down the vale with hast'ning steps
they hied,

Th' unhappy sufferers to assist and guide.

Now had the Grecians on the beach
arrived,

To aid the helpless few who yet survived,
While passing they behold the waves o'er-
spread

With shatter'd rafts and corpses of the
dead ;

Three still alive, benumb'd and faint they
find,

In mournful silence on a rock reclined.

The generous natives, moved with social
pain,

The feeble strangers in their arms sustain ;
With pitying sighs their hapless lot de-
plore,

And lead them trembling from the fatal
shore.

DOUGAL GRAHAM.

1724—1779.

ONE of the least known, but not the least original, contributors to Scottish literature, was Dougal Graham, the skellat bellman of Glasgow. He had somewhat of the grotesque, both in his physical and mental structure ; but as a delineator of life in the humble strata in which he moved, he was unsurpassed. His vein in poetry, as to its manner, hardly rises above doggerel ; but it is quite original, and in the wake of his genius, as an observer from his own comical point of view.

It is as the writer of the raciest and broadest-humoured of Scottish Chap-

Books, that the keenness of his observa-
tion, and the point of his facetious wit,
are best displayed ; yet his *Turnimspike*,
and *Metrical History of the Rebellion*
of 1745-6, entitle him to be noticed
among Scottish poets. The former,
which is here given, Scott considered
"sufficient to entitle him to immortality."
It is one of the first specimens in Scottish
literature of the kind of caricature in
which Shakespeare drew his Welsh-
men ; and it was afterwards cleverly
applied by some of the *Whistlebinkians*
of the west.

Dougal was born about 1724, in the

hamlet of Raploch, at the north-west angle of the rock on which Stirling Castle guards the Forth. His parents were too poor to give him any education, and where he picked up the little stock of learning of which he made such ample use, it is impossible to tell. Being deformed in body, he was incapacitated for most of the physical employments open to people of his rank; and possibly from a love of using his observing faculties, he chose the profession of a travelling chapman. In some such capacity, and possibly impelled by his disposition, he joined the march of the Highland army in 1745, as it crossed the Fords of Frew, not far from his home; nor did he quit his post till the fatal April morning in 1746, when the hopes of the Pretender were scattered on Culloden Moor. He then hastened home, and in September announced his *Metrical History of the Rebellion*, consisting of about 5000 lines, Hudibrastic metre, in the *Glasgow Courier*; and, as if conscious of the feat he performed (for he was then but twenty-two years of age), he added, "The like has not been done since the days of David Lindsay."

Getting tired of his peregrinations as a travelling merchant, and having made a little money, Dougal set up a printing-office in the Saltmarket of Glasgow, and there commenced the printing of those facetious penny histories, which are to his poetry what Scott's novels are to his. Soon after this, he obtained the lucrative office of bellman to the city, and in this capacity was king of his craft. He died in 1779; and in an elegy lamenting his loss, the local Muse thus recalls his grotesque figure:—

"Of witty jokes he had full store,
Johnson could not have pleased you more,
Or with loud laughter made you roar
As he could do;
He had still something ne'er before
Exposed to view."

THE TURNIMSPIKE.

"Hersell pe Highland shentleman,
Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man;
And many alterations seen,
Among te Lawland whig, man.

First when her to the Lawlands came,
Nainsell was driving cows, man;
There was nae laws about him's nerse,
About the preeks or trews, man.

Nainsell did wear the philibeg,
The plaid prick't on her shouder;
The guid claymore hung pe her pelt,
De pistol sharg'd wi' pouder.

But for whereas these cursèd preeks,
Wherewith him's nerse be locket,
Ochon! that e'er she saw the day!
For a' her houghs pe prokit.

Every ting in de Highlands now
Pe turn'd to alteration;
The sodger dwall at our door-sheek,
And tat's te great vexation.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
An' laws pring on de cager;
Nainsell wad durk him for his deeds,
But, och! she fears te sodger.

Anither law came after dat,
Me never saw de like, man;
They make a lang road on the crund,
And ca' him Turnimspike, man.

An' wow she pe a ponnie road,
Like Loudon corn-riggs, man;
Where twa carts may gang on her,
An' no preak ither's legs, man.

They sharge a penny for ilka horse
 (In troth they'll no pe sheaper ;)
 For naught put gaun upo' the crund,
 And they gie me a paper.

They tak the horse then by te head,
 And tere tey mak her stan', man :
 Me tell tem, me hae seen te day,
 Tey had na sic comman', man.

Nae doubt nainsell maun draw her purse,
 And pay him what him likes, man ;
 I'll see a shudgement on his toor,
 Tat filthy Turnimspike, man.

But I'll awa to the Highland hills,
 Where te'il a ane dare turn her,
 And no come near to your Turnimspike,
 Unless it pe to purn her."

JEAN ADAMS.

1710—1765.

ALMOST all that we know for certain of Jean Adams is contained in an address by her friend Archibald Crawford, to the readers of a small volume of "Miscellany Poems," published by her in 1734. She is believed to have been born about 1710, the address says, "in Crawforddyke, in the parish of Greenoak." "Her father," it continues, "was a shipmaster in that place, and her breeding was as is ordinary for girls of her station."

Having lost her father some years before, she entered the service of a minister in the neighbourhood, to whose books she was permitted to have access. The result was to excite in her an ambition to emulate the models in verse to which she was thus introduced. Her pieces are all short, and her subjects are classical, religious, or scriptural. The classical pieces are mostly addresses to the Muse, and in praise of the virtue of chastity—as "To Lucretia;" or "Ulysses and Penelope;" and denouncing its opposite, as "To Cleopatra."

Among her scriptural pieces are very poor versions of some of the Psalms. Her best are blank verse sketches of the creation, &c., with "Reflections on the Fall," inspired by the study of Milton. We give this last as a specimen of her attainments. We also give "The Impartial Law of God in Nature," which may be supposed to refer to herself; and from which it is to be inferred that she read Pope.

Another characteristic piece is entitled "The Vulgar Estimate," in which she defends her devotion to the Muse somewhat sarcastically:—

" Say, Muse, who gave thee wings to fly :—
 What cause hath blown thee up so high,
 In such a private breast ?
 Hast thou forgot thy native sphere ?
 Thou mounts far higher in the air
 Than eagles build their nest !

Thy private lot is far from fit
 For such uncommon flights of wit ;
 It quite consumes thy time :
 Had thou a fortune opulent,
 Such strains would be thy ornament,
 But here, they are a crime !"

After making her appearance as an author, she opened a day-school for children, which does not appear to have been a success, partly, it would appear, from her ideas being too refined and fanciful for the practical matter-of-fact traders of Greenock. She is said to have been so far in advance of her age, as to have introduced the reading of Shakespeare to her pupils; and so sensitive to his beauties, as to have fainted in reading *Othello*. It is also recorded that she walked to London to see Richardson, the author of *Clarissa*; for which purpose she shut her school for six weeks. The truth of these reports of her eccentricities rests upon tradition; but, judging from the ideas which she ventilates in her poems, especially in her various addresses to the Muse, they are quite in character. And she must have been a character to whom we could have wished a kindlier lot than fortune had marked out for her. After herschool had failed, it is said she became an itinerant merchant, still carrying her romantic notions into this uncongenial sphere. She broke down at last, but not till she was fairly exhausted; for she died on the 3d April 1765, the day after she was admitted as a "stranger" into the Glasgow Town Hospital.

Her "Miscellany Poems" is now very scarce, and the specimens given give a fair idea of its contents. They also enable the reader to realize what Jean Adams was, better than any delineation of her. The beautiful national song of "There's nae Luck about the House" has been claimed as her composition, on grounds which to us seem very unsatisfactory; we are there-

fore the more desirous that she should be known by what is undisputably her own. We give our views regarding the authorship of "There's nae Luck about the House" in a note prefixed to the song.

THE IMPARTIAL LAW OF GOD IN NATURE.

By way of insult thou inquires at me,
Who first it was that gave me wings to fly?
He, who had power to place me on a throne,

Thought fit to place me on a vale alone;
Yet gave me wings, by which I might aspire

To light my lamp at the celestial fire.
Tell thou, my hand it might become a ring,
My neck might seem more graceful by a chain.

Deformity is oft oblig'd to dress,
Paint seems to mend the ruins of a face.
But neither earth nor sea could aught impart,

That e're could raise the ruins of a heart.
All Cræsus' riches could not buy a Muse,
Nor give me inward light fit theme to chuse;

Nor interprizing Cæsar's lot on earth
Could give me cause to boast of heavenly birth.

The law of nature is the same in all,
In such a case a talent is a call.
What do I owe to ought below the sun,
My worth does in a different channel run.
The cause of my creation was as high
As his who does an earthly sceptre sway;
Out of the dust he sprung as well as I,
No more than I can be Atropos fly.
His soul descended from the spotless clime

Of pure æthereal substance; so did mine.
One rule of life was given to us both,
As early I engag'd as he by oath.

I am as free as he to gain the prize
Of the unblemisht spotless sacrifice.
No more than he can I with laws dis-
pense,
As much as he do I abhor offence.
The lowest class that is below the sun,
True faith and virtue puts respect upon.
'Tis better to adorn a private lot,
Than be to shining eminence a blot.

REFLECTIONS ON THE FALL.

Thus was the costly ship humanity
Both built and launch'd into the sea of
time,
And rigg'd and mann'd and laden to the
brim
With as much value of intrinsic worth,
As would have been an everlasting fund
To keep the royal navy in repair.
With pure desires her silken sails were
fill'd,
And from the cable to the smallest cord
Her tacklings all were of unspotted love.
Wisdom was pilot, he the channels knew,
His knowledge was of an eternal date :
For he had liv'd with the great architect.
By him the universal plan was drawn ;
No creek nor shoal, but his discerning eye
With ease could reach, the distant ne'er
so far :
Th' imperial heights were level to his view,
Nor could the depths of hell from him
conceal.
Power was lieutenant, at whose high com-
mand,
With quick dispatch the heaven-born pas-
sions ran.
All appetites were subject to his will.
Freewill was captain, poor green-headed
youth !
He could not long that dignity possess,
Nor yet perform that mighty task alone.
Few leagues from shore humanity had
launch'd,

When the bewitch'd siren reach'd his ear
Soft were her notes, her numbers smooth
and sweet.

Ten thousand beauties shone in every
line ;

Her theme seem'd worthy of the greatest
soul.

Knowledge, the darling of the gods above,
The only good prohibit here below !
What happiness can be where thou art
not ?

What trade can flourish where thou dost
not come ?

Thou art the salt that heals the poison'd
springs,

'Tis thee that fructifies the barren soil ;
Thy virtue raises man above the brutes,
And sets him on a level with the gods.
So sang the siren, and by slow degrees
Came closely up into the human ear ;
The name of wisdom set the soul on fire,
The sparks of false ambition upwards
flew,

Quick through the mind ran the devour-
ing flame,

Whose veh'mence burnt all solid know-
ledge up :

Its rage brake through the limits of
desire,

The hallowed vessels cast in divine mould
By wisdom's hand no form at all retain'd :
Such was the violence of infernal fire,

It chang'd them all to liquid streams of
gold,

Which useless o'er the blackened pave-
ment ran.

Strange havoc pride in human nature
made,

True glory to false knowledge fell a
prey,

But who would spare these toys to be a
god ?

And yet, alas ! 'twas but a demi-god,
A fabled heaven and a cloudy throne,
A cloud could ne'er sustain a mortal
weight.

But stay, my Muse, I quite forget my port ;

I did not find a side wind in my sail,
Nor could conceive from whence this
slowness sprang,

But sadly dream'd that, like humanity,
Either my helm was broke, or I was
pilotless :

But now th' auspicious gale is in my sail,
The ocean smiles, the mist in kindness
flies ;

Come, get thee to the top, and thou shalt
see

Afar the grave of all our happiness.

On this enchanting isle 'twas first interr'd ;
From thence the sound of wisdom reach'd
the ear,

Which innocence itself could not reject,
Drunk with the thirst of knowledge and
of rule,

Poor heedless Freewill leapt upon the
shore,

Nor dreams he walks upon forbidden
ground,

But views the magic circle with delight.

Lo : here a Babel to himself he builds,

To make himself an everlasting name,

And fondly writes his epitaph in dust :

For when prohibit knowledge felt the touch,

Away it vanish'd like a cloud of smoke ;

No single mark of wisdom there was seen,

But late posterity was left to read

In tears the lasting records of his folly.

Here Freewill roves at large, and leaves his
charge,

When lo ! just Heaven sends her plagues
abroad,

The tempest rages both on sea and shore,

Humanity is from her anchor driven,

The airy power of self-existence fell,

No single vestage of the same was seen,

Affronted wisdom to his centre fled,

Power quites his post, and Goodness up-
ward fled.

All order was in deep confusion lost.

Confounded Freewill stood upon the shore,
And saw the wealth of both the worlds
sunk ;

Seized by despair upon the shore he stood,
Ruin behind, and red revenge before ;

No friend he knew, nor thought on a
reprieve ;

When from behind the scene soft Mercy
stept,

Her god-like form the eyes of all attracts,
Her garments were of pure unspotted
white,

Her eyes were flames of bright seraphic
fire :

Upon her lips a divine sentence dwelt,
Her accents warm'd the soul and charm'd
the ear ;

With jealous eye she views the settled
beam

In which impartial justice weighs the cause,
Then calls to mind that Heaven's de-
crees are fix'd,

Next views the panel in a shower of tears.

Unseen I stood, said she, to hear what
past,

And own the sentence worthy of a god.

In Me thou shalt be fully satisfied.

Lo ! I am sent to set thy prisoner free ;

Let Us infinities on a level stand,

And leave these finite creatures to my
care.

What strength have they thy anger to
sustain ?

Let all thy hidden vengeance fall on me.

From all eternity have I been form'd

Within the bosom of the infinite.

No human power can his decree reverse.

Justice reply'd, if thou hast heard it all,

'Tis very certain that thou must have
heard,

He in effect hath called my balance false :

Such insolence as this who can forgive ?

I vindicate the measures thou hast taken,

Said Mercy, and thou shalt be satisfied ;

I'll meet thee in the person of a god.

Wisdom reply'd, he tore and burnt my
scheme.

Mercy reply'd, I'll draw it out again.
He spit upon my face, and purity.

Said Mercy, here is blood to make it clean.

Said Truth, he tacitly gave me the lie.

Said Mercy, all his debt is due by me,

I'll dive into the lowest depth in hell,

But I will bring this jewel up again.

So said, the judge arose from off his seat,

Pleased with the purpose of his only son,

Whose thirst of glory centred in his love ;

Nor less transported was the advocate,

With this new conquest over justice made.

In favours of the fallen fav'rite, man.

Now Heaven is conquer'd, Hell and

Earth come next.

All words are lost in thought at such a
view.

'Tis time for Freewill to resign his charge,

He hath no spirit for such enterprize.

He only could perform who undertook,

He best could loose the seals who wrote
the book.

Four thousand years Mercy seem'd in
suspence,

Where in suspence nothing but justice
stood.

Where she was seen her face was scarcely
known,

So dimly did the light of nature shine.

At length the long expected period came.

Th' eternal jubilee's proclaim'd abroad,

The king's confin'd to set the subject free.

But ah ! how few could understand his
words ?

The siren's song still ringing in the ear

Had drown'd the music of the spheres
above.

What must he do to storm or charm the
ear !

Could human wisdom find a method out,
Which was contrived to manage that
design ?

If innocence hath charms, here is her
mirror.

If truth hath force, here is her magazine.

If justice can convict, here is her scale.

If wisdom can enrich, here is her trea-
sure.

If mercy's beams can melt, here is her sun.

Yet stupid to all these was human kind.

If miracles could move, lo, here they
were !

By miracle unto the world he came,

By miracle again to heaven he went.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

1699—1746.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE was the son of the Rev. Alexander Meikle, parish minister of Langholm, in Dumfriesshire. He was born in 1734, and received the rudiments of his education at the school of his native village. He is said to have shown a very early predilection for poetry, Spenser being his favourite poet.

About the year 1747, his father went to reside in Edinburgh, leaving an assistant to discharge the duties of his parish. Young Mickle was sent to the High School to finish his education ; and continued to attend it till his fifteenth year. A relative of the family, who carried on a brewery in the city, having died about this time, Mickle's

father resolved to continue the business; and after some time it was made over to William, who for some time previously took part in its management.

Family considerations, rather than the attractions of the profession, determined his choice, and in a short time his affairs became embarrassed. This need not excite much surprise, when it is affirmed that he was often heard to declare, that before he was eighteen, he committed two tragedies and half an epic poem to the flames.

His first published pieces appeared in the *Scots Magazine*—one of them being a description of the scenes of riot and drunkenness witnessed at midnight in the Parliament Close, Edinburgh. In 1762, he issued anonymously, through a London publisher, a poem entitled "Providence," but it did not take with the reading public. He however adopted the expedient of sending a copy, under an assumed name, to Lord Lyttleton, then one of the chief patrons of literature, asking his opinion of the poem, and requesting permission to dedicate a new and improved edition to his lordship.

In 1763, the embarrassments of his business compelled him, to avoid arrest, to seek an asylum in London, where his younger brother wrought as a printer. On his arrival, he had a letter from Lord Lyttleton, commending his poetic genius, and inviting him to Hagley Park. At their interview the peer gave him such advice and encouragement as made Mickle sanguine over his literary prospects; but in the meantime he was mostly dependent on his brother; and when, after about two years' efforts

to dress up as many of his poems as might form a volume, to be issued under Lord Lyttleton's patronage, he was dissuaded from making the venture, his disappointment was so great, that he resolved to abandon literature and his country at the same time, and seek his fortune in the colonies. With this view, he waited on Lord Lyttleton once more, requesting a letter to his brother, then governor of Jamaica. His lordship dissuaded him from his purpose of emigrating, and, possibly not aware of the poet's circumstances, dismissed him with his advice and good wishes.

Having heard that a reader was wanted for the Clarendon Press, Oxford, Mickle applied and obtained the situation; and accordingly he removed to that celebrated centre of learning in 1765. This year he published "Pollio," an elegy on the death of one of his brothers, written in a wood near Roslin Castle, and two years after "The Concubine," in imitation of Spenser's manner and language. The success of "The Concubine" was the first gale of popular favour that blew upon him; and, being anonymous, its authorship was ascribed to some of the best poets of the day. Mickle's next venture was of a different cast—"A Defence of Christianity against the Arianism of a New Translation of the New Testament by Dr Harwood." It ingratiated him with the orthodox party, but is now sunk in the *mare magnum* of religious controversy, along with many more pretentious crafts. Yet these things seldom fail in their object; and Mickle, encouraged by the reception of his pamphlet, again entered the theological lists—this time

selecting a more renowned adversary of the faith. "Voltaire in the Shades; or, a Dialogue on the Deistical Controversy," was the title of his polemical attack upon the great Frenchman. Yet these aberrations from his true sphere into a field where, if the laurels are easily won, they soon fade, were only transitory, and his mind soon became set upon the greatest poetical labour of his life—the translation of the *Lusiad* of Camoens. The thought of it seems to have occupied his mind for a long time, and the labour of fitting himself for its accomplishment is the highest testimony to his intellectual and poetical gifts. He fully persuaded himself of the transcendent merits of his subject, and, like a true devotee, stuck to his task with a diligence and faith that elicits our admiration. Having fairly seen his way to commence his undertaking, he resigned his situation, went to reside at a farmhouse at Forest Hill, five miles from Oxford, and, with his subscriptions paid in advance, maintained himself for about three years at his task, till, in 1775, it appeared in a quarto volume printed at Oxford. Its success realized his expectations, and brought him a thousand pounds of well-earned money.

But to relieve the tedium of his arduous task, he undertook some other literary work, and edited *Pearce's Collection of Fugitive Poetry*, in four volumes, to which he contributed an "Elegy on Mary, Queen of Scots," and "Hengest and Mey." His best original piece—the ballad of "Cumnor Hall," appeared in *Evans' Ballads* in the orthography of Spenser. It suggested to Scott the subject of *Kenilworth*,

which he at first meant to publish under the title of *Cumnor Hall*.

The success of *The Lusiad* induced Mickle's friends, among whom he numbered Boswell, the Wartons, and Home, the author of *Douglas*, to urge him to try a tragedy. He chose as his subject the "Siege of Marseilles." On its completion, he offered it to Garrick, but it was rejected for want of "stage effect." This fault he tried, with the assistance of his friend Thomas Warton, to remedy; yet neither Warton's nor Boswell's influence could prevail upon Garrick to give the piece a trial. Mickle was so incensed that he threatened retaliation; and it was only on the strong remonstrances of his friends that he was dissuaded from so silly a proceeding. His friends now tried to procure him a pension from the Crown, but failed; and an offer of promotion in the Church he declined himself.

In 1779, he published a pamphlet opposing Adam Smith's views on the monopoly of the East India Company's charter; and when Smith's *Life of Hume* appeared, he showed his detestation of the Scotch philosophers in some undignified doggrel, which Sim, his biographer, has not had the good taste to omit from his life of Mickle. This same year he accompanied his friend, Commodore Johnstone, to Portugal, where he was received with every mark of respect by the countrymen of Camoens. In Lisbon, he succeeded to the purser-ship of the *Brilliant*; and, on the return of the squadron, he was made joint agent for the disposal of a number of valuable prizes taken during the cruise. His share in these ventures made him

independent ; and he hastened to clear off his debts in Scotland, and make provision for the members of his family whom his misfortunes affected. He then married Mary Tomkins, the daughter of Robert Tomkins of Forest Hill, in whose family he resided when he translated *The Lusiad*.

He did not write much after his marriage, having become involved in some litigations which prevented his enjoying that repose which his fortune was expected to yield. His last poem was "Eskdale Braes," a song on the scenes of his boyhood. He died at Forest Hill in 1788, and was buried in the parish churchyard, having completed his fifty-fourth year.

It must be evident that, as a man, Mickel wanted self-reliance and decision of character ; and to these weaknesses are to be attributed his early misfortunes. His morbid dislike of the philosophical giants of his native country was also due to an intellectual confusion, which is always the source of moral timidity ; but his promptitude in remedying the results of his errors is sufficient proof of the rectitude of his moral principles.

The intellectual defects referred to account for his want of force and originality as a poet ; for had his taste and fancy been sustained by corresponding vigour and grasp of mind, his original compositions would not have constituted his secondary claims to fame.

It was his wish to have a collected edition of these published with his own corrections, and he made considerable progress in revising them for this purpose, when he was suddenly cut off.

His friend, the Rev. John Sim, who it appears promised him to write his life should he survive him, discharged that obligation in 1806, when it formed an introduction to a collected edition of his original poems. In this edition appears for the first time as a composition of his, the national Scottish song of "There's nae Luck about the House." His best undisputed poem, "Cumnor Hall," is not given.

CUMNOR HALL.

I.

THE dews of summer night did fall,
The moon (sweet regent of the sky)
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

II.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies
(The sounds of busy life were still),
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

III.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this the love
That thou so oft hast sworn to me?
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privity !

IV.

No more thou com'st, with lover's speed,
Thy once beloved bride to see ;
But be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl's, the same to thee.

V.

Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's hall ;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.

VI.

I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay ;
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the live-long day.

VII.

If that my beauty is but small,
 Among court ladies all despised,
 Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
 Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?

VIII.

And when you first to me made suit,
 How fair I was, you oft would say !
 And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
 Then left the blossom to decay.

IX.

Yes ! now neglected and despised,
 The rose is pale, the lily's dead ;
 But he that once their charms so prized,
 Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

X.

For know, when sickening grief doth prey,
 And tender love's repaid with scorn,
 The sweetest beauty will decay :
 What floweret can endure the storm?

XI.

At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
 Where every lady's passing rare,
 That eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
 Are not so glowing, nor so fair.

XII.

Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
 Where roses and where lilies vie,
 To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
 Must sicken when those gauds are by?

XIII.

'Mong rural beauties I was one ;
 Among the fields wild flowers are fair ;
 Some country swain might me have won,
 And thought my passing beauty rare.

XIV.

But, Leicester (or I much am wrong),
 It is not beauty lures thy vows ;
 Rather ambition's gilded crown
 Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

XV.

Then, Leicester, why, again I plead
 (The injured surely may repine),
 Why didst thou wed a country maid,
 When some fair princess might be
 thine?

XVI.

Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
 And, oh ! then leave them to decay ?
 Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
 Then leave me to mourn the live-long
 day?

XVII.

The village maidens of the plain
 Salute me lowly as they go :
 Envious they mark my silken train,
 Nor think a Countess can have woe.

XVIII.

The simple nymphs ! they little know
 How far more happy's their estate ;
 To smile for joy, than sigh for woe ;
 To be content, than to be great.

XIX.

How far less blessed am I than them,
 Daily to pine and waste with care !
 Like the poor plant, that from its stem
 Divided, feels the chilling air.

XX.

Nor, cruel Earl ! can I enjoy
 The humble charms of solitude ;
 Your minions proud my peace destroy,
 By sullen frowns, or pratings rude.

XXI.

Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
 The village death-bell smote my ear ;
 They winked aside, and seemed to say,
 ' Countess, prepare—thy end is near.'

XXII.

And now, while happy peasants sleep,
 Here I sit lonely and forlorn ;
 No one to soothe me as I weep,
 Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

XXIII.

My spirits flag, my hopes decay ;
 Still that dread death-bell smites my ear ;
 And many a boding seems to say,
 'Countess, prepare—thy end is near.'"

XXIV.

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved
 In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
 And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
 And let fall many a bitter tear.

XXV.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
 In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
 Full many a piercing scream was heard,
 And many a cry of mortal fear.

XXVI.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
 An aerial voice was heard to call,
 And thrice the raven flapped his wing
 Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

XXVII.

The mastiff howled at village door,
 The oaks were shattered on the green ;
 Woe was the hour, for never more
 That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

XXVIII.

And in that manor, now no more
 Is cheerful feast or sprightly ball ;
 For ever since that dreary hour
 Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

XXIX.

The village maids with fearful glance
 Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall ;
 Nor ever lead the merry dance
 Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

XXX.

Full many a traveller has sighed,
 And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
 As wandering onwards they've espied
 The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CAPE.

(From *The Lusiad*.)

[This passage is referred to in Tenant's *Anster Fair*, and is the subject of a picture by the celebrated artist, David Scott, now in the Custom House of Leith.]

Now prosperous gales the bending canvas
 swelled ;
 From these rude shores our fearless course
 we held :
 Beneath the glistening wave the god of day
 Had now five times withdrawn the parting
 ray ;
 When o'er the prow a sudden darkness
 spread,
 And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall
 head
 A black cloud hovered ; nor appeared
 from far
 The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly
 twinkling star ;
 So deep a gloom the lowering vapour cast,
 Transfixed with awe the bravest stood
 aghast.
 Meanwhile a hollow bursting roar re-
 sounds,
 As when hoarse surges lash their rocky
 mounds ;
 Nor had the blackening wave, nor frown-
 ing heaven,
 The wonted signs of gathering tempest
 given.
 Amazed we stood—O thou, our fortune's
 guide,
 Avert this omen, mighty God, I cried ;
 Or through forbidden climes adventurous
 strayed,
 Have we the secrets of the deep surveyed,
 Which these wide solitudes of sea and sky
 Were doomed to hide from man's un-
 hallowed eye ?
 Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more

Than midnight tempest and the mingled
roar,
When sea and sky combine to rock the
marble shore.

I spoke, when rising through the dark-
ened air,
Appalled we saw a hideous phantom glare;
High and enormous o'er the flood he
towered,

And thwart our way with sullen aspect
lowered.

Unearthly paleness o'er his cheeks was
spread,

Erect uprose his hairs of withered red ;
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjointed, his gnashing teeth's
blue rows ;

His haggard beard flowed quivering on
the wind,

Revenge and horror in his mien com-
bined ;

His clouded front, by withering lightning
scared,

The inward anguish of his soul declared.
His red eyes glowing from their dusky
caves

Shot livid fires : far echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, as the caverned
shore

With hollow groan repeats the tempest's
roar.

Cold gliding horrors thrilled each hero's
breast ;

Our bristling hair and tottering knees
confessed

Wild dread ; the while with visage ghastly
wan,

His black lips trembling, thus the Fiend
began :

" O you, the boldest of the nations, fired
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired,
Who, scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
Through these my waves advance your
fearless prows,

Regardless of the lengthening watery way,

And all the storms that own my sovereign
sway,

Who 'mid surrounding rocks and shelves
explore,

Where never hero braved my rage before ;
Ye sons of Lusus, who with eyes profane,
Have viewed the secrets of my awful reign,
Have passed the bounds which jealous
Nature drew,

To veil her secret shrine from mortal view,
Hear from my lips what direful woes
attend,

And bursting soon shall o'er your race
descend.

With every bounding keel that dares
my rage,

Eternal war my rocks and storms shall
wage ;

The next proud fleet that through my dear
domain,

With daring search shall hoist the stream-
ing vane,

That gallant navy by my whirlwinds tost,
And raging seas, shall perish on my coast.
Then He who first my secret reign de-
scribed,

A naked corse wide floating o'er the tide
Shall drive. Unless my heart's full rap-
tures fail,

O Lusus ! oft shalt thou thy children wail ;
Each year thy shipwrecked sons shalt thou
deplore,

Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew
my shore."

He spoke, and deep a lengthened sigh
he drew,

A doleful 'sound, and vanished from the
view ;

The frightened billows gave a rolling
swell ;

And distant far prolonged the dismal yell ;
Faint and more faint the howling echoes
die,

And the black cloud dispersing leaves the
sky.

ESKDALE BRAES.

By the banks of the crystal-stream'd Esk,
Where the Wauchope her yellow wave
joins,
Where the lambkins on sunny braes bask,
And wild woodbine the shepherd's
bower twines,

Maria, disconsolate maid !
Oft sigh'd the still noon-tide away,
Or by moonlight all desolate stray'd,
While woeful she tuned her love-lay :

Ah, no more from the banks of the Ewes
My shepherd comes cheer'ly along,
Broomholm and the Deansbanks refuse
To echo the plaints of his song :

No more from the echoes of Ewes,
His dog fondly barking I hear ;
No more the tired lark he pursues,
And tells me his master draws near.

Ah, woe to the wars and the pride,
Thy heroes, O Esk, could display,
When with laurels they planted thy side,
From France and from Spain borne
away.

Oh, why did their honours decoy
My poor shepherd lad from the shore ;
Ambition bewitch'd the vain boy,
And oceans between us now roar.

Ah, methinks his pale corse floating by,
I behold on the rude billows tost ;
Unburied his scattered bones lie,
Lie bleaching on some desert coast !

By this stream and the May-blossom'd
thorn,
That first heard his love-tale and his
vows,
My pale ghost shall wander forlorn,
And the willow shall weep o'er my
brows.
(9)

With the ghosts of the Waas will I wail,
In Warblaw woods join the sad throng,
To *Hallow E'en's* blast tell my tale,
As the spectres, ungrav'd, glide along.

Still the Ewes rolls her paly blue stream,
Old Esk still his crystal tide pours,
Still golden the Wauchope waves gleam,
And still green, O Broomholm, are thy
bowers !

No : blasted they seem to my view,
The rivers in red floods combine ;
The turtles their widow'd notes coo,
And mix their sad ditties with mine !

Discolour'd in sorrow's dim shade,
All nature seems with me to mourn,—
Straight the village-bells merrily play'd,
And announced her dear Jamie's return.

The woodlands all May-blown appear,
The silver streams murmur new charms,
As, smiling, her Jamie drew near,
And all eager sprung into her arms.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT
THE HOUSE.

THE credit of the authorship of this
song has formed the subject of a good
deal of controversy ; yet it lies between
two authors, neither of whom is known,
on satisfactory evidence, to have written
it, for neither published it. Judging
by their published writings, they would
have been the last two to whom any
one acquainted with Scottish poetry
would have assigned it.

The sixth stanza, commencing,
"The cauld blasts of the winter wind,"
it has not been disputed, is by Dr
Beattie, who, if he had not written the
"Address to Ross," would also have
been thought an unlikely contributor.

Yet the national Muse exhibits so many exceptional explosions of latent native sentiment, that it would be rashness to conclude what an author may not have written, merely by what he has published. Take away the slender accidental links that connect this song with Mickle and Jean Adams, and its history will illustrate that of many another unclaimed gem, for which we would be glad to acknowledge our gratitude, if we knew to whom.

Burns, writing about 1790, says :—

“ This is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots or any other language. The two lines—

And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?

as well as the two preceding ones, are unequalled almost by anything I ever heard or read ; and the lines—

The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw,

are worthy of the first poet. It is long posterior to Ramsay's days. About the years 1771 or 1772, it came first on the streets as a ballad ; and I suppose the composition of the song was not much anterior to that period.”

Burns does not seem to have known that it appeared in *Herd's Collection* in 1776 ; and afterwards in several other collections.

It first appeared with an author's name in Sim's edition of Mickle's poems, 1806, and is almost the only poem in the book of which the editor seems to have overlooked the merits.

Its next appearance, along with the first enquiry as to its authorship, is in *Select Scottish Songs*, with Observations by Burns, edited by Cromek, 1810. It is unnecessary to quote the reasoning by which Cromek assigns it to

Jean Adams, for he has abandoned her claim for that of Mickle ; but as it has been taken up by others, who have added nothing to its strength, it may be as well to see what the facts amount to :—
“ There is living evidence in support of that [the claim] of Jean Adams. Mrs Fullarton, who was a pupil of hers, frequently heard her repeat it, and affirms it to be her composition, and no one at that time disputed her assertion. In addition to this, we may adduce the following extract of a letter from Mrs Crawford (Mrs Fullarton's daughter) in reply to an inquiry from Mrs Fletcher of Edinburgh, at the request of the editor :—

“ *Ratho House, Jan. 24, 1810.*

“ You may assure Mr Cromek that the ballad, ‘ There's nae Luck about the House,’ was written by Jean Adams, on a couple in Crawfordsdyke, the small town where her father lived. I do not recollect that I ever heard her repeat it ; but since I can remember anything, I have always heard it spoken of as her composition by those that she depended much upon. My aunt, Mrs Crawford of Carsburn, often sung it as a song of Jean Adams'.”

This is the whole evidence in favour of Jean's claim—the other particulars regarding her, collected by Cromek, who does not appear to have had a copy of her book, are given in our sketch of her life.

Mickle's claim is thus introduced :—

“ As the editor, in claiming the ballad ‘ There's nae Luck about the House ’ as the property of Jean Adams, had nothing in view but truth, he hastens to lay the following letter before the readers of these volumes, written by the Rev. John Sim, A.B., editor of Mickle's

works, and his intimate friend, received since the above account was printed. The contents of Mr Sim's letter, and the poetical sketch it encloses, warrant the editor in conceding the ballad to Mr Mickle."

"*Pentonville, April 14, 1810.*

"DEAR SIR,—Since I received Mr Mudford's letter (a copy of which you will see in the *Universal Magazine* for this month, p. 265), I have been so very fortunate as to discover, among Mr Mickle's MSS., what I have every reason to believe, from its inaccuracy, and other evident marks of haste, to be the very first sketch of the ballad 'There's nae Luck about the House,' a copy of which I have enclosed."

He then details the variations and inaccuracies, and adds :—

"Since I wrote to Mr Mudford, Mrs Mickle has informed me, without being asked, that Mr Mickle gave her the ballad as his own composition, and explained to her the Scottish words and phrases; and she repeated to me, with a very little assistance, the whole of the song, except the eight lines which I have, and I think with justice, ascribed to Dr Beattie. When I asked her why she hesitated at first, she said, that the question coming unexpectedly upon her, flurried her, and the flurry, together with the fear that she might be called upon to substantiate what she then said upon oath, made her answer with diffidence and hesitation. This struck me at that time to have been the case, and I believe such a behaviour to be very natural to persons labouring under a disorder so depressive as paralysis.

I shall only add, that Mickle had too high an opinion of his own poetical powers to have adopted the compositions of but very few of his contemporaries; and certainly too much honour and integrity to give the least occasion to the publishing of the works of another as his own productions."

A good deal has been written since on the subject; but we are not aware

that a single fact has been added to the case as above stated.

To us, as it stands, the external evidence is unsatisfactory, even as to Mickle's claim, which we have no hesitation in saying has the best of it. The song is so unlike anything else that either is known to have written, that we can draw no inference from that source. Comparing the different early versions of it does not assist us either; but without referring to numerous variations, it may be noted that Herd's version has only ten four-line verses, including the chorus, while Mickle's first sketch, as Sim supposes, has twelve, and that in his works fourteen,—including Beattie's acknowledged. From this it is evident Herd did not obtain the first published edition now known from Mickle, and must therefore have got it in the form of a street ballad, or from a street singer, the form of its appearance suggested by Burns. Mickle was very unlikely to have launched it in this manner; but if Jean Adams wrote it, this was its most likely way of appearing, for her book was published in the Saltmarket, Glasgow, the very centre of ballad and chap-book lore.

And this leads us to point out what would throw some light upon the question, namely, the production of a chap-book or ballad in which it appeared earlier than 1776. Should any of our readers know of such, we shall be glad to be informed of its existence by a note addressed to the care of the Publishers. We shall also be glad to obtain any facts bearing on the question, which, if deemed of sufficient importance, will be noticed afterwards.

I.

And are ye sure the news is true?
 And are ye sure he's weel?
 Is this a time to think o' wark?
 Ye jauds, fling bye your wheel.
 Is this a time to think o' wark,
 When Colin's at the door?
 Rax¹ me my cloak,—I'll to the quay,
 And see him come ashore.
 For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a';
 There's little pleasure in the house
 When our gudeman's awa'.

II.

And gie to me my biggonet,
 My bishop-satin gown,
 For I maun tell the bailie's wife
 That Colin's come to town.
 My turkey slippers maun gae on,
 My hose o' pearl blue;
 'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's baith leal and true.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

III.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside;
 Put on the muckle pot;
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
 And Jock his Sunday coat;
 And mak' their shoon² as black as slaes,
 Their hose as white as snaw;
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
 He likes to see them brow.³
 For there's nae luck, &c.

IV.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,⁴
 Been fed this month and mair;
 Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,
 That Colin weel may fare;

And spread the table neat and clean,
 Gar ilka thing look braw;¹
 For wha can tell how Colin fared,
 When he was far awa'?
 For there's nae luck, &c.

V.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
 His breath like cauler² air;
 His very foot has music in't,
 As he comes up the stair.
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
 In troth, I'm like to greet.³
 For there's nae luck, &c.

VI.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
 That thirl'd⁴ through my heart,
 They're a' blawn by, I ha'e him safe,
 Till death we'll never part:
 But what puts parting in my head?
 It may be far awa';
 The present moment is our ain,
 The neist⁵ we never saw.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

VII.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
 I ha'e nae mair to crave;
 Could I but live to mak' him blest,
 I'm blest aboon the lave.⁶
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
 In troth, I'm like to greet,
 For there's nae luck, &c.

¹ Reach.² Shoes.³ Well dressed⁴ Beam, roost.⁵ Make everything
look nice.⁶ Fresh.⁷ Cry, weep.⁸ Shivered.⁹ Next.¹⁰ Above the rest.

JAMES BEATTIE.

1735—1803.

BEATTIE'S poetical and critical reputation stood very high in his own day; and there is no doubt that, measured by the canons of his times, his literary taste and the elegance of his style deserved all the praise that has been bestowed upon them.

But estimated by the broader principles of a more analytical criticism, a comparatively lower place would now be assigned him than what the amiable majority of his contemporaries thought him entitled to. But for the man's real worth, great amiability, faultless taste, and unerring judgment, one is almost disposed to sympathize with Goldsmith's fantastic jealousy of Beattie's flattering, we might add fluttering, reception by the good and the great of London society. He was constitutionally an elegant poet, but wanted the elements of a great one.

Beattie's father was a shopkeeper and small farmer in the village of Laurencekirk, in Kincardineshire. James, the youngest of the family, was born there on October 25, 1735, and lost his father while he was an infant. To the thoughtfulness of an older brother, who perceived his talents, he owed his education at the school of their native village; and his own talents helped to lighten the burden of keeping him at Aberdeen University, where he gained one of those small but useful bursaries, which have done much to assist strug-

gling merit without destroying its ardour. He entered college with an eye to the ministry; but at the end of his arts curriculum, having taken his M.A. degree, he abandoned the idea, and accepted the situation of parish schoolmaster at Fordoun, in his native county. The locality was every way calculated to foster his love of nature, and to supply his mind with a store of those images and features of landscape and natural phenomena, descriptions of which constitute the chief beauties of the *Minstrel*.

In 1758, he was elected one of the masters of the Grammar-school of Aberdeen, and two years later, professor of moral philosophy and logic in Marischal College. About the same time appeared his first volume of poems and translations, which were reprinted in 1766, with a poem on the death of Churchill, both poor in treatment and in bad taste; and this he afterwards admitted by excluding it from his works. In 1762 appeared his "Essay on Poetry;" and in 1765, his "Judgment of Paris," which was unsuccessful. In 1767, he was married to Mary Dun, daughter of the rector of the Aberdeen Grammar-school; and in 1670, he issued his "Essay on Truth," as a refutation of Hume's philosophical speculations. It was hailed with almost universal admiration and applause, and was translated into several foreign languages.

But happily for Beattie's fame it does not rest on his philosophical dissertation ; for that is now of little account amongst students of philosophy, except as a landmark. It is as the author of the *Minstrel*, the first book of which he issued anonymously in 1771, that he is now remembered. Its reception was so flattering that its authorship cannot have been long concealed, and his friend and fellow-poet, Gray, characterized it in the most ardent terms of praise.

In 1773, Beattie visited London, and was lionized in the highest literary and social circles. He was presented to the king and queen ; received a pension of £200 a-year ; got his portrait painted by Reynolds in the allegorical attitude of suppressing prejudice, scepticism, and folly ; and had the degree of LL.D. conferred on him by the University of Oxford. He was even invited to join the Church of England, with flattering prospects of advancement ; but this he wisely declined to be enticed into doing.

The second book of the *Minstrel* appeared in 1774, with the author's name.

But while thus buoyed on the gale of popular applause as a poet and philosopher, his domestic circumstances were of the most distressing kind to one of such tender sensibilities. His wife became insane, and, after long and anxious attendance on his part, had at last to be committed to an asylum. His family consisted of two sons, to whose training and development he devoted the greatest care. The eldest became his colleague in the professorship, but to his great grief was cut off at the age

of twenty-two, in 1790. His last literary work was an account of his son's life and character. In 1796, his second son also died, in his eighteenth year—an event which caused him to relinquish all interest in worldly affairs. In this forlorn condition he lived till 1803, when he died. He was buried by the side of his sons in the churchyard of St Nicholas, Aberdeen.

Beattie's "Life," by his friend Sir William Forbes of Pittsligo, was published in 1805, and, while a labour of love, ranks high as a literary biography. His conduct in all the relations of life leave the very highest impression of his character as a man.

We have already indicated our opinion of his position as a poet ; but more specially as regards the *Minstrel* as his chief poem, it may be noted that it is simply a poetical register of the development of the predominant phase of his own mind. Its strength and weakness are in its being so sentimental that his descriptive and imaginative powers are held subdued. Consequently, originality and analytical depth and vigour are wanting.

We have given what we consider its best pieces.

It is to be regretted that he did not write more than one piece in the Scotch vernacular ; for the specimen he has left, and which we give, not only shows great ease in the use of the language, but an evident love of it. This is also shown in his two excellent verses (stanza vi.) to that admirable Scotch song, "There's nae Luck about the House."

Regarding his critical and philosophical writings, which do not come

specially within our present scope, Byron has pithily remarked, that in his day he was a great name, but a little authority. Both are now on a par.

THE MINSTREL.

Specimens.

[THE POET'S SPHERE AND DIGNITY.]

Ah ! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple
shines afar ;
Ah ! who can tell how many a soul
sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal
war ;
Check'd by the scoff of pride, by Envy's
frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropp'd into the grave, unpitied and
unknown !

And yet the languor of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all ;
Him who ne'er listen'd to the voice of
praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's
call,
Would shrink to bear th' obstreperous
trump of Fame ;
Supremely bless'd, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. No
higher aim
Had he whose simple tale these artless
lines proclaim.

The rolls of fame I will not now
explore :

Nor need I here describe, in learned
lay,

How forth the Minstrel fared in days of
yore,

Right glad of heart, though homely in
array ;
His waving locks and beard all hoary
grey :
While from his bending shoulder, decent
hung
His harp, the sole companion of his
way,
Which to the whistling wild responsive
rung :
And ever as he went some merry lay he
sung.

[THE MINSTREL'S COUNTRY, PAREN-
TAGE, AND HABITS.]

There lived in Gothic days, as legends
tell,
A shepherd swain, a man of low degree ;
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairy land
might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady ;
But he, I ween, was of the north
countrie ;
A nation famed for song and beauty's
charms ;
Zealous, yet modest ; innocent, though
free ;
Patient of toil ; serene amidst alarms ;
Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention
made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock ;
The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never
sway'd ;
An honest heart was almost all his
stock ;
His drink the living water from the rock :
The milky dams supplied his board,
and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's
shock ;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat
besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings,
wheresoe'er they went.

From labour health, from health contentment springs :
 Contentment opes the source of every joy.
 He envied not, he never thought of kings ;
 Nor from those appetites sustained annoy,
 That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy :
 Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled ;
 He mourned no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
 For on his vows the blameless Phoebe smiled,
 And her alone he loved, and loved her from a child.

 No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
 Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife ;
 Each season looked delightful, as it pass'd,
 To the fond husband and the faithful wife.
 Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
 They never roamed : secure beneath the storm
 Which in Ambition's lofty hand is rife,
 Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
 Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

 The wight, whose tale these artless lines unfold,
 Was all the offspring of this humble pair :
 His birth no oracle or seer foretold :
 No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
 Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
 You guess each circumstance of Edwin's birth ;
 The parent's transport, and the parent's care ;

The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit,
 and worth ;
 And one long summer day of indolence
 and mirth.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy,
 Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye.
 Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud nor toy,
 Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy :
 Silent when glad ; affectionate, though shy ;
 And now his look was most demurely sad ;
 And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
 The neighbours stared and sigh'd, yet bless'd the lad :
 Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.

But why should I his childish feats display ?
 Concourse and noise and toil he ever fled ;
 Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
 Of squabbling imps ; but to the forest sped,
 Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head,
 Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
 To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
 There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
 Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

The exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
 To him nor vanity nor joy could bring ;
 His heart, from cruel sport estranged,
 would bleed
 To work the woe of any living thing.

By trap, or net ; by arrow, or by sling ;
 These he detested ; those he scorned to
 wield :
 He wished to be the guardian, not the
 king,
 Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field.
 And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy
 might yield.

Lo ! where the stripling, wrapped in
 wonder, roves
 Beneath the precipice o'erhung with
 pine ;
 And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling
 groves,
 From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents
 shine :
 While waters, woods, and winds, in
 concert join,
 And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.
 Would Edwin this majestic scene re-
 sign
 For aught the huntsmen's puny craft
 supplies ?
 Ah ! no ; he better knows great Nature's
 charms to prize.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
 When o'er the sky advanced the kindling
 dawn,
 The crimson cloud, blue main, and
 mountain grey,
 And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky
 lawn :
 Far to the west the long, long vale with-
 drawn,
 Where twilight loves to linger for a
 while ;
 And now he faintly kens the bounding
 fawn,
 And villager abroad at early toil.
 But, lo ! the Sun appears ! and heaven,
 earth, ocean smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to
 climb,

When all in mist the world below was
 lost.
 What dreadful pleasure ! there to stand
 sublime,
 Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert
 coast,
 And view th' enormous waste of vapour,
 tossed
 In billows, lengthening to the horizon
 round,
 Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains
 now emboss'd !
 And hear the voice of mirth and song
 rebound,
 Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the
 hoar profound !

In truth he was a strange and wayward
 wight,
 Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful
 scene,
 In darkness and in storm he found de-
 light :
 Nor less than when an ocean wave serene
 The southern Sun diffused his dazzling
 shene,
 Even sad vicissitude amused his soul :
 And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
 And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
 A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wished not
 to control.

[FAIRY REVELS.]

Or, when the setting Moon, in crimson
 dyed,
 Hung o'er the dark and melancholy
 deep,
 To haunted stream, remote from man,
 he hied,
 Where fays of yore their revels wont to
 keep ;
 And there let Fancy rove at large, till
 sleep
 A vision brought to his entranced sight.
 And first, a wildly murmuring mind
 'gan creep

Shrill to his ringing ear ; then tapers
bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illumed the
vault of night.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
Arose ; the trumpet bids the valves
unfold ;
And forth a host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond lance, and targe
of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanour
bold,
And green their helms, and green their
silk attire ;
And here and there, right venerably old,
The long-robed minstrels wake the
warbling wire,
And some with mellow breath the
martial pipe inspire.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels
clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers
advance ;
The little warriors doff the targe and
spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke
the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel
askance ;
To right, to left, they thrud the flying
maze ;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring,
then glance
Rapid along : with many-colour'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing
forests blaze.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of
day,
Who scar'dst the vision with thy clarion
shrill,
Fell chanticler ; who oft hath reft away
My fancied good, and brought sub-
stantial ill !
O, to thy cursèd scream, discordant still,

Let harmony aye shut her gentle ear :
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals
spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions
tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox
appear.

Forbear, my Muse. Let Love attune
thy line.
Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets
not so.
For how should he at wicked chance
repine,
Who feels from every change amuse-
ment flow !
Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture
glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of
morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre
blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns
adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze
are borne.

[RURAL SIGHTS AND SOUNDS.]

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the
mountain side ;
The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple
bell ;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs
above ;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide ;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal
grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark ;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milk-
maid sings ;

The whistling ploughman stalks afield ;
 and, hark !
 Down the rough slope the ponderous
 waggon rings ;
 Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd
 springs ;
 Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy
 hour ;
 The partridge bursts away on whirling
 wings ;
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd
 bower,
 And shrill lark carols clear from her
 aerial tour.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme !
 Whose votaries feast on raptures ever
 new !
 O, for the voice and fire of seraphim,
 To sing thy glories with devotion due !
 Bless'd be the day I 'scaped the wrangling
 crew,
 From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty ;
 And held high converse with the godlike
 few,
 Who to th' enraptured heart, and ear,
 and eye,
 Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and
 melody.

[EDWIN'S LOVE OF NATURE.]

Oft when the winter storm had ceased
 to rave,
 He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to
 view
 The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic
 wave
 High-towering, sail along the horizon
 blue ;
 Where, 'midst the changeful scen'ry,
 ever new,
 Fancy a thousand wondrous forms
 describes,
 More wildly great than ever pencil
 drew—

Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of
 giant size,
 And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery
 ramparts rise.

Thence musing onward to the sounding
 shore,
 The lone enthusiast oft would take his
 way,
 Listening, with pleasing dread, to the
 deep roar
 Of the wide-weltering waves. In black
 array,
 When sulphurous clouds roll'd on th'
 autumnal day,
 Even then he hastened from the haunt
 of man,
 Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
 What time the lightning's fierce career
 began,
 And o'er heaven's rending arch the rattling
 thunder ran.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe, when
 all
 In sprightly dance the village youth
 were join'd,
 Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
 From the rude gambol far remote re-
 clined,
 Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in
 the wind.
 Ah, then all jollity seem'd noise and folly,
 To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refined !
 Ah, what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
 When with the charm compared of
 heavenly melancholy !

[CHANGE UNIVERSAL.]

Of chance or change, O let not man
 complain,
 Else shall he never, never cease to wail ;
 For, from the imperial dome, to where
 the swain
 Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
 All feel th' assault of Fortune's fickle
 gale ;

Art, empire, earth itself, to change are
doom'd ;
Earthquakes have rais'd to Heaven the
humble vale,
And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass
entomb'd ;
And where th' Atlantic rolls wide con-
tinents have bloom'd.

But sure to foreign climes we need not
range,
Nor search the ancient records of our
race,
To learn the dire effects of time and
change,
Which in ourselves, alas ! we daily trace.
Yet at the darken'd eye, the wither'd
face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine :
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental
grace,
Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray or friendship's
flame is mine !

[A SEQUESTERED VALE.]

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd
voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming
prime :
And walks of wider circuit were his
choice,
And vales more wild, and mountains
more sublime.
One evening, as he framed the careless
rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never
trode ;
A vale appear'd below, a deep retired
abode.
Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene :
For rocks on rocks piled, as by magic
spell,

Here scorch'd with lightning, there with
ivy green,
Fenced from the north and east this
savage dell.
Southward a mountain rose with easy
swell,
Whose long long groves eternal murmur
made :
And toward the western sun a streamlet
fell,
Where through the cliffs, the eye,
remote, survey'd
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies
in gold array'd.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow
ground,
And here and there a solitary tree,
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine
crown'd.
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on
high ;
And from the summit of that craggy
mound
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart
the sky.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
Where many a rosebud rears its blush-
ing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty
teem.
Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove
and stream,
Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's
soul :
He minded not the Sun's last trembling
gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew
toll ;
When slowly on his ear these moving
accents stole :

[THE HERMIT'S SOLILOQUY.]

"Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose!
Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes?"

Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.

O Solitude! the man who thee forgoes,
When lucre lures him or ambition stings,

Shall never know the source whence real grandeur springs.

"Vain man! is grandeur given to gay attire?"

Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid:

To friends, attendants, armies bought with hire?

It is thy weakness that requires their aid:
To palaces, with gold and gems inlaid?

They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm:

To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade?

Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm!

Behold what deeds of woe the locust can perform!

"True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind

Virtue has raised above the things below:
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,

Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest blow."

This strain from midst the rocks was heard to flow

In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star,

And from embattled clouds emerging slow

Cynthia came riding on her silver car;
And hoary mountain cliffs shone faintly from afar.

[THE EFFECTS OF PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE.]

"But now let other themes our care engage;

For lo, with modest yet majestic grace,
To curb Imagination's lawless rage,
And from within the cherish'd heart to brace,

Philosophy appears! The gloomy race
By Indolence and moping Fancy bred,
Fear, Discontent, Solitude, give place,
And Hope and Courage brighten in their stead,

While on the kindling soul her vital beams are shed.

"Then waken from long lethargy to life
The seeds of happiness and powers of thought;

Then jarring appetites forego their strife,—

A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.

Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
With fell revenge; lust that defies control,

With gluttony and death. The mind untaught

Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl:

As Phœbus to the world, is science to the soul.

"And Reason now, through number, time, and space,

Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,

And learns, from facts compared, the laws to trace,

Whose long progression leads to
Deity.
Can mortal strength presume to soar
on high !
Can mortal sight, so oft bedimm'd with
tears,
Such glory bear !—for lo, the shadows
fly
From Nature's face ; confusion dis-
appears,
And order charms the eye, and harmony
the ears !

“ In the deep windings of the grove,
no more
The hag obscene and grisly phantom
dwell ;
Nor in the fall of mountain stream, or
roar
Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's
yell ;
No wizard mutters the tremendous
spell,
Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic
swoon ;
Nor bids the noise of drums and
trumpets swell,
To ease of fancied pangs the labouring
moon,
Or chase the shade that blots the blazing
orb of noon.

“ Many a long lingering year, in lonely
isle,
Stunn'd with the eternal turbulence of
waves,
Lo, with dim eyes, that never learn'd
to smile,
And trembling hands, the famish'd
native craves
Of Heaven his wretched fare ; shivering
in caves,
Or scorch'd on rocks, he pines from
day to day ;
But Science gives the word ; and lo,
he braves

The surge and tempest, lighted by her
ray,
And to a happier land wafts merrily
away !

“ And even where Nature loads the
teeming plain
With the full pomp of vegetable store,
Her bounty, unimproved, is deadly
bane :
Dark woods and rankling wilds, from
shore to shore,
Stretch their enormous gloom ; which
to explore
Even fancy trembles in her sprightliest
mood ;
For there each eyeball gleams with
lust of gore,
Nestles each murderous and each
monstrous brood,
Plague lurks in every shade, and steams
from every flood.

“ 'Twas from Philosophy man learn'd
to tame
The soil, by plenty to intemperance fed.
Lo, from the echoing axe and thunder-
ing flame,
Poison and plague, and yelling rage
are fled !
The waters bursting from their slimy
bed,
Bring health and melody to every vale ;
And, from the breezy main and moun-
tain's head,
Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,
To fan their glowing charms, invite the
fluttering gale.

“ What dire necessities on every hand
Our art, our strength, our fortitude re-
quire !
Of foes intestine what a numerous band
Against this little throb of life con-
spire !
Yet Science can elude their fatal ire

A while, and turn aside Death's level
dart,
Soothe the sharp pang, allay the
fever's fire,
And brace the nerves once more, and
cheer the heart,
And yet a few soft nights and balmy days
impart.

"Nor less to regulate man's moral
frame
Science exerts her all-composing sway.
Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants
for fame,
Or pines, to indolence and spleen a
prey,
Or avarice, a fiend more fierce than
they?
Flee to the shade of Academus' grove,
Where cares molest not, discord melts
away
In harmony, and the pure passions
prove
How sweet the words of Truth, breathed
from the lips of Love.

"What cannot Art and Industry per-
form,
When Science plans the progress of
their toil?
They smile at penury, disease, and
storm;
And oceans from their mighty mounds
recoil.
When tyrants scourge, or demagogues
embroil
A land, or when the rabble's headlong
rage
Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
Deep-versed in man the philosophic
sage
Prepares with lenient hand their frenzy to
assuage.

"'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive
mind,

From situation, temper, soil, and clime
Explored, a nation's various powers
can bind,
And various orders, in one form sub-
lime
Of polity, that, 'midst the wrecks of
time,
Secure shall lift its head on high, nor
fear
Th' assault of foreign or domestic crime,
While public faith and public love
sincere,
And industry and law, maintain their sway
severe."

[POETRY: ITS INFLUENCE AND DELIGHT.]

But she, who set on fire his infant heart,
And all his dreams, and all his wander-
ings shared
And bless'd, the Muse, and her celestial
art,
Still claim th' enthusiast's fond and
first regard.
From Nature's beauties, variously com-
pared
And variously combined, he learns to
frame
Those forms of bright perfection,
which the bard,
While boundless hopes and boundless
views inflame,
Enamour'd consecrates to never-dying
fame.

O late, with cumbersome, though pomp-
ous show,
Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme de-
face,
Through arduous to adorn; but Nature
now
To his experienced eye a modest grace
Presents, where ornament the second
place
Holds, to intrinsic worth and just de-
sign
Subservient still. Simplicity apace

Tempers his rage ; he owns her charm
divine,
And clears th' ambiguous phrase, and lops
th' unwieldy line.

Fain would I sing (much yet unsung
remains)
What sweet delirium o'er his bosom
stole,
When the great shepherd of the Man-
tuan plains
His deep majestic melody 'gan roll :
Fain would I sing what transport
storm'd his soul,
How the red current throb'd his veins
along,
When, like Pelides, bold beyond con-
trol,
Without art graceful, without effort
strong,
Homer raised high to Heaven the loud,
th' impetuous song.

And how his lyre, though rude her
first essays,
Now skill'd to soothe, to triumph, to
complain,
Warbling at will through each har-
monious maze,
Was taught to modulate the artful
strain,
I fain would sing :—But ah ! I strive in
vain.
Sighs from a breaking heart my voice
confound.
With trembling step, to join yon weep-
ing train,
I haste, where gleams funereal glare
around,
And, mix'd with shrieks of woe, the knells
of death resound.

Adieu, ye lays, that Fancy's flowers
adorn,
The soft amusement of the vacant
mind !

He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses
mourn,
He, whom each virtue fired, each grace
refined,
Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of
mankind !
He sleeps in dust. Ah, how shall I
pursue
My theme ? To heart-consuming grief
resigned,
Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
And pour my bitter tears. Ye flowery
lays, adieu !

Art thou, my Gregory, for ever fled ?
And am I left to unavailing woe ?
When fortune's storms assail this weary
head,
Where cares long since have shed
untimely snow,
Ah, now for comfort whither shall I go ?
No more thy soothing voice my anguish
cheers :
Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer
glow,
My hopes to cherish, and allay my
fears.
'Tis meet that I should mourn : flow forth
afresh, my tears !

TO MR ALEXANDER ROSS.

O Ross, thou wale¹ of hearty cocks,
Sae crouse and canty² with thy jokes !
Thy hamely auld-warld³ muse provokes
Me for awhile
To ape our guid plain country folks
In verse and style.

Sure never carle was half sae gabby,⁴
E'er since the winsome days of Habby.⁵

¹ Choice.

² Brisk and cheery.

³ Old-fashioned.

⁴ Garrulous.

⁵ The Piper of Kil-
barchan.

Oh, mayst thou ne'er gang clung¹ or
shabby,

Nor miss thy snaker!²
Or I'll call Fortune nasty drabby,
And say, Pox take her!

Oh, may the roupe ne'er roust thy weason!³
May thirst thy thrapple never gizen!⁴
But bottled ale, in mony a dizen,
Aye lade thy gantry!
And fouth o' vivres,⁵ a' in season,
Plenish thy pantry!

Lang may thy stevin⁶ fill with glee
The glens and mountains of Lochlee,
Which were right gowsty⁷ but for thee,
Whase sangs enamour
Ilk lass, and teach wi' melody
The rocks to yamour.⁸

Ye shak your head; but, o' my fegs,⁹
Ye've set auld Scotas¹⁰ on her legs,
Lang had she lien, wi' beffs and flegs¹¹
Bumbazed¹² and dizzie;
Her fiddle wanted strings and pegs,
Wae's me, puir hizzie!

Since Allan's¹³ death, naeboddy cared
For anes to speer how Scotas fared;
Nor plack¹⁴ nor thristled turner¹⁵ wared,
To quench her drouth;
For, frae the cottar to the laird,
We a' rin South.

The Southland chieles indeed hae mettle,
And brawly¹⁶ at a sang can ettle;¹⁷

¹ Go fasting.

² Repast.

³ Windpipe, throat.

⁴ Thy throat never

parch.

⁵ Plenty of provisions.

⁶ Voice.

⁷ Dreary.

⁸ Re-echo.

⁹ Faith.

¹⁰ Ross's Muse.

(9)

¹¹ Buffets and blows.

¹² Bamboozled.

¹³ Allan Ramsay.

¹⁴ An old Scotch coin,

value $\frac{1}{4}$ of a penny.

¹⁵ Coins circulated by

the Earl of Stirling,

value about 2d.

¹⁶ Finely.

¹⁷ Attempt.

Yet we right couthily might settle
On this side Forth.
The devil pay¹ them with a pettle,²
That slight the North.

Our country leed³ is far frae barren,
'Tis even right pithy and auldfarren;⁴
Oursels are neiper-like,⁵ I warran,
For sense and smuergh;⁶
In kittle times, when faes are yarring,
We're no thought ergh.⁷

Oh, bonny are our green-sward hows,
Where through the birks the burny rows,⁸
And the bee bums, and the ox lows,
And saft winds rusle,
And shepherd-lads on sunny knows,
Blaw the blythe fusle!⁹

'Tis true, we Norlans manna fa',
To eat sae nice, or gang sae bra',¹⁰
As they that come from far-awa';
Yet sma's our skaith;
We've peace (and that's well worth it a')
And meat and claith.

Our fine new-fangle sparks, I grant ye,
Gie puir auld Scotland mony a taunty;
They're grown sae ugertfu'¹¹ and vaunty,
And capernoited,¹²
They guide her like a canker'd¹³ aunty,
That's deaf and doited.

Sae comes of ignorance, I trow,
'Tis this that crooks their ill-fa'r'd mou',¹⁴
With jokes sae coarse, they gar fouk spew
For downright skonner;
For Scotland wants na sons enew
To do her honour.

¹ Beat.

² A stick for freeing the

plough of earth.

³ Tongue.

⁴ Old fashioned.

⁵ Neighbourlike.

⁶ Nouse, brains.

⁷ Backward from fear.

⁸ The streamlet rolls.

⁹ Whistle.

¹⁰ Dress so fine.

¹¹ Squeamish.

¹² Conceited.

¹³ Irritable.

¹⁴ Look with disdain.

I here might gie a skreed of names,
 Dawties of Heliconian dames :¹
 The foremost place Gavin Douglas claims,
 That pawky priest ;
 And wha can match the first King James
 For sang or jest?

Montgomery grave, and Ramsay gay,
 Dunbar, Scot, Hawthornden, and mae
 Than I can tell ; for o' my fae
 I maun brak aff :
 'Twould take a live-lang summer day
 To name the half.

The saucy chieils—I think they ca' them
Critics—the muckle sorrow claw them,
 (For mense¹ nor manners ne'er could awe
 them
 Frae their presumption),
 They need not try thy jokes to fathom,
 They want rumgumption.²

But ilka Mearns an' Angus bairn
 Thy tales and sangs by heart shall learn,
 And chieils shall come frae yont the Cairn-
 a-mouth, right vousty,³
 If Ross will be so kind as share in
 Their pint at Drousty.

DR GEDDES.

1737—1802.

ALEXANDER GEDDES was the son of a small farmer in the parish of Rutheven, in Banffshire, where he was born in 1737. His parents were Roman Catholics. Geddes received his early education at a village school, and the first book for which he showed a special partiality was the ordinary English Bible, the historical portions of which he is said to have committed to memory by the time he had reached his eleventh year.

About this time the *Laird*, or proprietor of Arradowl, the estate to which his father's farm belonged, generously admitted young Geddes to share the instructions of a tutor which he kept for the education of his family, and afterwards got him into a free seminary for the training of young Roman Catholics for the Church. At the age twenty-one

he entered the Scots College at Paris, where, in addition to Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, he learned French, Spanish, German, and Dutch, besides divinity and Biblical criticism. His early love of the Bible seemed to increase with his ability to investigate and compare it in the original languages ; and the idea of a new translation of it appears to have occupied his thoughts before his training was completed.

In 1764, he returned to Scotland, and was appointed as a priest in the district round Dundee ; but on the invitation of the Earl of Traquair, he, in 1765, became private chaplain in the Earl's family, where he had every facility for continuing his studies. An unforeseen, though not unnatural cause, however, rendered his quitting the pleasant banks

¹ Pets of the Muses.¹ Self-respect.³ Proud.² Penetration.

of the Tweed a necessity. A mutual attachment had sprung up between the young priest and a lady relative of Lord Traquair, and the promptings of nature had to yield to the vows of celibacy. He retired to France, where he remained for about a year, prosecuting his Biblical studies in the libraries of Paris, and then returned to his native country, where he was put in charge of the Catholic congregation of Auchinhalrig. The church and parsonage were in a most dilapidated condition; yet his taste, management, and even mechanical skill, were energetically applied, and a new chapel and restored parsonage soon rewarded his labours. Having secured the confidence of his people, he next won their affections, and then tried to imbue them with his own liberal and charitable views of the precepts of their religion; but he forgot that the spirit of his religion was not always the spirit which animated his Church, and his fraternizing with his Protestant neighbours, and brother scholars of other denominations, brought him under the censure of his bishop. He had also incurred obligations on account of the improvements of his chapel and parsonage, which began to embarrass him; but on hearing of his case the Duke of Norfolk generously enabled him to extinguish these.

He then took a farm in his neighbourhood, and added a chapel, which in a short time brought him again into a worse financial condition than before. And now, with a view to be extricated from his difficulties, he resolved upon an expedient which most people would conclude was more likely to increase them.

In 1779, he published "Select Satires of Horace, translated in English Verse, adapted to the present Times and Manners." Contrary to expectations, he realized £100 by the venture, which, with help from other sources, enabled him to pay his debts.

Having refused to discontinue his intimacy with the parish minister of Cullen, and an occasional attendance at the parish church, he was suspended from his office, when he resolved, to the great regret of his flock, to remove to London. Before leaving Scotland, the University of Aberdeen conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws. By the influence of Lord Traquair he was appointed officiating priest in the chapel of the Austrian Embassy. He now recurred to his early idea of a new translation of the Bible, for the use of English Catholics; and with the assistance of Lord Petre, who undertook to give him £200 a-year while he was engaged upon it, he began his task, and issued a plan of his design.

In 1781, he visited Scotland, and while residing at Traquair, wrote "Linton; a Tweeddale Pastoral," in honour of the birth of a son and heir to the noble house of Traquair. He wove into his pastoral a prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer, to the effect "that when an eagle should be the offspring of a raven and a rook, joyful tidings were to arise for the bonny men of Tweeddale." Geddes ingeniously and curiously found the solution of this enigma in the crest of Traquair, which is a *rook*, and that of the Countess' family (Ravenscroft) which contains a *raven*.

In 1785, the Society of Antiquaries

of Scotland elected him a corresponding member, and he acknowledged the honour in an epistle in Scots, and contributed "a Dissertation on the Scots Saxon dialect," and Scots translation of the first eclogue of Virgil, and the first idyl of Theocritus, to the Society's "Transactions." He diversified his Biblical researches by taking an interest in political questions affecting the English Catholics and Protestant Dissenters; and in 1788, became a contributor to the newly started *Analytical Review*.

Sharing the general disappointment with Cowper's *Iliad*, on its appearance in 1792, Dr Geddes, as an illustration of his conception of what such a translation should be, produced the first book as a specimen. It can only be described as a ludicrous failure.

The first volume of his Bible appeared in 1792, and raised a storm of condemnation from all quarters of the orthodox world. And no wonder; the wonder being that the Dr himself seems not to have expected anything of the sort. How far he anticipated the burning questions of the present day may be seen when it is stated that he doubted that Moses was the writer of the Pentateuch, and asserted that its miracles were all mythical accounts of natural events, and that the story of the fall is a myth. He raised the whole host of corresponding bristling questions, in a manner quite abreast of the most advanced criticism of the present day. The opposition which he met made him suspend his Biblical researches for some time; and to counteract the effects of his disappointment with the result of

his labours, he took to lighter tasks. In 1797, he published "The Battle of Bangor," a heroï-comic poem in the manner of the "Rape of the Lock," which is the best evidence of his poetic skill. In the same year appeared the second volume of his Bible. Its failure—it not having paid its outlay—left him in debt; but with a liberality creditable to the times, many of the clergy, Protestant and Catholic, contributed to a subscription which again freed him from his obligations.

In 1800, he published anonymously "A Modest Apology for the Roman Catholics of Great Britain," which attracted great attention, and was translated into French and German. In 1801, his friend Lord Petre died, leaving him an annuity of £100 a-year; but he did not long survive his generous patron, for he died in the beginning of 1802, in his sixty-fifth year. He was buried in the churchyard of Paddington, where a marble monument has been erected to his memory, by the successor of his friend Lord Petre.

Considering the extent of his literary labours, no one would expect that he should be best remembered as the author of the humorous ballad of the "Wee Wifukie;" but posterity looks only to that which pleases it, and takes no note of the labours that have missed that end.

THE WEE WIFUKIE.

There was a wee bit wifukie,¹ was comin'
frae the fair,
Had got a wee bit drappukie,² that bred
her meikle care,

It gaed about the wifie's heart, and she
began to spew,

Oh ! quo' the wee wifukie, I wish I binna
fou.

I wish I binnie fou,³ quo' she, I wish I
binna fou,

Oh ! quo' the wee wifukie, I wish I
binna fou.

If Johnnie find me barley-sick, I'm sure
he'll claw my skin ;

But I'll lie down and tak' a nap before
that I gae in. [nap.

Sitting at the dyke-side, and taking o' her
By came a packman laddie wi' a little pack,

Wi' a little pack, quo' she, wi' a little
pack,

By came a packman laddie wi' a little
pack.

He's clippit a' her gowden locks sae
bonnie and sae lang ;

He's ta'en her purse, and a' her placks,⁴
and fast awa' he ran :

And when the wifie waken'd, her head
was like a bee,

Oh ! quo' the wee wifukie, this is nae me,
This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,

Somebody has been felling⁵ me, and this
is nae me.

I met with kindly company, and birl'd
my bawbee !⁶

And still, if this be Bessukie, three placks
remain wi' me :

¹ A treble diminutive of wife. ⁴ Plack was a Scottish coin equal to a third of a penny.

² A treble diminutive for drink. ⁵ Killing.

³ Be not full-tipsy. ⁶ Paid my share of the drink.

But I will look the pursie nooks, see gin
the cunyie be :—¹

There's neither purse nor plack about
me !—this is nae me.

This is nae me, &c.

I have a little housukie,² but and a kindly
man ;

A dog, they ca' him Doussiekie ; if this be
me he'll fawn ;

And Johnnie, he'll come to the door, and
kindly welcome gi'e,

And a' the bairns on the floor-head will
dance if this be me.

This is nae me, &c.

The night was late, and dang out weet,³
and oh, but it was dark !

The doggie heard a body's foot, and he
began to bark ;

O when she heard the doggie bark, and
kennin' it was he,

O weel ken ye, Doussie, quo' she, this is
nae me.

This is nae me, &c.

When Johnnie heard his Bessie's word, fast
to the door he ran ;

Is that you, Bessukie ?—Wow na, man !
Be kind to the bairns a', and weel mat⁴ ye

be ;

And fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is
nae me !

This is nae me, &c.

John ran to the minister, his hair stood a'
on end,

I've gotten sic a fright, Sir, I fear I'll never
mend ;

My wifie's came hame without a head,
crying out most piteously,

Oh fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae
me !

This is nae me, &c.

¹ If the money remain. ³ Turned out wet.

² Diminutive of house. ⁴ May.

The tale you tell, the parson said, is
wonderful to me,
How that a wife without a head could
speak, or hear, or see !
But things that happen hereabout, so
strangely alter'd be,
That I could maist wi' Bessie say, 'tis
neither you nor she ;
Neither you nor she, quo' he, neither
you nor she ;
Wow na, Johnnie man, 'tis neither
you nor she.
Now Johnnie he cam' hame again, and
oh ! but he was fain,
To see his little Bessukie come to hersel'
again ;
He got her sittin on a stool, wi' Tibbuck
on her knee :
Oh, come awa', Johnnie, quo' she, come
awa' to me,
For I've got a nap wi' Tibbuckie, and
this is now me.
This is now me, quo' she, this is now me ;
I've got a nap wi Tibbuckie, and this is
now me !

LEWIE GORDON.

Oh ! send Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I daurna name ;
Though his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa !
Och hon ! my Highland man,
Och, my bonny Highland man ;
Weel would I my true love ken,
Among ten thousand Highland men.

Oh ! to see his tartan-trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes ;
Philabeg aboon his knee ;
That's the lad that I'll gang wi' !
Och hon ! etc.

The princely youth of whom I sing,
Is fitted for to be a king ;
On his breast he wears a star ;
You'd tak him for the god of war.
Och hon ! etc.

Oh to see this princely one
Seated on a royal throne !
Disasters a' would disappear,
Then begins the jub'lee year !
Och hon ! etc.

JAMES MACPHERSON.

1738—1796.

To give a summary even of the
Ossianic controversy is foreign to the
plan of this work ; and were it other-
wise, it would be almost impossible to
make it interesting to but a very small
minority of its readers. We have
already indicated our opinion that the
Celtic scholarship of the country is not
sufficiently advanced to treat the sub-
ject of Gaelic literature with justice ;
but Ossianic and Gaelic are no more
convertible terms than are Welsh and

Arthurian. At anyrate, James Mac-
pherson, if not so great a factor in
English literature as in Celtic, is so to
an extent sufficient to bring him within
our scope.

He was born at Kingussie, in Inver-
ness-shire, in 1738, and received his
elementary education at the town of
Inverness. In 1752, with the intention
of preparing for the ministry of the
Church of Scotland, he was sent to
King's College, Aberdeen, and after-

wards to Edinburgh University. At college, he was more noted for his rhyming propensities than for devotion to his studies; and, at the age of twenty, he published a poem in six cantos, entitled "The Highlander," which exhibited greater evidence of his desire for fame than of the genius necessary to attain it. He also contributed several pieces to the *Scots Magazine*. After finishing his studies, he taught the parish school of Ruthven, near his native place, for some time; but shortly afterwards accepted the situation of tutor in the family of Mr Graham of Balgowan.

While in this situation he accompanied the son of Mr Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) to the watering-place of Moffat, in Annandale, and there made the acquaintance of John Home, the author of *Douglas*. To Home he showed translations of fragments of ancient Gaelic poetry, of which he represented that there were many manuscripts existing in the Highlands. By the advice of Blair, Carlyle, and Fergusson, to whom Home introduced him, Macpherson, in 1760, published *Fragments of Ancient Poetry translated from the Gaelic or Erse Language*. The little volume created great interest in the literary world; and as it professed to be but a specimen of a large body of traditional poetry yet recoverable, a subscription was started for the purpose of collecting the remainder. Macpherson was intrusted with this mission. He gave up his situation, and extended his researches to those parts of the Highlands that were likely to possess manuscripts, or whose natives could

orally repeat ancient Gaelic poetry. These he found principally to be the western parts of Inverness, Skye, and the Western Isles. Having returned to Edinburgh with the fruits of his wanderings, he had the manuscripts and memoranda translated and arranged; and in 1762, "Fingal," an epic poem in six books, and some lesser poems, were given to the public. In 1763, it was followed by "Temora," in eight books, and other poems.

No event in modern literature, unless it be the publication of the Waverley Novels, produced so immediate and extensive an interest, or gave rise to so much speculation and controversy. The sale of the poems was very great, and they were translated into most of the languages of Europe. Macpherson is said to have realized £1200 by their publication. But doubts of their authenticity began to arise, which in England enlisted those national prejudices against them which are reflected in the poems of Churchill and Wilkes against the Scotch. And even in Scotland, those literary men who were quite as ignorant of Highland manners and traditions as Englishmen, and at that time almost as much imbued by prejudice against everything Highland as the English were against everything Scotch, were almost as ill qualified as Englishmen for weighing the merits of a question which could only be judged by men conversant with the specialities of the case, and animated by a zeal for the discovery of the truth. Nor can the assailants of the authenticity be supposed to be alone unreasonable and animated by prejudice. A state of

literary warfare was developed, in which, as in all wars, the victory of truth and right was lost sight of in the zeal of party spirit.

But the profits from their sale was not the only benefit which the poet reaped from the success of his Ossianic poems. In 1764, he was appointed secretary to Governor Johnston of Florida, and accompanied him to Pensacola. But shortly after their arrival his superior and he disagreed; and after visiting some other of the American colonies and the West Indies, Macpherson returned to England, in 1766, having obtained a pension of £200 a-year.

He now took up his residence in London, and occupied himself with writing political pamphlets, and an "Introduction to the History of Great Britain." In 1773, he produced a translation of the *Iliad* of Homer, in his Ossianic style; but it was a signal failure, and serves as an example of a species of error that is often committed, namely, that of applying a successful style to an unsuitable subject. He was more fortunate, however, as a pamphleteer, in which capacity he defended the taxation of America, and tried to parry the political thrusts of the *Letters of Junius*. In 1775, he published a "History of Great Britain from the Restoration to the Accession of the House of Hanover," which is a great improvement on his previous history. His influence as a political writer procured him the appointment of agent to the Nabob of Arcot, which was followed by his being elected member of Parliament for the borough of Camelford, in 1780.

The publication of *Johnson's Tour to*

the Hebrides again revived the controversy as to Ossian's Poems, and led to disagreeable communications between the Doctor and Macpherson, about which it is sufficient to observe, that however unreasonable and absurd Macpherson's conduct may have been, *Johnson's Tour* affords the best evidence of its author's incapacity for treating Ossian, or any Scotch subject, in a manner worthy of deference as an authority.

Having made a considerable fortune, Macpherson, in 1789, purchased the estate of Raitts, in his native parish. He renamed it Belleville, and built a splendid mansion, in which he hoped to spend the remainder of his days in ease and retirement; but his health gave way sooner than he expected, and, in 1796, he died. His last illness and his will display traits of character which reflect some light upon his conduct. He refused to take the medicines prescribed by his physician, on the plea that it was of no use, as his end was come. In his will, he left £1000 for publishing an edition of Ossian in the original, which was done; and £300 for a monument to his memory at Belleville. He also directed that he should be interred in Westminster Abbey; and accordingly his remains lie in Poet's Corner.

After his death, the Highland Society instituted an enquiry regarding the authenticity of the poems which he published as Ossian's; and the Irish antiquaries produced many fragments, on the faith of which they claim Ossian for Ireland. The inquiry elicited the fact, that a large amount of the kind of poetry to which Macpherson was the

first to attract public attention, existed, and that, but for him, it might have never been noticed, before all trace of it disappeared in the changes which the suppression of the Rebellion of 1745 introduced; but no poem was discovered the same in title and tenor with any of his. The fact of his having received Gaelic manuscripts from several families was however established, and some that were recovered are now preserved in the Advocates' Library. The Ossianic controversy can hardly be said to have been settled yet; and from the admitted unsatisfactoriness of the data, and the absence of scholars, with the zeal and ability to place it on a tangible footing, most of those who give the subject a thought are content to compromise the matter by granting Macpherson such a frame-work as those skeletons which Shakespeare's genius breathed into life.

The Marquis of Bute, in 1871, was at the cost of publishing a splendid new edition of Ossian's Poems in Gaelic, with Macpherson's English text and a new literal translation, and a dissertation on the authenticity of the poems, by the Rev. Archibald Clerk.

THE SONGS OF SELMA.

THE ARGUMENT.

This poem fixes the antiquity of a custom, which is well known to have prevailed afterwards in the north of Scotland and in Ireland. The bards, at an annual feast, provided by the king or chief, repeated their poems; and such of them as were thought by him worthy of being preserved, were carefully taught to their children, in order to have them transmitted to posterity. It was one of those occasions that afforded the subject of the present poem to Ossian. It is

called in the original, *The Songs of Selma*, which title it was thought proper to adopt in the translation.

The poem is entirely lyric, and has great variety of versification. The Address to the Evening Star, with which it opens, has, in the original, all the harmony that numbers could give it; flowing down with all that tranquillity and softness which the scene described naturally inspires.

Star of the descending night! fair is thy light in the west! thou liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud: thy steps are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain? The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings, and the hum of their course is on the field. What dost thou behold, fair light? But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee, and bathe thy lovely hair. Farewell, thou silent beam! Let the light of Ossian's soul arise.

And it does arise in its strength! I behold my departed friends. Their gathering is on Lora, as in the days that are past. Fingal comes like a watery column of mist: his heroes are around. And see the bards of the song, grey-haired Ullin; stately Ryno; Alpin; with the tuneful voice, and the soft complaint of Minona! How are ye changed, my friends, since the days of Selma's feast! when we contended, like the gales of the spring, that, flying over the hill, by turns bend the feebly whistling grass.

Minona then came forth in her beauty; with downcast look and tearful eye; her hair flew slowly on the blast that rushed unfrequent from the hill. The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice; for often had they seen the grave of Salgar, and the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma. Colma left alone

on the hill, with all her voice of music ! Salgar promised to come : but the night descended round. Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill !

Colma. It is night ; I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent shrieks down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain ; forlorn on the hill of winds.

Rise, moon ! from behind thy clouds ; stars of the night appear ! Lead me, some light, to the place where my love rests from the toil of the chase ! his bow near him, unstrung ; his dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar, nor can I hear the voice of my love. Why delays my Salgar, why the son of the hill, his promise ? Here is the rock, and the tree ; and here the roaring stream. Thou didst promise with night to be here. Ah ! whether is my Salgar gone ? With thee I would fly, my father ; with thee, my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes ; but we are not foes, O Salgar !

Cease a little while, O wind ! stream be thou silent a while ! let my voice be heard over the heath ; let my wanderer hear me. Salgar ! it is I who call. Here is the tree, and the rock. Salgar, my love ! I am here. Why delayest thou thy coming ? Lo ! the moon appeareth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are grey on the face of the hill. But I see him not on the brow ; his dogs before him tell not that he is coming. Here I must sit alone.

But who are these that lie beyond me on the heath ? Are they my love and my brother ? Speak to me, O my friends ! they answer not. My soul is tormented with fears. Ah ! they are dead. Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother ! my brother ! why hast thou

slain my Salgar ? Why, O Salgar ! hast thou slain my brother ? Dear were ye both to me ! What shall I say in your praise ? Thou wert fair in the hill among thousands ; he was terrible in fight. Speak to me ; hear my voice, sons of my love ! But alas ! they are silent ; silent for ever ! Cold are their breasts of clay ! Oh ! from the rock of the hill : from the top of the windy mountain, speak ye ghosts of the dead ! speak, I will not be afraid. Whither are ye gone to rest ? In what cave of the hill shall I find you ? No feeble voice is on the wind : no answer half-drowned in the storms of the hill.

I sit in my grief. I wait for morning in my tears. Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead : but close it not till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream : why should I stay behind ? Here shall I rest with my friends, by the stream of the foundling rock. When night comes on the hill ; when the wind is on the heath ; my ghost shall stand in the wind, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth. He shall fear, but love my voice. For sweet shall my voice be for my friends ; for pleasant were they both to me.

Such was thy song, Minona, softly-blushing maid of Torman. Our tears descended for Colma, and our souls were sad. Ullin came with the harp, and gave the song of Alpin. The voice of Alpin was pleasant ; the soul of Ryno was a beam of fire. But they had rested in the narrow house : and their voice was not heard in Selma. Ullin had returned one day from the chase, before the heroes fell. He heard their strife on the hill ; their song was soft, but sad. They mourned the fall of Morar, first of mortal men. His soul was like the soul of Fingal ; his sword like the sword of

Oscar. But he fell, and his father mourned : his sister's eyes were full of tears. Minona's eyes were full of tears, the sister of car-borne Morar. She retired from the song of Ullin, like the moon in the west, when she foresees the shower, and hides her fair head in a cloud. I touched the harp, with Ullin ; the song of mourning rose.

Ryno. The wind and the rain are over : calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun. Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream ! but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead. Bent is his head of age, and red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill ? why complainest thou, as a blast in the wood ? as a wave on the lonely shore ?

Alpin. My tears, O Ryno ! are for the dead ; my voice, for the inhabitants of the grave. Tall thou art on the hill ; fair among the sons of the plain. But thou shalt fall like Morar ; and the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more ; thy bow shall lie in the hall unstrung.

Thou wert swift, O Morar ! as a roe on the hill ; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm. Thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was as a stream after rain ; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm ; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow ! Thy face was like the sun after rain ; like the moon in the silence of night ; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now ; dark the place of thine abode. With three steps

I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before ! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar, thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee ; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

Who on his staff is this ? who is this, whose head is white with age, whose eyes are red with tears, who quakes at every step ? It is thy father, O Morar ! the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in battle ; he heard of foes dispersed. He heard of Morar's fame ; why did he not hear of his wound ? Weep, thou father of Morar, weep ; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead ; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice ; no more shall he awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake ? Farewell, thou bravest of men ! thou conqueror in the field ! But the field shall see thee no more ; nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendour of thy steel. Thou hast left no son. But the song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee ; they shall hear of the fallen Morar.

The grief of all arose, but most the bursting sigh of Armin. He remembers the death of his son, who fell in the days of his youth. Carmor was near the hero, the chief of the echoing Galmal. Why bursts the sigh of Armin, he said ? Is there a cause to mourn ? The song comes, with its music, to melt and please the soul. It is like soft mist, that, rising from a lake, pours on the silent vale ; the green flowers are filled with dew, but the sun returns in his strength, and the mist is

gone. Why art thou sad, O Armin, chief of the sea-surrounded Gorma?

Sad! I am indeed: nor small my cause of woe! Carmor, thou hast lost no son; thou hast lost no daughter of beauty. Colgar the valiant, lives; and Annira, fairest maid. The boughs of thy family flourish, O Carmor! but Armin is the last of his race. Dark is thy bed, O Daura! and deep thy sleep in the tomb. When shalt thou awake with thy songs? with all thy voice of music?

Arise, winds of autumn, arise; blow upon the dark heath! streams of the mountains, roar! howl, ye tempests, in the top of the oak! walk through broken clouds, O moon! show by intervals thy pale face! bring to my mind that sad night, when all my children fell; when Arindal the mighty fell; when Daura the lovely failed. Daura, my daughter! thou wert fair; fair as the moon on the hills of Fura; white as the driven snow; sweet as the breathing-gale. Arindal, thy bow was strong; thy spear was swift in the field: thy look was like mist on the wave; thy shield a red cloud in a storm. Armar renowned in war, came, and sought Daura's love; he was not long denied; fair was the hope of their friends.

Erath, son of Odgal, repined; for his brother was slain by Armar. He came disguised like a son of the sea: fair was his skiff on the wave; white his locks of age; calm his serious brow. Fairest of women, he said, lovely daughter of Armin! a rock not distant in the sea, bears a tree on its side; red shines the fruit afar. There Armar waits for Daura. I came to carry his love along the rolling sea. She went; and she called on Armar. Nought answered, but the son of the rock. Armar, my love! my love! why tormentest thou me with fear? hear, son of Ardnart, hear: it is Daura

who calleth thee! Erath the traitor fled laughing to the land. She lifted up her voice, and cried for her brother and her father. Arindal! Armin! none to relieve your Daura!

Her voice came over the sea. Arindal my son descended from the hill: rough in the spoils of the chase. His arrows rattled by his side; his bow was in his hand: five dark-grey dogs attended his steps. He saw fierce Erath on the shore: he seized and bound him to an oak. Thick bend the thongs of the hide around his limbs; he loads the wind with his groans. Arindal ascends the wave in his boat, to bring Daura to land. Armar came in his wrath, and let fly the grey-feathered shaft. It sung; it sunk in thy heart. O Arindal, my son! for Erath the traitor thou diedst. The oar is stopped at once: he panted on the rock and expired. What is thy grief, O Daura, when round thy feet is poured thy brother's blood? The boat is broken in twain by the waves. Armar plunges into the sea, to rescue his Daura, or die. Sudden a blast from the hill comes over the waves. He sunk, and he rose no more.

Alone, on the sea-beat rock, my daughter was heard to complain. Frequent and loud were her cries; nor could her father relieve her. All night I stood on the shore. I saw her by the faint beam of the moon. All night I heard her cries. Loud was the wind; and the rain beat hard on the side of the mountain. Before morning appeared, her voice was weak. It died away, like the evening breeze among the grass of the rocks. Spent with grief she expired. And left thee Armin alone. Gone is my strength in the war, and fallen my pride among women. When the storms of the mountain come; when the north lifts the waves on high: I sit by the sounding shore, and

look on the fatal rock. Often by the setting moon I see the ghosts of my children. Half-viewless, they walk in mournful conference together. Will none of you speak in pity? They do not regard their father. I am sad, O Carmor, nor small is my cause of woe!

Such were the words of the bards in the days of song; when the king heard the music of harps, and the tales of other times. The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. They praised the voice of Cona! the first among a thousand bards. But age is now on my tongue; and my soul has failed. I hear sometimes the ghosts of bards, and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails in my mind: I hear the call of years. They say, as they pass along, why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall raise his fame. Roll on, ye dark-brown years, for ye bring no joy on your course. Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to rest; my voice remains, like a blast, that roars, lonely, on a sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there, and the distant mariner sees the waving trees.

CARTHON.

[Specimen.]

A tale of the times of old! The deeds of days of other years!

The murmur of thy streams, O Lora, brings back the memory of the past. The sound of thy woods, Garmallar, is lovely in mine ear. Dost thou not behold, Malvina, a rock with its head of heath? Three aged firs bend from its face; green is the narrow plain at its feet; there the flower of the mountain grows, and shakes

its white head in the breeze. The thistle is there alone, and sheds its aged beard. Two stones, half sunk in the ground, show their heads of moss. The deer of the mountain avoids the place, for he beholds the grey ghost that guards it, for the mighty lie, O Malvina, in the narrow plain of the rock.

A tale of the times of old! the deeds of days of other years!

Who comes from the land of strangers, with his thousands around him? The sun-beam pours its bright stream before him; and his hair meets the wind of his hills. His face is settled from war. He is calm as the evening beam, that looks from the cloud of the west, on Cona's silent vale. Who is it but Comhal's son, the king of mighty deeds! He beholds his hills with joy, and bids a thousand voices rise. Ye have fled over your fields, ye sons of the distant land! The king of the world sits in his hall, and hears of his people's flight. He lifts his red eye of pride, and takes his father's sword. "Ye have fled over your fields, sons of the distant land!"

Such were the words of the bards, when they came to Selma's halls. A thousand lights from the stranger's land rose, in the midst of the people. The feast is spread around; and the night passed away in joy. "Where is the noble Clessammor?" said the fair-haired Fingal. "Where is the companion of my father, in the days of my joy? Sullen and dark he passes his days in the vale of echoing Lora: but, behold, he comes from the hill, like a steed in his strength, who finds his companions in the breeze; and tosses his bright mane in the wind. Blest be the soul of Clessammor, why so long from Selma?"

"Returns the chief," said Clessammor, "in the midst of his fame? Such was the renown of Comhal in the battles of his

youth. Often did we pass over Carun to the land of the strangers; our swords returned, not unstained with blood: nor did the kings of the world rejoice. Why do I remember the battles of my youth? My hair is mixed with grey. My hand forgets to bend the bow; and I lift a lighter spear. O that my joy would return, as when I first beheld the maid; the white-bosomed daughter of strangers, Moina, with the dark-blue eyes!"

"Tell," said the mighty Fingal, "the tale of thy youthful days. Sorrow, like a cloud on the sun, shades the soul of Clessammor. Mournful are thy thoughts, alone, on the banks of the roaring Lora. Let us hear the sorrow of thy youth, and the darkness of thy days.

"It was in the days of peace," replied the great Clessammor, "I came, in my bounding ship, to Balclutha's walls of towers. The wind had roared behind my sails, and Clutha's streams received my dark-bosomed vessel. Three days I remained in Reuthamir's halls, and saw that beam of light, his daughter. The joy of the shell went round, and the aged hero gave the fair. Her breasts were like foam on the wave, and her eyes like stars of light: her hair was dark as the raven's wing: her soul was generous and mild. My love for Moina was great: and my heart poured forth in joy.

"The son of a stranger came; a chief who loved the white-bosomed Moina. His words were mighty in the hall, and he often half unsheathed his sword. Where, he said, is the mighty Comhal, the restless wanderer of the heath? Comes he, with his host, to Balclutha, since Clessammor is so bold? My soul, I replied, O warrior! burns in a light of its own. I stand without fear in the midst of thousands, though the valiant are distant far. Stranger! thy words are

mighty, for Clessammor is alone. But my sword trembles by my side, and longs to glitter in my hand. Speak no more of Comhal, son of the winding Clutha!"

"The strength of his pride arose. We fought; he fell beneath my sword. The banks of Clutha heard his fall, and a thousand spears glittered around. I fought; the strangers prevailed: I plunged into the stream of Clutha. My white sails rose over the waves, and I bounded on the dark-blue sea. Moina came to the shore, and rolled the red eye of her tears: her dark hair flew on the wind; and I heard her cries. Often did I turn my ship; but the winds of the east prevailed. Nor Clutha ever since have I seen: nor Moina of the dark-brown hair. She fell on Balclutha; for I have seen her ghost. I knew her as she came through the dusky night, along the murmur of Lora: she was like the new moon seen through the gathered mist: when the sky pours down its flaky snow, and the world is silent and dark."

"Raise, ye bards," said the mighty Fingal, "the praise of unhappy Moina. Call her ghost, with your songs, to our hills; that she may rest with the fair of Morven, the sunbeams of other days, and the delight of heroes of old. I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls: and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook, there, its lonely head: the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round his head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina, silence is in the house of her fathers. Raise the song of mourning, O bards, over the land of strangers! They have but fallen before

us : for, one day, we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day ; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes. It howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield. And let the blast of the desert come ! we shall be renowned in our day. The mark of my arm shall be in the battle, and my name in the song of bards. Raise the song, send round the shell : and let joy be heard in my hall. When thou, sun of heaven, shalt fail ! if thou

shalt fail, thou mighty light ! if thy brightness is for a season, like Fingal ; our fame shall survive thy beams."

Such was the song of Fingal, in the day of his joy. His thousand bards leaned forward from their seats, to hear the voice of the king. It was like the music of the harp on the gale of the spring. Lovely were thy thoughts, O Fingal ! why had not Ossian the strength of thy soul? But thou standest alone, my father ; and who can equal the king of Morven?

JOHN EWING.

1741—1821.

JOHN EWING, the author of "The Boatie Rows," was a native of Montrose. In 1760, he removed to Aberdeen, where he carried on the business of an ironmonger, by which he made a considerable fortune. At his death, which occurred in 1821, he was found to have left the greater part of his money for the purpose of establishing an hospital in his native town for the education and maintenance of poor boys. His will was challenged by his daughter, an only child, and it was set aside in her favour by a decision of the House of Lords.

Burns says of "The Boatie Rows,"—"It is a charming display of womanly affection mingling with the concerns and occupations of life. It is nearly equal to 'There's nae Luck about the House.'"

O WEEL MAY THE BOATIE ROW.

O weel may the boatie row,
And better may she speed !
And weel may the boatie row,
That wins the bairns' bread !
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed ;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wishes her to speed !
I cuist¹ my line in Largo Bay,
And fishes I caught nine ;
There's three to boil, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed ;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wishes her to speed !
O weel may the boatie row,
That fills a heavy creel,
And cleads² us a' frae head to feet,
And buys our parritch meal.

¹ Cast.² Clads, clothes.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed ;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he would be mine,
And wan frae me my heart,
O muckle lighter grew my creel !
He swore we'd never part.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel ;
And muckle lighter in the lade,
When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch' I put upon my head,
An' dress'd mysel' fu' brow ;
I trow my heart was dowf² and wae,
When Jamie gaed awa :
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part ;

And lightsome be the lassie's care
That yields an honest heart !

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie,
Are up, and gotten lear,⁴
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel ;
And lightsome be her heart that bears
The murlain² and the creel !

And when wi' age we are worn down,
And hirpling³ round the door,
They'll row to keep us hale and warm
As we did them before :

Then, weel may the boatie row,
That wins the bairns' bread ;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed !

ANONYMOUS POETRY.

TODLIN' HAME.

[From the *Tea-Table Miscellany*.
Burns says:—"This is perhaps the
first bottle-song that ever was com-
posed." We presume he meant as to
its merits as such.]

When I ha'e a saxpence under my thoom,
Then I get credit in ilka toun ; [by :
But aye when I'm puir they bid me gang
Oh, poverty parts gude company !

Todlin' hame, todlin' hame,
Couldna my loove come todlin' hame?

Fair fa' the gudewife, and send her gude
sale !

She gi'es us white bannocks to relish her
ale ;

Syne, if that her tippeny chance to be sma',

¹ That part of the head-dress only worn by
a matron.

² Downcast.

We tak' a gude scour o't, and ca't awa'.

Todlin' hame, todlin' hame,
As round as a neep come todlin' hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
Wi' twa pint stoups at our bed's feet ;
And aye when we waken'd we drank them
dry :—

What think ye o' my wee kimmer and I ?
Todlin' butt, and todlin' ben [hame.
Sae round as my loove comes todlin'

Leeze me on liquor, my todlin' dow,
Ye're ayesae gude-humour'd when weetin'
your mou' !

When sober sae sour, ye'll fecht wi' a flee,
That 'tis a blythe nicht to the bairns and
me,

When todlin' hame, todlin' hame,
When, round as a neep, ye come todlin'
hame !

¹ Learning.

³ Walking feebly.

² A basket carried with a creel.

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

This ballad or song is supposed, by Dr R. Chambers, to be by the author of "The Gaberlunzie Man." It first appeared in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*.

I.

Harken, and I will tell you how
Young Muirland Willie came to woo,
Tho' he could neither say nor do :
The truth I tell to you.
But ay he cries, whate'er betide,
Maggy I'se ha'e to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

II.

On his gray yade as he did ride,
With durk and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee ;
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
Till he came to her dady's door,
With a fal, dal, &c.

III.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your doughter's love to win ;
I care no for making meikle din,
What answer gi' ye me ?
Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light
down,
I'll gie ye my doughter's love to win,
With a fal, dal, &c.

IV.

Now, wooer, sin¹ ye are lighted down,
Where do ye win,² or in what town ?
I think my doughter winna gloom
On sic a lad as ye.
The wooer he stepp'd up the house,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,
With a fal, dal, &c.

V.

I have three owsen in a plough,
Twa good ga'en yads, and gear enough,
The place they ca' it Cadeneugh ;
I scorn to tell a lie :
Besides, I had frae the great laird
A peat pat and a lang kail-yard,
With a fal, dal, &c.

VI.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the bravest in a' the town ;
I wat on him she did na gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The lover he stended³ up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waist,
With a fal, dal, &c.

VII.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here ;
I'm young, and hae enough o' gear,
And for mysell you need na fear ;
Troth try me whan ye like.
He took aff his bonnet, and spat in his
chow,⁴
Hedighted his gab,⁵ and he pri'd⁴ her mou',
With a fal, dal, &c.

VIII.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu law,⁵
She had na will to say him na,
But to her dady she left it a',
As they twa cou'd agree.
The lover he ga'e her the tither kiss,
Syne ran to her dady, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, dal, &c.

IX.

Your doughter wad na say me na,
But to yoursell she has left it a',
As we cou'd gree between us twa ;
Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her ?

¹ Started.

² Cheek ; meaning
doubtful.

³ Wiped his mouth.

⁴ Kissed, tasted.

⁵ Bowed full low.

2 O

¹ Since.
(10)

² Reside.

Now, wooer, quo' he, I ha'e no meikle,
But sic's I ha'e ye's get a pickle,¹
With a fal, dal, &c.

X.

A kilnfu of corn I'll gi'e to thee,
Three souns² of sheep, twa good milk kye,
Ye's ha'e the wadding dinner free ;
Troth I dow do na mair.
Content, quo' he, a bargain be't ;
I'm far frae hame, make haste, let's do't,
With a fal, dal, &c.

XI.

The bridal day it came to pass,
With mony a blythsome lad and lass ;
But sicken a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never seen.
This winsome couple stracked hands,
Mess John ty'd up the marriage bands,
With a fal, dal, &c.

XII.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,
Frae tap to tae they were braw new,
And blinkit bonnillie :
Their toys and mutches³ were sae clean,
They glanc'd in our ladses' e'en,
With a fal, dal, &c.

XIII.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic dln,⁴
Wi' he o'er her and she o'er him ;
The minstrels they did never blia,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
And ay their lips together met,
With a fal, dal, &c.

¹ Share, quantity.
² Five or ten.

³ Head-dresses, caps.
⁴ Noisy mirth.

DUMBARTON'S DRUMS.

[From the *Tea-Table Miscellany*.]

I.

Dumbarton's drums beat bonnie, O,
When they mind me of my dear Johnnie,
O ;
How happie am I
When my soldier is by,
While he kisses and blesses his Annie, O !
'Tis a soldier alone can delight me, O,
For his graceful looks do invite me, O ;
While guarded in his arms,
I'll fear no war's alarms,
Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright
me, O.

II.

My love is a handsome laddie, O,
Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy, O.
Though commissions are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this year,
For he'll serve no longer a cadie, O.
A soldier has honour and bravery, O ;
Unacquainted with rogues and their
knavery, O,
He minds no other thing
But the ladies or the king ;
For every other care is but slavery, O.

III.

Then I'll be the captain's lady, O,
Farewell all my friends and my daddy, O ;
I'll wait no more at home,
But I'll follow with the drum,
And whene'er that beats I'll be ready, O.
Dumbarton's drums sound bonnie, O,
They are sprightly, like my dear Johnnie,
O ;
How happy shall I be
When on my soldier's knee,
And he kisses and blesses his Annie, O !

MICHAEL BRUCE.

1746—1767.

IN connection with the brief life of this amiable young poet, it is unavoidable to take some notice of a claim that has been advanced in behalf of his authorship of the "Ode to the Cuckoo," and several Scripture Paraphrases which his friend and fellow-student, John Logan, has published as his own compositions. But the few facts of his life may first be related without further reference to a controversy which it was possible and becoming to have conducted with feelings of gentleness and charity.

Michael Bruce, the fifth child of Alexander Bruce, weaver, Kinnesswood, a small village on the banks of Lochleven, in Kinross-shire, was born there on the 27th March 1746. His mother's name was Ann Bruce. He was delicate from his childhood, but appears to have been a precocious scholar, for at the age of fifteen he was sent to the University of Edinburgh.

In their laudable ambition to have their favourite son trained for the ministry, his parents devoted a small legacy, left by a relative, to the defraying of his college expenses.

During the vacation of 1765, he was appointed teacher of a rural school at Gairney Bridge, near Kinross. Having completed his four years' attendance at the university, he entered upon the study of divinity at the Hall of the Burghers, or Associate Synod, a section of Dissenters whose students were taught

by Professor Swanston at Kinross. During the vacation of 1766, he was appointed to teach a school at Forrest-mill, not far from Alloa; and while here, he caught a cold, either from the dampness of the school, or from having fallen into the Devon. The cold soon developed into a consumption, in a constitution originally weak. In a letter from here, he refers to his being engaged upon his poem of "Lochleven," of which he says, "I hope it will soon be finished, as I every week add two lines, blot out six, and alter eight. You shall hear the plan when I know it myself." Here he also composed his "Elegy on Spring," besides a prose sketch somewhat in the style of the "Vision of Myrza," which he sent to his correspondent. He remained at Forrest Hill at least till December 1766, but we are not informed when he finally left it; yet it was evidently from inability to continue at his post. For a few weeks only was he able to remain out of bed after his return home. His last work was the transcribing of his poems into a quarto book; and on the 5th July 1767, he died at the age of twenty-one. A monument has been erected to his memory, through the exertions, and almost wholly at the expense, of Principal Baird.

In 1770, there was published, *Poems on Several Occasions*, by Michael Bruce, a small 12mo volume of 127 pp., without

editor's name, yet having a short biographical preface, in which Bruce is referred to in terms of great admiration and affection. It is intimated in the preface that, "to make up a miscellany, some poems wrote by different authors are inserted." An advertisement in the *Scots Magazine* announces the price to be 2s. 6d., and that the impression was limited to 250 copies. The "Ode to the Cuckoo" is the last piece but one in the volume. There is no dispute about John Logan, Bruce's college-friend, being the editor, for the manuscripts of the poems were given him by Bruce's father; yet there is no satisfactory evidence of the date at which they were given, or of what they consisted.

In 1781, appeared *Poems by the Rev. Mr Logan, one of the Ministers of Leith*, and several of the poems that were published in the 1770 volume are here reprinted as the composition of Mr Logan, and among them the "Ode to the Cuckoo." Bruce's father died in 1772; and in 1782, some friends and admirers of the young poet in Stirling resolved to reprint the first edition of his poems. Logan took legal steps to stop the publication; but failed, from the fact of its not being entered in Stationers' Hall, and his not being able to show an assignation of the copyright, his own name not having appeared on the 1770 volume. It does not appear that this reprint was for the benefit of Bruce's mother, or that Logan's consent was asked to its publication; and without information on these points, he cannot be blamed for trying to prevent what he was entitled to hold an infringement of his rights.

The next edition was got up by Principal Baird, in 1796, with the object of benefiting Mrs Bruce, now in her 80th year. This too is a reprint of the 1770 edition, with some additions from MS. supplied by the poet's mother. Doubts as to Logan's authorship of the "Ode to the Cuckoo," and the other poems published as his own in 1781, appear to have been first mooted in connection with this reprint, and Dr Baird is said to have been possessed of a MS. of the Ode in Bruce's handwriting; yet Dr Anderson in his *Collection of the British Poets*, in 1795, assigns it to Logan, as he states in a correspondence with the friends of Bruce, on the authority of Dr Baird.

The next step in vindicating Bruce's claim was Dr MacKellvie's memoir and edition of Bruce's works in 1837, in which, nearly fifty years after Logan's death, we are asked, on the strength of indefinite traditional reports, to accept a theory, which of necessity assumes Logan, at the age of twenty-one, to have contemplated a scheme for making profit and fame at the expense of his fellow-student and bosom friend. Than fame and profit there could be no other motives. Nothing could be more inconsistent with either, than the style and price of the publication; nor can we suppose any amount of fame that could reasonably be supposed to attach to the authorship of so small a poem would be a strong motive to commit an odious crime by a young man whom Dr Blair recommended as the tutor of Sir John Sinclair. As to the profit, we know enough of publishing to believe in the probability of his having been

somewhat out of pocket by the venture. On this point Dr MacKelvie very candidly confesses that Dr Baird's edition of 1000 copies, at 3s. a copy, yielded a profit of only *eight* pounds; and yet he thinks Logan's issue of 250, at 2s. 6d., should have produced £20. Dr MacKelvie's book gave rise to a considerable amount of discussion, but does not seem to have converted the most experienced judges of such matters to his way of thinking. Dr Robert Chambers still held by Logan's authorship; and Dr David Laing wrote a paper on the subject in 1843, which, however, he did not publish; yet, when the works of Michael Bruce, with a memoir by the Rev. Alexander Grosart, appeared in 1865, he was constrained to print it with some additional matters of fact bearing on the question. Dr Laing's pamphlet is as little controversial as possible, and leaves the facts to make their own impression; a course which, had Mr Grosart followed, would have been more in keeping with that affectionate respect which every lover of his country's poetry must feel for the character of Michael Bruce, who certainly does not need that his fame should be augmented by delineating Logan in terms which their author would not dare to apply to any man living. The determination of the authorship of the "Ode to the Cuckoo" is of much less consequence than that the discussion of literary questions should not be conducted in language which would not be tolerated even in a presbytery meeting.

Dr MacKelvie's *Life of Michael Bruce*, which is the groundwork of all

but the most objectionable parts of Mr Grosart's book, is the work of an honest and painstaking, but nonjudicial and indiscriminating enthusiast, whose picture of Michael Bruce is that of a medieval saint, with few of the features, and none of the weaknesses, of common humanity; yet, in his zeal for Bruce, he does not condescend to gratuitous abuse of Logan; and it can hardly be doubted that he is desirous to treat him fairly, according to his convictions.

With Dr Laing's pamphlet, he may be said to supply the materials for judging the question of the authorship of the "Ode to the Cuckoo."

SIR JAMES THE ROSS.

Of all the Scottish northern chiefs
Of his high warlike name,
The bravest was Sir James the Ross,
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was as the tufted fir
That crowns the mountain's brow,
And waving o'er his shoulders broad
His locks of yellow flew.

The chieftain of the brave clan Ross,
A firm undaunted band;
Five hundred warriors drew the sword
Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he stood
Against the English keen,
Ere two-and-twenty op'ning springs
This blooming youth had seen.

The fair Matilda dear he lov'd,
A maid of beauty rare,
Even Marg'ret on the Scottish throne
Was never half so fair.

Lang had he woo'd, lang she refus'd,
With seeming scorn and pride ;
Yet aft her eyes confess'd the love
Her fearful words deny'd.

At last she bless'd his well-try'd faith,
Allow'd his tender claim ;
She vow'd to him her virgin heart,
And own'd an equal flame.

Her father, Buchan's cruel lord,
Their passion disapprov'd,
And bade her wed Sir John the Graham,
And leave the youth she lov'd.

Ae night they met as they were wont,
Deep in a shady wood,
Where on the bank beside the burn
A blooming saugh-tree stood.

Conceal'd among the underwood
The crafty Donald lay,
The brother of Sir John the Graham,
To hear what they would say.

When thus the maid began :—My sire
Your passion disapproves,
And bids me wed Sir John the Graham,
So here must end our loves !

My father's will must be obey'd,
Nought boots me to withstand ;
Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom
Shall bless thee with her hand.

Matilda soon shall be forgot,
And from thy mind defac'd ;
But may that happiness be thine
Which I can never taste.

What do I hear? Is this thy vow?
Sir James the Ross reply'd ;
And will Matilda wed the Graham,
Tho' sworn to be my bride?

His sword shall sooner pierce my heart
Than reave me of thy charms !
Then clasp'd her to his beating breast,
Fast lock'd within his arms.

I spake to try thy love, she said,
I'll ne'er wed man but thee ;
The grave shall be my bridal bed,
Ere Graham my husband be.

Take then, dear youth, this faithful kiss
In witness of my troth,
And every plague become my lot,
That day I break my oath.

They parted thus. The sun was set ;
Up hasty Donald flies :
And turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth,
He loud insulting cries.

Soon turn'd about the fearless chief,
And soon his sword he drew,
For Donald's blade before his breast
Had pierc'd his tartans through.

This for my brother's slighted love,
His wrongs sit on my arm :
Three paces back the youth retir'd,
And sav'd himself frae harm.

Returning swift, his hand he rear'd
Frae Donald's head above,
And thro' the brains and crashing bones
His sharp-edged weapon drove.

He stagg'ring reel'd, then tumbled down,
A lump of breathless clay ;
So fall my foes ! quoth valiant Ross,
And stately strode away.

Thro' the green wood he quickly hy'd
Unto Lord Buchan's hall ;
And at Matilda's window stood,
And thus began to call :

Art thou asleep, Matilda dear?
Awake, my love, awake ;
Thy luckless lover calls on thee,
A long farewell to take.

For I have slain fierce Donald Graham,
His blood is on my sword ;
And distant are my faithful men,
Nor can assist their lord.

To Skye I'll now direct my way,
Where my two brothers bide,
And raise the valiant of the Isles!
To combat on my side.

O, do not so ! the maid replies,
With me till morning stay,
For dark and dreary is the night,
And dangerous is the way :

All night I'll watch you in the park ;
My faithful page I'll send
To run and raise the Ross's clan,
Their master to defend.

Beneath a bush he laid him down,
And wrapt him in his plaid,
While trembling for her lover's fate,
At distance stood the maid.

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale,
Till in a lowly glen
He met the furious Sir John Graham,
With twenty of his men.

Where go'st thou, little page ? he said ;
So late who did thee send ?
I go to raise the Ross's clan,
Their master to defend.

For he has slain fierce Donald Graham,
His blood is on his sword,
And far, far distant are his men
That should assist their lord.

And has he slain my brother dear ?
The furious Graham replies ;
Dishonour blast my name ! but he
By me ere morning dies !

Tell me, where is Sir James the Ross ?
I will thee well reward.
He sleeps into Lord Buchan's park ;
Matilda is his guard.

They spurr'd their steeds in furious mood,
And scour'd along the lea,
They reach'd Lord Buchan's lofty tow'rs
By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate,
To whom thus Graham did say :
Saw ye Sir James the Ross last night,
Or did he pass this way ?

Last day at noon, Matilda said,
Sir James the Ross pass'd by ;
He furious pricked his sweaty steed,
And onward fast did hy.

By this he is at Edinburgh cross,
If horse and man hold good.
Your page then ly'd, who said he was
Now sleeping in the wood ?

She wrung her hands and tore her hair.
Brave Ross ! thou art betray'd,
And ruin'd by those very means
From whence I hop'd thine aid.

By this the valiant knight awak'd,
The virgin's shriek he heard ;
And up he rose and drew his sword,
When the fierce band appear'd.

Your sword last night my brother slew,
His blood yet dims its shine,
But ere the setting of the sun
Your blood shall reek on mine.

You word it well, the chief return'd,
But deeds approve the man ;
Set by your men, and hand to hand
We'll try what valour can.

Oft boasting hides a coward's heart,
My weighty sword you fear,
Which shone in front of Flodden field,
When you kept in the rear.

With dauntless step he forward strode,
And dar'd him to the fight ;
But Graham gave back and fear'd his arm,
For well he knew its might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,
Sunk down beneath his sword ;
But still he scorn'd the poor revenge,
And sought their haughty lord.

Behind him basely came the Graham,
And pierc'd him in the side ;
Out spouting came the purple tide,
And all his tartans dy'd.

But yet his sword quat not the grip,
Nor dropt he to the ground,
Till thro' his en'my's heart his steel
Had forc'd a mortal wound.

Graham like a tree with wind o'erthrown,
Fell breathless on the clay,
And down beside him sunk the Ross,
And faint and dying lay.

The sad Matilda saw him fall.
O spare his life ! she cried,
Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life,
Let her not be deny'd.

Her well-known voice the hero heard,
He rais'd his half-clos'd eyes,
And fixed them on the weeping maid,
And weakly thus replies :

In vain Matilda begs the life
By death's arrest deny'd ;
My race is run—Adieu, my love !
Then clos'd his eyes and dy'd.

The sword yet warm, from his left side
With frantic hand she drew ;
I come Sir James the Ross, she cried,
I come to follow you.

She lean'd the hilt against the ground,
And bar'd her snowy breast ;
Then fell upon her lover's face,
And sunk to endless rest.

ELEGY : IN SPRING.

'Tis past : the iron North has spent his
rage ;
Stern Winter now resigns the length'-
ning day ;
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,
And warm o'er ether western breezes
play .

Of genial heat and cheerful light the
source,
From southern climes, beneath another
sky,
The sun, returning, wheels his golden
course ;
Before his beams all noxious vapours
fly.

Far to the north grim Winter draws his
train
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen
shore ;
Where, thron'd on ice, he holds eternal
reign ;
Where whirlwinds madden, and where
tempests roar.

Loos'd from the bands of frost, the
verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful
green,
Again puts forth her flow'rs ; and all
around,
Smiling, the cheerful face of Spring is
seen.

Behold ! the trees new-deck their wither'd
boughs ;
Their ample leaves the hospitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty ash, disclose ;
The blooming hawthorn variegates the
scene.

The lily of the vale, of flow'rs the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sew'd nor
spun :
The birds on ground, or on the branches
green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning
peers,
From her low nest the tufted lark
upsprings ;
And cheerful singing, up the air she steers ;
Still high she mounts, still loud and
sweet she sings.

On the green furze, cloth'd o'er with
golden blooms
That fill the air with fragrance all
around,
The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy
plumes,
While o'er the wild his broken notes
resound.

While the sun journeys down the western
sky,
Along the greensward, mark'd with
Roman mound,
Beneath the blithesome shepherd's watch-
ful eye,
The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk
around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom
love,
Who love to walk in Virtue's flow'ry
road,
Along the lovely paths of Spring to rove,
And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

Thus Zoroaster studied Nature's laws ;
Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind ;
Thus heav'n-taught Plato trac'd th'
Almighty cause,
And left the wond'ring multitude behind.

Thus Ashley gather'd academic bays ;
Thus gentle Thomson, as the Seasons
roll,
Taught them to sing the great Creator's
praise,
And bear their poet's name from pole
to pole.

Thus have I walk'd along the dewy lawn ;
My frequent foot the blooming wild
hath worn ;
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous
dawn,
And gather'd health from all the gales
of morn.

And, even when Winter chill'd the aged
year,
I wander'd lonely o'er the hoary plain ;
Tho' frosty Boreas warn'd me to forbear,
Boreas, with all his tempests, warn'd
in vain.

Then, sleep my nights, and quiet bless'd
my days ;
I fear'd no loss, my Mind was all my
store ;
No anxious wishes e'er disturb'd my ease ;
Heav'n gave content and health—I
ask'd no more.

Now Spring returns : but not to me re-
turns
The vernal joy my better years have
known ;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are
flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in the inconstant
wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I
was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the silent moments as they
pass :

The wing'd moments, whose unstaying
speed
No art can stop, or in their course
arrest ;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with
the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them
that rest.

Oft morning-dreams presage approaching
fate ;
And morning-dreams, as poets tell, are
true :
Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark
gate,
And bid the realms of light and life
adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe ;
 I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
 The sluggish streams that slowly creep
 below,
 Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields ! ye cheerful
 plains !

Enough for me the churchyard's lonely
 mound,

Where Melancholy with still Silence
 reigns,

And the rank grass waves o'er the cheer-
 less ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
 When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's
 eyes,
 The world and all its busy follies leave,
 And talk with Wisdom where my
 Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the
 clay,

When death shall shut these weary
 aching eyes ;

Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,

Till the long night is gone, and the last
 morn arise.

JOHN LOGAN.

1748—1788.

WHATEVER may have been the amount of Logan's weaknesses or errors, they were of a kind, and in a degree, not unusual in the history of the sons of genius. Admitting that he was the victim of intemperance, even to a greater extent than what traditional stories of the usual cast have portrayed him, and admitting the lowering moral tendency of such a condition, yet to make it the ground of a charge of dishonourable conduct is not the part of an unbiassed judge. We have already, in the life of his fellow-student Michael Bruce, referred to the charges brought against Logan's character ; and the kind of proceeding which we have condemned is unsparingly used to give—what we must admit to have been a most unfortunate and serious error of judgment on his part—a dishonourable character. But,

like most intemperate charges, it overreaches itself ; for there is no evidence of Logan's having contracted those habits for years after his being entrusted with Bruce's manuscripts. His appointment as tutor to Sir John Sinclair, and his subsequent election as the minister of one of the most important charges in the Church of Scotland, at the age of twenty-five, are a sufficient testimony both to his character and his talents. That he owed his position entirely to these will appear from the facts of his history up to this.

His father, George Logan, was a small farmer at Soutra, in the parish of Fala, Edinburghshire ; and here John Logan was born in 1748. He was being educated for the ministry of the religious denomination called Burghers—a sect now merged in the United Presbyterian

body ; but while at college he changed his views regarding the points on which his father's communion differed from the Church of Scotland, and he became a candidate for an appointment in the National Church. Such a step, however conscientiously taken, is justly liable to suspicion, and nowhere more so than in Scotland ; and is naturally most uncharitably construed from the point of view of the deserted party.

While attending Edinburgh University, he received a severe shock on account of the death of his father, who was drowned by being overtaken by the tide, while on his way home on a stormy evening.

In 1768, in his twentieth year, on the recommendation of Dr Blair, he was appointed tutor to the celebrated Sir John Sinclair. While in this situation, he was entrusted with editing the manuscripts of Michael Bruce—Mr Grosart, Bruce's latest biographer, says in 1767, the year in which Bruce died ; but whether Mr Grosart or Logan's biographers, who refer his appointment to 1768, give the right date, we have no means of determining. That some other of Bruce's friends imply that Logan was in Leith at the time, does not tend to inspire much confidence in their accuracy ; nor does it restore the credit of their assertions to be assured by Mr Grosart, that one of them was possessed of "supernatural" powers of memory.

In 1770, Bruce's poems were published by Logan in a small volume of 127 pages, without the editor's name, but with an intimation in the preface that some original poems by other authors were inserted to make up a

miscellany. What were Logan's motives for this particular way of dealing with Bruce's poems it were idle to speculate ; yet a dozen innocent explanations will suggest themselves to any unprejudiced judge acquainted with the ways of literary men, before the conclusion that it was the first cunning step in a plan to rob his dead friend of his fame, and his relatives of the profits of his writings. Having referred to the subject at length in Bruce's life, we need only add on this point, that Logan's practical inexperience in such matters would account for the omission of any distinguishing mark anent Bruce's contributions ; and his position as a candidate for the favours of a church which was not partial to poetical aspirants, and to which he had but recently acceded, was a sufficient motive for withholding his name from a volume of poems by a student of the communion which he had deserted, and which, at that time, was held in something like contempt by the dominant establishment.

In 1771, Logan was presented to the second charge in South Leith parish ; but, owing to his presentation being disputed, he was not inducted till 1773.

In 1775, the Assembly of the Church of Scotland appointed a committee to prepare a selection of hymns and paraphrases, and Logan was placed on the committee. Their selection was placed before the Assembly in 1781 ; and in the same year Logan published his poems in a small volume under his own name. This volume contained the "Ode to the Cuckoo," and some other poems which were published in the 1770 volume, already referred to, besides

several hymns and paraphrases corresponding with those in the Assembly's selection. These too have been claimed as being Bruce's; but on such untenable grounds, that, before Mr Grosart's advent, no editor of Bruce's works felt warranted in inserting them.

It appears, from a letter by Logan to Dr Carlyle, that he had doubts about the success of his poems, and was anxious to obtain the opinions of judges before committing himself. As to the profits, he says, "If I can pay the expenses of my jaunt [to London] by this publication, I shall be very well pleased." This year also he published the substance of a course of lectures on the Philosophy of History, which he delivered in Edinburgh; and, on account of their favourable reception, he became a candidate for the chair of history in the University of Edinburgh. He was unsuccessful however, for Mr Fraser Tytler (Lord Woodhouselee) was selected for the appointment.

In 1783, Logan wrote *Runnamede*, a tragedy founded on Magna Charta, which was accepted by the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, but was prohibited from appearing by the Lord Chancellor, on the ground of the subject being political. But worse for the author than its stoppage was the effect upon his congregation; for, coupled with the fact of his having contracted irregular and indulgent habits, it led to his having to resign his charge in 1786, with an annuity out of the stipend. He then went to reside in London, and devoted himself entirely to literature. He became a contributor to the *English Review*, and wrote a defence of Warren Hastings,

for which the publisher was prosecuted. This trial gave occasion for one of Erskine's most famous speeches, and the publisher was unanimously acquitted by the jury.

Logan did not long survive his removal to London, for he died in December 1788.

It is not our province to defend Logan's character as a man, or as a poet, from legitimate criticism, and we have already indicated our opinion of his blunder in reference to Bruce's poems; but we are only doing our duty in using the right which all literary men are entitled to exercise against the use of unfair weapons, in giving expression to our indignation at an attack of which the following is but a single sample:—

"In the course of my literary researches I have been brought pretty near to Logan, by his own letters, by letters of contemporaries, by anecdotes, and other data, and know not that a more *false* life has ever been lived—the worst of all falsity, moreover, seeing it is a serving the devil while wearing Christ's livery. It may be needful, some day, to reveal all, though personally I should prefer silence, save only where Bruce's claims come in for defence."—*Note to Grosart's Works of Michael Bruce*, p. 108. Edinburgh, 1865.

We question if any literary man of the present day, unless among those who assume to "wear Christ's livery," could be found to publish so cowardly an attack upon the memory of a dead poet, without feeling called upon in honour to "reveal all" while making such charges.

To deprive Logan of the credit of what he himself claimed as his own, on such evidence as has been produced on

behalf of Bruce, would be yielding to clamour that which can only be given up on the most convincing proofs of Logan's fraud.

Logan left a large quantity of manuscripts at his death. Two volumes of selections from his sermons were considered worthy of publication by his executors; but, though they reached a fifth edition, like most of that class of literature, they are now forgotten. The selection of his poems which follow gives a high idea of the correctness of his taste, and the chasteness and simplicity of his style as a poet; and his sermons are characterized by Dr Caruthers, in the last edition of *Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature* (who also maintains his claim to the "Ode"), as "warm and passionate, full of piety and fervour."

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

I.

Hail, beauteous Stranger of the wood !
Attendant on the Spring !
Now heav'n repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

II.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear :
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

III.

Delightful visitant ! with thee
I hail the time of flow'rs,
When heav'n is fill'd with music sweet
Of birds among the bow'rs.

IV.

The schoolboy wand'ring in the wood
To pull the flow'rs so gay,
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

V.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fly'st thy vocal vale,
An annual guest, in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

VI.

Sweet bird ! thy bow'r is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year !

VII.

Alas ! sweet bird ! not so my fate,
Dark scowling skies I see
Fast gathering round, and fraught with
woe
And wintry years to me.*

VIII.

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee :
We'd make, with social wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY IN
AUTUMN.

'Tis past ! no more the summer blooms !
Ascending in the rear,
Behold congenial autumn comes,
The Sabbath of the year !
What time thy holy whispers breathe
The pensive evening shade beneath,
And twilight consecrates the floods ;
While Nature strips her garment gay,
And wears the vesture of decay,
O ! let me wander through the sounding
woods.

* This verse did not appear in the poem as published by Logan, but was found among his manuscripts. With this exception, the version given is that of the first edition, 1770.

Ah ! well-known streams ! Ah ! wanted
groves,
Still pictured in my mind !
Oh ! sacred scene of youthful loves,
Whose image lives behind !
While sad I ponder on the past,
The joys that must no longer last ;
The wild flower strown on summer's
bier,
The dying music of the grove,
And the last elegies of love,
Dissolve the soul, and draw the tender
tear !

Alas ! the hospitable hall
Where youth and friendship play'd,
Wide to the winds a ruin'd wall
Projects a death-like shade !
The charm is vanish'd from the vales ;
No voice with virgin whispers hails
A stranger to his native bowers :
No more Arcadian mountains bloom,
Nor Enna valleys breathe perfume,
The fancied Eden fades with all its
flowers.

Companions of the youthful scene,
Endear'd from earliest days !
With whom I sported on the green,
Or roved the woodland maze !
Long exiled from your native clime,
Or by the thunder-stroke of time
Snatch'd to the shadows of despair ;
I hear your voices in the wind,
Your forms in every walk I find,
I stretch my arms ; ye vanish into a !

My steps, when innocent and young,
These fairy paths pursued ;
And, wandering o'er the wild, I sung
My fancies to the wood.
I mourn'd the linnet-lover's fate,
Or turtle from her murder'd mate,
Condemn'd the widow'd hours to wail.
Or, while the mournful vision rose,
I sought to weep for imaged woes,
Nor real life believed a tragic tale !

Alas ! misfortune's cloud unkind
May summer soon o'er cast ;
And cruel fate's untimely wind
All human beauty blast !
The wrath of Nature smites our bowers,
And promis'd fruits, and cherish'd flowers,
The hopes of life in embryo sweeps ;
Pale o'er the ruins of his prime,
And desolaté before his time,
In silence sad the mourner walks and
weeps !

Relentless power ! whose fated stroke
O'er wretched man prevails ;
Ha ! love's eternal chain is broke,
And friendship's covenant fails !
Upbraiding forms ! a moment's ease—
O memory ! how shall I appease
The bleeding shade, the unlaidd ghost ?
What charm can bind the gushing eye ?
What voice console the incessant sigh,
And everlasting longings for the lost ?

Yet not unwelcome waves the wood
That hides me in its gloom,
While lost in melancholy mood
I muse upon the tomb.
Their chequer'd leaves the branches shed ;
Whirling in eddies o'er my head,
They sadly sigh that winter's near :
The warning voice I hear behind
That shakes the wood without a wind,
And solemn sounds the death-bell of
the year.

Nor will I court Lethean streams,
The sorrowing sense to steep ;
Nor drink oblivion of the themes
On which I love to weep.
Belated oft by fabled rill,
Which nightly o'er the hallow'd hill
Aërial music seems to mourn,
I'll listen autumn's closing strain ;
Then woo the walks of youth again,
And pour my sorrows o'er the untimely
urn !

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

" Thy braes were bonnie, Yarrow stream,
When first on them I met my lover ;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
When now thy waves his body cover !
For ever, now, O Yarrow stream,
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow !
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers ;
He promised me a little page,
To squire me to his father's towers ;
He promised me a wedding-ring—
The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow ;
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow !

Sweet were his words when last me met ;
My passion I as freely told him !
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him !
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost ;
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow ;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through
Yarrow.

His mother from the window looked,
With all the longing of a mother ;
His little sister weeping walked
The greenwood path to meet her
brother :
They sought him east, they sought him
west,
They sought him all the forest tho-
rough—
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow !

No longer from thy window look ;
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !
No longer walk, thou lovely maid ;
Alas, thou hast no more a brother !

No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough !
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek ;
No other youth shall be my marrow :
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow."
The tear did never leave her cheek ;
No other youth became her marrow ;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

THE REIGN OF MESSIAH.

Behold ! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow ;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to His house we'll go.

The beam that shines on Zion hill
Shall lighten every land ;
The King who reigns in Zion towers
Shall all the world command.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years ;
To ploughshares soon they beat their
swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
Their millions slain deplore ;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

Come then—O come from every land,
To worship at His shrine :
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

O ! happy is the man who hears
 Instruction's warning voice,
 And who celestial wisdom makes
 His early, only choice.
 For she has treasures greater far
 Than east or west unfold,
 And her reward is more secure
 Than is the gain of gold.
 In her right hand she holds to view
 A length of happy years ;

And in her left the prize of fame
 And honour bright appears.

She guides the young with innocence,
 In pleasure's path to tread :
 A crown of glory she bestows
 Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
 So her rewards increase ;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

HECTOR MACNEILL.

1746—1818.

HECTOR MACNEILL, as his name implies, was of Hebridian extraction, but was born at Rosebank, near Roslin, Edinburghshire, in 1746. He was educated in Stirling, at the Grammar School, under Dr Doig, a well-known scholar and philologist. Here he continued till the age of fourteen, when he went to reside with a relative in Bristol, engaged in the West Indian trade. Young Macneill went to sea, but soon got tired of it ; and, on the recommendation of his cousin, he entered the counting-house of a merchant in the island of St Christopher. Here he gave much satisfaction ; but what seems to have been a harmless social indiscretion caused his dismissal, and checked the progress of his commercial advancement. While in charge of a sugar plantation in Jamaica, he wrote a pamphlet in defence of West Indian slavery.

He returned home about 1788 with his health impaired, and with little compensation in the shape of fortune. He took his residence in Stirling, and, in 1789, wrote his ballad-story, "The Harp," part i., the legend of which was related by Mr Ramsay of Ochertyre. A prospect of advantage for him having opened in the East Indies, he proceeded thither ; but, as he explains in a note to his poem of "The Scottish Muse," "an unexpected change in the administration at home blasted all the author's fair prospects in India." The only fruit of his voyage to India was a description of the caves of Elephanta which he contributed to the *Archeologia*.

In 1795, while resident in Edinburgh, he wrote his popular ballad-tale of "Will and Jean," which he dedicated to his friend and teacher, Dr Doig. Its success was very remarkable, having, as he himself relates, gone through four-

teen editions within a twelvemonth, or upwards of 20,000 copies. It was evidently suggested by Wilson's prior published "Watty and Meg," and is, it must be confessed, inferior in dramatic vigour to that graphic but less sentimental sketch. It has also a simple pathos and moral purpose that its prototype wants, and has therefore had the advantage in popularity over the superior piece of poetic art. In 1796, Macneill went to Jamaica for the benefit of his health, and returned considerably improved.

On the death of John Graham, Esq., of Jamaica, in 1798, the poet was left an annuity of £100 a-year, which, with his literary earnings, kept him in comparative comfort, and enabled him to mix in the literary society of Edinburgh.

He was for some time editor of the *Scots Magazine*; and latterly he wrote tales with a view to reform what he conceived to be the social defects of his countrymen of the working classes. Two of them—"Bygone Times" and "Town Fashions"—are in verse; and the last is a novel, entitled "The Scottish Adventurers;" but they are now quite forgotten, although they contain some sketches equal to anything he has written. In 1801, he published a collected edition of his poems; but after this he added little to his fame. He died at Edinburgh in 1818.

There is little original in Macneill's writing, either in the manner or the matter; and the specimens we give comprehend almost all of his poems that can be said to have much merit. The songs are excellent, and maintain their popularity as part of our lyric treasures.

(10)

WILL AND JEAN.

PART I.

Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace,
Wha in neighbouring town or farm?
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,
Deadly strength was in his arm.

Wha wi' Will could rin or wrastle?
Throw the sledge, or toss the bar?
Hap what would, he stood a castle,
Or for safety, or for war.

Warm his heart, and mild as manfu',
With the bauld he bauld could be;
But to friends wha had their handfu',
Purse and service aye were free.

Whan he first saw Jeanie Miller,
Wha' wi' Jeanie could compare?
Thousands had mair braws and siller;
But were only half sae fair?

Saft her smile raise like May morning,
Glinting o'er Demait's brow:¹
Sweet! wi' opening charms adorning
Strevlin's² lovely plains below!

Kind and gentle was her nature;
At ilk place she bore the bell;—
Sic a bloom, and shape, and stature!
But her look nae tongue can tell!

Such was Jean whan Will first mawing,
Spied her on a thraward beast;
Flew like fire, and just whan fa'ing,
Kept her on his manly breast.

Light he bare her, pale as ashes,
Cross the meadow, fragrant green!
Placed her on the new-mawn rashes,
Watching sad her opening een.

Such was Will, whan poor Jean, fainting,<
Drapt into a lover's arms;
Wakened to his saft lamenting,
Sighed, and blushed a thousand charms.

¹ A peak of the Ochil Hills. ² Stirling.

Soon they loo'd, and soon were buckled ;
 Nane took time to think and rue ;
 Youth, and worth, and beauty cuppled ;
 Love had never less to do.

Three short years flew by fu' canty,
 Jean and Will thought them but ane ;
 Ilka day brought joy and plenty,
 Ilka year a dainty wean.

Will wrought sair, but aye with pleasure ;
 Jean the hale day spun and sang ;
 Will and weans her constant treasure ;
 Blest with them, nae day seemed lang.

Trig her house, and oh ! to busk aye
 Ilk sweet bairn was a' her pride !—
 But at this time news and whisky
 Sprang nae up at ilk road-side.

Luckless was the hour when Willie,
 Hame returning frae the fair,
 O'ertook Tam, a neighbour billie,
 Sax miles frae their hame and mair.

Simmer's heat had lost its fury,
 Calmly smiled the sober e'en ;
 Lasses on the bleachfield hurry,
 Skelping barefoot o'er the green ;

Labour rang with laugh and clatter,
 Canty hairst was just begun,
 And on mountain, tree, and water,
 Glinted saft the setting sun.

Will and Tam, wi' hearts a' lowping,
 Marked the hale, but could nae bide ;
 Far frame hame, nae time for stopping,
 Baith wished for their ain fire-side :

On they travelled, warm and drouthy,
 Cracking o'er the news in town ;
 The mair they cracked, the mair ilkyouthy
 Prayed for drink to wash news down.

Fortune, wha but seldom listens
 To poor merit's modest prayer,
 And on fools heaps needless blessin's,
 Harkened to our drouthy pair.

In a howm,¹ whase bonnie burnie
 Whimperin' rowed its crystal flood,
 Near the road, whar trav'lers turn aye,
 Neat and bield² a cot-house stood.

White the wa's wi' roof new theekit,
 Window broads just painted red ;
 Lown 'mang trees and braes it reekit,
 Hafins seen, and hafins hid ;

Up the gavel end thick spreading
 Crap the clasping ivy green ;
 Back owre, firs the high craigs cleading,
 Raised a' round a cozy screen :

Down below, a flowery meadow
 Joined the burnie's rambling line ;
 Here it was, that Howe the widow
 This same day set up her sign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its
 Bottom, Will first marv'lling sees
 'Porter, ale, and British spirits,'
 Painted bright between twa trees.

'Godsake ! Tam, here's walth for
 drinking ;
 (Wha can this new comer be ?)
 'Hoot !' quo' Tam, 'there's drouth
 in thinking—
 Let's in, Will, and syne we'll see.'

Nae mair time they took to speak or
 Think of ought but reaming jugs ;
 Till three times in humming³ liquor
 Ilk lad deeply laid his lugs.

Strockened now, refreshed and talking,
 In came Meg (weel skilled to please),
 'Sirs ! ye're surely tired wi' walking—
 Ye maun taste my bread and cheese.'

'Thanks,' quo' Will ;—' I canna tarry,
 Pick mirk⁴ night is setting in ;
 Jean, poor thing's ! her lane, and eery—
 I maun to the road and rin.'

¹ Plain by a river.

² Sheltered.

³ Briskly foaming.

⁴ Pitch dark.

'Hoot !' quo' Tam, 'what's a' the hurry?
Hame's now scarce a mile o' gate—
Come ! sit down—Jean winna weary !
Lord ! I'm sure it's no sae late !'

Will, o'ercome wi' Tam's oration,
Baith fell to and ate their fill—
Tam, quo' Will, in mere discretion,
We maun hae the widow's gill.

After ae gill cam anither—
Meg sat cracking 'tween them twa :
Bang ! cam in Mat Smith and's brither,
Geordy Brown, and Sandie Shaw.

Neighbours, wha ne'er thought to meet
here,
Now sat doon wi' double glee ;
Ilka gill grew sweet and sweeter !—
Will got hame 'tween twa and three.

Jean, poor thing ! had lang been greetin' ;
Will, next morning, blamed Tam
Lowes ;
But ere lang a weekly meetin'
Was set up at Maggie Howe's.

PART II.

Maist things hae a sma' beginning,
But wha kens how things will end ?
Weekly clubs are nae great sinning,
If folk hae enough to spend :

But nae man o' sober thinking
E'er will say that things can thrive,
If there's spent in weekly drinking
What keeps wife and weans alive.

Drink maun aye hae conversation,
Ilka social soul allows ;
But, in this reforming nation,
Wha can speak without the news ?

News, first meant for state physicians,
Deeply skilled in courtly drugs ;
Now, when a' are politicians,
Just to set folk by the lugs.

Maggie's club, wha could get nae light
On some things that should be clear,
Found ere lang the fault, and ae night
Clubbed and got the *Gazetteer*.

Twice a week to Maggie's cot-house,
Swift by post the papers fled !
Thoughts spring up like plants in hot-
house
Every time the news are read.

Ilk ane's wiser than anither,—
'Things are no ga'en right,' quo'
Tam ;
'Let us aft'ner meet thegither ;
Twice a week's no worth a d——n.'

See them now in grave convention,
To mak a' things square and even ;
Or at least wi' firm intention
To drink sax nights out o' seven.

Mid this sitting up and drinking,
Gathering a' the news that fell ;
Will, wha was nae yet past thinking,
Had some battles wi' himsel'.

On ae hand, drink's deadly poison
Bare ilk firm resolve awa ;
On the ither, Jean's condition
Rave his very heart in twa.

Weel he saw her smothered sorrow !
Weel he saw her bleaching cheek !
Marked the smile she strave to borrow,
When, poor thing, she could nae
speak !

Jean, at first, took little head o'
Weekly clubs 'mang three or four ;
Thought, kind soul ! that Will had need o'
Heartsome hours when wark was owre.

But whan now that nightly meetings
Sat and drank frae sax till twa ;
When she faund that hard-earned gettings
Now on drink were thrown awa ;

Saw her Will, wha ance sae cheerie
 Raise ilk morning wi' the lark,
 Now grown mauchless, dowf, and sweet¹
 aye
 To look near his farm or wark ;

Saw him tyne his manly spirit,
 Healthy bloom, and sprightly ee ;
 And o' love and hame grown wearit,
 Nightly frae his family flee ;—

Wha could blame her heart's complaining?
 Wha condemn her sorrows meek ?
 Or the tears that now ilk e'en
 Bleached her lately crimsoned cheek !

Will, wha lang had rued and swithered,
 (Aye ashamed o' past disgrace)
 Marked the roses as they withered
 Fast on Jeanie's lovely face !

Marked,—and felt wi' inward racking,
 A' the wyte² lay wi' himsel',—
 Swore neist night he'd mak a breaking,—
 D—d the club and news to hell !

But, alas ! when habit's rooted,
 Few hae pith the root to pu' ;
 Will's resolves were aye nonsuited,
 Promised aye, but aye got fou ;

Aye at first at the convening
 Moralized on what was right ;—
 Yet o'er clavers entertaining
 Dozed and drank till braid daylight.

Things at length drew near an ending ;
 Cash runs out ; Jean, quite unhappy,
 Sees that Will is now past mending,
 Tynes a' heart, and taks a drappie !

Ilka drink deserves a posy ;
 Port maks men rude, claret civil ;
 Beer maks Britons stout and rosy,
 Whisky maks ilk wife—a devil.

¹ Listless, dull, and
 disinclined.

² Blame.

Jean, wha lately bore affliction
 Wi' sae meek and mild an air,
 Schooled by whisky, learns new tricks soon,
 Flytes, and storms, and rugs Will's hair.

Jean, sae late the tenderest mither,
 Fond of ilk dear dauted wean !
 Now, heart-hardened a' thegither,
 Skelps them round frae morn till e'en.

Jean, wha vogie³ loo'd to busk aye
 In her hame-spun, thrifty wark,
 Now sells a' her braws⁴ for whisky,
 To her last gown, coat, and sark !

Robin Burns, in mony a ditty,
 Loudly sings in whisky's praise ;
 Sweet his sang !—the mair's the pity
 E'er on it he wared sic lays.

O' a' the ills poor Caledonia
 E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,
 Browed in hell's black Pandemonia,
 Whisky's ill will scaith her maist !

Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace,
 Wha in neighbouring town or farm ?
 Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,
 Deadly strength was in his arm !

Whan he first saw Jeanie Miller,
 Wha wi' Jeanie could compare ?
 Thousands had mair braws and siller,
 But were ony half sae fair ?

See them now—how changed wi' drinking !
 A' their youthfu' beauty gane !
 Davered, doited, daized,⁵ and blinking,
 Worn to perfect skin and bane !

In the cauld month o' November,
 (Claes, and cash, and credit out),
 Cow'ring o'er a dying ember,
 Wi' ilk face as white's a clout ;

³ Proud, boastful.

⁴ Fine clothes.

⁵ Muddled, imbeciled,
 stupefied.

Bond and bill, and debts a' stoppèd,
Ilka sheaf selt on the bent ;¹
Cattle, beds, and blankets roupèd,
Now to pay the laird his rent.

No another night to lodge here !
No a friend their cause to plead !
He ta'en on to be a sodger,
She wi' weans, to beg her bread !

O' a' the ills poor Caledonia
E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,
Brewed in hell's black Pandemonia,
Whisky's ill will scaith her maist !

MARY OF CASTLE-CARY.

Saw ye my wee thing? Saw ye mine ain
thing?

Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
Crossed she the meadow yestreen at the
gloaming?
Sought she the burnie whar flowers the
haw tree?

Her hair it is lint-white ; her skin it is
milk-white ;
Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling ee ;
Red, red her ripe lips ! and sweeter than
roses :
Whar could my wee thing wander frae
me ?

I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your
ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down by yon
lea ;
But I met my bonny thing late in the
gloaming,
Down by the burnie whar flowers the
haw tree.

Her hair it was lint-white ; her skin it
was milk-white ;
Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling ee ;

¹ Fields.

Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than
roses :
Sweet were the kisses that she gae to
me !

It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my
ain thing,
It was nae my true love ye met by the
tree :
Proud is her leal heart ! modest her nature !
She never looed ony till ance she looed
me.

Her name it is Mary ; she's frae Castle-
Cary :
Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my
knee :
Fair as your face is, war't fifty times fairer,
Young bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses
to thee.

It was then your Mary ; she's frae Castle-
Cary ;
It was then your true love I met by the
tree ;
Proud as her heart is, and modest her
nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she gae to
me !

Sair gloomed his dark brow, blood-red
his cheek grew,
Wild flashed the fire frae his red roll-
ing ee !—
Ye's rue sair this morning, your boasts
and your scorning ;
Defend ye, fause traitor ! fu' loudly ye
lie.

Awa' wi' beguiling, cried the youth smil-
ing—
Aff went the bonnet ; the lint-white
locks flee ;
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom
shawing,
Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark
rolling ee !

Is it my wee thing ? is it mine ain thing ?
 Is it my true love here that I see ?
 O Jamie, forgie me ; your heart's constant
 to me ;
 I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae
 thee !

MY BOY TAMMY.

'Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy
 Tammy ?
 Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy
 Tammy ?
 'I've been by burn and flowery brae,
 Meadow green and mountain grey,
 Courting o' this young thing,
 Just came frae her mammy.'
 'And whar gat ye that young thing,
 My boy Tammy ?'
 'I gat her down in yonder howe,
 Smiling on a broomy knowe,
 Herding ae wee lamb and ewe
 For her poor mammy.'
 'What said ye to the bonnie bairn,
 My boy Tammy ?'
 'I praised her een, sae lovely blue,
 Her dimpled cheek an' cherry mou !—
 I pree'd it aft, as ye may trow !—
 She said, she'd tell her mammy.
 I held her to my beating heart,
 My young, my smiling lammie !
 I hae a house, it cost me dear,
 I've walth o' plenishen and gear ;
 Ye'se get it a' war't ten times mair,
 Gin ye will leave your mammy.'
 The smile gade aff her bonnie face—
 'I maunna leave my mammy ;
 She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claes,
 She's been my comfort a' my days ;
 My father's death brought mony waes !—
 I canna leave my mammy.'

'We'll tak her hame and mak her fain,
 My ain kind-hearted lammie !
 We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claes,
 We'll be her comfort a' her days.'
 The wee thing gie's her hand, and says—
 'There ! gang and ask my mammy.'

'Has she been to kirk wi' thee,
 My boy Tammy ?'
 'She has been to kirk wi' me,
 And the tear was in her ee :—
 But O ! she's but a young thing
 Just come frae her mammy.'

COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

'Come under my plaidie, the night's
 gaun to fa' ;
 Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift,
 and the snaw ;
 Come under my plaidie, and sit down be-
 side me ;
 There's room in't, dearlassie ! believe me,
 for twa.
 Come under my plaidie, and sit down be-
 side me,
 I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can
 blaw :
 Oh ! come under my plaidie, and sit down
 beside me ;
 There's room in't, dear lassie ! believe me,
 for twa.'
 'Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie ! auld Donald,
 gae 'wa,
 I fear nae the cauld blast, the drift, nor
 the snaw ;
 Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie ! I'll no sit be-
 side ye ;
 Ye may be my gutcher :¹—auld Donald,
 gae 'wa.
 I'm gaun to meet Johnie, he's young and
 he's bonnie ;

¹ Grandfather.

He's been at Meg's bridal, sae trig and
sae braw ;
O nane dance sae lightly, sae gracefu',
sae tightly :
His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's
like the snaw.'

'Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast
to the wa' ;
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naithing
ava ;
The hale o' his pack he has now on his
back,
He's thretty, and I am but—threescore
and twa.
Be frank now and kindly ; I'll busk you
aye finely ;
To kirk or to market they'll few gang sae
braw ;
A bein' house to bide in, a chaise for to
ride in,
And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca'.

'My faither aye tauld me, my mither and
a',
Ye'd mak a gude husband, and keep me
aye braw ;
It's true I loo Johnie, he's gude and he's
bonnie,
But, waes me ! ye ken, he has naithing ava !
I hae little tocher ; you've made a gude
offer ;

I'm now mair than twenty ; my time is
but sma' !
Sae gie me your plaidie, I'll creep in be-
side ye,
I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore
and twa.'

She crap in ayont him, aside the stane
wa',
Whar Johnie was list'ning, and heard her
tell a'.
The day was appointed !—his proud heart
it dunted,
And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting
in twa.
He wandered hame weary, the night it
was dreary !
And thowless, he tint his gate' deep 'mang
the snaw ;
The howlet was screamin', while Johnie
cried ' Women
Wa'd marry Auld Nick, if he'd keep them
aye braw.'

O the deil's in the lasses ! they gang now
sae braw,
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' four-
score and twa ;
The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a
carriage ;
Plain love is the cauldest blast now that
can blaw !

ROBERT FERGUSSON.

1750—1774.

EDINBURGH'S second poetic son was
Robert Fergusson, whose parents had
come to reside in the city from Aber-
deen about five years before his birth.

¹ Well furnished and comfortable.

He is peculiarly the poet of Edinburgh,
as well as the most national and local of
all the modern Scottish poets.

In eight different lives of him, six

¹ Listless, he lost his way.

give the 5th September as his birth-day, and two the 17th October; while five give 1750, and three 1751, as the year of his birth. His father, William Fergusson, an accountant in the British Linen Company Bank, died about 1765, leaving his widow with two sons and two daughters unprovided for.

Robert was the youngest son, and from his birth was of a delicate constitution, but of such quick parts, that though frequently absent from school on account of ill health, his educational progress was very rapid. After being some time at the Edinburgh High School, he was sent to the grammar school of Dundee, where he continued for two years. He went from thence to St Andrews, having obtained one of two bursaries for the education of boys of the surname of Fergusson at that university. The somewhat indefinite account of his life at St Andrews leaves the impression that he was more distinguished for his share in the boisterous fun and practical jokes of the students, than for carrying away those scholastic honours which might be looked for from his natural abilities. Yet his playful genius is said to have attracted the notice of the eccentric Dr Wilkie, author of the *Epigoniad*, who held the chair of Natural Philosophy in the university. Fergusson appears to have been a great favourite with his fellow-students; and on one occasion was the leader in a more than ordinarily riotous indulgence of those youthful frolics so characteristic of student life. An investigation by the professors next day led to the formal dismissal of the ringleaders, who, on promise of better behaviour in

the future, were again restored. Dr Wilkie is said to have interposed in behalf of Fergusson on this occasion.

It was at St Andrews that he manifested his possession of the poetic faculty, at first for the amusement of his companions; but latterly, Dr Irving says, he attempted a tragedy on the life of Wallace, of which nothing has been preserved. The four years' term of his bursary having expired, and his father's death, two years before, making it impossible for him to continue his studies to the end for which they were begun—admission into the ministry of the Church—he now returned home to Edinburgh.

Being undecided as to what employment he should follow, he resolved to visit his maternal uncle in Aberdeenshire, whose circumstances, all his biographers concur in asserting, were such that he might have assisted his nephew. Here he is said to have remained for six months, when his clothes began to get so threadbare as to render him unfit for appearing at his uncle's table, and he was then rudely turned out of doors. He retired to a neighbouring inn, whence he wrote an indignant letter, and then set off on foot on his return to Edinburgh. His uncle sent a messenger after him with a few shillings to pay his expenses on the way. This treatment of Ferguson is thus related by almost all his biographers, who do not think it necessary to produce the slightest evidence of the truth of a statement which ought not to be related on *ex parte* evidence, or mere hearsay. We find Dr Robert Chambers, with his usual caution, has entirely omitted the

incident in the life of Fergusson in the *Cyclopædia of English Literature*. Literature is too full of unauthenticated statements like this, which, were their authors made responsible for their truthfulness, would not have afforded vent for much useless indignation. Fergusson is said to have written his "Decay of Friendship," and "Against repining at Fortune," to soothe his wounded feelings in the circumstances related; but not only do these poems not contain any reflections applicable to the incident, but they were not published till some years after his return from Aberdeenshire.

Soon after his return, he got a situation as a clerk in the Commissary Clerk's office, the duties of which he appears to have disliked, and sometimes neglected. He left this employment for some time, and got into the Sheriff-Clerk's office, which he disliked even more than his former situation, to which he soon returned again.

Edinburgh social manners at this time were of the most dangerous type to a young man of Fergusson's temperament and talents; and he was drawn into the vortex of dissipation with almost irresistible force, though not without a consciousness of its tendencies. About 1771, he began to contribute to Ruddiman's *Weekly Magazine*—the medium through which most of his poems appeared; and this not only took up much of his leisure, but encroached upon his regular duties, besides making his company more sought after by those who like to boast of the acquaintance of the wit and talent of the day.

In 1773, along with some roving

companions, he made an excursion to the Isle of May and Fife, which he afterwards made the subject of a descriptive poem, in which he reflects somewhat disparagingly on the character of the natives of the "kingdom." This led to his receiving a challenge from an irascible Fifer, which he treated with becoming ridicule.

The same year he made an excursion to Dumfries, to visit a boon companion and fellow-poet, who had taken up his abode on the banks of the Nith. Fergusson celebrated the adventure in some stanzas which are characteristic; and as they do not appear in any collection of his works, we give them in our selections.

His fondness for practical jokes, and his skill in carrying them out, is illustrated by an anecdote told by his friend and biographer Sommers. He laid a wager with some of his companions, that in two hours he would dispose of a certain number of ballads of any kind as a street singer. Next evening a large bundle of the well-known slips were procured, when, dressing himself in an old great-coat and wig, he commenced at the head of the West Bow, singing a variety of Scotch songs, by which he gathered such a crowd, that by the time he got down the High Street, he disposed of his bundle and won his wager, which, with the proceeds of his singing, was devoted to a night's carouse.

Towards the end of 1773, he published a collection of his poems, which he dedicated to Sir William Forbes, the friend and biographer of Beattie; but it is said that Sir William was offended at the liberty taken with his name without his permission.

Considering the weakness of Fergusson's constitution, that it would soon give way under the strain to which it was subjected, was inevitable ; but it is somewhat doubtful if his mind became affected till, one night, returning from a convivial party, he fell down a stair, and received such a violent blow on the head that he was carried home insensible. On recovering consciousness, he was found to be quite insane. In these circumstances, he was taken to the public asylum, where shortly after he somewhat recovered, and was visited by his mother and sister, and some other friends. Hopes were entertained of his restoration, which were not realized, for he died rather unexpectedly on the 16th October 1774. His insanity has also been attributed to religious impressions; but, be that as it may, we think the more natural and immediate cause of his death was the effects of the fall upon an enfeebled constitution.

What might have been Fergusson's fate in more favourable circumstances it were vain to speculate ; and having no desire to moralize on the failings which are part of his history, in accepting the legacy which his genius has bequeathed us, we can only reflect with sympathetic kindness on the misfortunes of the youthful life of which that legacy forms the lasting monument.

The charm of his wit and manners is strongly illustrated by the fact that a young companion of the name of Burnet, who had made a fortune in India, sent £100 to pay for Fergusson's outfit for going out to India to join him. But before the letter arrived poor Fergusson was dead.

Fergusson's poetry exemplifies the disadvantages which a town-bred poet has to contend with. The associations of city life, though not destitute of poetry, are narrowing in their effects, and are unfavourable to that breadth and catholicity of sympathy with nature and poetic observation of natural phenomena, which the country poet almost unconsciously imbibes. As an exponent of the national thought and idiom, Fergusson is unrivalled ; and on this account Burns preferred him to Ramsay. At the age at which Fergusson died, Ramsay wrote nothing worth remembering.

The monument erected over his remains by Burns, which still draws poetic pilgrims to the Canongate Churchyard, is the highest tribute that has been paid to Fergusson's memory, unless it be the extent to which Burns kept his eye upon his poems in the modelling of many of his own.

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY IN EDINBURGH.

I sing the day sae aften sung,
Wi' which our lugs hae yearly rung,
In whase loud praise the Muse has dung¹
A' kind o' print ;
But wow ! the limmer's fairly flung ;
There's naething in't.

I'm fain to think the joy's the same
In London town as here at hame,
Whare fouk o' ilka age an' name,
Baith blind and cripple,
Forgather aft, O fy for shame !
To drink an' tipple.

¹ Struck, impressed.

O Muse, be kind, an' dinna fash us,
To flee awa' beyont Parnassus,
Nor seek for Helicon to wash us,
That heath'nish spring;
Wi' Highland whisky scour our hawses,¹
An' gar us sing.

Begin then, dame, ye've drunk your fill,
You woudna hae the tither gill?
You'll trust me, mair would do you ill,
An' ding you doitet :²
Troth 'twould be sair against my will
To hae the wyte³ o't.

Sing then how, on the fourth of June,
Our bells screed aff a loyal tune,
Our ancient castle shoots at noon,
Wi' flag-staff buskit,
Frae which the soger blades come down
To cock their musket.

Oh willawins !⁴ Mons Meg, for you,
'Twas firing crack'd thy muckle mou ;
What black mishanter gart ye spew
Baith gut and ga' ?
I fear they bang'd thy belly fou'
Against the law.

Right seenil⁵ am I gien to bannin,
But, by my saul, ye was a cannon,
Cou'd hit a man had he been stannin
In shire o' Fyfe.
Sax long Scot miles ayont Clackmannan,
An' tak his life.

The hills in terror wou'd cry out
An' echo to thy dinsome rout ;
The herds wou'd gather in their nowt,
That glowr'd wi' wonder.
Hafins afley'd⁶ to bide thereout
To hear thy thunder.

Sing likewise, Muse, how blue-gown
bodies,

Like scare-craws new ta'en down frae
woodies,
Come here to cast their clouted duddies,
An' get their pay :
Than them what magistrate mair proud is
On King's birth-day.

On this great day the city guard,
In military art weel lear'd,
Wi' powder'd pow an' shaven beard,
Gang thro' their functions,
By hostile rabble seldom spared
O' clarty unctions.¹

O soldiers ! for your ain dear sakes,
For Scotland's, alias Land of Cakes,
Gie not her bairns sic deadly pakes,
Nor be sae rude,
Wi' firelock or Lochaber aix,
As spill their blude.

Now round an' round the serpents whizz,
Wi' hissing wrath and angry phiz ;
Sometimes they catch a gentle gizz,
Alack-a-day !
An' singe wi' hair-devouring bizz,
Its curls away.

Shou'd the owner patiently keek round,
To view the nature of his wound,
Dead pussie, draggled thro' the pond,
Taks him a lounder,²
Whilk lays his honour on the ground
As flat's a flounder.

The Muse maun also now implore
Auld wives to steek ilk hole an bore :
If baudrins³ slip but to the door,
I fear, I fear,
She'll nae lang shank upo' all four
This time o' year.

Neist day ilk hero tells his news,
O' crackit crowns an' broken brows,

¹ Throat.

⁴ Same as "well-a-day."

² Knock you stupid.

⁵ Seldom.

³ Blame.

⁶ Half afraid.

¹ Means rotten eggs.

³ The cat.

² Pelts him with a dead cat.

An' deeds that here forbid the Muse
Her theme to swell,
Or time mair precious to abuse
Their crimes to tell.

She'll rather to the fields resort,
Where music gars the day seem short,
Where doggies play, and lammies sport,
On gowany braes,
Where peerless Fancy hauds her court,
And tunes her lays.

CALLER OYSTERS.

O' a' the waters that can hoble
A fishing yole^r or sa'mon coble,
An' can reward the fisher's trouble,
Or south or north,
There's nane sae spacious an' sae noble
As Frith o' Forth.

In her the skate an' codlin sail,
The eel fu' supple wags her tail,
Wi' herrin', fleuk, and mackarel,
An' whitens dainty :
Their spindle-shanks the labsters trail,
Wi' partans plenty.

Auld Reekie's sons blythe faces wear ;
September's merry month is near,
That brings in Neptune's caller cheer,
New Oysters fresh :
The hailesomest and nicest gear
O' fish or flesh.

O! then we needna gie a plack^a
For dand'ring mounteback or quack,
Wha o' their drogs sae bauldly crack,
An' spread sic notions,
As gar their feckless patients tack
Their stinkin potions.

Come prie, frail man ! for gin thou'rt sick,
The oyster is a rare cathartic,

As ever doctor patient gart lick
To cure his ails ;
Whether you hae the head or heart ache,
It aye prevails.

Ye tipplers, open a' your poses,¹
Ye wha are fashed wi' ploukie noses,
Fling ower your craig sufficient doses,
You'll thole a hunder
To fleg awa' your simmer roses,
An' naething under.

Whan big as burns the gutters rin,
Gin ye hae catcht a droukit skin,
To Lucky Middlemist's loup in,
An' sit fu' snug
Ower oysters an' a dram o' gin,
Or haddock lug.

Whan auld Saint Giles, at aught o'clock,
Gars merchant lowns their shopies lock,
There we adjourn wi' hearty fook
To birle² our bodles,³
An' get wharwi' to crack our joke,
An' clear our noddles.

When Phoebus did his winnocks steek,⁴
How often at that ingle cheek
Did I my frosty fingers beek,
 And prie gude fare !
I trow there was na hame to seek
 When steghin⁵ there.

While glaikit fools, ower rife o' cash,
Pamper their wames wi' fulsome trash,
I think a chiel may gayly pass ;
 He's nae ill boden.⁶
That gusts his gab wi' oyster sauce,
 And hen weel soddan.

At Musselbrough, an' eke Newhaven,
The fisher wives will get top livin',
When lads gang out on Sunday's even
To treat their joes,
An' tak o' fat pandores a prieven,
Or mussel brose.

¹ Purses.

4 Windows shut.

² Contribute.

5 Cramming.

³ A sixth of a penny. ⁶ Provided for.

⁶ Provided for.

¹ Yawl, boat.

² A third of a penny.

Then sometimes, ere they flit their doup,
 They'll ablins¹ a' their siller coup
 For liquor clear frae cutty stoup,
 To weet their wizzen,
 An' swallow ower a dainty soup,
 For fear they gizzen.²

A' ye wha canna staun sae sicker,
 Whan twice you've toom'd the big-ars'd
 bicker,
 Mix caller oysters wi' your liquor,
 An' I'm your debtor.
 If greedy priest or drowthy vicar
 Will thole it better.

BRAID CLAITH.

Ye wha are fain to hae your name
 Wrote i' the bonny book o' Fame,
 Let Merit nae pretension claim
 To laurel'd wreath,
 But hap ye weel, baith back an' wame,
 In gude Braid Claith.

He that some ells of this may fa'
 An' slae-black hat on pow like snaw,
 Bids bauld to bear the gree awa'
 Wi' a' this graith,
 When bienly clad wi' shell fu' braw
 O' gude Braid Claith.

Waesuck³ for him wha has nae feck o't!
 For he's a gowk they're sure to geck at,
 A chiel that ne'er will be respeckit,
 While he draws breath,
 Till his four quarters are bedeckit
 Wi' gude Braid Claith.

On Sabbath-days, the barber spark,
 Whan he has done wi' scrapin wark,
 Wi' siller broachie in his sark,
 Gangs trigly, faith!
 Or to the Meadows, or the Park,
 In gude Braid Claith.

Weel might ye trow, to see them there,
 That they to shave your haffits⁴ bare,
 Or curl an' sleek a pickle hair,
 Would be right laith,
 Whan pacing wi' a gawsy² air
 In gude Braid Claith.

If ony mett'l'd stirrah green³
 For favour frae a lady's een,
 He maunna care for bein' seen
 Before he sheath
 His body in a scabbard clean
 O' gude Braid Claith.

For gin he come wi' coat thread-bare,
 A feg for him she winna care,
 But crook her bonny mou' fu' sair,
 An' scauld him baith :
 Wooers shon'd ay their travel spare
 Without Braid Claith.

Braid Claith lends fouk an unco heeze,
 Maks mony kail-worms butterflies,
 Gies mony a doctor his degrees
 For little skaith ;
 In short, you may be what you please
 Wi' gude Braid Claith.

For tho' ye had as wise a snout on
 As Shakespeare or Sir Isaac Newton,
 Your judgmentfouk wou'd hae adoubt on,
 I'll tak my aith,
 Till they cou'd see ye wi' a suit on
 O' gude Braid Claith.

HALLOW-FAIR.

At Hallowmas, when nights grow lang,
 An' starnies⁴ shine fu' clear,
 When fouk, the nippin cauld to bang,
 Their winter hapwarms wear :
 Near Edinburgh a fair there hauds,
 I wat there's nane wha's name is,
 For strappin dames and sturdy lads,
 An' cap an' stoup, mair famous
 Than it that day.

¹ Perhaps.² Dry up.³ Pity.⁴ Vain, big. ³ Fellow wish. ⁴ Stars.

Upo' the tap o' ilka lum,
 The sun began to keek,
 An' bad the trig-made maidens come
 A sightly joe to seek
 At Hallow Fair, whare browsters rare
 Keep good ale on the gantries,
 An' dinna scrimp ye o' a skair
 O' kebbucks frae their pantries
 Fu' saut that day.

Here country John in bannet blue,
 An' eke his Sunday's claes on,
 Rins after Meg wi' rokelay¹ new,
 An' sappy kisses lays on ;
 She'll tauntin say, Ye silly coof !
 Be o' your gab mair sparín :
 He'll tak the hint, and creish her loof
 Wi' what will buy her fairin,
 To chew that day.

Here chapmen billies tak their stand,
 An' shaw their bonny wallies ;²
 Wow, but they lie fu' gleg aff hand
 To trick the silly fallows :
 Heh, Sirs ! what cairds and tinklers come,
 An' ne'er-do-weel horse-coupers,
 An' spae-wives fenzying to be dumb,
 Wi' a' sicklike landloupers,
 To thrive that day.

Here Sawney cries, frae Aberdeen,
 "Come ye to me fa need ;
 The brawest shanks that e'er were seen
 I'll sell ye cheap an' gweed.
 I wyt they are as pretty hose
 As come frae weyer or leem ;³
 Here tak a rug, an' shaw's your pose ;
 Forseeth, my ain's but teem⁴
 An' light the day."

Ye wives, as ye gang through the fair,
 O mak your bargains hooly !
 O' a' thir wylie lowns beware,
 Or fegs they will ye spulzie.

For fernyear Meg Thamson got,
 Frae thir mischievous villains,
 A scaw'd¹ bit o' a penny note,
 That lost a score o' shillins
 To her that day.

The dinlin drums alarm our ears,
 The serjeant screechs fu' loud,
 "A' gentlemen an' volunteers
 That wish your country gude,
 Come here to me, an' I sall gie
 Twa guineas an' a crown,
 A bowl o' punch that like the sea
 Will soum a lang dragoon
 Wi' ease this day."

Without the cuissers² prance and nicker,
 An' o'er the ley-rig scud ;
 In tents the carles bend the bicker,³
 An' rant and roar like wud.
 Then there's sic yellowchin⁴ and din,
 Wi' wives and wee-anes gabblin,
 That ane might throw they were a-kin
 To a' the tongues at Babylon
 Confus'd that day.

Whan Phœbus ligs⁵ in Thetis' lap,
 Auld Reekie gies them shelter,
 Where cadgily they kiss the cap,
 An' ca't round helter-skelter.
 Jock Bell gaed forth to play his freaks,
 Great cause he had to rue it,
 For frae a stark Lochaber air
 He gat a *clamiheuit*,⁶
 Fu' sair that night.

"Ohon !" quo' he, "I'd rather be
 By sword or bagnet stickit,
 Than hae my crown or body wi'
 Sic deadly weapons nickit."
 Wi' that he gat another straik
 Mair weighty than before,
 That gar'd his feckless body ache,
 An' spew the reekin gore,
 Fu' red that night.

¹ Cloak.³ Wire or loom.² Wares.⁴ Empty.⁵ Scabbed.⁴ Bawling.² Coursers.⁵ Lies.³ Drink out their cups.⁶ A blow.

He peching on the causey lay,
 O' kicks and cuffs weel sair'd ;
 A Highland aith the serjeant gae,
 " She maun pe see our guard."
 Out spak the weirlie corporal,
 " Pring in ta drunken sot ;"
 They trail'd him ben, an' by my saul,
 He paid his drucken groat
 For that neist day.

Gude fouk, as ye come frae the fair,
 Bide yont frae this black squad ;
 There's nae sic savages elsewhere
 Allow'd to wear cockade.
 Than the strong lion's hungry maw,
 Or tusk o' Russian bear,
 Frae their wanruly felon paw
 Mair cause ye hae to fear
 Your death that day.

A wee soup drink does unco weel
 To had the heart aboon ;
 It's guide as lang's a canny chiel
 Can stand steeve¹ in his shoon.
 But, gin a birkie's ower weel sair'd,
 It gars him aften stammer
 To plays² that bring him to the guard,
 An' eke the Council-chaumer,
 Wi' shame that day.

ODE TO THE BEE.

Herds, blythesome tune your canty reeds,
 An' welcome to the gowany meads
 The pride o' a' the insect thrang,
 A stranger to the green sae lang ;
 Unfald ilk buss an' ilka brier,
 The bounties of the gleesome year,
 To him whase voice delights the spring,
 Whase soughs the safest slumbers bring.
 The trees in simmer-cleaving drest,
 The hillocks in their greenest vest,
 The bravest flow'rs rejoic'd we see,
 Disclose their sweets, and ca' on thee,

¹ Steady.² Quarrels.

Blythely to skim on wanton wing
 Through a' the fairy haunts o' spring.
 Whan fields hae gat their dewy gift,
 An dawnin' breaks upo' the lift,
 Then gang your ways through height an'
 howe,
 Seek caller haugh or sunny knowe,
 Or ivy'd craig, or burn-bank brae,
 Whare industry shall bid you gae,
 For hiney, or for waxen store,
 To ding sad poortith frae the door.
 Cou'd feckless creature, Man, be wise,
 The simmer o' his life to prize,
 In winter he might fend fu' bauld,
 His eild unkend to nipin cauld,
 Yet thir, alas ! are antrin' fouk
 That lade their scape³ wi' winter stock.
 Auld age maist feckly glowers right
 dour

Upo' the ailings of the poor,
 Wha hope for nae comforting, save
 That dowie dismal house, the grave.
 Then feeble man, be wise, tak tent
 How industry can fetch content :
 Behold the bees whare'er they wing,
 Or thro' the bonny bowers o' spring,
 Where violets or where roses blaw,
 And siller dew-drops nightly fa',
 Or whan on open bent they're seen,
 On heather hill or thistle green ;
 The hiney's still as sweet that flows
 Frae thistle cauld, or kendling rose.

Frae this the human race may learn
 Reflection's hiney'd draps to earn,
 Whether they tramp life's thorny way,
 Or thro' the sunny vineyard stray.
 Instructive bee ! attend me still,
 Owre a' my labour sey³ your skill :
 For thee shall hiney-suckles rise,
 Wi' lading to your busy thighs,
 An' ilka shrub surround my cell,
 Whareon ye like to hum an' dwell :
 My trees in bourachs⁴ owre my ground
 Shall send ye frae ilk blast o' wind :

¹ Rare.² Hive.³ Try.⁴ Clumps.

Nor e'er shall herd, wi' ruthless spike,
Delve out the treasures frae your bike,
But in my fence be safe, an' free,
To live, an' work, an' sing like me.

Like thee, by fancy wing'd, the Muse
Scuds ear' an' heartsome owre the dew,
Fu' vogie, an' fu' blythe to crap
The winsome flow'rs frae Nature's lap,
Twining her living garlands there
That lyart Time can ne'er impair.

ODE TO THE GOWDSPINK.

Frae fields where Spring her sweets has
blawn,

Wi' caller verdure owre the lawn,
The Gowdspink comes in new attire,
The brawest 'mang the whistling choir,
That, 'ere the sun can clear his een,
Wi' glib notes sane¹ the simmer's green.

Sure Nature herried mony a tree,
For sprains and bonny spots to thee :
Nae mair the Rainbow can impart
Sic glowing ferlies o' her art,
Whase pencil wrought its freaks at will
On thee, the sey-piece² o' her skill.
Nae mair through straths in simmer dight
We seek the rose to bless our sight ;
Or bid the bonny wa' flowers sprout
On yonder ruin's lofty snout.

Thy shining garments far outstrip
The cherries upo' Hebe's lip,
An' fool the tints that Nature chose
To busk an' paint the crimson rose.

'Mang men, wae's heart ! we aften find
The brawest drest want peace o' mind,
While he that gangs wi' ragged coat
Is weel contentit wi' his lot.
When wand wi' glewy birdlime's set,
To steal far off your dautit mate,
Blythe wad ye change your cleeding gay
In lieu of lav'rock's sober gray.

¹ Bless.

² Masterpiece.

In vain through woods you sair may ban
The envious treachery of man,
That wi' your gowden glister ta'en,
Still hunts you on the simmer's plain,
An' traps you 'mang the sudden fa's
O' winter's dreery dreepin snaws.
Now steekit frae the gowany field,
Frae ilka fav'rite houff and bield,
But mergh,¹ alas ! to disengage
Your bonny buik² frae fettering cage,
Your free-born bosom beats in vain
For darling liberty again.

In window hung, how aft we see
Thee keek around at warblers free,
That carol saft, an' sweetly sing
Wi' a' the blytheness o' the spring !
Like Tantalus they hing you here
To spy the glories o' the year ;
An' though you're at the burnie's brink,
They downa suffer you to drink.

Ah, liberty ! thou bonny dame,
How wildly wanton is thy stream,
Round whilk the birdies a' rejoice,
An' hail you wi' a gratefu' voice.
The Gowdspink chatters joyous here,
An' courts wi' gleesome sangs his peer ;
The Mavis frae the new-bloomed thorn
Begins his lauds at earliest morn ;
An' herd lown louping o'er the grass
Needs far less fleetching till his lass,
Than paughty damsels bred at courts,
Wha throw their mou's, and tak the dorts ;
But reft of thee fient flee we care
For a' that life ahint can spare.
The Gowdspink, that sae long has kend
Thy happy sweets (his wonted friend),
Her sad confinement ill can brook
In some dark chaumer's dowy nook :
Though Mary's hand his neb supplies,
Unkend to hunger's painfu' cries,
Ev'n beauty canna cheer the heart
Frae life, frae liberty apart ;
For now we tyne its wonted lay,
Sae lightsome sweet, sae blythely gay.

¹ Without marrow—strength.

² Bulk, body.

Thus Fortune aft a curse can gie,
To wyle us far frae liberty ;
Then tent her syren smiles wha list,
I'll ne'er envy your girmel's¹ grist ;
For whan fair Freedom smiles nae mair,
Care I for life? Shame fa' the hair ;
A field o'ergrown wi' rankest stubble,
The essence o' a paltry bubble.

CAULER WATER.

Whan father Adie first pat spade in
The bonny yeard o' ancient Eden,
His amry² had nae liquor laid in
To fire his mou',
Nor did he thole his wife's upbraidin'
For bein' fou.

A cauler burn o' siller sheen
Ran cannily out owre the green,
And whan our gutcher's drouth had been
To bide right sair
He loutit down an' drank bedeen³
A dainty skair.⁴

His balrns had a' before the flood
A langer tack o' flesh an' blood,
An' on mair pithy shanks they stood
Than Noah's line,
Wha still hae been a feckless brood
Wi' drinking wine.

The foddlin Bardies now-a-days
Rin maukin⁵ mad in Bacchus' praise,
An' limp and stoiter through their lays,
Anacreontic,
While ilk his sea o' wine displays
As big's the Pontic.

My Muse will nae gae far frae hame,
Or scour a' airths to hound for fame ;
In troth the jillet ye might blame
For thinking on't,
When eithly she can find the theme
O' *aqua font*.

¹ Granary, or meal-
chest.

² Cupboard.
(10)

³ At once.

⁴ Supply.

⁵ Hare.

This is the name that doctors use
Their patient's noddles to confuse ;
Wi' simples clad in terms abstruse,

They labour still,
In kittle words to gar ye roose
Their want o' skill.

But we'll hae nae sic clitter-clatter,
An' briefly to expound the matter,
It shall be ca'd guid Cauler Water.
Than whilk trow,
Few drugs in doctors' shops are better
For me or you.

Though joints be stiff as ony rung,
Your pith wi' pain be sairly dung,
Be you in Cauler Water flung
Out owre the lugs,
'Twill mak ye souple, swack, and young,
Withouten drugs.

Though cholic or the heart-scad tease us,
Or ony inward dwaam² should seize us,
It masters a' sic fell diseases,
That would ye spulzie,
And brings them to a canny crisis
Wi' little tulzie.

Wer't nae for it the bonny lasses
Would glow'r nae mair in keeking glasses,
An' soon the dint o' a' the graces
That aft conveen
In gleefu' looks and bonny faces,
To catch our een.

The fairest then might die a maid,
An' Cupid quit his shooting trade,
For wha thro' clarty masquerade
Could then discover,
Whether the features under shade
Were worth a lover?

As simmer rains bring simmer flow'rs,
And leaves to clead the birkin bow'rs,
Sae beauty gets by cauler show'rs
Sae rich a bloom,
As for estate or heavy dow'rs,
Aft stands in room.

¹ Praise.

² Faint.
2 Q

What maks Auld Reekie's dames sae fair?
It canna be the halesome air,
But *Cauler burn* beyond compare,
The best o' ony,
That gars them a' sic graces skair,
An' blink sae bonny.

On May-day, in a fairy ring,
We've seen them round St Anthon's
spring,
Frae grass the cauler dew drops wring
To weet their een,
And water clean as crystal spring
To synd them clean.

O may they still pursue the way,
To look sae feat,¹ sae clean, sae gay !
Then shall their beauties glance like May,
An', like her, be
The Goddess of the vocal spray,
The Muse an' me.

THE FARMER'S INGLE.

I.

Whan gloamin grey out o'er the welkin
keeks,
Whan Batie ca's his owsen to the byre,
Whan Thrasher John, sair dung, his barn-
door steeks,
An' lusty lasses at the dighting² tire :
What bangs fu' leal the e'enin's coming
cauld, [vain;
An' gars snaw-tappit winter freeze in
Gars dowie mortals look baith blythe an'
bauld,
Nor fley'd wi' a' the poortith o' the plain;
Begin, my Muse, an' chant in hamely
strain.

II.

Frae the big stack, weel winnow't on the
hill,
Wi' divots theekit³ frae the weet an'
drift,

Sods, peats, and heath'ry truffs the chimley
fill,
An' gar their thick'ning smeeek salute
the lift,
The gudeman, new come hame, is blythe
to find ;
When he out o'er the hallan⁴ flings his
een,
That ilka turn is handled to his mind,
That a' his housie looks sae cosh and
clean ;
For cleanly house loes he though e'er
sae mean.

III.

Weel kens the gudewife that the pleughs
require
A heartsome meltiuth,⁵ an' refreshing
synd³
O' nappy liquor, o'er a bleezing fire :
Sair wark an' poortith downa weel be
join'd.
Wi' butter'd bannocks now the girdle
reeks :
I' the far nook the bowie⁴ briskly reams;
The readied kail stands by the chimley
cheeks,
An' haud the riggin het wi' welcome
streams ;
Whilk than the daintiest kitchen⁵ nicer
seems.

IV.

Frae this let gentler gabs a lesson lear ;
Wad they to labouring lend an eident⁶
hand,
They'd rax⁷ fell strang upo' the simplest
fare,
Nor find their stamacks ever at a stand.
Fu' hale an' healthy wad they pass the
day,
At night in calmest slumbers dose fu'
sound,

¹ Partition.

² Meal.

³ Draught, swill.

⁴ Beer cask.

⁵ Most delicate relish ;
sauce.

⁶ Diligent.

⁷ Grow, stretch.

¹ Neat, trim.

³ Thatched with turfs.

² Cleaning corn.

Nor doctor need their weary life to spae,
Nor drugs their noddle an' their sense
confound,
Till death slip sleely on, an' gie the
hindmost wound.

v.

On sicken¹ food has mony a doughty deed
By Caledonia's ancestors been done;
By this did mony a wight fu' weirlike
bleed
In brulzies frae the dawn to set o' sun;
'Twas this that brac'd their gardies,² stiff
an' strang,
That bent the deidly yew in ancient
days,
Laid Denmark's daring sons on yird³
along,
Gar'd Scottish thistles bang the
Roman bays:
For near our crest their heads they
doughtna raise.

vi.

The couthy cracks begin whan supper's
o'er,
The cheering bicker gars them glibly
gash
O' simmer's showery blinks and winter's
sour,
Whase floods did erst their mailin's
produce hash.
'Bout kirk an' market eke their tales gae
on,
How Jock woo'd Jenny here to be his
bride,
An' there how Marion, for a bastard son,
Upo' the cutty stool was forc'd to ride,
The waefu' scauld o' our Mess John to
bide.

vii.

The fient a cheep's amang the bairnies
now,
For a' their anger's wi' their hunger
gane:

¹ Suchlike.² Arms.³ Earth.

Ay maun the childer, wi' a fastin' mou,
Grumble an' greet, an' mak an unco
mane.

In rangles round before the ingle's low,
Frae Gudame's mouth auld-warld tale
they hear,
O' warlocks loupin round the wirrikow,¹
Or ghaists that win in glen an' kirk-
yard drear,
Whilk touzles a' their tap, an' gars
them shake wi' fear.

viii.

For weel she trows that fiends and fairies
be
Sent frae the deil to fleetch us to our
ill:
That kye hae tint their milk wi' evil ee,
An' corn been scowder'd² on the glowing
kill.
O mock na this, my friends! but rather
mourn,
Ye in life's brawest spring wi' reason
clear,
Wi' eild our idle fancies a' return,
An' dim our dolefu' days wi' bairnly
fear;
The mind's ay cradled when the grave
is near.

ix.

Yet thrift, industrious, bides her latest days,
Though age her sair dow'd³ front wi'
runkles wave,
Yet frae the russet lap the spindle plays
Her e'ning stent⁴ reels she as weel's the
lave.
On some feast-day, the wee things buskit
braw
Shall heeze her heart up wi' a silent joy,
Fu' cadgie that her head was up an' saw
Her ain spun cleeding on a darling oye,⁵
Careless though death shou'd mak the
feast her foy.⁶

¹ Bugbear.⁴ Quantity of work.² Burnt.⁵ Grandchild.³ Faded.⁶ Farewell to life.

X.

In its auld *lerrock*¹ yet the *deas*² remains
 Whare the gudeman aft streeks him at
 his ease,
 A warm an' canny lean for weary banes
 O' lab' rers doil'd³ upo' the wintry leas :
 Round him will baudrins an' the colley
 come
 To wag their tail, an' cast a thankfu'
 ee
 To him wha kindly flings them mony a
 crum
 O' kebbuck whang'd,⁴ an' dainty fadge⁵
 to prie ;
 This a' the boon they crave, an' a' the
 fee.

XI.

Frae him the lads their morning counsel
 tak,
 What stacks he wants to thrash, what
 rigs to till ;
 How big a birm⁶ maun lie on Bassie's⁷ back,
 For meal an' multer to the thirling⁸
 mill.
 Neist the gudewife her hiring damsels
 bids
 Glowr through the byre, an' see the
 hawkies bound ;
 Tak tent 'case Crummy tak her wonted
 tids,⁹
 An' ca' the laiglen's¹⁰ treasure to the
 ground,
 Whilk spills a kebbuck¹¹ nice, or yellow
 pound.

XII.

Then a' the house for sleep begin to grien,
 Their joints to slack from industry a
 while ;

¹ Place.² Kind of sofa.³ Tired.⁴ Cheese sliced.⁵ Coarse roll.⁶ Load.⁷ An old horse.⁸ Bound to use by
thirlage.⁹ Humours.¹⁰ Milk-pail.¹¹ Cheese.

The leaden god fa's heavy on their een,
 An' haffins steeks them frae their daily
 toil ;
 The cruizy¹ too can only blink an' bleer,
 Therestit ingle's² done the maist it dow ;³
 Tacksman an' cottar eke to bed maun
 steer,
 Upo' the cod⁴ to clear their drumly pow,
 Till waken'd by the dawning's ruddy
 glow.

XIII.

Peace to the husbandman an' a' his tribe,
 Whase care fells a' our wants frae year
 to year !
 Lang may his sock an' couter turn the
 glybe !
 An' banks o' corn bend down wi' laded
 ear !
 May Scotia's simmers ay look gay an'
 green
 Her yellow hairsts frae scowry blasts
 decreed !
 May a' her tenants sit fu' snug and bien,
 Frae the hard grip o' ails an' poortith
 freed,
 An' a lang lasting train o' peacefu' hours
 succeed !

THE TRON-KIRK BELL.

Wanwordy,⁵ crazy, dinsome thing,
 As e'er was fram'd to jow or ring,
 What gar'd them sic in steeple hing
 They ken themsel',
 But weel wat I they coudna bring
 Waur sounds frae hell.
 What deil are ye that I should bann ?
 Your neither kin to pat nor pan :
 Nor ulzie pig,⁶ nor maister-can,
 But weel may gie
 Mair pleasure to the ear o' man
 Than stroke o' thee.

¹ Oil lamp.² Stirred up fire.³ Can do.⁴ Pillow.⁵ Unworthy.⁶ Oil jar.

Fleece merchants may look bauld, I trow,
 Sin' a' Auld Reekie's childer now
 Maun stap their lugs wi' teats¹ o' woo,
 Thy sound to bang,
 An' keep it frae gawn thro' an' thro'
 Wi' jarrin twang.

Your noisy tongue, there's nae abidin':
 Likescauldin' wife's there is nae guid in't:
 Whan I'm 'bout ony bis'ness eident,
 It's sair to thole:
 To deave me, than ye tak a pride in't
 Wi' senseless knoll.

O! were I provost o' the town,
 I swear by all the pow'rs aboon,
 I'd bring you wi' a reesle² down;
 Nor shou'd you think
 (Sae sair I'd crack and clour your crown)
 Again to clink.

For whan I've toom'd the meikle cap,³
 An' fain wad fa' ower in a nap,
 Troth I could doze as soun's a tap,
 Wer't nae for thee,
 That gies the tither weary chap
 To wauken me.

I dreamt ae night I saw Auld Nick;
 Quo' he, "This bell o' mine's a trick,
 A wylie piece o' politic,
 A cunnin snare
 To trap fock in a cloven stick,
 Ere they're aware.

As lang's my dautit bell hings there,
 A' body at the church will skair;
 Quo' they, gif he that preaches there
 Like it can wound,
 We dinna care a single hair
 For joyfu' sound."

If magistrates wi' me wad 'gree,
 For aye tongue-tackit shou'd ye be,
 Nor fleg wi' anti-melody
 Sic honest founk,
 Whase lungs were never made to dree
 Thy dolefu' shock.

¹ Tufts.² A blow.³ Cup.

But far frae thee the bailies dwell,
 Or they would scunner at thy knell:
 Gie the foul thief his riven bell,
 An' than, I trow,
 The byeword hauds, "The deil himsel'
 Has got his due."

PLAINSTANES AND CAUSEY.

Sin Merlin laid all Reekie's causey,
 An' made her o' his wark right saucy,
 The spacious street an' gude plainstanes
 Were never kend to crack but anes,
 Whilk happen'd on the hinder night,
 Whan Fraser's ulzie tint¹ its light;
 O' Highland sentries nane were waukin,
 To hear thir cronies glibly taukin;
 For them this wonder might hae rotten,
 An', like night robb'ry, been forgotten,
 Had na' a cadie,² wi' his lanthorn,
 Been gleg enough to hear them bant'rin,
 Wha cam to me neist morning early,
 To gie me tidings o' this ferly.

Ye taunting lowns, trow this nae joke,
 For anes the ass of Balaam spoke,
 Better than lawyers do, forsooth,
 For it spake naething but the truth!
 Whether they follow its example,
 You'll ken best whan you hear the sample.

Plainstanes.

My friend, thir hunder years and mair,
 We've been forfoughten³ late and air,
 In sunshine and in weety weather,
 Our thraward lot we bure thegither.
 I never growl'd but was content
 When ilk ane had an equal stent;⁴
 But now to flyte I se e'en be bauld,
 Whan I'm wi' sic a grievance thrall'd.
 How haps it, say, that mealy bakers,
 Hair-kaimers, creeshy gizey-makers,

¹ Oil lamp, lost.³ Fatigued.² A light porter.⁴ Share.

Should a' get leave to waste their powders
Upo' my beaux and ladies' shoulders?
My travellers are fley'd to dead
Wi' creels wanchancy,¹ heap'd wi' bread,
Frae whilk hing down uncanny nicksticks,
That aften gie the maidens sic licks,
As mak them blythe to screen their faces
Wi' hats and muckle maun bon-graces,
An' cheat the lads that fain wad see
The glances o' a pauky ee,
Or gie their loves a wylie wink,
That erst might lend their hearts a clink.
Speak, was I made to dree the ladin
O' Gaelic chairman's heavy treadin,
Wha in my tender bulk ² bore holes
Wi' waefu' tackets i' the soles
O' broags,³ whilk on my body tramp,
An' wound like death at ilka clamp?

Causey.

Weel crackit friend—It aft hauds true,
'Bout naething fouk mak maist ado:
Weel ken ye, tho' you doughtna tell,
I pay the fairest kain mysel,
Ower me ilk day big waggons rumble,
An' a' my fabric birze⁴ an' jumble;
Ower me the muckle horses gallop,
Eneugh to rug my very saul up;
An' coachmen never throw they're sinning,
While down the street their wheels are
spinning.

Like thee, do I not bide the brunt
O' Highland chairman's heavy dunt?
Yet I hae never thought o' breathing
Complaint, or making din for naething.

Plainstones.

Haud sae, and let me get a word in,
Your back's best fitted for the burden;
An' I can eithly tell you why
Ye're doughtier by far than I;
For whin-stanes, howkit frae the craigs,
May thole the prancing feet o' naigs,

¹ Unlucky.

² Body, bulk.

³ Shoes.

⁴ Bruise.

Nor ever fear uncanny hotches
Frae clumsy carts or hackney-coaches.
While I, a weak an' feckless creature,
Am moulded by a safer nature,
Wi' mason's chisel dighted neat,
To gar me look baith clean an' feat,
I scarce can bear a sairer thump
Than come frae sole o' shoe or pump.
I grant, indeed, that now an' than,
Yield to a patten's ¹ pith I maun;
But pattens, tho' they're aften plenty,
Are aye laid down wi' feet fu' tenty,
An' strokes frae ladies, tho' they're teasing,
I freely maun avow are pleasing.

For what use was I made, I wonder!
It was nae tamely to chap under
The weight o' ilka codroch chiel,²
That does my skin to targets peel;
But gin I guess aright, my trade is
To fend frae skaith the bonny ladies,
To keep the bairnies free frae harms
Whan airing i' their nurses' arms,
To be a safe and canny bield
For growing youth or drooping eild.
Tak then frae me the heavy load
O' burden-bearers heavy shod,
Or, by my troth, the gude auld town
sall

Hae this affair before the council.

Causey.

I dinna care a single jot,
Tho' summon'd by a shelly-coat;³
Sae leally I'll propone defences,
As get ye flung for my expenses;
Your libel I'll impugn *verbatim*,
An' hae a *magnum damnum datum*;
For tho' frae Arthur's Seat I sprang,
An' am in constitution strang,
Wad it nae fret the hardest stane
Beneath the Luckenbooths to grane?
Tho' magistrates the Cross discard,
It maks na ⁴ when they leave the Guard!

¹ Wooden overshoes.

² Clownish fellow.

³ A scarecrow.

⁴ Matters not.

A lumbbersome and stinkin bigging,
That rides the sairest on my rigging.
Poor me ower meikle do ye blame,
For tradsmen tramping on your wame,
Yet a' your advocates an' braw fouk,
Come still to me 'twixt ane an' twa clock,
An' never yet were kent to range
At Charle's statue or Exchange.
Than tak your beaux and macaronies,
Gie me trades-fouk and country Johnnies;
The deil's in't gin ye dinna sign
Your sentiments conjunct wi' mine.

Plainstones.

Gin we twa cou'd be as auld-farrant
As gar the council gie a warrant,
Ilk lown rebellious to tak,
Wha walks not i' the proper track,
An' o' three shillings Scottish souk him,
Or in the water-hole sair douk him,
This might assist the poor's collection,
And gie baith parties satisfaction.

Causey.

But first, I think, it will be good
To bring it to the Robinhood,¹
Whare we shall hae the question stated,
An' keen and crabitly debated,
Whether the provost an' the bailies,
For the town's gude whase daily toil is,
Shou'd listen to our joint petitions,
An' see obtemper'd the conditions.

Plainstones.

Content am I—But east the gate is
The Sun, wha taks his leave o' Thetis,
An' comes to wauken honest fock,
That gang to wark at sax o'clock;
It sets us to be dumb a while,
An' let our words gie place to toil.

¹ A debating society of that name.

LEITH RACES.

I.

In July month, ae bonny morn,
Whan nature's rokely green
Was spread o'er ilka rigg o' corn
To charm our roving een:
Glowrin' about I saw a queen,
The fairest 'neath the lift;
Her een were o' the siller sheen,
Her skin like snawy drift,
Sae white that day.

II.

Quo' she, "I ferly¹ unco sair,
That ye sud musand gae,
Ye wha hae sung o' Hallow-Fair,
Her winter's pranks an' play:
Whan on Leith Sands the racers rare,
Wi' jockey-louns are met,
Their orra² pennies there to ware,
An' drown themselves in debt
Fu deep that day."

III.

An' wha are ye, my winsome dear,
That taks the gate sae early?
Whare do ye won, gin ane may speir,
For I right meikle ferly,
That sic braw buskit laughing lass
Thir bonny blinks shou'd gie,
An' loup like Hebe o'er the grass,
As wanton an' as free
Frae dule this day.

IV.

"I dwell amang the cauler springs
That weet the Land o' Cakes,
An' aften tune my canty strings
At bridals an' late-wakes.
They ca' me Mirth; I ne'er was kend
To grumble or look sour,
But blythe wad be a lift to lend,
Gin ye would sey³ my pow'r
An' pith this day."

¹ Wonder.

² Odd, extra.

³ Try.

XIII.

They say ill ale has been the deid
 O' mony a buirdly ¹ lown ;
 Then dinna gape like gleds wi' greed
 To sweel hail bickers down ;
 Gin Lord send mony ane the morn,
 They'll ban fu' sair the time
 That e'er they toutit aff the horn,
 Which wambles thro' their wame
 Wi' pain that day.

XIV.

The Buchan bodies thro' the beach
 Their bunch o' Findrums² cry,
 An' skirl out bauld in Norlan' speech,
 " Guid speldings, fa' will buy ?"
 An', by my saul, they're nae wrang gear
 To gust a stirrah's mou ;
 Weel staw'd wi' them, he'll never speir
 The price o' being fou
 Wi' drink that day.

XV.

Now wylie wights at rowly-powl,
 An' flingin' o' the dice,
 Here brak the banes o' mony a soul
 Wi' fa's upo' the ice :
 At first the gate seems fair an' straught,
 Sae they haud fairly till her ;
 But wow ! in spite o' a' their maught,³
 They're rookit o' their sillar
 An' gowd that day.

XVI.

Around where'er you fling your een,
 The haiks ⁴ like wind are scourin' ;
 Some chaises honest folk contain,
 An' some hae mony a whore in ;
 Wi' rose and lily, red and white,
 They gie themselves sic fit airs,
 Like Dian, they will seem perfite ;
 But it's nae gowd that glitters
 Wi' them thir days.

¹ Sturdy.² Finnon haddocks.³ Might.⁴ Hackney coaches.

XVII.

The Lion here wi' open paw,
 May cleek in mony hunder,
 Wha geck at Scotland and her law,
 His wylie talons under ;
 For ken, tho' Jamie's laws are auld,
 (Thanks to the wise recorder !)
 His Lion yet roars loud and bauld,
 To haud the Whigs in order
 Sae prime this day.

XVIII.

To town-guard drum, of clangour clear,
 Baith men and steeds are rangit ;
 Some liveries red or yellow wear,
 An' some are tartan sprangit !
 An' now the red, the blue e'en now,
 Bids fairest for the market ;
 But, ere the sport be done, I trow
 Their skins are gaily yarkit¹
 An' peel'd thir days.

XIX.

Siclike in Pantheon² debates,
 Whan twa chiels hae a pingle ;³
 E'en now some coulie gets his aits,
 An' dirt wi' words they mingle ;
 Till up louns he wi' diction fu',
 There's lang and dreech contesting ;
 For now they're near the point in view,
 Now ten miles frae the question
 In hand that night.

XX.

The races ower they hale the dools
 Wi' drink o' a' kin-kind ;
 Great feck gae hirpling⁴ hame like fools,
 The cripple lead the blind.
 May ne'er the canker o' the drink
 E'er mak our spirits thrawart,
 'Case we get wherewitha' to wink
 Wi' een as blue's a blawart
 Wi' straits thir days!

¹ Lashed.² A debating society
so called.³ A contest.⁴ Numbers go
limping.

VERSES ON VISITING
DUMFRIES.

The gods, sure, in some canny hour,
To bonny Nith hae ta'en a tour,
Where bonny blinks the cauler flow'r,
Beside the stream :
And, sportive, there hae shawn their pow'r
In fairy dream !

Had Kirkhill here but kent the gate,
The beauties on Dumfries that wait,
He'd never turn'd his canker'd pate,
O' satire keen,
When ilka thing's sae trig and feat
To please the een.

I ken, the stirrah loo'd fu' weel
Amang the drinking loons to reel ;
On claret brown or porter sweel,
Whilk he cou'd get ;
After a shank o' beef he'd peel,
His craig to whet.

Marshals and Bushbys then had fund
Some kitchen gude to lay the grund,

And Cheshire mites wi' skill to bund,
And fley awa
The heart-scad, and a' scud o' wund
Frae stamack raw !

Had Horace liv'd, that pleasant sinner,
Who loo'd gude wine to synd his dinner,
His muse, though dowf, the deil be in her,
Wi' blithest sang,
The drink wad round Parnassus rin her
Ere it were lang !

Nae mair he'd sing to auld Mæcænas
The blinking een o' bonny Venus ;
His leave at ance he wad hae ta'en us
For claret here,
Which Jove and a' his gods still rain us
Frae year to year !

O! Jove, man ! gie's some orra pence,
Mair siller, and a wee mair sense,
I'd big to you a rural spence,
And bide a' simmer ;
And cauld frae saul and body fence
Wi' frequent brimmer.

JAMES TYTLER.

1747—1805.

IN a note to the song, "The Bonnie Brucket Lassie," Burns says—"The idea of this song is to me very original: the two first lines are all of it that is old. The rest of the song, as well as those songs in the *Museum* [Johnson's], marked T., are the works of an obscure, tippling, but extraordinary body of the name of Tytler, commonly known by the name of Balloon Tytler, from his having projected a balloon: a mortal

who, though he drudges about Edinburgh as a common printer, with leaky shoes, a sky-lighted hat, and knee-buckles, as unlike George-by-the-Grace-of-God, as Solomon the son of David; yet that same unknown drunken mortal is author and compiler of three-fourths of Elliot's pompous *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which he composed at half-a-guinea a-week."

Posterity has ignored the merits of

this eccentric genius almost as much as his contemporaries, for his name does not appear in the chief records of literary history, where many to whom literature is less indebted have a place. The following additional particulars regarding him are contracted from Crome's *Select Scottish Songs* :—

James Tytler was the son of a clergyman in the Presbytery of Brechin. He was instructed by his father in Greek and Latin, and divinity. Having finished his education, he was apprenticed to a surgeon in Forfar, and he afterwards attended the medical classes in Edinburgh University, where he studied chemistry and controversial theology with equal assiduity. Having argued away his Calvinistic orthodoxy, he joined the Glassites, married into the sect, and set up in Leith as an apothecary, where, not being patronised by his co-religionists, as he seemed to think he should have been, he separated from his wife and his sect at the same time. Having got into debt, he removed to Berwick, and afterwards to Newcastle.

In 1772, he returned to Edinburgh in great poverty; and, on account of his previous indebtedness, had to seek the shelter of the Holyrood Sanctuary, where he solaced himself by writing "The Pleasures of the Abbey," his first poem. In this retreat he also composed *Essays on Natural and Revealed Religion*, setting them in type instead of committing them to writing, and printing them on a press of his own construction. Before finishing his essays, he attacked the sect called the Bereans, in a "Letter to Mr John Barclay on the Doctrine of Assurance." He next

started *The Gentlemen and Ladies' Magazine*, which he soon abandoned for *The Weekly Review*.

He now left the Abbey, and began to write for the booksellers. He edited *The Weekly Mirror*; wrote *A System of Geography*; *A History of Edinburgh*; *A Geographical, Historical, and Commercial Grammar*, in 2 vols.; *A Review of Dr Aitken's Theory of Inflammation*; *Remarks on Pinkerton's History of Scotland*; *A Poetical Translation of Virgil's Eclogues*; *A General Index to the Scots Magazine*; and *A System of Chemistry*. He also assisted in the preparation of *Bell's Anatomy*; contributed to the medical and other periodicals; and was principal editor of the second and third editions of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, for which he also acted as reader.

Besides these herculean literary labours, he was constantly experimenting in chemistry, electricity, and mechanics. He invented a process for manufacturing magnesia, and was the first in Scotland who ventured up in a balloon. He was also a musician, and solaced himself with playing upon the Irish bagpipe, accompanying the music with songs of his own composition.

He at last took to politics, and wrote *A Handbill addressed to the People*, for which he incurred the displeasure of the Government, who issued a warrant for his apprehension. He therefore left the country, and went to America. Having taken up his residence in Salem, Massachusetts, he established a newspaper in conjunction with a printer, and continued in connection with it till his death in 1805.

Cromek acknowledges his indebtedness to Dr Anderson, the editor of the *British Poets*, for information regarding Tytler.

THE BONNIE BRUCKET LASSIE.

The bonnie brucket lassie,
She's blue beneath the een ;
She was the fairest lassie
That danced on the green,
A lad he lo'ed her dearly ;
She did his love return :
But he his vows has broken,
And left her for to mourn.

My shape, she says, was handsome,
My face was fair and clean ;
But now I'm bonnie brucket,
And blue beneath the een.
My eyes were bright and sparkling,
Before that they turned blue ;
But now they're dull with weeping,
And a', my love, for you.

My person it was comely ;
My shape, they said, was neat ;
But now I am quite changèd ;
My stays they winna meet.
A' nicht I sleepèd soundly ;
My mind was never sad ;
But now my rest is broken
Wi' thinking o' my lad.

O could I live in darkness,
Or hide me in the sea,
Since my love is unfaithful,
And has forsaken me ;
No other love I suffered
Within my breast to dwell,
In nought I have offended,
But loving him too well.

Her lover heard her mourning,
As by he chanced to pass :
And pressed unto his bosom
The lovely brucket lass.
My dear, he said, cease grieving ;
Since that you loved so true,
My bonnie brucket lassie,
I'll faithful prove to you.

I HAE LAID A HERRING IN SAUT

I hae laid a herring in saut—
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now ;
I hae brew'd a forpit o' maut,
And I canna come ilka day to woo :
I hae a calf that will soon be a cow—
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now ;
I hae a stook, and I'll soon hae a mowe,
And I canna come ilka day to woo :
I hae a house upon yon moor—
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now ;
Three sparrows may dance upon the
floor,
And I canna come ilka day to woo :
I hae a but, and I hae a ben—
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now :
A penny to keep, and a penny to
spen',
And I canna come ilka day to woo :

I hae a hen wi' a happitie-leg—
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now ;
That ilka day lays me an egg,
And I canna come ilka day to woo :
I hae a cheese upon my shelf—
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now—
And soon wi' mites t'will rin itself,
And I canna come ilka day to woo.

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

1750—1825.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY (for that was Lady Barnard's name for more than twenty years after she wrote the beautiful ballad song of "Auld Robin Gray") was the eldest daughter of the fifth Earl of Balcarras. She was born on the 8th Decemher 1750, at Balcarras, in Fife-shire. Her education was in keeping with her social position, and her talents maintained the character of the family to which she belonged.

Her father died in 1768, and she soon after left Balcarras to reside in Edinburgh with her mother, where she mixed in the literary society for which the northern capital was then so distinguished. She afterwards joined her sister Lady Fordyce, in London, and became acquainted with many of the leading literary and political men of the time,—Burke, Sheridan, Dundas, and Wyndham, being among the number of her acquaintances.

In 1793, she married Andrew Barnard, Esquire, son of the Bishop of Limerick, whom she accompanied to the Cape of Good Hope, on his appointment assecretary under Lord Macartney, governor of that colony. Mr Barnard died at the Cape in 1807, and Lady Barnard returned to London, and again took up her residence with her sister. In 1812, the latter re-married, and Lady Barnard continued to reside in Berkeley Square, where she died on the 6th May 1825.

Her authorship of "Auld Robin Gray," though it was written in her twenty-first year, she kept a secret till within two years of her death, when she informed Sir Walter Scott of the circumstances out of which it arose. She was passionately fond of the old Scottish air, "The Bridegroom greits when the sun gaes down," the words of which were indelicate; so she determined to compose something more worthy of her favourite melody. Robin Gray was the name of an old shepherd at Balcarras, with whom she and therest of the family were familiar when they were children. When in the act of writing it, a younger sister came into her room, and she informed her that she was writing a ballad, at the same time enumerating the four misfortunes to which she subjected the heroine, and asking her to suggest a fifth. "Steal the cow, Anne," said Elizabeth; and this was at once done.

It was long sung to the old Scottish air for which it was composed; but the present beautiful melody, to which it is set, was composed by the Rev. William Leves, an English clergyman.

Lady Barnard wrote a considerable number of other pieces, of which it was at one time thought to publish a selection; but the idea was abandoned. Some sketches of her youthful friends and surroundings are included in Lord Lindsay's *Lives of the Lindsays*.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

PART I.

When the sheep are in the fauld and the
kye's a' at hame,
And a' the world to rest are gane,
The woes o' my heart fa' in showers frae
my ee,
Unkent by my gudeman, wha sleeps
sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought
me for his bride,
But saving a crown, he had naething else
beside ;
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie
gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound, they were
baith for me.

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and
a day,
When my faither brake his arm, and the
cow was stown away ;
My mither she fell sick—my Jamie at the
sea ;
And auld Robin Gray came a-courting
me.

My faither couldna work, and my mither
couldna spin ;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I
couldna win ;—
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi'
tears in his ee,
Said, "Jeanie, for their sakes, will ye no
marry me?"

My heart it said Na, and I looked for
Jamie back ;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship
was a wrack ;
The ship was a wrack—why didna Jamie
dee ?
Or why am I spared to cry, Wae is
me ?

My faither urged me sair, my mither
didna speak,
But she look'd in my face 'till my heart
was like to break ;
They gied him my hand—my heart was
in the sea ;
And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to
me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only
four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at
my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna
think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, love, to
marry thee."

Oh ! sair, sair did we greet, and mickle
say o' a' ;
I gied him a kiss, and bade him gang
awa' ;—
I wished that I were dead, but I'm nae
like to dee :
For tho' my heart is broken, I'm young,
wae's me !

I gang like a ghaist, and carena to
spin ;
I darena think on Jamie, for that wad be
a sin ;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For, oh ! Robin Gray he is kind to
me !

PART II.

The winter was come, 'twas summer nae
mair,
And, trembling, the leaves were fleeing
thro' the air ;
"Oh, winter !" said Jeanie, "we kindly
agree,
For wae looks the sun when he shines upon
me."

Nae langer she wept, her tears were a'
spent ;
Despair it was come, and she thought it
content ;
She thought it content, but her cheek it
grew pale,
And she droop'd like a lily broke down
by the hail.

Her father and mother observed her decay ;
" What ails ye, my bairn ? " they oft-times
would say ;
" Ye turn round your wheel, but you come
littie speed,
For feeble's your hand, and silly's your
thread."

She smiled when she heard them, to
banish their fear,
But wae looks the smile that is seen
through a tear,
And bitter's the tear that is forced by a
love
Which honour and virtue can never
approve.

Her father was sad, and her mother was
wae,
But silent and thoughtfu' was auld Robin
Gray ;
He wander'd his lane, and his face it grew
lean,
Like the side of a brae where the torrents
have been.

Nae questions he speir'd her concerning
her health,
He looked at her often, but aye 'twas by
stealth ;
When his heart it grew grit, and often he
feigned
To gang to the door to see if it rained.

He gaed to his bed, but nae physic would
take,
And often he said, " It is best, for her
sake ! "

While Jeanie supported his head as he
lay,
The tears trickled down upon auld Robin
Gray.

" Oh, greet nae mair, Jeanie ! " said he wi'
a groan ;
" I'm nae worth your sorrow, the truth
maun be known ;
Send round for your neighbours, my hour
it draws near,
And I've that to tell that it's fit a' should
hear.

" I've wrang'd her," he said, " but I kent
it ower late ;
I've wrang'd her, and sorrow is speeding
my date ;
But a's for the best, since my death will
soon free
A faithfu' young heart that was ill matched
wi' me.

" I lo'ed and courted her mony a day,
The auld folks were for me, but still she
said nay ;
I kentna o' Jamie, not yet o' her vow ;—
In mercy forgie me, 'twas I stole the
cow !

" I cared not for crummie, I thought but
o' thee ;
I thought it was crummie stood 'twixt
you and me ;
While she fed your parents, oh ! did you
not say,
You never would marry wi' auld Robin
Gray ?

" But sickness at hame, and want at the
door—
You gied me your hand while your heart
it was sore :
I saw it was sore, why took I her
hand ?
Oh, that was a deed to my shame o'er the
land !

"Now truth, soon or late, comes to open
daylight !
For Jamie cam' back, and your cheek it
grew white ;
White, white grew your cheek, but aye
true unto me.
Oh, Jeanie, I'm thankfu'—I'm thankfu'
to dee !

"Is Jamie come here yet ?" and Jamie he
saw ;
"I've injured you sair, lad, so I leave you
my a' ;
Be kind to my Jeanie, and soon may it be !
Waste no time, my dauties, in mournin'
for me."

They kiss'd his cauld hands, and a smile
o'er his face
Seem'd hopeful of being accepted by grace.

"Oh, doubtna," said Jeanie, "forgi'en
he will be,
Wha wadna be tempted, my love, to win
thee ?"

The first days were dowie, while time
slipt awa' ;
But saddest and sairest to Jeanie of a'
Was thinking she couldna be honest and
right,
Wi' tears in her ee, while her heart was
sae light.

But nae guile had she, and her sorrow
away,
The wife of her Jamie, the tear couldna
stay ;
A bonnie wee bairn—the auld folks by
the fire—
Oh, now she has a' that her heart can
desire !

JOHN LOWE.

1750—1798.

SELDOM has the dark cloud of sorrow, slightly tinged with superstition, been more beautifully illumined by the "silver light" of poetry than in the short poem of "Mary's Dream." Its author, John Lowe, was a student of divinity when he wrote it, a tutor in the family of M'Ghie of Ards, in Galloway. The incident on which the poem is founded was the drowning at sea of a young surgeon, named Alexander Miller, who was in love with Mary, one of M'Ghie's daughters.

Lowe was the eldest son of the gardener at Kenmore Castle, in Kirk-

cudbright, and, at the age of fourteen, is said to have been apprenticed to a weaver. While at Ards, he fell in love with one of the Misses M'Ghie ; but having failed to obtain a church at home, he emigrated to America, and was for sometime tutor in the family of a brother of General Washington. He afterwards opened an academy at Fredericksburg, which did not prove successful. He then joined the Episcopal Church, and obtained a charge in that connection. He afterwards married a Virginian lady, with whom he lived unhappily, and soon gave way to dis-

sipation, which brought him to want and an untimely grave in 1798.

Lowe wrote several other songs, all of which are now forgotten. His claim to the credit of "Mary's Dream," which received some slight touches from a reforming hand, has been called in question, on what grounds we know not, for we never heard of any other author to whom it has been attributed. Burns, during his tour in Galloway, visited the spot where Lowe is said to have composed it, and appeared as if spell-bound by the association. In a note to "Mary's Dream," in Cromek's *Select Scottish Songs*, he says, Lowe—whom he names Alexander Lowe—"wrote another beautiful song, called 'Pompey's Ghost.'" He appears to have been a man of many accomplishments, but of infirm resolution and principles, and, like most of the tuneful tribe, was ill fitted to buffet the billows of life.

MARY'S DREAM.

The moon had climbed the highest hill
That rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from its eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree:

Then Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
When, soft and low, a voice was heard,
Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me!"

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With visage pale and hollow ee.
"O! Mary dear, cold is my clay;
It lies beneath a stormy sea;
Far, far from thee I sleep in death:
So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

"Three stormy nights and stormy days
We tossed upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love for thee:
The storm is past, and I'm at rest;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

"O! maiden dear, thyself prepare;
We soon shall meet upon that shore
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more!"
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

ANDREW SCOTT.

1757—1839.

ANDREW SCOTT is a real peasant poet, who, though he has traversed outside of his rural occupations for themes to his homely muse, has succeeded best in describing the bright side

of the farmer's lot. He has shown equal judgment in selecting its poetical aspects, as in placing those he has illustrated in a poetical setting.

Scott was born at Bowden, in Rox-

burghshire, in 1757, of very humble parents, and at the age of twelve was employed in herding cattle. Having got possession of a copy of Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, he was stirred to attempt verse himself. He enlisted in the 80th Regiment, and served in the war in America, where, during the leisure of camp-life, he kept up his intimacy with the lyric muse. When the war was ended, he procured his discharge, and returned to his native parish, where he settled as an agricultural labourer for the remainder of his days. In 1805, he first published a collection of his poems, of which a second edition, with additions, appeared in 1808. His last volume of poetry, *Poems on various Subjects*, was published at Edinburgh in 1826.

He died in 1839, at the patriarchal age of 82, and was buried in the Churchyard of Bowden.

Andrew Scott's character appears to have been imbued with a considerable share of the "Rural Content" which his muse celebrates; yet though the poem of this title is his best, some of his other pieces, as "Symon and Janet," contain glimpses of quiet humour, which evince the possession of keen observing powers and knowledge of human nature. The last stanza of "The Fiddler's Widow" is a specimen of his pawky humour. It needs to be premised, that the defunct's widow and fiddle may be said to have sworn to sorrow for the rest of their existence, when a knowing hand, who had the art of handling both with equal skill, "took down the fiddle as dowie it hung," and "the young widow dighted her cheeks

as she sung;" on which the poet remarks—

"Now sound sleeps the dead in his bed of
cauld clay,
For death still the dearest maun sever;
But now he's forgot, and his widow's as gay,
And his fiddle's as merry as ever."

RURAL CONTENT;

OR, THE MUIRLAND FARMER.

I'm now a gude farmer, I've acres o' land,
An' my heart aye louns light when I'm
vicwin' o't,

An' I hae servants at my command,
An' twa dainty cows for the plowin'
o't.

My farm is a snug ane, lies high on a
muir,

The muir-cocks an' plivers aft skirl at my
door,

An' whan the sky lows, I'm aye sure o'
a' show'r

To moisten my land for the plowin' o't.

Leeze me on the mailin that's fa'n to my
share,

It taks sax muckle bowes for the sawin'
o't:

I've sax braid acres for pasture, an' mair,
An' a dainty bit bog for the mawin' o't.

A spence an' a kitchen my mansion-house
gies,

I've a cantie wee wifie to daut whan I
please,

Twa bairnies, twa callans, that skelp ower
the leas,

An' they'll soon can assist at the plowin'
o't.

My biggin stands sweet on this south
slopin' hill,

An' the sun shines sae bonnily beamin'
on't;

An' past my door trots a clear prattlin' rill
Frae the loch, whar the wild ducks are
swimmin' on't.

An' on its green banks, on the gay sim-
mer days,

My wifie trips barefit, a-bleachin' her
claes,

An' on the dear creature wi' rapture I
gaze,

While I whistle an' sing at the plowin'
o't.

To rank amang farmers I hae muckle
pride,

But I maunna speak high when I'm tellin'
o't,

How brawly I strut on my shelty to ride,
Wi' a sample to show for the sellin' o't.

In blue worsted boots that my auld mither
span

I've aft been fu' vanty sin' I was a'man,
But now they're flung by, an' I've bought
cordovan,

And my wifie ne'er grudged me a
shillin' o't.

Sae now, whan to kirk or to market I gae,
My weelfare what need I be hidin' o't?

In braw leather boots shining black as
the slae,

I dink me to try the ridin' o't.

Last towmond I sell'd off four bowes o'
guid bere,

An' thankfu' I was, for the victual was
dear,

An' I came hame wi' spurs on my heels
shinin' clear,

I had sic gude luck at the sellin' o't.

Now hairst-time is o'er, an' a fig for the
laird,

My rent's now secure for the toilin' o't ;
My fields are a' bare, and my craps in th'
yard,

An' I'm nae mair in doubts o' the spoilin'
o't.

Now welcome gude weather, or wind, or
come weat,

Or bauld ragin' winter, wi' hail, snaw, or
sleet,

Nae mair can be draigle my crap 'mang
his feet,

Nor wraik his mischief, and be spoilin'
o't.

An' on the douf days, when loud hurri-
canes blaw,

Fu' snug i' the spence I'll be viewin' o't,

An' jink the rude blast in my rush-theekit
ha',

When fields are seal'd up frae the
plowin' o't.

My bonnie wee wifie, the bairnies, an' me,
The peat-stack and turf-stack our Phoebus
shall be,

Till day close the scoul o' its angry e'e,
An' we'll rest in gude hopes o' the plowin'
o't.

SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.

An' whan the year smiles, an' the lave-
rocks sing,

My man Jock an' me shall be doin' o't ;
He'll thrash, and I'll toil on the fields in
the spring,

An' turn up the soil at the plowin' o't.

An' whan the wee flow'rets begin then to
blaw,

The laverock, the peasweep, and skirlin'
pickmaw

Shall hiss the bleak winter to Lapland
awa',

Then we'll ply the blythe hours at the
sawin' o't.

An' whan the birds sing on the sweet
simmer morn,

My new crap I'll keek at the growin' o't ;
Whan hares niffer love 'mang the green
brairdit corn,

An' dew-drops the tender blade showin'
o't,

On my brick o' fallaw my labours I'll
ply,
An' view on their pasture my twa bonny
kye;
Till hairst-time again circle round us wi'
joy,
Wi' the fruits o' the sawin' an' plowin'
o't.

Nor need I to envy our braw gentle folks,
Wha fash na their thumbs wi' the sawin'
o't,

Nor e'er slip their fine silken hands in the
pocks,
Nor foul their black shoon wi' the
plowin' o't :
For pleased wi' the liddle that fortune has
lent,
The seasons row round us in rural con-
tent ;
We've aye milk an' meal, an' our laird
gets his rent,
An' I whistle an' sing at the plowin'
o't.

ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

1758-1816.

ALTHOUGH better known as the author of the *Cottagers of Glenburnie*, Elizabeth Hamilton, as the writer of "My Ain Fireside," is entitled to be numbered among the One-song Singers of Scotland. Yet Scotland is not the land of her birth, for she was born in Belfast, in 1758. As the name implies, she was of Scotch descent; and her father having died when she was an infant, she was brought up with an aunt in Stirlingshire, where she was well educated and cared for. Her aunt having no family of her own, Miss Hamilton remained in Stirlingshire till both her aunt and her husband died, when she went to reside with her brother in England. About 1793, he too died, and she then went to live with her sister in Bath.

In 1803, they removed to Edinburgh; and, with her literary reputation established, Miss Hamilton was at once ad-

mitted into the best society of the northern capital. She remained in Edinburgh till shortly before her death, when she went to Harrowgate for the benefit of her health, which had given way for some years previously. She died at Harrowgate, July 1816, in her fifty-eighth year.

Besides the *Cottagers of Glenburnie*, which appeared in 1808, and is still well known, she wrote a memoir of her brother, *Letters of a Hindoo Rajah*, the materials of which she derived from her brother's intercourse and papers—he having been several years in India. She also wrote *The Modern Philosophers*, in three volumes; *Letters on Education*; *Memoirs of Agrippina*; *Letters to the Daughter of a Nobleman*; and (her last works), *Popular Essays on the Human Mind*, and *Hints to the Directors of Public Schools*. "My Ain Fireside," her only known poem, was very popular,

and is still well known. It is thoroughly Scotch in cast, yet has somewhat of the luxuriant flow of language of the Irish style which characterises some of Burns' songs; speaking figuratively, it may be said to have Irish blood in its veins.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

I hae seen great anes, and sat in great
ha's,
'Mang lords and fine ladies a' cover'd
wi' braws;
At feasts made for princes, wi' princes
I've been,
Where the grand sheen o' splendour has
dazzled my een:
But a sight sae delightfu', I trow, I ne'er
spied,
As the bonnie blythe blink o' mine ain
fireside;
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O cheery's the blink o' mine ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O there's nought to compare wi'
ane's ain fireside.

Ance mair, gude be thanket, round my
ain heartsome ingle,
Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially
mingle;

Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or
glad,
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh
when I'm sad.
Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice
to fear,
But truth to delight me, and friendship
to cheer;
Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fire-
side.

My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O there's nought to compare wi'
ane's ain fireside.

When I draw in my stool on my cosy
hearthstane,
My heart louns sae light I scarce ken't for
my ain;
Care's down on the wind, it is clean out
o' sight,
Past troubles they seem but as dreams of
the night;
I hear but kenn'd voices, kenn'd faces I see,
And mark saft affection glent fond frae
ilk e'e;
Nae fleetchings o' flattery, nae boastings
o' pride,
'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fire-
side.

My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O there's nought to compare wi'
ane's ain fireside.

JOHN MAYNE.

1759—1836.

JOHN MAYNE, although, according to one authority, born in the same year as Burns, and according to another two years later, yet appeared in print about

nine years earlier than his great contemporary. He was a native of Dumfries, and was educated at the Grammar School there. He commenced his ap-

prenticeship as a printer in the office of the *Dumfries Journal*, and, in his sixteenth year, published the germ of his poem, "The Siller Gun," in twelve stanzas. The subject of the poem is a shooting match for a small silver gun barrel, presented by James VI. as a prize to the best marksman among the Incorporated Trades of Dumfries. In 1779, the poem was expanded to two cantos, and was subsequently added to during the author's life, till, in 1836, the year in which he died, an edition was issued in a volume of five cantos.

Mayne left Dumfries early in life, and wrought in Glasgow for five years, where he wrote his beautiful song of "Logan Braes." In 1787, he went to London, and became editor, and subsequently joint-proprietor, of the *Star* newspaper. "Logan Braes," which first appeared anonymously, was published in the *Star* in 1789, with the initials of Mayne's surname. He published several other poems, and among them one entitled "Glasgow," containing a description of the contemporary manners of the commercial metropolis of Scotland. Though Mayne never revisited his native land, he never forgot it, and was often of service to his countrymen who were less fortunate in their London experience. His successful and industrious life terminated in 1836, in his seventy-seventh year.

The "Siller Gun," besides its poetic merits, is valuable as a record of burghal manners now almost extinguished. "Logan Braes," founded on an old air, is a lyric of great beauty and tenderness. Burns wrote a song on the same subject, which wants the directness and sim-

plicity of Mayne's. He also took the idea of his "Halloween" from a poem of Mayne's of the same title, which appeared in *Ruddiman's Magazine* in 1780.

THE SILLER GUN.

CANTO FIRST.

For loyal feats and trophies won,
Dumfries shall live till time be done !
Ae simmer's morning, wi' the sun,
The Seven Trades there
Foregather'd, for their Siller Gun
To shoot, ance mair !

To shoot ance mair in grand array,
And celebrate the king's-birthday,
Crowds, happy in the gentle sway
Of ane sae dear,
Were proud their fealty to display,
And marshal here.

O, George ! the wale o' kings and men !
For thee, in daily prayer, we bend !
With ilka blessing Heaven can send
May'st thou be crown'd ;
And may thy race our rights defend
The warld around !

For weeks before this fête sae clever,
The fowk were in a perfect fever,
Scouring gun-barrels in the river—
At marks practising—
Marching wi' drums and fifes for ever—
A' sodgerizing !

And turning coats, and mending breeks,
New-seating where the sark-tail keeks ;
(Nae matter though the clout that eeks
Be black or blue ;)
And darning, with a thousand steeks,
The hose anew !

Between the last and this occasion,
Lang, unco lang, seem'd the vacation,
To him wha woos sweet recreation
In Nature's prime ;
And him wha likes a day's potation
At ony time !

The lift was clear, the morn serene,
The sun just glinting ower the scene,
When James M'Noe began again
To beat to arms,
Rousing the heart o' man and wean
Wi' war's alarms !

Frae far and near the country lads,
(Their joes ahint them on their yads,)
Flock'd in to see the show in squads ;
And what was dafter,
Their pawky mithers and their dads
Cam trotting after !

And mony a beau and belle were there,
Doited wi' dozing on a chair ;
For, lest they'd, sleeping, spoil their hair,
Or miss the sight,
The gowks, like bairns before a fair,
Sat up a' night !

Wi' hats as black as ony raven,
Fresh as the rose, their beards new shaven,
And a' their Sunday's cleeding having
Sae trim and gay,
Forth cam our Trades, some orra saving
To wair that day.

Fair fa' ilk canny, caidgy carl,
Weel may he bruik his new apparel !
And never dree the bitter snarl
O' scowling wife !
But, blest in pantry, barn, and barrel,
Be blithe through life !

Hegh, sirs ! what crowds cam into town,
To see them must'ring up and down !
Lasses and lads sun-burnt and brown—
Women and weans,
Gentle and simple, mingling, cròwn
The gladsome scenes !

At first, forenent ilk deacon's hallan,
His ain brigade was made to fall in ;
And, while the muster-roll was calling,
And joy bells jowing,
Het-pints, weel spiced, to keep the saul in,
Around were flowing !

Broil'd kipper, cheese and bread, and
ham,
Laid the foundation for a dram
O' whisky, gin frae Rotterdam,
Or cherry-brandy ;
Whilk after, a' was fish that cam
To Jock or Sandy :

O ! weel ken they wha loo their chappin,
Drink maks the auldest swack and
strappin' ;
Gars care forget the ills that happen—
The blate look spruce—
And ev'n the thowless cock their tappin,¹
And craw fu' croose !

The muster ower, the diff'rent bands
File aff, in parties, to the sands ;
Where, 'mid loud laughs and clapping
hands,

Gley'd Geordy Smith
Reviews them, and their line expands
Alang the Nith !

But ne'er, for uniform or air,
Was sic a group review'd elsewhere !
The short, the tall ; fat fowk, and spare ;
Syde coats, and dockit ;
Wigs, queus,² and clubs, and curly hair ;
Round hats, and cockit !

As to their guns—thae fell engines,
Borrow'd or begg'd, were of a' kinds,
For bloody war, or bad designs,
Or shooting cushies—
Lang fowling-pieces, carabines,
And blunder-busses !

¹ Crest.

² Cues ; the hair or wig with a tail.

Maist feck, though oil'd to mak them
glimmer,
Hadna been shot for mony a simmer ;
And Fame, the story-telling kimmer,
Jocosely hints
That some o' them had bits o' timmer
Instead o' flints !

Some guns, she threeps, within her ken,
Were spik'd, to let nae priming ben ;
And, as in twenty there were ten
Worm-eaten stocks,
Sae, here and there a rozit-end
Held on their locks !

And then, to show what dift'rence stands
Atween the leaders and their bands,
Swords that, unsheath'd since Preston-
pans,

Neglected lay,
Were furbish'd up, to grace the hands
O' chiefs, this day !

"Ohon !" says George, and gae a grane,
"The age o' chivalry is gane !"

Syne, having ower and ower again
The hale survey'd,
Their route, and a' things else, made
plain,

He snuff'd, and said :

"Now, gentlemen ! now mind the motion,
And dinna, this time, mak a botion :
Shouter your arms !—O ! ha'd them
tosh on,

And not athraw !
Wheel wi' your left hands to the ocean,
And march awa !"

Wi' that, the dinlin drums rebound,
Fifes, clarionets, and hautboys sound !
Through crowds on crowds, collected
round,

The Corporations
Trudge aff, while Echo's self is drown'd
In acclamations !

Their steps to martial airs agreeing,
And a' the Seven Trades' colours fleeing,
Bent for the Craigs, O ! weel worth seeing !

They hied awa ;
Their bauld convener proud o' being
The chief ower a' !

Attended by his body-guard,
He stepp'd in gracefu'ness unpair'd !
Straught as the poplar on the swaird,
And strong as Samson,
Nae e'e cou'd look without regard
On Robin Tamson !

His craft, the Hammermen, fu' braw,
Led the procession, twa and twa :
The leddies waved their napkins a'
And boys huzza'd,
As onward to the wapinshaw
They stately strade !

Close to the Hammermen, behold,
The Squaremen¹ come like chiefs of old !
The Weavers, syne, there flags unfold ;

And, after them,
The Tailors walk, erect and bold,
Intent on fame !

The Sutors, o' King Crispin vain,
March next in turn to the campaign ;
And, while the crowd applauds again,
See, too, the Tanners,
Extending far the glitt'ring train
O' guns and banners !

The Fleshers, on this joyous day,
Bring up the rearward in array :
Enarm'd, they mak a grand display—
A' jolly chieils,

Able, in ony desp'rate fray,
To fecht like deils !

The journeymen were a' sae gaucy,
Th' apprentices sae kir² and saucy,
That, as they gaed along the causey,
Ahint them a',
Th' applauding heart o' mony a lassie
Was stown awa !

¹ Carpenters.

² Wanton, merry.

Brisk as a bridegroom gaun to wed,
 Ilk deacon his battalion led :
 Foggies the zig-zag followers sped,
 But scarce had pow'r
 To keep some, fitter for their bed,
 Frae stoit'ring ower.

For blithesome Sir John Barleycorn
 Had charm'd them sae, this simmer's
 morn,
 That, what wi' drams, and many a horn,
 And reaming bicker,
 The ferley is, withouten scorn,
 They walk'd sae sicker.

As through the town their banners fly,
 Frae windows low, frae windows high,
 A' that could find a neuk to spy
 Were leaning o'er :
 The streets, stair-heads, and carts forbye
 Were a' uproar !

Frae the Freer's Vennel, through and
 through,
 Care seem'd to've bid Dumfries adieu !
 Housewives forgat to bake or brew,
 Owerjoy'd, the while,
 To view their friends a' marching now
 In warlike style !

To see his face whom she loo'd best,
 Hab's wife was there amang the rest ;
 And, as wi' joy her sides she prest,
 Like mony mae,
 Her exultation was exprest
 In words like thae :

" Wow ! but it maks ane's heart lowp
 light
 To see auld fowk sae cleanly dight !
 E'en now our Habby seems as tight
 As when, lang syne,
 His looks were first the young delight
 And pride o' mine ! "

But on the meeker maiden's part,
 Deep sighs alane her love assert !

Deep sighs, the language o' the heart,
 Will aft reveal
 A flame whilk a' the gloss of art
 Can ne'er conceal !

Frae rank to rank while thousands
 hustle,
 In front, like waving corn, they rustle ;
 Where, dangling like a baby's whistle,
 The Siller Gun,
 The royal cause of a' this bustle,
 Gleam'd in the sun !

Suspended frae a painted pole,
 A glimpse o't sae inspir'd the whole,
 That auld and young, wi' heart and soul,
 Their heads were cocking,
 Keen as ye've seen, at bridals droll,
 Maids catch the stocking !

In honour o' this gaudy thing,
 And eke in honour o' the king,
 A fouth o' flow'rs the gard'ners bring,
 And frame sweet posies
 Of a' the relics o' the spring,
 And simmer's roses !

Amang the flow'ry forms they weave,
 There's Adam to the life, and Eve :
 She, wi' the apple in her neeve,
 Enticing Adam ;
 While Satan's laughing, in his sleeve,
 At him and madam !

The lily white, the vi'let blue,
 The heather-bells of azure hue,
 Heart's-ease for lovers kind and true,
 Whate'er their lot,
 And that dear flow'r to friendship due,
 " Forget-me-not "—

A' thae, and wi' them, mingled now,
 Pinks and carnations not a few,
 Fresh garlands, gliitt'ring wi' the dew
 And yellow broom,
 Athort the scented welkin threw
 A rich perfume !

Perfume, congenial to the clime,
The sweetest in the sweetest time !
The merry bells, in jocund chime,
Rang through the air,
And minstrels play'd in strains sublime,
To charm the fair !

And fairer than our Nithsdale fair,
Or handsomer, there's nane elsewhere !
Pure as the streams that murmur there,
In them ye'll find
That virtue and the graces rare
Are a' enshrin'd !

Lang may the bonnie bairns recline
On plenty's bosom, soft and kind !
And, O ! may I, ere life shall dwine
To its last scene,
Return, and a' my sorrows time,
At hame again !

LOGAN'S BRAES.

"By Logan's streams that rin sae deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep ;
Herded sheep, or gathered slaes,
Wi' my dear lad, on Logan braes.
But wae's my heart ! thae days are gane,
And I, wi' grief, may herd alane ;
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

"Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
Atween the preachings meet wi' me ;
Meet wi' me, or when it's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
I weel may sing thae days are gane—
Frae kirk an' fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes !

"At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
I dauner out, or sit alane,
Sit alane beneath the tree
Where aft he kept his tryst wi' me.
O ! cou'd I see thae days again,
My lover skaithless, an' my ain !
Belov'd by frien's, rever'd by faes,
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes."

While for her love she thus did sigh,¹
She saw a sodger passing by,
Passing by wi' scarlet claes,
While sair she grat on Logan braes.
Says he, "What gars thee greet sae
sair,
What fills thy heart sae fu' o' care ?
Thae sporting lambs hae blithesome
days,
An' playfu' skip on Logan braes."

"What can I do but weep and mourn ?
I fear my lad will ne'er return,
Ne'er return to ease my waes,
Will ne'er come hame to Logan braes."
Wi' that he clasp'd her in his arms,
And said, "I'm free from war's alarms,
I now ha'e conquer'd a' my faes,
We'll happy live on Logan braes."

Then straight to Logan kirk they went,
And join'd their hands wi' one consent,
Wi' one consent to end their days,
An' live in bliss on Logan braes.
An' now she sings, "thae days are
gane,
When I wi' grief did herd alane,
While my dear lad did fight his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes."

¹ These three stanzas are by an anonymous author, and were added after Mayne's death.

MRS GRANT.

1745—1814.

MRS GRANT of Carron, the author of "Roy's Wife," one of the sprightliest songs in the language, was born near Aberlour, at the mouth of the Spey, about 1745. She was latterly married to Dr Murray of Bath, and died about 1814.

She has often been confounded with Mrs Grant of Laggan, a lady more celebrated for her prose than her poetry, but who also has written one good song, commonly known as the "Blue Bells of Scotland," although it has no reference to those flowers.

"Roy's Wife" is one of the most living favourites, and has the distinction of being rendered into Latin by Dr Lindsay Alexander of Edinburgh.

ROY'S WIFE.

Roy's wife of Alldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Alldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I cam' o'er the Braes o' Balloch.

She vow'd, she swore, she wad be mine,
She said she lo'ed me best o' ony ;
But oh ! the fickle, faithless quean,
She's ta'en the carle and left her Johnnie.

O, she was a canty quean,
We'el could she dance the Highland
walloch ;
How happy I had she been mine,
Or I been Roy of Ardivalloch !

Her face sae fair, her e'en sae clear,
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonny ;
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.

ANONYMOUS POETRY.

OUR GUDEMAN CAM' HAME
AT E'EN.

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he ;
And there he saw a saddle-horse
Where nae horse should be.

Oh, how cam' this horse here ?
How can this be ?
How cam' this horse here
Without the leave o' me ?

A horse ! quo' she :
Ay, a horse, quo' he.
Ye auld dotard carl,
And blinder mat ye be,
It's but a bonny milk-cow
My minnie sent to me.
A milk-cow, quo' he :
Ay, a milk-cow, quo' she.
Far hae I ridden,
And muckle hae I seen,
But a saddle on a cow's back
Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he ;
He spied a pair of jackboots
Where nae boots should be.

What's this now, guidwife ?
What's this I see?
How cam' these boots here
Without the leave o' me ?

Boots ! quo' she :
Ay, boots, quo' he.
Ye auld dotard carl,
I'll mat ye see,
It's but a pair of water-stoups
The cooper sent to me.

Water-stoups ! quo' he :
Ay, water-stoups, quo' she.
Far hae I ridden,
And far hae I gane,
But siller spurs on water-stoups
Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he ;
And there he saw a siller sword
Where nae sword should be.

What's this now, gudewife ?
What's this I see ?
Oh, how cam' this sword here
Without the leave o' me ?

A sword ! quo' she :
Ay, a sword, quo' he.
Ye auld dotard carl,
I'll mat ye see ;
It's but a parridge spurtle
My minnie sent to me.

A parridge spurtle ! quo' he :
Ay, a parridge spurtle, quo' she.
Weel, far hae I ridden,
And muckle hae I seen,
But siller-handed parridge spurtles
Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he ;
There he spied a powder'd wig
Where nae wig should be.

What's this now, gudewife ?
What's this I see ?
How cam' this wig here
Without the leave o' me ?

A wig ! quo' she :
Ay, a wig, quo' he.
Ye auld dotard carl,
I'll mat ye see ;
It's naething but a cloakin-hen
My minnie sent to me.

A cloakin hen ! quo' he :
Ay, a cloakin-hen, quo' she.
Far hae I ridden,
And muckle hae I seen,
But powder on a cloakin-hen
Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he ;
And there he saw a muckle coat
Where nae coat should be.

Oh, how cam' this coat here ?
How can this be ?
How cam' this coat here
Without the leave o' me ?

A coat ! quo' she :
Ay, a coat, quo' he.
Ye auld blind dotard carl,
Blind mat ye be ;
It's but a pair o' blankets
My minnie sent to me.

Blankets ! quo' he :
Ay' blankets, quo' she.
Far hae I ridden,
And muckle hae I seen,
But buttons upon blankets
Saw I never nane.

Ben gaed our gudeman,
And ben gaed he ;
And there he spied a sturdy man
Where nae man should be.

How cam' this man here ?
How can this be ?
How cam' this man here
Without the leave o' me ?

A man ! quo' she :
Ay, a man, quo' he.
Poor blind body,
And blinder mat ye be ;
It's a new milking maid
My mither sent to me.

A maid ! quo' he :
Ay, a maid, quo' she.
Far hae I ridden,
And muckle hae I seen,
But lang-bearded maidens
Saw I never nane.

CROMLET'S LILT.

[Burns gives the following account of the origin of this beautiful poem, the authorship of which he assigns to the hero. It is quite evident, however, that as it now stands, it is not a composition of the times of the Reformation :—

In the latter end of the 16th century, the Chisholms were proprietors of the estate of Cromlecks (now possessed by the Drummonds). The eldest son of that family was very much attached to a daughter of Sterling of Ardoch, commonly known by the name of Fair Helen of Ardoch.

At that time the opportunities of meeting betwixt the sexes were more rare, consequently more sought after than now ; and the Scottish ladies, far from

priding themselves on extensive literature, were thought sufficiently book-learning if they could make out the Scriptures in their mother tongue. Writing was entirely out of the line of female education. At that period the most of our young men of family sought a fortune or found a grave in France. Cromlus, when he went abroad to the war, was obliged to leave the management of his correspondence with his mistress to a lay brother of the monastery of Dunblain, in the immediate neighbourhood of Cromleck, and near Ardoch. This man, unfortunately, was deeply sensible of Helen's charms. He artfully prepossessed her with stories to the disadvantage of Cromlus ; and by misinterpreting or keeping up the letters and messages intrusted to his care, he entirely irritated both. All connection was broken off betwixt them ; Helen was inconsolable ; and Cromlus has left behind him, in the ballad called "Cromlet's Lilt," a proof of the elegance of his genius as well as the steadiness of his love.

When the artful monk thought time had sufficiently softened Helen's sorrow, he proposed himself as a lover. Helen was obdurate ; but at last overcome by the persuasions of her brother, with whom she lived, and who, having a family of thirty-one children, was probably very well pleased to get her off his hands, she submitted rather than consented to the ceremony : but there her compliance ended ; and, when forcibly put into bed, she started quite frantic from it, screaming out, that after three gentle taps on the wainscot, at the bed head, she heard Cromlus's voice crying, Helen, Helen, mind me ! Cromlus soon after coming home, the treachery of the confidant was discovered,—her marriage disannulled, and Helen became Lady Cromlecks.]

CROMLET'S LILT.

Since all thy vows, false maid,
 Are blown to air,
 And my poor heart betray'd
 To sad despair,
 Into some wilderness
 My grief I will express,
 And thy hard-heartedness,
 O cruel fair.

Have I not graven our loves
 On every tree
 In yonder spreading groves,
 Tho' false thou be?
 Was not a solemn oath
 Plighted betwixt us both,
 Thou thy faith, I my troth,
 Constant to be?

Some gloomy place I'll find,
 Some doleful shade,
 Where neither sun nor wind
 E'er entrance had:
 Into that hollow cave
 There will I sigh and rave
 Because thou dost behave
 So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat,
 I'll drink the spring,
 Cold earth shall be my seat:
 For covering
 I'll have the stary sky
 My head to canopy,
 Until my soul on hy
 Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,
 Nor tears for me:
 No grave do I desire,
 Nor obsequies:
 The courteous red-breast he
 With leaves will cover me,
 And sing my elegy
 With doleful voice.

And when a ghost I am,
 I'll visit thee;
 O thou deceitful dame,
 Whose cruelty
 Has kill'd the kindest heart
 That e'er felt Cupid's dart,
 And never can desert
 From loving thee.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

It fell about the Martinmas time,
 And a gay time it was than,
 When our gudewife got puddings to
 mak',
 And she boil'd them in the pan.

The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
 And blew into the floor:
 Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
 "Get up and bar the door."

"My hand is in my hussy'skap,
 Gudeman, as ye may see,
 An it shou'd nae be barr'd this hundred
 year,
 It's no be barr'd for me."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
 They made it firm and sure;
 That the first word whae'er shou'd speak,
 Shou'd rise and bar the door.

Then by there came twa gentlemen,
 At twelve o'clock at night,
 And they could neither see house nor hall,
 Nor coal nor candle light.

Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
 Or whether is it a poor?
 But never a word wad ane o' them speak,
 For barring o' the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,
 And then they ate the black,
 Tho' muckle thought the gudewife to hersel'
 Yet ne'er a word she spak'.

Then said the one unto the ither,
 "Here, man, tak' ye my knife,
 Do ye tak' aff the auld man's beard,
 And I'll kiss the gudewife."

"But there's nae water in the house,
 And what shall we do than?"
 "What ails you at the puddin' bree,
 That boils into the pan?"

O up then started our gudeman,
 And an angry man was he;
 "Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
 And scad me wi' pudding bree?"

Then up and started our gudewife.
 Gied three skips on the floor:
 "Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost
 word,
 Gut up and bar the door."

THE SCOTTISH KAIL BROSE.

When our ancient forefathers agreed wi'
 the laird,
 For a wee piece grund to be a kail-yard,
 It was to the brose that they paid their
 regard;
 O! the kail brose of auld Scotland;
 And O! for the Scottish kail brose.

When Fergus, the first of our kings I
 suppose,
 At the head of his nobles had vanquish'd
 our foes,
 Just before they began they'd been feasting
 on brose.
 O! the kail brose, &c.

Our sodgers were drest in their kilts and
 short hose,
 With bonnet and belt which their dress
 did compose,
 With a bag of oatmeal on their back to
 be brose.
 O! the kail brose, &c.

At our annual election of bailies or
 mayor,
 Nae kickshaws or puddings or tarts were
 seen there,
 But a cog o' guid brose was the favourite
 fare.
 O! the kail brose, &c.

But when we remember the English, our
 foes,
 Our ancestors beat them wi' very few
 blows;
 John Bull oft cried, O! let us rin—they've
 got brose;
 O! the kail brose, &c.

But now that the thistle is joined to the
 rose,
 And the English nae langer are counted
 our foes,
 We've lost a good deal of our relish for
 brose;
 O! the kail brose, &c.

Yet each true-hearted Scotchman, by
 nature jocose,
 Likes always to feast on a cog o' guid
 brose,
 And, thanks be to Heaven, we've plenty of
 those.
 O! the kail brose, &c.

THE JACOBITE SHOWMAN.

[We have some doubts of this being
 a Scotch production, although we found
 it in a somewhat rare collection of
 Jacobite songs, more than nineteen-
 twentieths of which are Scotch.]

Pray, shentlemens, come now and see my
 vine show,
 And den I vill tell you now more den you
 know,
 I'll open my box, and you'll see vid your
 eyes,
 If I tell you no truth, I vill tell you no lies.

Virst dere is de vine king, just landed at
Greenwich,
But dere is a brave king, dat still remains
banish ;
He came a great way, to save dis poor
people,
Who, vor vear of de Pope, have made
choice of de Devil.

Some zay he has brought us a great deal
of monish,
But if you look dere, it is vone, two, tree,
Connish ;
Dis is de Hannover, and dose are his
bishes,
Who vill gul de poor English of all deir
• brave rishes.

Dere is his wife, in de castle of stone,
And vat she is dere vor is very vell
known ;
Dere lies de poor man, too, whose blood
he did shed,
Vor planting of horns upon his dull head.

But now you sall zee him, and both his
two Turks,
At mending deir stocking, because dey
love work ;
And dere dey are rubbing, and scrubbing
his skin,
To keep de louse out, which he knows
vold creep in.

Look, dere is de vine Prince, and don't
he look pretty ?
But do you all know, dat de vool is not
vitty ;
You zee de artillery, all kissing his hand,
And will have him before dem, to valk
and to stand.

He vore little vigs, boys, when virst he
came here,
But now he has great vones, as you may
zee dere ;
And I have been told it, both over and
over,
Ven he puts on de vine vig, no brains he
can cover.

Pray look now and zee, how he holds up
his head,
In hopes you'll give him and his children
zome bread ;
You may give dem zome sheese too, and
if you tink fitt,
But de devil sall take me if I give dem a
bitt.

Look on dat zame voman, vor dhat is his
wife,
Who ne'er was so vine all the days of her
life ;
She's as vat as a pork, he's as proud as a
pimp,
And all de whole crew are a parcel of imp.

Cast but your eyes round, and view dat
brave hero,
Who, if you'll assist him, vill kick out dis
Nero ;
Now he is de best king dat ever I knew,
And it is great pity ye are not all true.

I pray and I hope that you soon vill be
vise,
And de false king instead of the true vone
despise ;
And zure none will grudge vor to gie me
vone guinea,
'Tis to drink a good health to noble king
Jamie.

ROBERT BURNS.

1759—1796.

BURNS's is perhaps the only Scottish poetry that has never shown the least signs of diminished popularity; for there is hardly a year since his death in which an edition of it has not been published; and at present (1877), what promises to be the most complete and elaborate edition of his works that has yet been attempted, is passing through the press. The same may be remarked of his life, which has attracted, and still attracts, the study of the best thinkers, not only among his own countrymen, but among foreigners.

Robert Burns was the son of William Burnes, a native of Kincardineshire, who left that district in youth, and after some time settled in Ayrshire, where he married Agnes Brown, a native of that county. The poet, their first-born, as he himself remarks, first saw the light on the stormy morning of January 25th, 1759, in a small cottage still standing, about a mile and a-half south of Ayr. He received a good English education and a smattering of French; and, with the example of his father, who was a man of sterling worth and intelligence, aided by a few standard English and Scotch classics, the foundations of his character and of his literary stock, which may be said to have been select rather than extensive, were laid. Another element in his education may be best told in his own words:—"In my infant and boyish days, too, I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family,

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remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraps, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry, but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp look-out in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors."

In 1766, Burns's father took a lease of the farm of Mount Oliphant, which turned out a very unprofitable speculation, notwithstanding all his efforts to work it economically. He was, therefore, at the end of six years, under the necessity of giving it up and removing to Lochlea, a larger farm, in the parish of Tarbolton. This turned out a more promising adventure, and for three or four years comparative prosperity smiled upon their efforts; yet, in consequence of the want of a written lease with his landlord, disputes arose which led to litigation, in the midst of which his health gave way, and death "saved him from the horrors of a jail," in February 1784.

Robert now became the male head

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of the family, and with the sad experience of his father's struggles fresh in his mind, and his own increased responsibilities weighing upon him, he, with his brother Gilbert, shortly before their father's death, took a lease of the farm of Mossiel, in the neighbourhood of Mauchline. To the plenishing of this farm the members of the family gave what little savings they had, and contributed their efforts to its working. Here their misfortunes began early—misfortunes aggravated by the poet's passionate imprudence—which impelled him to give up his share of the farm to his more sedate brother Gilbert, and to resolve upon leaving his native land for a situation in Jamaica.

Some years before this, Burns, through the reflex action of a melancholic illness, had acquired a passionate fondness for social enjoyment, and he discovered a remarkable power of contributing to the entertainment of convivial gatherings by his ready eloquence and his poetic powers. To this has to be added an uncommon sensitiveness to the charms of the fair sex. This latter propensity led to his having formed a clandestine connection with Jean Armour, the daughter of James Armour, a stone-mason in Mauchline, to whom, in the prospect of becoming a mother, he gave a written acknowledgment of their private marriage, a form of contract which is valid by the law of Scotland. Jean's father, who appears to have been of a stern and uncompromising disposition, and unfavourably impressed with Burns's character as a husband for his daughter, destroyed the evidence of their marriage, and refused to admit Burns's

claims to her as his wife. Such were the circumstances that determined his resolution of exiling himself.

Instigated by his friend Gavin Hamilton, and the necessity of providing means for his projected voyage, he determined to publish by subscription a collection of those poems which had hitherto only amused his rustic companions. The story of the publication can never be told so well as in his own words :—"I weighed my productions as impartially as was in my power : I thought they had merit ; and it was a delicious idea that I should be called a clever fellow, even though it should never reach my ears—a poor negro-driver, or perhaps a victim to that inhospitable clime, and gone to the world of spirits ! I can only say that, *pauvre inconnu* as I then was, I had pretty nearly as high an idea of myself and of my works as I have at this moment, when the public has decided in their favour. . . . I threw off six hundred copies, of which I got subscriptions for about three hundred and fifty. My vanity was highly gratified by the reception I met with from the public ; and, besides, I pocketed, all expenses deducted, nearly twenty pounds. This sum came very seasonably, as I was thinking of indenting myself, for want of money to pay my passage. . . . I had been for some days skulking from covert to covert under all the terrors of a jail ; as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my few friends ; my chest was on the road to Greenock. I had composed the last song I should ever

measure in Caledonia, 'The Gloomy Night is Gathering Fast,' when a letter from Dr Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, by opening up new prospects to my poetic ambition."

The poems were published in July 1786, and the copy which attracted the notice of Dr Blacklock was sent him, with a short account of the poet, by Dr Laurie, minister of Loudoun. Burns thus, no doubt gladly, diverted from his intended exile, made his débüt in Edinburgh in November 1786, and was at once introduced to its literary and social celebrities, which at that time were both numerous and distinguished.

Everywhere he maintained his proud intellectual equality, and astonished all classes by the power and originality of his conversation, and the unrestrained ease of his manners. During his stay in Edinburgh he prepared a second edition of his poems, which appeared in April 1787, dedicated to the Caledonian Hunt, and 2800 copies were subscribed for. By this edition he cleared £500, from which he advanced his brother Gilbert, who had taken charge of their aged mother, the sum of £200.

After making a tour through Scotland, north and south, he took a lease of the farm of Ellisland, in Dumfriesshire. He removed thither at Whitsunday 1788, and at the end of the year was joined by his wife, whose parents had previously consented to their union. He also became a candidate for admission as an officer of excise, and obtained an early appointment. This last was a reserve in case of the farm not succeeding. It was not long before he had to fall back upon it; for in 1791 he gave up his

farm, and went to live in Dumfries, depending solely upon his excise income of £70 a year.

In 1792, he was requested by George Thomson, of Edinburgh, to assist him with a collection of Scottish songs and music, of which he had begun the publication. Burns entered into the scheme with ardent enthusiasm, and besides collecting songs and airs wherever he could find them, contributed such a wealth of original songs as no previous poet had ever written. After his removal to Dumfries, his social habits underwent a change for the worse, and, not long after, his health began to fail. But amid all the depressions of ill health, he continued his delightful labour of song-writing and criticism, till within a short period of his death, which took place on the 21st July 1796. He was buried in the churchyard of St Michael's, in the presence of ten thousand of his mourning countrymen. A mausoleum has since been erected over his remains, and the spot is visited by the admirers of his genius from many lands.

Of no poet is it more difficult to summarise the various excellencies than of Burns; but, at the same time, of none is it less necessary to attempt any new estimate. His character as a man and as a poet are in the hands of everybody; and it simply remains to point out, that the selection of his poems which follow is made on the principle of illustrating the breadth and intensity of the national character of which he was so marked, so varied, and so faithful a representative. Instead of his most popular masterpieces, which are

familiar to everybody,—as “Tam o’ Shanter,” “The Cotter’s Saturday Night,” &c.,—we have given some others in which his genius shines equally pure, though with less dazzling brilliancy. We agree with Carlyle in thinking “The Jolly Beggars” his greatest poem.

THE TWA DOGS.

A TALE.

’Twas in that place o’ Scotland’s isle,
That bears the name of auld King Coll,
Upon a bonny day in June,
When wearing through the afternoon,
Twa dogs that werena thrang at hame,
Forgather’d ance upon a time.

The first I’ll name, they ca’d him Cæsar,
Was keepit for his honour’s pleasure ;
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Show’d he was nane o’ Scotland’s dogs ;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His lockèd, letter’d, braw brass collar
Show’d him the gentleman and scholar ;
But though he was o’ high degree,
The fient a pride—nae pride had he ;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin’,
Even wi’ a tinkler-gypsy’s messin :
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, though e’er sae duddie,
But he wad stan’t, as glad to see him,
And stroan’t on stanes and hillocks wi’ him.

The tither was a ploughman’s collie,
A rhyming, ranting, roving billie,
Wha for his friend and comrade had him,
And in his freeks had Luath ca’d him,
After some dog in Highland sang,
Was made langsyne—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash and faithfu’ tyke
As ever lap a sheugh or dike ;

His honest, sonsie, baws’nt face,
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
His breast was white, his touzie back
Weel clad wi’ coat o’ glossy black ;
His gawcie tail, wi’ upward curl,
Hung o’er his hurdies wi’ a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o’ ither,
And unco pack and thick thegither ;
Wi’ social nose whyles snuff’d and
snowkit ;

Whyles mice and moudieworts they
howkit,

Whyles scour’d awa’ in lang excursion,
And worried ither in diversion ;
Until wi’ daffin’ weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down,
And there began a lang digression
About the lords o’ the creation.

CÆSAR.

I’ve often wonder’d, honest Luath,
What sort o’ life poor dogs like you have ;
And when the gentry’s life I saw,
What way poor bodies lived ava.
Our laird gets in his rackèd rents,
His coals, his kain, and a’ his stents ;
He rises when he likes himsel ;
His flunkies answer at the bell ;
He ca’s his coach, he ca’s his horse ;
He draws a bonny silken purse
As lang’s my tail, whare, through the
steeks,

The yellow-letter’d Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e’en it’s nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling ;
And though the gentry first are stechin,
Yet e’en the ha’ folk fill their pechan
Wi’ sauce, ragouts, and siclike trashtrie,
That’s little short o’ downright wastrie.
Our whipper-in, wee, blastit wonner,
Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner
Better than ony tenant man
His honour has in a’ the lan’ ;
And what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it’s past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't
eneugh ;

A cotter howkin' in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin' a dike,
Baring a quarry, and siclike ;
Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
And nought but his han' darg to keep
Them right and tight in thack and rape.

And when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
And they maun starve o' cauld and hunger;
But how it comes I never kenn'd yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented :
And buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're neglectit,
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit !
Lord, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, and sic cattle ;
They gang as saucy by poor folk
As I wad by a stinkin' brock.
I've noticed, on our laird's court-day,
And mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash :
He'll stamp and threaten, curse and swear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear ;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
And hear it a', and fear and tremble !

I see how folk live that hae riches ;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches !

LUATH.

They're no sae wretched's ane wad think,
Though constantly on poortith's brink :
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
They're aye in less or mair provided ;
And though fatigued wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans and faithfu' wives ;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire-side ;
And whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy ;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs :
They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts ;
Or tell what new taxation's comin',
And ferlie at the folk in Lun'on.

As bleak-faced Hallowmas returns,
They get the jovial ranting kirns,
When rural life o' every station
Unite in common recreation ;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, and social Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty wins ;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
And sheds a heart-inspiring steam ;
The luntin pipe and sneeshin mill
Are handed round wi' right guid will ;
The cantie auld folks crackin' crouse,
The young anes rantin' through the
house, —

My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's ower true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now ower aften play'd.
There's mony a creditable stock
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favour wi' some gentle master,
Wha aiblins thrang a parliamentin'
For Britain's guid his saul indentin'.

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it ;
 For Britain's guid ! guid faith, I doubt it.
 Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him ;
 And saying Ay or No's they bid him :
 At operas and plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading ;
 Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
 To Hague or Calais tak a waft,
 To mak a tour, and tak a whirl,
 To learn *bon ton*, and see the worl'.
 There, at Vienna or Versailles,
 He rives his father's auld entails ;
 Or by Madrid he takes the rout,
 To thrum guitars, and fecht wi' nowt ;
 Or down Italian vista startles,
 Whore-hunting among groves o' myrtles,
 Then bouses drumly German water,
 To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
 And clear the consequential sorrows,
 Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.
 For Britain's guid !—for her destruction !
 Wi' dissipation, feud, and faction !

LUATH.

Hech, man ! dear sirs ! is that the gate
 They waste sae mony a braw estate !
 Are we sae foughten and harass'd
 For gear to gang that gate at last !
 Oh, would they stay aback fra courts,
 An' please themsels wi' country sports,
 It wad for every ane be better,
 The Laird, the Tenant, and the Cotter !
 For thae frank, rantin', ramblin' billies,
 Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows ;
 Except for breakin' o' their timmer,
 Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer,
 Or shootin' o' a hare or moorcock,
 The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.
 But will ye tell me, Master Caesar,
 Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure ?
 Nae could nor hunger e'er can steer them,
 The very thought o't needna fear them.

CÆSAR.

Lord, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
 The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.
 It's true they needna starve nor sweat
 Through winter's cauld, or simmer's heat ;
 They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
 And fill auld age wi' grips and granes :
 But human bodies are sic fools,
 For a' their colleges and schools,
 That when nae real ills perplex them,
 They mak enow themsels to vex them ;
 And aye the less they hae to sturt them,
 In like proportion less will hurt them.
 A country fellow at the pleugh,
 His acres till'd, he's right enough ;
 A country girl at her wheel,
 Her dizzens done, she's unco weel :
 But Gentlemen, and Ladies warst,
 Wi' e'ndown want o' wark are curst.
 They loiter, lounging, lank and lazy ;
 Though deil haet ails them, yet uneasy ;
 Their days insipid, dull, and tasteless ;
 Their nights unquiet, lang, and restless ;
 And e'en their sports, their balls and races,
 Their galloping through public places,
 There's sic parade, sic pomp and art,
 The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
 The men cast out in party matches,
 Then sowther a' in deep debauches ;
 Ae night they're mad wi' drink and whor-
 ing,
 Neist day their life is past enduring.
 The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
 As great and gracious a' as sisters ;
 But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
 They're a' run deils and jads thegither.
 Whyles, ower the wae bit cup and platie,
 They sip the scandal potion pretty :
 Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
 Pore ower the devil's pictured beuks,
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
 And cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.
 There's some exception, man and woman :
 But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out of sight,
And darker gloaming brought the night :
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone ;
The kye stood rowtin i' the loan :
When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
Rejoiced they werena men, but dogs ;
And each took aff his several way,
Resolved to meet some ither day.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

RECITATIVO.

When lyart leaves bestrew the yird,
Or, wavering like the baukie-bird,
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast ;
When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte,
And infant frosts begin to bite,
In hoary cranreuch drest ;
Ae night at e'en a merry core
O' randie, gangrel'bodies,
In Poesie Nansie's held the splore,
To drink their orra duddies :
Wi' quaffing and laughing,
They ranted and they sang ;
Wi' jumping and thumping,
The vera girdle rang.

First, neist the fire, in auld red rags,
Ane sat, weel braced wi' mealy bags,
And knapsack a' in order ;
His doxy lay within his arm,
Wi' usquebae and blankets warm—
She blinket on her sodger :
And aye he gies the tozie drab
The tither skelpin' kiss,
While she held up her greedy gab,
Just like an aumous dish.
Ilk smack still, did crack still,
Just like a cadger's whup,
Then staggering and swaggering,
He roar'd this ditty up—

AIR.

TUNE—"Soldier's Joy."

I am a son of Mars, who have been in
many wars,
And show my cuts and scars wherever I
come :
This here was for a wench, and that other
in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the sound
of the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader
breathed his last,
When the bloody die was cast on the
heights of Abram ;
I served out my trade when the gallant
game was play'd,
And the Moro low was laid at the sound
of the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the float-
ing batteries,
And there I left for witness an arm and a
limb ;
Yet let my country need me, with Elliot
to head me,
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of
the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

And now though I must beg with a
wooden arm and leg,
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my
bum,
I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle,
and my callet,
As when I used in scarlet to follow the
drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

What though with hoary locks I must
stand the winter shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes
for a home,

When the t'other bag I sell, and the
t'other bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of hell at the sound
of the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

RECITATIVO.

He ended ; and the kebars sheuk'
Aboon the chorus roar ;
While frightened rattons backward leuk,
And seek the benmost bore.

A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
He skirlèd out "Encore !"
But up arose the martial chuck,
And laid the loud uproar.

AIR.

TUNE—"Soldier Laddie."

I once was a maid, though I cannot tell
when,
And still my delight is in proper young
men ;
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my
daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

The first of my loves was a swaggering
blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his
trade ;
His leg was so tight, and his cheek was
so ruddy,
Transported I was with my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the
lurch,
So sword I forsook for the sake of the
church ;
He ventured the soul, and I risk'd the
body,
Twas then I proved false to my sodger
laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

Full soon I grew sick of the sanctified sot,
The regiment at large for a husband I got ;
From the gilded spontoon to the fife I
was ready,

I asked no more but a sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the peace it reduced me to beg in
despair,
Till I met thy old boy at a Cunningham
fair ;
His rags regimental they flutter'd so
gaudy,
My heart it rejoiced at my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

And now I have lived—I know not how
long,
And still I can join in a cup and a song ;
But whilst with both hands I can hold
the glass steady,
Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

RECTATIVO.

Poor Merry Andrew in the neuk,
Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie ;
They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,
Between themselves they were sae busy :
At length wi' drink and courting dizzy,
He stoiter'd up and made a face :
Then turn'd, and laid a smack on Grizzie,
Syne tuned his pipes wi' grave
grimace :—

AIR.

TUNE—"Auld Sir Symon."

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou,
Sir Knave is a fool in a session ;
He's there but a 'prentice, I trow,
But I am a fool by profession.

My grannie she bought me a beuk,
And I held awa to the school ;
I fear I my talent misteuk,
But what will ye hae of a fool ?

For drink I would venture my neck,
A hizzie's the half o' my craft,
But what could ye other expect,
Of ane that's avowedly daft?

I ance was tied up like a stirk,
For civilly swearing and quaffing !
I ance was abused in the kirk,
For touzling a lass i' my daffin.

Poor Andrew, that tumbles for sport,
Let naebody name wi' a jeer :
There's even, I'm tauld, i' the court
A tumbler ca'd the premier.

Observed ye yon reverend lad
Maks faces to tickle the mob?
He rails at our mountebank squad—
It's rivalship just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,
For faith I'm confoundedly dry :
The chiel that's a fool for himsel,
Gude Lord ! he's far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO.

Then neist outspak a raucle carlin,
Wha ken't fu' weel to cleek the sterling,
For mony a pursie she had hookit,
And had in mony a well been doukit ;
Her dove had been a Highland laddie,
But weary fa' the the waefu' woodie !
Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began
To wail her braw John Highlandman :—

AIR.

TUNE—"Oh, an ye were dead, Guidman!"

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lawland laws he held in scorn ;
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman !
Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman !
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philibeg and tartan plaid,
And guid claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

We rang'd a' from Tweed to Spey,
And lived like lords and ladies gay :
For a Lawland face he fear'd none,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

But, oh ! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast :
My curse upon them every one,
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn
The pleasures that will ne'er return ;
Nae comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy scraper, wi' his fiddle,
Wha used at trysts and fairs to driddle,
Her strappin' limb and gawcy middle
(He reach'd nae higher),
Had holed his heartie like a riddle,
And blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, and upward ee,
He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,
Then in an arioso key,
The wee Apollo,
Set off wi' allegretto glee
His giga solo.

AIR.

TUNE—"Whistle ower the lave o't."

Let me rkye up to dight that tear,
And go wi' me and be my dear,
And then your every care and fear
May whistle ower the lave o't.

CHORUS.

I am a fiddler to my trade,
And a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was whistle ower the lave o't.

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,
And oh ! sae nicely's we will fare ;
We'll bouse about till Daddy Care
Sings whistle ower the lave o't.

I am, &c.

Sae merrily the banes we'll pike,
And sun ourselves about the dike,
And at our leisure, when ye like,
We'll whistle ower the lave o't.

I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heaven o' charms,
And while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, cauld, and a' sic harms,
May whistle ower the lave o't.

I am, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy caird,
As weel as poor gut-scraper ;
He taks the fiddler by the beard,
And draws a rusty rapier—

He swore by a' was swearing worth,
To speet him like a pliver,
Unless he wad from that time forth
Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly ee, poor Tweedle-dee
Upon his hunkers bended,
And pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,
And sae the quarrel ended.

But though his little heart did grieve
When round the tinkler press'd her,
He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
When thus the caird address'd her :—

AIR.

TUNE—"Clout the Caudron."

My bonny lass, I work in brass,
A tinkler is my station :
I've travell'd round all Christian ground
In this my occupation.
I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd
In many a noble squadron :
But vain they search'd, when off I march'd
To go and clout the caudron.
I've ta'en the gold, &c.

Despised that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
Wi' a' his noise and cap'rin',
And tak a share wi' those that bear
The budget and the apron.
And by that stoup, my faith and houp,
And by that dear Kilbagie,
If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
May I ne'er weet my craigie.
And by that stoup, &c.

RECITATIVO.

The caird prevail'd—the unblushing fair
In his embraces sunk,
Partly wi' love, o'ercome sae sair,
And partly she was drunk.
Sir Violino, with an air
That show'd a man of spunk,
Wish'd unison between the pair,
And made the bottle clunk
To their health that night.

But urchin Cupid shot a shaft
That play'd a dame a shavie,
The fiddler raked her fore and aft
Ahint the chicken cavie.
Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft,
Though limping wi' the spavie,
He hirpled up, and lap like daft,
And shored them Dainty Davie
O' boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
 As ever Bacchus listed,
 Though fortune sair upon him laid,
 His heart she ever miss'd it.
 He had nae wish but—to be glad,
 Nor want but—when he thirsted ;
 He hated nought but—to be sad,
 And thus the Muse suggested
 His sang that night :—

AIR.

TUNE—" *For a' that, and a' that.*"

I am a bard of no regard,
 Wi' gentle folks, and a' that :
 But, Homer-like, the glowrin' byke,
 Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as muckle's a' that ;
 I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
 I've wife enough for a' that.

I never drank the Muses' stank,
 Castalia's burn, and a' that ;
 But there it streams, and richly reams,
 My Helicon I ca' that.

For a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
 Their humble slave, and a' that ;
 But lordly will, I hold it still
 A mortal sin to throw that.

For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
 Wi' mutual love, and a' that :
 But for how lang the flee may stang,
 Let inclination law that.

For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
 They've ta'en me in, and a' that ;
 But clear your decks, and here's the sex !
 I like the jads for a' that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as muckle's a' that ;
 My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
 They're welcome till't for a' that.

RECITATIVO.

So sung the bard—and Nansie's wa's
 Shook wi' a thunder of applause,
 Re-echoed from each mouth ;
 They toom'd their pokes and pawn'd their
 duds,
 They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
 To quench their lowin' drouth.
 Then ower again the jovial thrang
 The poet did request,
 To loose his pack and wale a sang,
 A ballad o' the best ;
 He, rising, rejoicing,
 Between his twa Deborahs
 Looks round him, and found them
 Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

TUNE—" *Jolly mortals, fill your glasses.*"

See ! the smoking bowl before us,
 Mark our jovial ragged ring !
 Round and round take up the chorus,
 And in raptures let us sing.

CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protected !
 Liberty's a glorious feast !
 Courts for cowards were erected,
 Churches built to please the priest.

What is title ? what is treasure ?
 What is reputation's care ?
 If we lead a life of pleasure,
 'Tis no matter how or where !

A fig, &c.

With the ready trick and fable,
 Round we wander all the day ;
 And at night, in barn or stable,
 Hug our doxies on the hay.

A fig, &c.

Does the train-attended carriage
Through the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?
A fig, &c.

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose.
A fig, &c.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets!
Here's to all the wandering train!
Here's our ragged brats and callets!
One and all cry out—Amen!

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

TO A HAGGIS.

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin' race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy of a grace
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While through your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustie labour dight,
And cut you up wi' ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like ony ditch;
And then, oh, what a glorious sight,
Warm reekin', rich!

Then horn for horn they stretch and strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till all their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
Then auld guidman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that ower his French regoût,
Or olio that wad staw a sow,
Or fricassee wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect scunner,
Looks down wi' sneerin', scornfu' view
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him ower his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle-skank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit:
Through bloody flood or field to dash,
Oh, how unfit!

But mark the rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his wale nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whistle;
And legs, and arms, and heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye powers wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But if ye wish her grateful prayer,
Gie her a haggis!

A WINTER NIGHT.

When biting Boreas, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers through the leafless bower;
When Phoebus gies a short-lived glowr
Far south the lift,
Dim-darkning through the flaky shower,
Or whirling drift:

Ae night the storm the steeples rock'd,
Poor labour sweet in sleep was lock'd,

While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-
choked,

Wild-eddying swirl,
Or through the mining outlet bock'd,
Down headlong hurl.

Listening the doors and winnocks
rattle,

I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,

And through the drift, deep-lairing
sprattle,

Beneath a scaur.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,

What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cower thy chittering
wing,

And close thy ee!

Even you, on murdering errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exiled,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-
cot spoil'd,

My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now Phoebe, in her midnight reign,
Dark muffled, view'd the dreary plain;
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,

When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow, solemn, stole:—

“Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier
gust!

And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost!
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
Not all your rage as now united, shows
More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
Vengeful malice unrepenting,
Than heaven-illumined man on brother
man bestows!

“See stern Oppression's iron grip,
Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land!
Even in the peaceful rural vale,
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
How pamper'd Luxury, Flattery by her
side,

The parasite empoisoning her ear,
With all the servile wretches in the rear,
Looks o'er proud Property, extended
wide;

And eyes the simple rustic hind,
Whose toil upholds the glittering show,
A creature of another kind,
Some coarser substance unrefined,
Placed for her lordly use thus far, thus
vile, below.

“Where, where is Love's fond, tender
throe,

With lordly Honour's lofty brow,
The powers you proudly own?
Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
Can harbour dark the selfish aim,
To bless himself alone!

Mark maiden innocent a prey
To love-pretending snares,
This boasted Honour turns away,
Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,
Regardless of the tears and unavailing
prayers!

Perhaps this hour, in misery's squalid
nest,

She strains your infant to her joyless
breast,

And with a mother's fears shrinks at the
rocking blast!

“O ye who, sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves
create,

Think for a moment on his wretched
fate

Whom friends and fortune quite
disown!

Ill satisfied keen nature's clamorous call,
 Stretch'd on his straw, he lays
 himself to sleep,
 While through the ragged roof and
 chinky wall,
 Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drift
 heap !
 Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
 Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine !
 Guilt, erring man, relenting view !
 But shall thy legal rage pursue
 The wretch, already crush'd low
 By cruel Fortune's undeserv'd blow ?
 Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite the
 bliss !"

I heard nae mare, for chanticleer
 Shook off the pouthery snaw,
 And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
 A cottage-rousing craw.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
 Through all His works abroad,
 The heart benevolent and kind
 The most resembles God.

EPISTLE TO JAMES SMITH.

Dear Smith, the sleest, paukie thief,
 That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
 Ye surely hae some warlock breef
 Ower human hearts ;
 For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
 Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun and moon,
 And every star that blinks aboon,
 Ye've cost me twenty pair of shoon
 Just gaun to see you ;
 And every ither pair that's done,
 Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carlin, Nature,
 To mak amends for scrimpit stature,

She's turn'd you aff, a human creature
 On her first plan ;
 And in her freaks, on every feature
 She's wrote, " The Man."

Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,
 My barmie noddle's working prime,
 My fancy yerkit up sublime
 Wi' hasty summon :
 Hae ye a leisure moment's time
 To hear what's comin' ?

Some rhyme a neibor's name to lash ;
 Some rhyme (vain thought !) for needfu'
 cash ;
 Some rhyme to court the country clash,
 And raise a dun ;
 For me, an aim I never fash—
 I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot
 Has fated me the russet coat,
 And damn'd my fortune to the groat :
 But in requit,
 Has blest me wi' a random shot
 O' country wit.

This while my notion's ta'en a sklent,
 To try my fate in guid black prent :
 But still, the mair I'm that way bent,
 Something cries, " Hoolie !
 I rede you, honest man, tak tent,
 Ye'll shaw your folly.

" There's ither poets much your betters,
 Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
 Hae thought they had insured their debtors
 A' future ages ;
 Now moths deform in shapeless tatters
 Their unknown pages."

Then fareweel hopes o' laurel-boughs
 To garland my poetic brows !
 Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
 Are whistling thrang,
 And teach the lanely heights and howes
 My rustic sang.

I'll wonder on, with tentless heed
 How never-halting moments speed,
 Till fate shall snap the brittle thread ;
 Then, all unknown,
 I'll lay me with the inglorious dead,
 Forgot and gone !

But why o' death begin a tale ?
 Just now we're living sound and hale ;
 Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
 Heave Care ower side !
 And large, before enjoyment's gale,
 Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,
 Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
 Where pleasure is the magic wand,
 That, wielded right,
 Maks hours like minutes, hand in hand,
 Dance by fu' light.

The magic wand then let us wield :
 For, ance that five-and forty's peel'd,
 See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild,
 Wi' wrinkled face,
 Comes hostin', hirplin', ower the field,
 Wi' creepin' pace.

When ance life's day draws near the
 gloamin',
 Then fareweel vacant careless roamin' ;
 And fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin',
 And social noise ;
 And fareweel dear, deluding woman !
 The joy of joys.

O life ! how pleasant is thy morning,
 Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !
 Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
 We frisk away,
 Like schoolboys, at the expected warning,
 To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
 We eye the rose upon the brier,
 Unmindful that the thorn is near,
 Among the leaves ;
 And though the puny wound appear,
 Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flowery spot,
 For which they never toil'd or swat ;
 They drink the sweet and eat the fat
 But care or pain ;
 And, haply, eye the barren hut
 With high disdain.

With steady aim some fortune chase ;
 Keen hope does every sinew brace ;
 Through fair, through foul, they urge the
 race,
 And seize the prey :
 Then cannie, in come cozie bed,
 They close the day.

And others, like your humble servan',
 Poor wights ! nae rules nor roads observin' ;
 To right or left, eternal swervin',
 They zig-zag on ;
 Till curst with age, obscure and starvin',
 They aften groan.

Alas ! what bitter toil and straining—
 But truce with peevish, poor complaining !
 Is Fortune's fickle Luna waning ?
 E'en let her gang !
 Beneath what light she has remaining,
 Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
 And kneel, "Ye Powers !" and warm
 implore,
 " Though I should wander Terra o'er,
 In all her climes,
 Grant me but this, I ask no more,
 Aye rowth o' rhymes.

" Gie dreeping roasts to country lairds,
 Till icicles hing frae their beards ;
 Gie fine braw claes to fine life-guards,
 And maids of honour !
 And yill and whisky gie to cairds,
 Until they sconner.

" A title, Dempster merits it ;
 A garter gie to Willie Pitt ;

Gie wealth to some be-ledger'd cit,
 In cent. per cent. ;
 But gie me real, sterling wit,
 And I'm content.

" While ye are pleased to keep me hale,
 I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
 Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail,
 Wi' cheerfu' face,
 As lang's the Muses dinna fail
 To say the grace."

An anxious ee I never throws,
 Behint my lug or by my nose :
 I jouk beneath misfortune's blows
 As weel's I may ;
 Sworn foe to Sorrow, Care, and Prose,
 I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
 Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
 Compared wi' you—O fool ! fool ! fool !
 How much unlike !
 Your hearts are just a standing pool,
 Your lives a dike !

Nae hairbrain'd, sentimental traces
 In your unletter'd, nameless faces !
 In arioso trills and graces
 Ye never stray,
 But gravissimo, solemn basses,
 Ye hum away.

Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise ;
 Nae ferly though ye do despise
 The hairum-scaurum, ram-stam boys,
 The rattling squad :
 I see you upward cast your eyes—
 Ye ken the road.

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
 Wi' you I'll scarce gang onywhere—
 Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair,
 But quat my sang,
 Content wi' you to mak a pair,
 Where'er I gang.

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

O thou ! whatever title suit thee,
 Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
 Wha in yon cavern grim and sootie,
 Closed under hatches,
 Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
 To scaud poor wretches !

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
 And let poor damned bodies be ;
 I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie
 E'en to a deil,
 To skelp and scaud poor dogs like me,
 And hear us squeel !

Great is thy power, and great thy fame ;
 Far kenn'd and noted is thy name :
 And though yon lowin' heugh's thy hame,
 Thou travels far :
 And, faith ! thou's neither lag nor lame,
 Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles ranging like a roaring lion,
 For prey a' holes and corners tryin' :
 Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin',
 Tirlin' the kirks ;
 Whyles in the human bosom pryin',
 Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend grannie say,
 In lanely glens ye like to stray :
 Or where auld ruin'd castles, grey,
 Nod to the moon,
 Ye fright the nightly wanderer's way
 Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my grannie summon
 To say her prayers, douce, honest woman !
 Aft yont the dike she's heard you bummin',
 Wi' eerie drone ;
 Or, rustlin, through the boortrees comin',
 Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
 The stars shot down wi' sklentint' light,
 Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright
 Ayont the lough ;
 Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight,
 Wi' waving sough.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristled hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch stoor, quack, quack,
 Among the springs,
Awa' ye squatter'd, like a drake,
 On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grim, and wither'd hags,
Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs and dizzy crags,
 Wi' wicked speed ;
And in kirkyards renew their leagues
 Ower howkit deid.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil and pain,
May plunge and plunge the kirm in vain :
For, oh ! the yellow treasure's taen
 By witching skill ;
And dawtit twal-pint hawkie's gaen
 As yell's the bill.

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse
On young guidmen, fond, keen, and crouse ;
When the best wark-lume i' the house,
 By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
 Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
And float the jinglin' icy-boord,
Then water-kelpies haunt the foord
 By your direction ;
And 'nighted travellers are allured
 To their destruction.

And aft your moss-traversing spunkies
Decoy the wight that late and drunk is ;
The bleezin', curst, mischievous monkeys
 Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
 Ne'er mair to rise.

When mason's mystic word and grip
In storms and tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
 Or, strange to tell !
The youngest brother ye wad whip
 Aff straught to hell !

Langsyne, in Eden's bonny yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
And all the soul of love they shared,
 The raptured hour,
Sweet on the fragrant flowery swaird,
 In shady bower :

Then you, ye auld sneck-drawing dog !
Ye came to Paradise incog.,
And play'd on man a curs'd brogue,
 (Black be your fa' !)
And gied the infant warld a shog,
 'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds, and reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz
 'Mang better folk,
And sklentend on the man of Uzz
 Your spitefu' joke !

And how ye gat him i' your thrall,
And brak him out o' house and hall,
While scabs and blotches did him gall,
 Wi' bitter claw,
And lows'd his ill-tongued, wicked scawl,
 Was warst awa' ?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares and fechtin' fierce,
Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,
 Down to this time,
Wad ding a Lallan tongue or Erse,
 In prose or rhyme.

And now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin'
A certain Bardie's rantin', drinkin',
Some luckless hour will send him linkin'
 To your black pit ;
But, faith, he'll turn a corner jinkin',
 And cheat you yet.

But, fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben !
Oh, wad ye tak a thought and men' !
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
 Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
 Even for your sake !

AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy
green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy
praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring
stream—
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her
dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds
through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny
den,
Thou green crested lapwing, thy scream-
ing forbear—
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering
fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring
hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear
winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in
my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys
below,
Where wild in the woodlands the prim-
roses blow;
There, oft as mild evening weeps over
the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary
and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely
it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary
resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet
lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems
thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy
green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my
lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring
stream—
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her
dream!

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Bonny lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonny lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays;
Come, let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

WANDERING WILLIE.

Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie
the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our
parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my
ee ;
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my
Willie—

The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your
slumbers,

How your dread howling a lover alarms !
Wauken, ye breezes ! row gently, ye
billows !

And waft my dear laddie ance mair to
my arms !

But, oh ! if he's faithless, and minds na
his Nannie,

O still flow between us, thou wide roar-
ing main !

May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's
my ain.

AE FOND KISS.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
Ae fareweel, alas ! for ever !

Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge
thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage
thee.

Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him ?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy ;
But to see her was to love her ;
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest !
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest !
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love, and Pleasure !

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
Ae fareweel, alas ! for ever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee !

JOANNA BAILLIE.

1762—1851.

JOANNA BAILLIE's literary reputa-
tion is greater than a just estimate of
her poetic achievements will sustain.

This must be placed to the credit
of the woman, whose character is
the theme of the praises of almost
all her contemporaries. Her few Scot-
tish pieces, with two or three excep-

tions, are not distinguished by original-
ity ; indeed, most of them are echoes of
previous models ; but considering the
time which she lived away from the
land of her nativity, they are very
creditable to her patriotic tenacity.

She was born on the 11th September
1762, at Bothwell, on the banks of the

Clyde, her father, Dr James Baillie, being minister of that parish. He was afterwards professor of divinity in the University of Glasgow. Her mother was a sister of the celebrated anatomists, Drs John and William Hunter, after the former of whom Joanna was named. Few places in Scotland are a meetter "nurse for a poetic child" than the romantic surroundings of Bothwell Castle, the once famous stronghold of the Douglasses; and here and at Hamilton, about three miles distant, Joanna Baillie spent the first ten years of her life. In 1778, her father died at Glasgow; and in 1784, she went with her mother and her sister Agnes to live with her brother, Dr Mathew Baillie, who succeeded to the London house and the practice of his uncle, Dr William Hunter, on the death of that well-known physician. Here, in 1790, she published anonymously her first volume of poems, which met with a very indifferent reception. In 1798, she published her first series of dramas, with the view of illustrating her theory of the action of the passions, each passion being the subject of a tragedy and a comedy. Her theory, which advocates stricter adherence to nature in the dramatic art, she maintains in a lengthy introduction, which shows her to have been an original and vigorous thinker. This venture, which was also anonymous, created an immediate impression, and a second edition was required in a short time. In 1802, she continued the subject in a second volume; and in a third, in 1812. In 1804, she produced a volume of miscellaneous dramas, and in 1810 the "Family Legend," a tragedy founded

on Highland tradition. It was acted at Edinburgh, through the influence, and under the oversight, of her friend Sir Walter Scott. The only other of her plays that was put upon the stage was "De Montfort," which was brought out at Drury Lane in 1800.

On the marriage of Dr Baillie, his mother and sisters went for some time to Colchester; but about 1801, they fixed their abode permanently at Hampstead Heath. Here their mother died in 1806, and here the two affectionate sisters continued to reside and receive the visits of almost all their contemporary celebrities till Joanna's death, on the 23d February 1851. Agnes lived for other ten years, dying in 1861, in the hundredth year of her age. Joanna's Address to Agnes on her Birthday is one of the most simply beautiful pictures of sisterly affection extant.

LINES TO AGNES BAILLIE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Dear Agnes, gleamed with joy and
 dashed with tears,
 O'er us have glided almost sixty years
 Since we on Bothwell's bonnie braes were
 seen,
 By those whose eyes long closed in death
 have been—
 Two tiny imps, who scarcely stooped to
 gather
 The slender harebell or the purple
 heather;
 No taller than the foxglove's spinky stem,
 That dew of morning's studs with silvery
 gem.

LINES TO AGNES BAILLIE ON HER BIRTHDAY. 661

Then every butterfly that crossed our
view
With joyous shout was greeted as it flew;
And moth, and lady-bird, and beetle
bright,
In sheeny gold, were each a wondrous
sight.
Then as we paddled barefoot, side by
side,
Among the sunny shallows of the Clyde,
Minnows or spotted parr with twinkling
fin,
Swimming in mazy rings the pool within,
A thrill of gladness through our bosoms
sent,
Seen in the power of early wonderment.

A long perspective to my mind appears,
Looking behind me to that line of years ;
And yet through every stage I still can
trace
Thy visioned form, from childhood's
morning grace
To woman's early bloom—changing, how
soon !
To the expressive glow of woman's noon;
And now to what thou art, in comely age,
Active and ardent. Let what will engage
Thy present moment—whether hopeful
seeds
In garden plat thou sow, or noxious weeds
From the fair flower remove ; or ancient
lore
In chronicle or legend rare explore,
Or on the parlour hearth with kitten play,
Stroking its tabby sides ; or take thy way
To gain with hasty steps some cottage
door,
On helpful errand to the neighbouring
poor—
Active and ardent, to my fancy's eye
Thou still art young, in spite of time gone
by.
Though oft of patience brief, and temper
keen,

Well may it please me, in life's latter scene,
To think what now thou art and long to
me hast been.

'Twas thou who wooedst me first to look
Upon the page of printed book,
That thing by me abhorred, and with ad-
dress
Didst win me from my thoughtless idle-
ness,
When all too old become with bootless
haste,
In fitful sports the precious time to waste,
Thy love of tale and story was the stroke
At which my dormant fancy first awoke,
And ghosts and witches in my busy brain
Arose in sombre show, a motley train.
This new-found path attempting, proud
was I
Lurking approval on thy face to spy,
Or hear thee say, as grew they roused at-
tention,
"What ! is this story all thine own in-
vention !"

Then, as advancing through this mortal
span,
Our intercourse with the mixed world be-
gan ;
Thy fairer face and sprightlier courtesy—
A truth that from my youthful vanity
Lay not concealed - did for the sisters
twain,
Where'er we went, the greater favour
gain ;
While but for thee, vexed with its tossing
tide,
I from the busy world had shrunk aside.
And now, in later years, with better grace,
Thou help'st me still to hold a welcome
place
With those whom nearer neighbourhood
has made
The friendly cheerers of our evening
shade.

The change of good and evil to abide,
 As partners linked, long have we, side by
 side,
 Our earthly journey held; and who can
 say
 How near the end of our united way?
 By nature's course not distant; sad and
 'reft
 Will she remain—the lonely pilgrim left.
 If thou art taken first, who can to me
 Like sister, friend, and home companion
 be?
 Or who, of wonted daily kindness shorn,
 Shall feel such loss, or mourn as I shall
 mourn?
 And if I should be fated first to leave
 This earthly house, though gentle friends
 may grieve,
 And he above them all, so truly proved
 A friend and brother, long and justly
 loved,
 There is no living wight, of woman born,
 Who then shall mourn for me as thou
 wilt mourn.
 Thou ardent, liberal spirit! quickly feel-
 ing
 The touch of sympathy and kindly deal-
 ing
 With sorrow or distress, for ever sharing
 The unhoarded mite, nor for to-morrow
 caring—
 Accept, dear Agnes, on thy natal day,
 An unadorned, but not a careless lay.
 Nor think this tribute to thy virtues paid
 From tardy love proceeds, though long
 delayed;
 Words of affection, howsoever expressed,
 The latest spoken still are deemed the
 best:
 Few are the measured rhymes I now may
 write;
 These are, perhaps, the last I shall indite.

IT WAS ON A MORN.

It was on a morn when we were thrang,
 The kirk it croon'd, the cheese was
 making,
 And bannocks on the girdle baking,
 When ane at the door chapp't loud and
 lang.

Yet the auld gudewife, and her mays
 sae tight,
 Of a' this bauld din took sma' notice, I
 ween;
 For a chap at the door in braid day-
 light
 Is no like a chap that's heard at e'en.

But the docksie auld laird of the Warlock
 Glen,
 Wha waited without, half-blate, half-
 cheery,
 And lang'd for a sight o' his winsome
 dearie,
 Raised up the latch, and cam crousely
 ben.

His coat it was new, and his o'erlay
 was white,
 His mittins and hose were cozie and bein;
 But a wooer that comes in braid day-
 light
 Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

He greeted the carlins and lasses sae
 braw,
 And his bare lyart pow sae smoothly
 be stralkit,
 And he look'd about, like a body half-
 glaikit,
 On bonnie sweet Nanny, the youngest of
 a'.

"Ha, laird!" quo' the carlin', "and
 look ye that way?
 Fy! let nae sic fancies bewilder ye clean.
 An elderlin' man, in the noon o' the day,
 Should be wiser than youngsters that
 come at e'en."

"Na, na," quo' the pawky auld wife ; "I
trow

You'll no fash your head wi' a youthfu'
gilly,
As wild and skeigh as a muirland filly ;
Black Madge is far better and fitter for
you."

He hem'd and he haw'd, and he drew in
his mouth,
And he squeezed his blue bonnet his twa
hands between,

For a wooer that comes when the sun's
i' the south,
Is mair landward than wooers that come
at e'en.

"Black Madge is sae carefu'—" "What's
that to me?"

"She's sober and eident, has sense in
her noddle—

She's douce and respeckit." "I carena
a bodle ;
Love winna be guided, and fancy's free."

Madge toss'd back her head wi' a saucy
slight,

And Nanny, loud laughing, ran out to
the green ;

For a wooer that comes when the sun
shines bright

Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

Then awa flung the laird, and loud
mutter'd he,

"A' the daughters of Eve, between
Orkney and Tweed, O !

Black or fair, young or auld, dame or
damsel, or widow,

May gang in their pride to the de'il for
me !"

But the auld gudewife, and her mays
sae tight,

Cared little for a' his stour banning, I
ween ;

For a wooer that comes in braid day-
light

Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

TAM O' THE LIN.

Tam o' the Lin was fu' o' pride,
And his weapon he girt to his valorous
side,

A scabbard o' leather wi' de'il-hair't within.
"Attack me wha daur !" quo' Tam o' the
Lin.

Tam o' the Lin he bought a mear ;
She cost him five shillings, she wasna
dear.

Her back stuck up, and her sides fell in.
"A fiery yaud," quo' Tam o' the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin he courted a May ;
She stared at him sourly, and said him
nay ;

But he stroked down his jerkin and cocked
up his chin.

"She aims at a laird, then," quo' Tam o'
the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin he gaed to the fair,
Yet he looked wi' disdain on the chap-
man's ware ;

Then chucked out a sixpence ; the sixpence
was tin.

"There's coin for the fiddlers," quo'
Tam o' the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin wad show his lear,
And he scann'd o'er the book wi' wise-
like stare.

He muttered confusedly, but didna begin.

"This is dominie's business," quo' Tam
o' the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin had a cow wi' ae horn,
That likit to feed on his neighbour's
corn.

The stanes he threw at her fell short o'
the skin :

"She's a lucky auld reiver," quo' Tam o'
the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin he married a wife,
And she was the torment, the plague o'
his life ;

She lays sae about her, and maks sic a
din,
"She frightens the baby," quo' Tam o'
the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin grew dowie and douce,
And he sat on a stane at the end o' his
house.

"What ails, auld chield?" He looked
haggard and thin.

"I'm no very cheery," quo' Tam o' the
Lin.

Tam o' the Lin lay down to die,
And his friends whispered softly and woe-
fully—

"We'll buy you some masses to scour
away sin."

"And drink at my lyke-wake," quo' Tam
o' the Lin.

POVERTY PARTS GOOD COM- PANY.

When my o'erlay was white as the foam
o' the lin,

And siller was chinkin' my pouches within;
When my lambkins were bleatin' on
meadow and brae,

As I went to my love in new cleathing sae
gay,

Kind was she, and my friends were
free,

But poverty parts guid company.

How swift pass'd the minutes and hours
of delight!

The piper played cheerie, the crusie
burn'd bright,

And linked in my hand was the maiden
sae dear,

As she footed the floor in her holiday
gear!

Woe's me: and can it then be
That poverty parts sic company?

We met at the fair, and we met at the
kirk;

We met in the sunshine, we met in the
mirk;

And the sound o' her voice and the blinks
o' her e'en,

The cheerin' and life of my bosom hae
been.

Leaves frae the tree at Martinmas
flee,

And poverty parts sweet company.

At bridal and infare I've braced me wi'
pride,

The broose I hae won and a kiss o' the
bride;

And loud was the laughter good fellows
among,

As I uttered my banter or chorus'd my
song.

Dowie to dree are jestin' and glee,
When poverty spoils guid com-
pany.

Wherever I gaed, kindly lasses looked
sweet,

And mithers and aunties were unco dis-
creet;

While kebbuck and bicker were set on the
board;

But now they pass by me, and never a
word.

Sae let it be, for the worldly and
slee

Wi' poverty keep nae company.

But the hope o' my love is a cure for its
smart,

And the spae-wife has tauld me to keep
up my heart;

For wi' my last saxpence her loof I hae
crost,

And the bliss that is fated can never be
lost,

Tho' cruelly we may ilka day see
How poverty parts dear company.

JAMES GRAHAME.

1765-1811.

THE subject of Grahame's best known poem, "The Sabbath," is one that has been held in peculiar veneration in Scotland. There can be little doubt that to this cause, as much as to its poetical merits, it owed a great part of the esteem in which it was long held. It is doubtful if it is much read in Scotland now, even by those who still cling to the ascetic observance of the Sabbath; indeed, its conception of the subject is far too poetical and liberal to suit the taste of the advocates of a rigid enforcement of extreme views of Sabbath observance; and the poet himself, though a man of serious sentiments, was not a man of narrow sympathies.

James Grahame was born on the 22d April 1765, in the city of Glasgow, where his father was a writer, or solicitor. He was educated at the grammar-school, and afterwards at the Glasgow University.

At the age of nineteen he was apprenticed to his cousin, Mr Lawrence Hill, Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh; and at the termination of his apprenticeship became a member of that body. He became a member of the Faculty of Advocates in 1795. In 1804, he published "The Sabbath" anonymously, taking great precautions to conceal the authorship, and not even letting his wife know, until one day, having left a copy on her table, as if by accident, she became so interested in the poem, that on his coming home she began to

dilate on its merits; and so hearty was her admiration, that he was constrained to admit her into the secret.

The law was not Grahame's profession by choice; and on his father's death, his own health being far from robust, he resolved to enter the Church. With this view he proceeded to London, and in 1809 was ordained by the Bishop of Norwich, and soon after was appointed to the curacy of Shepton Mayne, in Gloucestershire. He resigned this charge in about a year, and returned to Edinburgh, and offered himself for a vacancy in St George's Episcopal Chapel, but was unsuccessful. He next obtained the curacy of Sedgefield, in Durham, where he was favoured by the bishop; but his health having given way, he returned to Edinburgh for medical advice. His illness increased, however; and wishing once more to visit Glasgow, his native city, he left Edinburgh to proceed thither, but died on the journey at Whitehall, the residence of his brother, on the 14th September 1811.

Besides the "Sabbath," Grahame wrote "Mary Queen of Scotland," a drama, published in 1801; "Biblical Pictures," and "The Birds of Scotland" (1806) and British Georgics (1809), all of them containing fragments of poetic beauty, and evincing minute and correct powers of observation, but on the whole too serious and monotonous to make them generally readable or interesting.

Grahame wrote nothing peculiarly Scotch in manner; but few poets have confined themselves more closely to their native country in the choice of their subjects, or evinced, by their lingering fondness over its features, greater love for it than he did; and possibly, while his poetry is becoming less known at home, it possesses attractions for the expatriated "Scot abroad," through its being thus saturated with the recollections of the land to whose rigorous clime and sterile features "distance lends enchantment."

THE SABBATH.

[Specimen.]

How still the morning of the hallowed day:
Mute is the voice of rural labour hushed,
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milk-
maid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy
wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading
flowers,
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the
breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the
hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving
cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from
the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome
lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lull-
ing brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-
worn glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling
smoke

O'er mounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms,—the simple song of
praise.

With dove-like wings, Peace o'er yon
village broods;
The dizzing mill-wheel rests; the anvil's
din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Rest fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops and looks back, and stops and
looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse,
set free,
Unheeded of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morn-
ing ray.

But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's
day.
On other days the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely; the
ground
Both seat and board; screened from the
winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighbouring
hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he
loves;
With those he loves he shares the heart-
felt joy
Of giving thanks to God,—not thanks of
form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward earnest
eye.

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor
man's day:
The pale mechanic now has leave to
breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's
smoke;

While wandering slowly up the river side,
 He meditates on Him, whose power he
 marks
 In each green tree that proudly spreads
 the bough,
 As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that
 bloom
 Around its roots ; and while he thus sur-
 veys,
 With elevated joy, each rural charm,
 He hopes, yet fears presumption in the
 hope,
 That heaven may be one Sabbath without
 end.

But now his steps a welcome sound re-
 calls :
 Solemn the knell, from yonder ancient
 pile,
 Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe :
 Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-
 paved ground ;
 The aged man, the bowed down, the
 blind,
 Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who
 breathes
 With pain, and eyes the new-made grave
 well pleased ;
 These, mingled with the young, the gay,
 approach
 The house of God ; these, spite of all
 their ills,
 A glow of gladness feel : with silent praise
 They enter in. A placid stillness reigns,
 Until the man of God, worthy the name,
 Arise, and read the anointed shepherd's
 lays.
 His locks of snow, his brow serene, his
 look
 Of love, it speaks, " Ye are my children
 all :
 The grey-haired man, stooping upon his
 staff,
 As well as he, the giddy child, whose eye
 Pursues the swallow flitting thwart the
 dome."

Loud swells the song : O how that simple
 song,
 Though rudely chanted, how it melts the
 heart,
 Commingling soul with soul in one full
 tide
 Of praise, of thankfulness, of humble
 trust !
 Next comes the unpremeditated prayer,
 Breathed from the inmost heart, in
 accents low,
 But earnest. Altered is the tone ; to
 man
 Are now addressed the sacred speaker's
 words.
 Instruction, admonition, comfort, peace,
 Flow from his tongue : O chief let com-
 fort flow !
 It is most needed in this vale of tears :
 Yes, make the widow's heart to sing for
 joy ;
 The stranger to discern the Almighty's
 shield
 Held o'er his friendless head ; the orphan
 child
 Feel, 'mid his tears, I have a father
 still !
 'Tis done. But hark that infant queru-
 lous voice !
 Plaint not discordant to a parent's ear :
 And see the father raise the white-robed
 babe
 In solemn dedication to the Lord :
 The holy man sprinkles with forth-
 stretched hand
 The face of innocence ; then earnest
 turns,
 And prays a blessing in the name of
 Him
 Who said, " Let little children come to
 Me ;
 Forbid them not." The infant is replaced
 Among the happy band ; they, smilingly,
 In gay attire, hie to the house of mirth,
 The poor man's festival, a jubilee day,
 Remembered long.

A SUMMER SABBATH WALK.

Delightful is this loneliness ; it calms
 My heart : pleasant the cool beneath these
 elms,
 That throw across the stream a moveless
 shade.
 Here nature in her midnoon whisper
 speaks :
 How peaceful every sound !—the ring-
 dove's plaint,
 Moan'd from the twilight centre of the
 grove,
 While every other woodland lay is mute,
 Save when the wren flits from her down-
 covered nest,
 And from the root-sprig trills her ditty
 clear,—
 The grasshopper's oft-pausing chirp,—
 the buzz,
 Angriily shrill, of moss-entangled bee,
 That, soon as loosed, booms with full
 twang away,—
 The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal,
 Scared from the shallows by my passing
 tread.
 Dimpling the water glides, with here and
 there
 A glossy fly, skimming in circlets gay
 The treacherous surface, while the quick-
 eyed trout
 Watches his time to spring ; or, from
 above,
 Some feather'd dam, purveying 'midst the
 boughs,
 Darts from her perch, and to her plume-
 less brood
 Bears off the prize :—sad emblem of
 man's lot !
 He, giddy insect, from his native leaf,
 (Where safe and happily he might have
 lurk'd),
 Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,
 Forgetful of his origin, and, worse,
 Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream ;
 And if from hostile vigilance he 'scape,

Buoyant he flutters but a little while,
 Mistakes th' inverted image of the sky
 For heaven itself, and, sinking, meets his
 fate.

Now let me trace the stream up to its
 source

Among the hills ; its runnel by degrees
 Diminishing, the murmur turns a tinkle.
 Closer and closer still the banks approach,
 Tangled so thick with pleaching bramble
 shoots,

With brier, and hazel branch, and haw-
 thorn spray,

That, fain to quit the dingle, glad I mount
 Into the open air : grateful the breeze
 That fans my throbbing temples ! smiles
 the plain

Spread wide below : how sweet the placid
 view ;

But O ! more sweet the thought, heart-
 soothing thought,

That thousands and ten thousands of the
 sons

Of toil partake this day the common joy
 Of rest, of peace, of viewing hill and dale,
 Of breathing in the silence of the woods,
 And blessing Him who gave the Sabbath
 day.

Yes, my heart flutters with a freer throb,
 To think that now the townsman wanders
 forth

Among the fields and meadows, to enjoy
 The coolness of the day's decline ; to see
 His children sport around, and simply
 pull

The flower and weed promiscuous, as a
 boon,

Which proudly in his breast they smiling
 fix.

Again I turn me to the hill, and trace
 The wizard stream, now scarce to be dis-
 cern'd ;

Woodless its banks, but green with ferny
 leaves,

And thinly strew'd with heath-bells up
 and down.

Now, when the downward sun has left
the glens,
Each mountain's rugged lineaments are
traced
Upon the adverse slope, where stalks
gigantic
The shepherd's shadow thrown athwart
the chasm,
As on the topmost ridge he homeward
hies.
How deep the hush ! the torrent's channel,
dry,
Presents a stony steep, the echo's haunt.
But, hark, a plaintive sound floating
along !
'Tis from yon heath-roof'd shielin' ; now
it dies
Away, now rises full ; it is the song
Which He,—who listens to the hallelu-
iahs
Of choiring Seraphim,—delights to
hear ;
It is the music of the heart, the
voice
Of venerable age,—of guileless youth,
In kindly circle seated on the ground
Before their wicker-door. Behold the
man !
The grandsire and the saint ; his silvery
locks
Beam in the parting ray : before him
lies,
Upon the smooth-cropt sward, the open
book,
His comfort, stay, and ever-new de-
light !
While, heedless, at his side, the lisping
boy
Fondles the lamb that nightly shares his
couch.

THE WILD DUCK AND HER
BROOD.

How calm that little lake ! no breath of
wind
Sighs through the reeds ; a clear abyss it
seems,
Held in the concave of the inverted sky,—
In which is seen the rook's dull flagging
wing
Move o'er the silvery clouds. How
peaceful sails
Yon little fleet, the wild duck and her
brood !
Fearless of harm, they row their easy way ;
The water-lily, 'neath the plumy prows,
Dips, re-appearing in their dimpled track.
Yet, even amid that scene of peace, the
noise
Of war, unequal, dastard war, intrudes.
Yon revel rout of men, and boys, and
dogs,
Boisterous approach ; the spaniel dashes
in ;
Quick he descries the prey ; and faster
swims,
And eager barks ; the harmless flock,
dismay'd,
Hasten to gain the thickest grove of reeds,
All but the parent pair ; they, floating,
wait
To lure the foe, and lead him from their
young ;
But soon themselves are forced to seek
the shore.
Vain then the buoyant wing ; the leaden
storm
Arrests their flight ; they, fluttering,
bleeding fall,
And tinge the troubled bosom of the lake.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

1766-1813.

WILSON, the American ornithologist, and the author of "Watty and Meg," even to those who know that they are one and the same person, represents two different and somewhat uncongenial characters. We are so unaccustomed to regard the votary of the Muses equally devoted to a quest that requires the exercise of daring adventure, perseverance, and physical endurance, that, when it does occur, the idea of separate individuality is constantly suggested to us.

Alexander Wilson, who thus impresses us, was born in Paisley, July 6th, 1766, in which birthplace of many poets his father was a weaver, and, it is also suspected, a distiller in a small, and not to be too minutely inquired into way. His mother, whose maiden name was Mary M'Nah, died when he was but ten years old; but his father, who, notwithstanding his reputed participation in contraband, appears to have been a man of a superior order, early imbued his mind with a love of nature and of books, intending to educate him for the Church. What prevented this purpose from being carried out we are not informed; for, after attending the Paisley grammar-school for some time, young Wilson, at the age of thirteen, was sent to learn the staple trade of his native place—that of weaving.

This he abandoned for some time for the more romantic occupation of a travelling chapman or pedlar—more

appropriate, as he termed it, for "a mortal with legs." But that the pedlar was to some extent meant as a stalking-horse to the poet, and the curious observer of men and manners, is evident from the quaint "Journal" which he kept of his rambles, and his having in 1790 added a volume of poems, of his own composition, to the contents of his pack. But he fell between the proverbial "two stools;" and some of his peddling ideas show so little of the shrewdness of the order, and so much of what nature intended him for, that it is no surprise to find him again obliged to resume his seat at the loom—only for a time, however.

His Scotch love of debate brought him to Edinburgh, where he read his poem, "The Laurel Disputed," before the Pantheon Club, when the comparative merits of Fergusson and Ramsay were made the subject of an evening's discussion. Wilson took the side of Fergusson, but was in the minority. This freak procured him some literary acquaintances, including Dr Anderson, the editor of *The Bee*, to which Wilson afterwards contributed. In 1791, he issued a second edition of his poems.

In 1792, he published "Watty and Meg" anonymously, and it was for some time attributed to Burns, who, on its being cried about the streets of Dumfries by Andrew Hislop, a well-known hawker, as a new ballad by Robert Burns, replied, "That's a lee, Andrew ;

but I would make your plack a bawbee, if it were mine." This anecdote was told to Dr Robert Chambers by the poet's widow. Wilson was highly gratified by the compliment implied in the mistake as to authorship, and the popularity of the piece—a popularity which it still, to a large extent, maintains.

But his next venture was not so well judged; for on account of a satire, entitled "The Shark, or Lang Mills Detected," and some outspoken admiration of the principles of the French Revolution, after being for some time in jail, he was obliged to consult his safety by going to the United States in 1799, making the voyage on deck, and landing with but a few shillings in his pocket.

His future history belongs to America, and his wider fame to Ornithology, which study occupied most of his after-life. Eight volumes of his great work on the birds of America, the materials for which he underwent immense labour to collect, was complete, and a ninth was to have finished the book, when one day, in his eagerness to obtain a rare specimen, he swam a river and caught a cold, which ended his life on the 23d August 1813. He was buried with public honours at Philadelphia, where a marble tombstone covers his remains. In 1874, a monument was erected to his memory in Paisley Abbey churchyard. In 1832, an edition of his Ornithology, with a life and notes, was edited by Sir William Jardine. The most complete edition of his poems and letters, with a life, 2 vols., edited by the Rev. Alex-

ander B. Grosart, was published at Paisley, in 1876.

WATTY AND MEG.

[The graphic vigour and Dutch plainness of the picture here drawn are its chief characteristics. It would not have added to the reputation of the genius that drew "The Jolly Beggars," although he modestly thought so. The last stanza is here omitted.]

Keen the frosty winds were blowing,
Deep the snaw had wreathed the
ploughs,

Watty, wearied a' day sawing,
Daunert down to Mungo Blue's.

Dryster Jock was sitting cracky
Wi' Pat Tamson o' the Hill:
"Come awa'," quo' Johnny, "Watty!
Haith, we'se hae anither gill."

Watty, glad to see Jock Jabos,
And sae mony neighbours roun',
Kicket frae his shoon the snaba's,
Syne ayont the fire sat down.

Ower a broad wi' bannocks heapet,
Cheese, and stoups, and glasses stood;
Some were roaring, ithers sleepit,
Ithers quietly chewt their cude.

Jock was selling Pate some tallow,
A' the rest a racket hel',
A' but Watty, wha, poor fallow!
Sat and smoket by himsel'.

Mungo fill'd him up a toothfu',
Drank his health and Meg's in ane;
Watty, puffing out a mouthfu',
Pledged him wi' a dreary grane.

"What's the matter, Watty, wi' you?
Trowth your chafts are fa'ing in!
Something's wrang, I'm vex'd to see you,
Gudesake! but ye're desp'rate thin!"

"Ay," quo' Watty, "things are alter'd,
But it's past redemption now;
L—d! I wish I had been halter'd
When I married Maggy Howe!

"I've been poor, and vexed, and raggy,
Try'd wi' troubles no that sma';
Them I bore—but marrying Maggy,
Laid the cap-stane o' them a'.

"Night and day she's ever yelping,
With the weans she ne'er can gree;
When she's tired with perfect skelping,
Then she flees like fire on me.

"See ye, Mungo! when she'll clash on
With her everlasting clack,
Whiles I've had my neive in passion
Liftet up to break her back!"

"O, for gudesake, keep frae cuffets!"
Mungo shook his head and said,
"Weel I ken what sort of life it's;
Ken ye, Watty, how I did?"

"After Bess and I were kippled,
Soon she grew like ony bear,
Brak' my shins, and when I tippled,
Harl't out my very hair."

"For a wee I quietly knuckled,
But whan naething would prevail,
Up my claes and cash I buckled,—
'Bess, for ever fare-ye weel.'

"Then her din grew less and less aye,
Haith, I gart her change her tune;
Now a better wife than Bessy
Never stept in leather shoon.

"Try this, Watty. When you see her
Raging like a roaring flood,
Swear that moment that ye'll lea' her,—
That's the way to keep her good."

Laughing, sangs, and lasses' skirls
Echo'd now out thro' the roof;
"Done!" quo' Pate, and syne his erls
Nail'd the dryster's wauket loof.

In the thrang of stories telling,
Shaking hauns, and ither cheer,
Swith! a chap comes on the hallan,
"Mungo, is our Watty here?"

Maggy's weel-kent tongue and hurry
Darted thro' him like a knife;
Up the door flew—like a fury
In came Watty's scawlin' wife.

"Nasty, gude-for-naething being!
O ye snuffy, drucken sow!
Bringing wife and weans to ruin,
Drinking here wi' sick a crew!

"Devil nor your legs were broken,
Sick a life nae flesh endures,
Toiling like a slave to slocken
You, ye dyvor, and your whores.

"Rise, ye drucken beast o' Bethel!
Drink's your night and day's desire:
Rise, this precious hour! or faith I'll
Fling your whisky i' the fire!"

Watty heard her tongue unhallow'd,
Pay'd his groat wi' little din,
Left the house, while Maggy fallow'd,
Flyting a' the road behin'.

Fowk frae every door came lamping,
Maggy curst them ane and a';
Clappet wi' her hands, and stamping,
Lost her bauchles i' the sna'.

Hame, at length, she turned the gavel,
Wi' a face as white's a clout,
Raging like a very devil,
Kicking stools and chairs about.

"Ye'll sit wi' yer limmers round you!
Hang you, sir! I'll be your death!
Little hauds my hands, confound you!
But I'll cleave you to the teeth."

Watty, wha, 'midst this oration,
Ey'd her whiles but durstna speak,
Sat like patient Resignation,
Trem'ling by the ingle-cheek.

Sad his wee drap brose he sippet,
Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell,
Quietly to his bed he slippet,
Sighing aften to himsel' :

" Nane are free frae some vexation,
Ilk ane has his ills to dree ;
But through a' the hale creation
Is a mortal vext like me ? "

A' night lang he rowt and gaunted,
Sleep or rest he cou'dna tak ;
Maggy aft wi' horror haunted,
Mum'ling started at his back.

Soon as e'er the morning peepit,
Up raise Watty, waefu' chiel,
Kist his weanies while they sleepet,
Wauken'd Meg, and sought farewell.

" Farewell, Meg !—and, O ! may Heav'n
Keep you aye within his care :
Watty's heart ye've lang been grievin',
Now he'll never fash you mair.

" Happy cou'd I been beside you,
Happy baith at morn an' e'en :
A' the ills did e'er betide you,
Watty aye turned out your frien'.

" But ye ever like to see me
Vext and sighing, late and air :
Farewell, Meg ! I've sworn to lea' thee,
So thou'll never see me mair."

Meg, a' sobbing, sae to lose him,
Sic a change had never wist,
Held his hand close to her bosom,
While her heart was like to burst.

" O my Watty, will ye lea' me,
Frien'less, helpless, to despair ?
O ! for this ae time forgi'e me :
Never will I vex you mair."

" Ay ! ye've aft said that, and broken
A' your vows ten times a week ;
No, no, Meg ! see, there's a token
Glittering on my bonnet check.

(11)

" Ower the seas I march this morning,
Listed, tested, sworn and a',
Forc'd by your confounded girning—
Farewell, Meg ! for I'm awa'."

Then poor Maggy's tears and clamour
Gush'd afresh, and louder grew,
While the weans, wi' mournfu' yaumer,
Round their sabbing mother flew.

" Through the yirth I'll wanner wi' you—
Stay, O Watty ! stay at hame ;
Here, upon my knees, I'll gi'e you
Ony vow you like to name.

" See your poor young lammies pleadin',
Will ye gang and break our heart ?
No a house to put our head in !
No a friend to take our part ! "

Ilka word came like a bullet ;
Watty's heart begoud to shake ;
On a kist he laid his wallet,
Dightid baith his een and spake :

" If ance mair I cou'd by writing
Lea' the sogers and stay still,
Wad you swear to drap your flyting ? "
" Yes, O Watty, yes, I will."

" Then," quo' Watty, " mind, be honest ;
Aye to keep your temper strive ;
Gin ye break this dreadfu' promise,
Never mair expect to thrive.

" Marget Howe, this hour ye solemn
Swear by everything that's gude,
Ne'er again your spouse to scaul' him,
While life warms your heart and blood.

" That ye'll ne'er in Mungo's seek me—
Ne'er put drucken to my name—
Never out at e'ening steek me—
Never gloom when I come hame,

" That ye'll ne'er, like Bessy Miller,
Kick my shins or rug my hair ;
Lastly, I'm to keep the siller—
This upon your saul you swear ? "

2 U

"O—h!" quo' Meg. "Aweel!" quo'
Watty,
"Farewell! faith I'll try the seas."
"O stand still," quo' Meg, and grat aye;
"Ony, ony way ye please."

Maggy syne, because he prest her,
Swore to a' thing ower again:
Watty lap, and danced, and kist her;
Wow! but he was won'rous fain!

RAB AND RINGAN.

A TALE.

[Recited before the Pantheon Club,
Edinburgh, when the subject of debate
was: "Whether is diffidence or the
allurements of pleasure the greatest bar
to progress in knowledge?"]

Introduction.

Hech! but its awfu' like to rise up here,
Where sic a sight o' learned folks' pows
appear!
Sae mony piercing een a' fixed on ane
Is maist enough to freeze me to a stane!
But it's a mercy—mony thanks to fate,
Pedlars are poor, but unco seldom blate.

(Speaking to the President.)

This question, sir, has been right weel
disputed,
And meikle, weel-a-wat's, been said about
it;
Chieks that precisely to the point can
speak,
And gallop o'er lang blaids of kittle
Greek,
Hae sent frae ilka side their sharp opinion,
And peeled it up as ane wad peel an
ingon.

I winna plague you lang wi' my poor
spale,
But only crave your patience to a tale:

By which ye'll ken on whatna side I'm
stanin',
As I perceive your hindmost minute's
rinnin'.

THE TALE.

There lived in Fife an auld, stout, warldly
chiel,
Wha's starnach ken'd nae fare but milk
and meal;
A wife he had, I think they ca'd her Bell,
And twa big sons, amaisht as heigh's
himsel'.
Rab was a gleg, smart cock, with
powdered pash;
Ringan, a slow, fear'd, bashfu', simple
hash.

Baith to the college gaed. At first spruce
Rab
At Greek and Latin grew a very dab:
He beat a' round about him, fair and
clean,
And ilk ane courted him to be their frien';
Frae house to house they harlèd him to
dinner,
But cursed poor Ringan for a hum-drum
sinner.

Rab talkèd now in sic a lofty strain,
As though braid Scotland had been a' his
ain;

He ca'd the kirk the church, the yirth the
globe,
And changed his name, forsooth, frae
Rab to Bob.

Whare'er ye met him flourishing his rung,
The haill discourse was murdered wi' his
tongue.

On friends and faes wi' impudence he set,
And rammed his nose in everything he
met.

The college now to Rab grew douf and
dull,
He scorned wi' books to stupify his skull:

But whirled to plays and balls, and sic-
like places,
And roared awa at fairs and kintra races ;
Sent hame for siller frae his mother
Bell,
And coft a horse, and rade a race himsel' ;
Drank day and night, and syne, when
mortal fu',
Rowed on the floor, and snored like ony
sow ;
Lost a' his siller wi' some gambling sparks,
And pawned, for punch, his Bible and his
sarks ;
Till driven at last to own he had eneugh,
Gaed hame a' rags, to haud his father's
plough.

Poor hum-drum Ringan played anither
part,
For Ringan wanted neither wit nor art ;
Of mony a far-aff place he kent the
gate ;
Was deep, deep learned, but unco, unco
blate.
He kend how mony miles 'twas to the
moon,
How mony rake wad lave the ocean toom ;
Where a' the swallows gaed in time of
snaw ;
What gars the thunders roars, and
tempests blaw ;
Where lumps o' siller grow aneath the
grun' ;
How a' this yirth rows round about the
sun :
In short, on books sae meikle time he
spent,
Ye couldna' speak o' aught, but Ringan
kent.

Sae meikle learning wi' sae little pride,
Soon gained the love o' a' the kintra side ;
And Death at that time happening to
nip aff
The parish minister—a poor, dull caff—
Ringan was sought—he couldna' say them
nay—
And there he's preaching at this very day.

MORAL.

Now, Mr President, I think 'tis plain
That youthfu' diffidence is certain gain.
Instead of blocking up the road to
knowledge,
It guides alike in commerce or at college ;
Struggles the bursts of passion to control,
Feeds all the finer feelings of the soul ;
Defies the deep-laid stratagems of guile,
And gives even innocence a sweeter smile ;
Ennobles all the little worth we have,
And shields our virtue even to the grave.
How vast the difference, then, between
the twain,
Since pleasure ever is pursued by pain.
Pleasure's a syren with inviting arms,
Sweet is her voice and powerful are her
charms ;
Lured by her call we tread her flowery
ground,
Joy wings our steps and music warbles
round.
Lulled in her arms we lose the flying hours,
And lie embosomed 'midst her blooming
bowers,
Till, armed with death, she watches our
undoing,
Stabs while she sings, and triumphs in our
ruin.

LADY NAIRNE.

1766—1845.

CAROLINE OLIPHANT, Baroness Nairne, the greatest of Scotland's female song-writers, was born on the 16th August 1766, at the old mansion-house of Gask, in Perthshire. Her father, Laurence Oliphant, the laird of Gask, a cadet of the ancient and distinguished family of Oliphant, was an ardent adherent of the Stuart cause, having taken an active part in the rebellion of 1745, on account of which the family estates were forfeited. Her mother was a daughter of Duncan Robertson of Strowan, chief of the clan Robertson, or Donnachie, also an adherent of the Jacobite cause. It is no wonder, then, to find the future poetess named after the "Young Chevalier." Both families suffered severely for their political convictions, and had therefore to practise a wholesome economy in their domestic habits; yet time, rather than the hardships to which it subjected them, alone tempered the ardour of their misplaced loyalty, and a lock of the prince's hair is still held as a precious heirloom by the Oliphants of Gask.

Mrs Oliphant died in 1774, and Caroline, with her brothers and sister, was placed in charge of a governess. Dancing and music were the favourite amusements of the family, and the famous Neil Gow often brought the soul of the one to sustain the life of the other. It need hardly be added that neither were

listless exotics, but the vigorous products of the soil. The more practical parts of education were not neglected; and on arriving at maturity, Caroline Oliphant was a very accomplished young woman, her national enthusiasm fired with the recollection of all that was romantic in the history of her native land, and her tastes trained to appreciate its ideas and manners; yet in after-life she found enjoyment in a wider range of sympathies, without lessening her interest in the country of her birth.

In 1792, her father died; and while still residing at Gask with her brother Laurence, she became interested in the rich collections of national songs which the genius of Burns was reviving and creating, and she felt stimulated to help the work of purifying the sentiments to which some of our finest old airs were sung. Her first attempt was "The Pleughman," which was soon followed by "John Tod," "The Laird of Cockpen," and others.

On the 2d of June 1806, she was married to her cousin, Major William Nairne, assistant Inspector-General of barracks in Scotland; and after residing some time at Portobello, they took up their residence at Duddingston, where her uncle, the chief of the Robertsons, presented her with a villa which was named after her. Here she formed an accomplished, but—so far as literature is concerned—a disguised member of the

Edinburgh society of which Scott was beginning to form the centre. She had written "The Land of the Leal" some time before she left Gask (about 1798); yet the secret of her being a song-writer was known to but a few of her most intimate friends: even her publisher knew her only in the assumed individuality of Mrs Bogan of Bogan.

In 1824, Major Nairne had the forfeited rank and titles of his family in the peerage of Scotland restored to him, and in 1830 he died, leaving an only son. On her husband's death, Lady Nairne removed to Clifton, and afterwards to Ireland; but in 1834, she removed to the Continent in search of a milder climate for her son, whose health showed signs of weakness.

After having tried all the health-resorts of the Continent, William, sixth Lord Nairne, died at Brussels in December 1837, and was there buried. Lady Nairne, accompanied by her sister, Mrs Keith, continued to reside on the Continent, moving about from place to place, and everywhere trying to relieve the distress which she saw around her. At length, on the invitation of her brother, who went to Paris for the purpose of bringing her home, she returned to Scotland, and took up her abode at Gask in 1843. She soon began to interest herself in the affairs of her native land, particularly in schemes of benevolence, and for the diffusion of religion. In all her contributions for these ends she acted, as in her authorship, anonymously; and it was not till after her death that Dr Chalmers felt at liberty to mention her name as the donor of £300 to his West Port Territorial Scheme.

The two last years of her life were mostly occupied in the promotion of similar projects. She died on the 26th October 1845, in her seventy-ninth year, and was buried in the private chapel built by her brother beside the house of Gask.

Lady Nairne stands next to Burns in the breadth and diversity of her talents as a song-writer. She does not manifest the same command over the passions as Burns does; and her love songs, as "The Lass of Gowrie," and "Huntingtower," though excellent of their kind, have not the depth of feeling which characterises her "Land o' the Leal." "Caller Herrin'," "The Laird o' Cockpen," and "John Todd," are real original sketches, and equal to any songs in the same vein; while "Charlie is my Darling," "Will ye no come back again?" and "The Hundred Pipers," and two or three others, display the Jacobite spirit to perfection. "The Rowan Tree," "Songs of my Native Land," and others, prove the depth of her patriotic sentiments and love of locality. Her "Twa Doos" is an admirable sample of that humour which is one of the most delightful characteristics of canny old Scotch folk, which we fear is fast fading before the fashionable influences of present social conditions.

Lady Nairne's songs were being collected and edited, with her permission, under the title of *Lays of Strathearn*, without her name, shortly before her death, but were not issued till after it. An edition, with a memoir prefixed, has since been edited by Dr Rogers, with the title of *The Life and Songs of the Baroness Nairne*.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John :
I'm wearin' awa'

To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John ;
There neither could nor care, John ;
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John ;
She was baith gude and fair, John ;
And, oh ! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a-comin' fast, John—
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.
Oh, dry your glist'ning ee, John !
My saul lang's to be free, John ;
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh, haud ye leal and true, John !
Your day it's wearin' thro', John ;
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain John,
This world's cares are vain, John ;
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

The Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud an'
he's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the
state ;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look
well ;
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha'
Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd, and as guid
as new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was
blue ;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd
hat—
And wha' could refuse the Laird wi' a'
that ?

He took the gray mare, and rade cannilie,
And rapp'd at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee ;
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily
ben,
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o'
Cockpen."

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower
wine.
"And what brings the Laird at sic a like
time ?"
She put aff her apron and on her silk
goun,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa'
doun.

And when she cam' ben, he bow'd fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her
know ;
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said
Na ;
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turn'd awa'.

Dumbfounder'd he was, but nae sigh did
he gie ;
He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie ;
And aften he thought, as he gaed through
the glen,
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she
had said ;

" Oh ! for aye I'll get better, it's waur I'll
get ten—

I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Next time that the Laird and the Lady
were seen,

They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk
on the green ;

Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit
hen,

But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd
at Cockpen.¹

CALLER HERRIN'.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?

They're bonnie fish and halesome farin' ;

Wha'll buy my caller herrin',

New drawn frae the Forth ?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,

Dream'd ye aught o' our puir fellows,

Darling as they faced the billows,

A' to fill the woven willows ?

Buy my caller herrin',

New drawn frae the Forth.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?

They're no brought here without brave
daring ;

Buy my caller herrin',

Haul'd thro' wind and rain.

Wha'll buy caller herrin' ? &c.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?

Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin' ;

Wives and mithers, maist despairin',

Ca' them lives o' men.

Wha'll buy caller herrin' ? &c.

¹ The last two stanzas were added by Miss
Ferrier, the authoress of *Marriage*.

When the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.
Wha'll buy caller herrin' ? &c.

Caller herrin's no got lightlie ;
Ye can trip the spring fu' tightlie ;
Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
Gow has set you a' a-singin'.
Wha'll buy caller herrin' ? &c.

Neebour wives, now tent my tellin',
When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',
At ae word be in yer dealin'—
Truth will stand when a' thing's failin'.
Wha'll buy caller herrin' ? &c.

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

'Twas on a simmer's afternoon,
A wee afore the sun gaed down,
A lassie wi' a braw new gown
Cam ower the hills to Gowrie.
The rose-bud wash'd in simmer's shower,
Bloom'd fresh within the sunny bower ;
But Kitty was the fairest flower
That e'er was seen in Gowrie.

To see her cousin she cam' there,
An' oh ! the scene was passing fair ;
For what in Scotland can compare
Wi' the Carse o' Gowrie ?
The sun was setting on the Tay,
The blue hills melting into gray,
The mavis and the blackbird's lay
Were sweetly heard in Gowrie.

O lang the lassie I had woo'd,
And truth and constancy had vow'd,
But could na speed wi' her I loo'd,
Until she saw fair Gowrie.
I pointed to my father's ha',
Yon bonnie bield ayont the shaw,
Sae loun' that there nae blast could blaw,
Wad she no bide in Gowrie ?

Her faither was baith glad and wae ;
 Her mither she wad naething say ;
 The bairnies thought they wad get play,
 If Kitty gaed to Gowrie.
 She whiles did smile, she whiles did greet,
 The blush and tear were on her cheek—
 She naething said, but hung her head ;
 And now she's Leddy Gowrie.

HUNTINGTOWER.

When ye gang awa', Jamie,
 When ye gang awa', laddie,
 What will ye gi'e my heart to cheer,
 When ye are far awa', Jamie ?

I'll gi'e ye a braw new gown, Jeanie,
 I'll gi'e ye a braw new gown, lassie,
 An' it will be a silken ane,
 Wi' Valenciennes trimm'd round,
 Jeanie.

O that's nae luv at a', laddie,
 That's nae luv at a', Jamie ;
 How could I bear braw gowns to wear,
 When ye are far awa', laddie !

But mind me when awa', Jamie,
 Mind me when awa', laddie,
 For out o' sicht is out o' mind
 Wi' mony folk we ken, Jamie.

Oh ! that can never be, Jeanie,
 Forgot ye ne'er can be, lassie ;
 Oh gang wi' me to the north countrie,
 My bonnie bride to be, Jeanie.

The hills are grand and hie, Jeanie,
 The burnies rinnin' clear, lassie,
 'Mang birks and braes, where the wild
 deer strays,
 Oh come wi' me and see, lassie !

I winna gang wi' thee, laddie,
 I tell't ye sae afore, Jamie ;
 Till free consent my parents gi'e,
 I canna gang wi' thee, Jamie.

But when ye're wed to me, Jeanie,
 Then they will forgi'e, lassie ;
 How can ye be sae cauld to me,
 Wha's lo'ed ye weel and lang, lassie !

No sae lang as them, laddie,
 No sae lang as them, Jamie ;
 A grief to them I wadna be,
 No for the Duke himsel', Jamie.

We'll save our penny fee, laddie,
 To keep frae poortith free, Jamie ;
 An' then their blessing they will gi'e
 Baith to you an' me, Jamie.

Huntingtower is mine, lassie,
 Huntingtower is mine, Jeanie ;
 Huntingtower, an' Blairnagower,
 An' a' that's mine is thine, Jeanie !

THE HUNDRED PIPERS.

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
 We'll up and gie them a blaw, a blaw,
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
 Oh ! it's ower the Border awa', awa',
 It's ower the Border awa', awa',
 We'll on and we'll march to Carlisle ha',
 Wi' its yetts, its castell, an' a', an' a'.

Oh ! our sodger lads looked braw, looked
 braw,
 Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a',
 Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glitter-
 ing gear,
 An' pibrochs sounding sweet and clear.
 Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?
 Will they a' return, our Highland men?
 Second-sighted Sandy looked fu' wae,
 And mothers grat when they marched
 away.

Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.

Oh wha is foremost o' a', o' a' ?
 Oh wha does follow the blaw, the blaw ?

Bonnie Charlie the king o' us a', hurrah !
 Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
 His bonnet and feather he's wavin' high,
 His prancin' steed maist seems to fly ;
 The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,
 While the pipers blaw in an' unco flare.
 Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.

The Esk was swollen sae red and sae deep,
 But shouter to shouter the brave lads
 keep :
 Twa thousands swam ower to fill English
 ground,
 And danced themselves dry to the
 pibroch's sound.
 Dumfounder'd the English saw—they
 saw—
 Dumfounder'd they heard the blaw, the
 blaw,
 Dumfounder'd they ran awa', awa',
 From the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a' ;
 We'll up and gie them a blaw, a
 blaw,
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN ?

Bonnie Charlie's now awa',
 Safely ower the friendly main ;
 Mony a heart will break in twa,
 Should he ne'er come back again.
 Will ye no come back again ?
 Will ye no come back again ?
 Better lo'ed ye canna be,
 Will ye no come back again ?

Ye trusted in your Hieland men,
 They trusted you, dear Charlie ;
 They kent you hiding in the glen,
 Your cleadin' was but barely.
 Will ye no, &c.

English bribes were a' in vain,
 An' e'en tho' puirer we may be ;
 Siller canna buy the heart
 That beats aye for thine and thee.
 Will ye no, &c.

We watched thee in the gloamin' hour,
 We watched thee in the mornin' grey ;
 Tho' thirty thousand pounds they'd gi'e,
 Oh, there was nane that wad betray.
 Will ye no, &c.

Sweet's the laverock's note and lang,
 Liltin' wildly up the glen ;
 But aye to me he sings ae sang,—
 Will ye no come back again ?
 Will ye no come back again ?
 Better lo'ed ye canna be,
 Will ye no come back again ?

THE ROWAN TREE.

Oh ! Rowan Tree, Oh ! Rowan Tree,
 thou't aye be dear to me ;
 Intwin'd thou art wi' mony ties o' hame
 and infancy.
 Thy leaves were aye the first o' spring,
 thy flow'rs the simmer's pride ;
 There was nae sic a bonny tree in a' the
 countrie side.

Oh ! Rowan Tree.

How fair wert thou in simmer time, wi' a'
 thy clusters white,
 How rich and gay thy autumn dress, wi'
 berries red and bright !
 On thy fair stem were mony namés, which
 now nae mair I see,
 But they're engraven on my heart—forgot
 they ne'er can be !

Oh ! Rowan Tree.

We sat aneath thy spreading shade, the
bairnies round thee ran,
They pu'd thy bonny berries red, and
necklaces they strang;
My mother! oh! I see her still, she
smiled our sports to see,
Wi' little Jeanie on her lap, an' Jamie at
her knee!

Oh! Rowan Tree.

Oh! there arose my father's prayer, in
holy evening's calm,
How sweet was then my mother's voice,
in the Martyr's psalm!
Now a' are gane! we meet nae mair
aneath the Rowan Tree;
But hallowed thoughts around thee twine,
o' hame and infancy.

Oh! Rowan Tree.

THE TWA DOOS.

There were twa doos sat in a dookit;
Twa wise-like birds, and round they
luiket;

An' says the ane unto the ither,
What do you see, my good brither?

I see some pickles o' guid strae
An' wheat, some fule has thrown away;
For a rainy day they should be bookit.
Sae down they flew frae aff their dookit.

The snaw will come an' cour the grund,
Nae grains o' wheat will then be fund;
They pickt a' up, an' a' were bookit,
Then round an' round again they luiket.

O lang he thocht and lang he luiket,
An' aye his wise-like head he shook it;
I see, I see, what ne'er should be,
I see what's seen by mair than me.

Wae's me, there's thochtless, lang Tam
Grey,

Aye spending what he's no to pay;
In wedlock, to a taupie hookit,
He's taen a doo, but has nae dookit.

When we were young it was na sae;
Nae rummilmungum folk now hae;
What guid for them can e'er be luiket,
When folk tak' doos that hae nae dookit?

JAMES HOGG.

1770—1835.

THE Ettrick Shepherd is as distinct, original, and thoroughly national an individuality in Scottish literature as any that can be named, and though not the greatest, is one of the most spontaneous geniuses that it has produced. If his conceptions of proportion, symmetry, and perspective, were equal to the luxuriance of his imagination and command of language, his poetic rank

would have been much higher. A somewhat similar want of balance marks his career in life, of which a large proportion must be attributed to defective education and training; yet, taking him all in all, we could hardly wish, were it in our power, to improve him—his very foibles add a charm to his character.

James Hogg's birthday is unknown; and he himself, with characteristic sim-

plicity and disregard of exactness, assumed the 25th January, Burns' natal day, whether under a vague feeling of such a coincidence being an auspicious omen, or other equally irrational influence, it is impossible to tell; yet as he was baptized on the 9th December 1770, he must have been born at least a fortnight earlier. He was the son of Robert Hogg, a shepherd in Ettrick Forest, Selkirkshire, who, having tried to improve his circumstances by farming, lost what savings he had accumulated as a shepherd, and was obliged to return to his original occupation. This reverse of fortune overtook the family when the poet was about six years old: he was therefore withdrawn from school, and in his seventh year was sent to herding—his wages being a ewe lamb, and a pair of shoes every six months, besides his board. In his eighth year he received a quarter's additional schooling, and learned to read the Bible. Thus ended his formal education.

Being promoted from cow-herding to sheep-herding—a more dignified and leisurely employment—he procured a violin, and commenced teaching himself the native airs, cultivating his sense of harmony, and his national feelings. In his eighteenth year he fell in with Hamilton's modernized version of Blind Harry's *Wallace*, and Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, which he says he wished had been in prose; he had a difficulty too with the Scotch of the latter. His love of reading soon procured him other books; and his naturally poetic ardour being soon touched, he began to try his hand at rhyme before he mastered the art of writing. To write was his next

effort, and in this he soon acquired passable efficiency. This was all the artificial superstructure that he required. In 1797, while in the service of the father of William Laidlaw, Scott's amanuensis, and the author of "Lucy's Flitting," he obtained a copy of "Tam o' Shanter," which he committed to memory. He strongly felt and expressed the stimulus which it gave to the incipient promptings of his own muse. In 1800, he leased a small farm, where he kept his aged parents. He was known for some time as a local poet; but being in Edinburgh this year, he put his song of "Donald Macdonald" into general circulation, and it soon became a popular favourite. He visited Edinburgh again next year, and placed in the hands of a printer his first book, *Scottish Pastoral Songs, etc.*, a little volume of 64 pages, full of all kinds of blunders, but now so scarce as to be reckoned a bibliographical treasure.

Scott was at this time (1801) busy collecting the materials of his *Border Minstrelsy*, and, being on one of his excursions to the Forest, was introduced to Hogg by Laidlaw, when an intimacy which ripened into friendship sprung up between these, to a large extent kindred spirits, which only ended with their lives. Hogg and his mother greatly aided Scott with ballads, preserved mostly by tradition. But the shepherd's farm did not keep him long out of difficulties, and he had to give it up. His efforts to obtain a situation as sheep-farm manager in the Highlands were also unsuccessful, when Scott came to his assistance, and got Constable, then his publisher, to publish an edition of

Hogg's poems under the title of the *Mountain Bard*; and also a treatise on sheep. By these publications he obtained the (to him) large sum of £300, and he rushed into farming on a scale ten times beyond his means, having leased two farms in Dumfriesshire, at rents far beyond their value. The consequence was, that in less than three years he was again penniless, and in debt.

In these circumstances he tried to obtain a captaincy in the militia, and a situation in the excise, but failed in both, and again fell back upon his pen. He published a collection of songs, containing a large proportion of his own early pieces, under the title of the *Forest Minstrel*, and dedicated it to the Countess of Dalkeith. The handsome gift of one hundred guineas from his patroness was the only profit that it brought him. His next venture was a weekly newspaper, *The Spy*, which lived about twelve months, leaving him in a state of financial exhaustion.

When his fortune was about its lowest, in consequence of the failure of his various schemes, he, in 1813, astonished the world by his *Queen's Wake*, a production for which no one would have given him credit, but which places his right to the title of poet beyond dispute. It is in every way a remarkable poem, or rather a garland of varied poetic gems gracefully strung together, and was at once recognised as such. Although the plan of it is taken from Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, yet the application and the execution are so original, that this in no way detracts from the merits of Hogg's genius, and the fact almost never intrudes itself on

the reader's notice. The story of Kilmeny is invariably selected as the masterpiece of the work; but, while fully alive to its charm as a production of the imagination, and its musical sweetness of language, and allowing for a certain dimness of outline as appropriate to the morbid sentiment of which it is the embodiment, we cannot overlook the confusion and want of perspective that pervade it, nor can we grant that indistinctness of outline enhances the beauty of even so purely ideal a clime of the imagination as that in which the scene of Kilmeny is laid. It also contains some descriptive incongruities, and the affectation of the ancient spelling is an absurdity that almost gives it a serio-comic air. The "Fate of Macgregor," similarly founded on superstitious sentiment, though inferior in imaginative breadth, has not, in our estimation, the blemishes which mar "Kilmeny." It is in every way equal to Campbell's "Lochiel's Warning," which appeared about ten years earlier.

Hogg's next venture was *The Poetic Mirror*, intended as a collection of the poems of living bards. Scott refused to contribute, and this caused a temporary estrangement between the poets. He then issued *Dramatic Tales*, and *The Brownie of Bodsbeck*, &c. In 1820, he received a life-lease of the farm of Altrive from the Duke of Buccleuch, at a nominal rent, and on settling here he married. But his passion for farm ventures could not be overcome while he had the means of gratifying it, and with his wife's and his own means he took a lease of, and stocked the farm of Mount

Benger. The usual results followed. In 1821, he completed his *Jacobite Relics*, and, in 1822, received two hundred pounds for a select volume of his best poems. Besides these publications, he contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*. His last poem was "Queen Hynde," which appeared in 1826. He died in 1835, and was buried in the churchyard of Ettrick. Twenty years after his death, his widow received a government pension of £100 a-year; and in 1860, a monument was erected to his memory overlooking St Mary's Loch.

Hogg has been compared with Ramsay; but except in the possession of a ludicrous Goldsmithian egotism which amused without offending, they are contrasts rather than counterparts, Ramsay being a shrewd and economic, almost unimpassioned man of business, while Hogg was the very reverse. Perhaps the best portrait of him is his own Bard of Ettrick in the *Queen's Wake*.

THE BARD OF ETTRICK.

The next was named—the very sound
Excited merriment around :
But when the bard himself appear'd,
The ladies smiled, the courtiers sneer'd ;
For such a simple air and mien
Before a court had never been.
A clown he was, bred in the wild,
And late from native moors exiled,
In hopes his mellow mountain strain
High favour from the great would gain.
Poor wight ! he never ween'd how hard
For poverty to earn regard !
Dejection o'er his visage ran,
His coat was bare, his colour wan,
His forest doublet darn'd and torn,
His shepherd plaid all rent and worn ;

Yet dear the symbols to his eye,
Memorials of a time gone by.

The bard on Ettrick's mountains green
In nature's bosom nursed had been,
And oft had mark'd, in forest lone,
Her beauties on her mountain throne ;
Had seen her deck the wild wood-tree,
And star with snowy gems the lea ;
In loveliest colours paint the plain,
And sow the moor with purple grain.
By golden mead and mountain sheer,
Had view'd the Ettrick waving clear,
Where shadowy flocks of purest snow
Seem'd grazing in a world below.

Instead of ocean's billowy pride,
Where monsters play and navies ride,
Oft had he view'd, as morning rose,
The bosom of the lonely Lowes,
Plough'd far by many a downy keel,
Of wild-duck and of vagrant teal.
Oft thrill'd his heart at close of even,
To see the dappled vales of heaven,
With many a mountain, moor, and tree,
Asleep upon the Saint Mary.
The pilot swan majestic wind,
With all his cygnet fleet behind.

So softly sail, and swiftly row,
With sable oar, and silken prow.
Instead of war's unhallow'd form,
His eye had seen the thunderstorm
Descend within the mountain's brim,
And shroud him in its chambers grim ;
Then from its bowels burst amain
The sheeted flame and sounding rain,
And by the bolts in thunder borne,
The heaven's own breast and mountain
torn.
The wild-roe from the forest driven ;
The oaks of ages peel'd and riven ;
Impending oceans whirl and boil,
Convulsed by nature's grand turmoil.

Instead of arms or golden crest,
His harp with mimic flowers was dress'd ;

Around, in graceful streamers, fell
The brier rose and the heather bell ;
And there, his learning deep to prove,
Natura donum graved above.
When o'er her mellow notes he ran,
And his wild mountain chant began ;
Then first was noted in his eye
A gleam of native energy.

THE FATE OF MACGREGOR.

" Macgregor, Macgregor, remember
our foemen ;
The moon rises broad from the brow of
Ben-Lomond ;
The clans are impatient, and chide thy
delay ;
Arise ! let us bound to Glen-Lyon away."

Stern scowled the Macgregor ; then,
silent and sullen,
He turned his red eye to the braes of
Strathfillan ;
" Go, Malcolm, to sleep, let the clans be
dismissed ;
The Campbells this night for Macgregor
must rest."

" Macgregor, Macgregor, our scouts
have been flying,
Three days round the hills of M'Nab and
Glen-Lyon ;
Of riding and running such tidings they
bear,
We must meet them at home else they'll
quickly be here."

" The Campbell may come, as his
promises bind him,
And haughty M'Nab, with his giants be-
hind him :
This night I am bound to relinquish the
fray,

And do what it freezes my vitals to
say.

Forgive me, dear brother, this horror of
mind ;

Thou knowest in the strife I was never be-
hind,

Nor ever receded a foot from the van,
Or blenched at the ire or the prowess of
man.

But I've sworn by the cross, by my God,
and by all,

An oath which I cannot, and dare not re-
call,—

Ere the shadows of midnight fall east from
the pile,

To meet with a spirit this night in Glen-
Gyle.

" Last night, in my chamber, all
thoughtful and lone,

I called to remembrance some deeds I
had done,

When entered a lady, with visage so wan,
And looks such as never were fastened
on man.

I knew her, O brother ! I knew her full
well !

Of that once fair dame such a tale I could
tell

As would thrill thy bold heart : but how
long she remained,

So racked was my spirit, my bosom so
pained,

I knew not—but ages seemed short to the
while.

Though proffer'd the Highlands, nay, all
the green isle,

With length of existence no man can
enjoy,

The same to endure, the dread proffer
I'd fly !

The thrice-threaten'd pangs of last night
to forego,

Macgregor would dive to the mansions
below.

Despairing and mad, to futurity blind,
The present to shun, and some respite to find,
I swore, ere the shadow fell east from the pile,
To meet her alone by the brook of Glen-Glye.

"She told me, and turned my chilled heart to a stone,
The glory and name of Macgregor were gone :
That the pine, which for ages had shed a bright halo,
Afar on the mountains of Highland Glen-Falo,
Should wither and fall ere the turn of yon moon,
Smit through by the canker of hated Colquhoun :
That a feast on Macgregors each day should be common,
For years, to the eagles of Lennox and Lomond.

"A parting embrace, in one moment, she gave :
Her breath was a furnace, her bosom the grave !
Then flitting elusive, she said, with a frown,
"The mighty Macgregor shall yet be my own !"

"Macgregor, thy fancies are wild as the wind ;
The dreams of the night have disordered thy mind.
Come, buckle thy panoply—march to the field,—
See, brother, how hacked are thy helmet and shield !
Ay, that was M'Nab, in the height of his pride,
When the lions of Dochart stood firm by his side.

This night the proud chief his presumption shall rue ;
Rise, brother, these chinks in his heart's-blood will glue :
Thy fantasies frightful shall flit on the wing,
When loud with thy bugle Glen-Lyon shall ring."

Like glimpse of the moon through the storm of the night,
Macgregor's red eye shed one sparkle of light :
It faded—it darkened—he shuddered—he sighed,—
"No ! not for the universe !" low he replied.

Away went Macgregor, but went not alone ;
To watch the dread rendezvous Malcolm has gone.
They oared the broad Lomond, so still and serene !
And deep in her bosom, how awful the scene !
O'er mountains inverted, the blue waters curled,
And rocked them on skies of a far nether world.

All silent they went, for the time was approaching :
The moon the blue zenith already was touching ;
No foot was abroad on the forest or bill,
No sound but the lullaby sung by the rill ;
Young Malcolm at distance 'couched trembling the while,
Margregor stood lone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

Few minutes had passed ere they spied, on the stream,
A skiff sailing light, where a lady did seem ;

Her sail was the web of the gossamer's loom,
 The glow-worm her wakelight, the rainbow her boom ;
 A dim rayless beam was her prow and her mast,
 Like wold-fire, at midnight, that glares on the waste.
 Though rough was the river with rock and cascade,
 No torrent, no rock, her velocity staid ;
 She wimpled the water to weather and lee,
 And heaved as if borne on the waves of the sea.
 Mute Nature was roused in the bounds of the glen ;
 The wild deer of Gartney abandoned his den,
 Fled panting away, over river and isle,
 Nor once turned his eye to the brook of Glen-Gyle.

The fox fled in terror, the eagle awoke,
 As slumbering he dozed in the shelve of the rock ;
 Astonished, to hide in the moonbeam he flew,
 And screwed the night heaven till lost in the blue.

Young Malcolm beheld the pale lady approach,
 The chieftain salute her, and shrink from her touch ;
 He saw the Macgregor kneel down on the plain,
 As begging for something he could not obtain ;
 She raised him indignant, derided his stay,
 Then bore him on board, set her sail, and away.

Though fast the red bark down the river did glide,
 Yet faster ran Malcolm adown by its side ;

" Macgregor ! Macgregor ! " he bitterly cried ;
 " Macgregor ! Macgregor ! " the echoes replied.
 He struck at the lady, but, strange though it seem,
 His sword only fell on the rocks and the stream ;
 But the groans from the boat that ascended amain,
 Were groans from a bosom in horror and pain.
 They reached the dark lake, and bore lightly away ;
 Macgregor is vanished for ever and aye !

TO THE COMET OF 1811.

How lovely is this wildered scene,
 As twilight from her vaults so blue
 Steals soft o'er Yarrow's mountains green,
 To sleep embalmed in midnight dew !

All hail, ye hills, whose towering height,
 Like shadows, scoops the yielding sky !
 And thou, mysterious guest of night,
 Dread traveller of immensity !

Stranger of heaven ! I bid thee hail !
 Shred from the pall of glory riven,
 That flashest in celestial gale,
 Broad pennon of the King of Heaven !

Art thou the flag of woe and death,
 From angel's ensign-staff unfurled ?
 Art thou the standard of his wrath
 Waved o'er a sordid sinful world ?

No, from that pure pellucid beam,
 That erst o'er plains of Bethlehem shone,
 No latent evil we can deem,
 Bright herald of the eternal throne !

Whate'er portends thy front of fire,
Thy streaming locks so lovely pale—
Or peace to man, or judgments dire,
Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail !

Where hast thou roamed these thousand
years ?

Why sought these polar paths again,
From wilderness of glowing spheres,
To fling thy vesture o'er the wain ?

And when thou scal'at the Milky Way,
And vanishest from human view,
A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray
Through wilds of yon empyreal blue !

O ! on thy rapid prow to glide !
To sail the boundless skies with thee,
And plough the twinkling stars aside,
Like foam-bells on a tranquil sea !

To brush the embers from the sun,
The icicles from off the pole ;
Then far to other systems run,
Where other moons and planets roll !

Stranger of heaven ! O let thine eye
Smile on a rapt enthusiast's dream ;
Eccentric as thy course on high,
And airy as thine ambient beam !

And long, long may thy silver ray
Our northern arch at eve adorn ;
Then, wheeling to the east away,
Light the gray portals of the morn !

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

Come all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken :
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name ?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.
(11)

When the kye come hame,
When the kye come hame,
'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,
When the kye come hame.

'Tis not beneath the burget, Nor yet beneath the crown,
'Tis not on couch of velvet, Nor yet on bed of down ;
'Tis beneath the spreading birch,
In the dell without a name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he loves to see,
And up upon the tapmost bough,
Oh, a happy bird is he !
Then he pours his melting ditty,
And love 'tis a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.

When the bluart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonnie lucken gowan
Has fauld it up his e'e,
Then the laverock frae the blue lift
Draps down, and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.

Then the eye shines sae bright,
The haill soul to beguile,
There's love in every whisper,
And joy in every smile ;
Oh, who would choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss a bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame ?

See yonder pawky shepherd
That lingers on the hill—
His yowes are in the fauld,
And his lambs are lying still ;
Yet he downa gang to rest,
For his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.

Awa' wi' fame and fortune—
 What comfort can they gie?
 And a' the airts that prey
 On man's life and libertie!
 Gi'e me the highest joy
 That the heart o' man can frame—
 My bonnie, bonnie lassie,
 When the kye come hame.

CAM YE BY ATHOL?

Cam ye by Athol, lad wi' the philibeg,
 Down by the Tummel or banks o' the
 Garry;
 Saw ye our lads wi' their bonnets and
 white cockades,
 Leaving their mountains to follow Prince
 Charlie?

Follow thee! Follow thee! wha
 wadna follow thee?

Lang has thou loved and trusted
 us fairly!

Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow
 thee,

King o' the Highland hearts,
 bonnie Prince Charlie!

I hae but ae son, my gallant young
 Donald,

But if I had ten they should follow Glen-
 garry!

Health to M'Donnell and gallant Clan
 Ronald,

For these are the men that will die for
 their Charlie,

Follow thee! Follow thee! &c.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to
 them,

Down by Lord Murray and Roy of Kil-
 darlie;

Brave M'Intosh, he shall fly to the field
 wi' them;

These are the lads I can trust wi' my
 Charlie.

Follow thee! Follow thee! &c.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi'
 the Whigamore,
 Loyal, true Highlanders, down wi' them
 rarely!
 Ronald and Donald, drive on wi' the broad
 claymore,
 Over the necks of the foes o' Prince
 Charlie.
 Follow thee! Follow thee! &c.

THE SKYLARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
 Blythesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and
 lea!

Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place,
 Oh! to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud;
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth;
 Where on the dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
 Over the cloudbelt dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, hie, hie thee away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms,
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
 Bird of the wilderness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place,
 Oh! to abide in the desert with thee!

MEG O' MARLEY.

O ken ye Meg o' Marley glen,
 The bonny blue-e'd dearie?
 She's play'd the deil amang the men,
 An' a' the land's grown eery.

She's stown the "Bangor" frae the clerk,
An' snool'd him wi' the shame o't ;
The minister's fa'n through the text,
An' Meg gets a' the blame o't.

The ploughman ploughs without the
sock ;

The gadman whistles sparely ;
The shepherd pines amang his flock,
An' turns his e'en to Marley ;
The tailor lad's fa'n ower the bed ;
The cobbler ca's a parley ;
The weaver's neb's out through the web,
An' a' for Meg o' Marley.

What's to be done, for our gudeman
Is flyting late an' early ?
He rises but to curse an' ban,
An' sits down but to ferly.
But ne'er had love a brighter lowe
Than light his torches sparely,
At the bright e'en an' blythesome brow
O' bonny Meg a' Marley.

MACLEAN'S WELCOME.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear
Charlie, brave Charlie,
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine
with Maclean ;
And though you be weary, we'll make
your heart cheery,
And welcome our Charlie and his loyal
train,
We'll bring down the track deer, we'll
bring down the black steer,

The lamb from the breckan, the doe
from the glen ;
The salt sea we'll harry, and bring to our
Charlie,
The cream from the bothy, and curd
from the pen.
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, etc.

And you shall drink freely the dews of
Glen-Sheerly,
That stream in the star-light when kings
do not ken,
And deep be your meed of the wine that
is red,
To drink to your sire, and his friend the
Maclean.
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, etc.

O'er heath-bells shall trace you, the maids
to embrace you,
And deck your blue bonnet with flowers
of the brae ;
And the loveliest Mary in all Glen
M'Quarry
Shall lie in your bosom till break of the
day.
Come o'er the stream Charlie, etc.

If aught will invite you, or more will de-
light you,
'Tis ready ; a troop of our bold High-
landmen
Shall range o'er the heather with bonnet
and feather,
Strong arms and broad claymores three
hundred and ten.
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, etc.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1771—1832.

SCOTT, like Burns, is in everybody's possession, and it is as unnecessary as it is impossible, in a publication such as this, fully to exhibit the varied characteristics of his poems. We shall therefore confine ourselves to those in which their specially Scotch aspects are most conspicuous, and supply a chronological summary of his life and chief literary labours. His paternal lineage is traceable to the Scotts of Buccleuch, through the Hardean branch of the family. His father, Walter Scott, writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, was the eldest son of Robert Scott of Sandyknowe. His mother, Anne Rutherford, was the eldest daughter of Dr John Rutherford, Professor of Medicine in Edinburgh University.

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, at the head of the College Wynd, on the 15th August 1771. When eighteen months old he lost the power of his right leg, and on this account was sent to his grandfather's, at Sandyknowe. At four years of age, he was taken by his aunt to Bath, where he remained a year. He was then sent to Prestons to try the effects of sea-bathing on his lameness. Here, at this early age, he loved to attend to the curious stories of his father's friend, George Constable. Having come home to Edinburgh, he was, in 1778, sent to the High School, where "he was behind his class-fellows in years and progress." He was, how-

ever, a great reader; and some volumes of Shakspeare's plays having come in his way, he read them with great avidity. He became intimate with the blind poet, Dr Blacklock, who interested himself in his youthful studies, besides giving him access to his library, where he read Ossian and Spenser with much delight, especially the latter. His health becoming again doubtful, he was sent to his aunt's at Kelso, where he attended the Grammar School, and made the acquaintance, through a circulating library, of "Percy's Anecdotes," and the writings of Tasso, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Mackenzie. Here, too, began his acquaintance with the Ballantynes, who were his school-fellows. He returned to Edinburgh in November 1783, and entered College. In 1786, he was apprenticed to his father for five years, during which time he studied French, Italian, and Spanish, in order to read the poets and romancists of those languages. In 1787, his meeting Burns at the house of Professor Ferguson, and his first journey into the Highlands, strongly impressed his imagination. In 1790, he decided on preparing for the bar, and attended the law classes in the University; he also attended the lectures of Professor Dugald Stewart, in whose class-room he read some essays, which won him the esteem of that great man.

In January 1791, he made the acquaintance of Francis (afterwards Lord) Jeffrey, and made an excursion to Northumberland, when he first visited the field of Flodden.

Scott was called to the bar, 11th July 1792, and during the autumn vacation made another excursion into Northumberland, and he also visited Liddesdale, in search of materials for *The Minstrelsy of the Border*. He now commenced to study German,—works of genius in that language having been brought under the notice of Edinburgh society by Henry Mackenzie, “The Man of Feeling.” In 1793, he went to Galloway, to investigate the case of a minister whom he was employed to defend before the General Assembly on a charge of profanity and drunkenness. His defence of the rev. delinquent was unsuccessful, and his reception by the venerable Court was not calculated to increase his love for his profession; but his jaunt to Galloway afforded the only opportunity he ever had of seeing the scenery of *Guy Mannering*. In the autumn of this year he first visited the scenery of *The Lady of the Lake*, and extended his excursion into Forfarshire, where he inspected Glamis and Dunottar Castles, and near the latter first saw the prototype of Old Mortality. In October 1796, he published his translation of *Lenore* and *The Wild Huntsman*, but their appreciation was confined to the circle of his own friends and acquaintances. During the autumn vacation of 1797, he visited Cumberland; and while staying at Gilsland, first met Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, the daughter of a French gentleman

of English descent. Scott and Miss Carpenter, after obtaining the sanction of her guardian, were married at Carlisle, 24th December 1797.

After their marriage, they lived in lodgings in George Street, Edinburgh; but in the summer of 1798, they rented a cottage at the beautiful village of Lasswade; and here Scott composed most of those ballads in which he first displayed his poetic powers.

In 1799, he published Goethe's *Gods von Berlichingen*, for the copyright of which he got 25 guineas; and about the same time he wrote “The House of Aspen” and several other poems. This year, through the influence of the Duke of Buccleuch and Lord Melville, he was appointed Sheriff of Selkirk, with a salary of £300 a-year.

The Minstrelsy occupied his leisure during 1800 and 1801, and his researches brought him into intimate connection with several literary coadjutors, among whom were Richard Heber, the accomplished John Leyden, William Laidlaw, Joseph Ritson, the antiquarian, George Ellis, and James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, under whose uncouth appearance and manners Scott discovered a poet with originality, wit, and absurdity, that amused and delighted him. In January 1802, *The Minstrelsy*, in two volumes, printed by Ballantyne at Kelso, was published by Cadell & Davis, London. The first edition consisted of 800 copies, and Scott's share of the profits was £78, 10s. In autumn, he wrote the draft of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which he at first designed as a ballad for a third volume of *The Minstrelsy*. In

1803, while in London, he sold the copyright of *The Minstrelsy*, including the third volume, to Longman & Co. for £500, and made extracts for Sir Tristrem from MSS. in the Duke of Roxburghe's library. He also visited Oxford with his friend Heber. In September he was first visited by Wordsworth and his sister, and he conducted them over Roslin Chapel and Melrose Abbey. He also assisted the Ettrick Shepherd, by inducing Constable to publish Hogg's *Mountain Bard*. In 1804, he removed to Ashiestiel, near Selkirk.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel was published in January 1805, and its success decided him in making literature his profession. It was reviewed by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review* in terms of high praise. The author's share of the profits of the first edition was £169; and he sold the copyright for £500. Scott now entered into a secret partnership with his printer Ballantyne, and set about with much alacrity to promote the interests of the business. For this purpose he undertook an edition of *Dryden's Works*, besides projecting an edition of *The British Poets*, which was not entered upon.

In 1806, he went to London, and obtained the appointment of Clerk to the Court of Session. He was much fêted, dined with the Princess Caroline, and at Holland House; and made the acquaintance of Joanna Baillie. In November he commenced *Marmion*, for which Constable & Co. gave him a thousand guineas without seeing a line of it. It was published in February 1808, and though unfavourably reviewed

by Jeffrey in *The Edinburgh*, its success was very great—8000 copies having sold in six months. It was followed by *Dryden's Works* in 18 volumes, which was highly spoken of in *The Edinburgh*, in a review by Hallam, the historian. As soon as Dryden was off his hands, he took up *Swift's Works*, for which Constable & Co. agreed to give £1500.

In November, he was visited by John Murray, the London publisher, who informed him of his project of a Review in opposition to *The Edinburgh*. Scott entered heartily into the scheme, and wrote Gifford, the proposed editor, his views on the subject. Such was the origin of *The Quarterly Review*, to the establishment of which Scott was urged by his breach with *The Edinburgh* on account of its review of *Marmion*, and his dislike of its political creed. In January 1809, an estrangement with Constable & Co. ended in an open rupture; and immediately after, Scott and Ballantyne started an opposition publishing house, under the name of John Ballantyne & Co., with John as manager. In the new concern, Scott's interest was one-half, kept secret as in the case of the printing business. In July, he visited the Trossachs, and at Cambusmore, near Callander, wrote part of *The Lady of the Lake*, which made its appearance in 1810, as the first venture of John Ballantyne & Co. It was, as Jeffrey predicted, the most popular of Scott's poems, and its reception turned his attention more to the Highlands, and determined his making a tour to the Hebrides, in place of one he contemplated to the theatre of the Peninsular campaign. The firm of John Ballan-

tyne & Co. was not long established, when its affairs began to give Scott cause of uneasiness; and his mortification was such, that in writing his brother, he expressed his intention of going to India. In 1811, *The Vision of Don Roderick*, the profits of which formed his contribution to the fund for the relief of the Portuguese who suffered in consequence of the war, was published, and brought £100 into the committee's funds. In the summer he bought, for £4000, a small property of about 100 acres, near Melrose, called Clarty Hole; and in December he informed Mr Morritt of his intention to make *Rokeby* the subject of a poem to raise the means for building a cottage at Abbotsford—the name he gave his property.

In the beginning of 1812, Scott came into possession of his salary of £1300 a-year, and in July he opened a correspondence with Lord Byron, which led to an intimate friendship between them. In May he removed to Abbotsford, still in an unfinished state; yet amid all the bustle and confusion incident to such circumstances, there was no abatement of his literary labours. About Christmas, *Rokeby* made its appearance, and ten thousand of it sold in three months. In March 1813, *The Bridal of Triermain* was published anonymously. In May, the affairs of John Ballantyne & Co. arrived at a condition which determined Scott to have the concern wound up, and he opened negotiations with Constable and Co. for that purpose; while he was under the necessity of asking the Duke of Buccleuch's guarantee for a credit of

£4000 to meet their immediate necessities. About the same time, he was offered the Laureateship, which, with the duke's advice, he declined, recommending Southey for the honour. In the autumn of this year, the fragment of *Waverley*, written in 1805, turned up accidentally, and he resolved to finish it. He objected to be taxed on his literary earnings as property, and being legally advised, resisted the claim, which was then abandoned by the Lords of the Treasury. In December, at the request of the Town Council of Edinburgh, he drew up a congratulatory address to the Prince Regent, on the prosperous course of public events, which, when presented, the prince characterised as the most elegant a sovereign ever received, or a subject offered. On this occasion he received the freedom of the city and a piece of plate.

In 1814, *Swift's Life and Works* was published. He also contemplated an edition of Pope's works on the same scale, but never overtook it. *Waverley* appeared in July, and its sale amounted to 5000 copies by the end of the year. The vacation of this summer was devoted to a voyage round the coast of Scotland, during which he kept an interesting diary.

The Lord of the Isles appeared in January 1815, and its reception was the first indication of a decline of his poetic popularity. It was while writing it, that he made the acquaintance of Joseph Train, to whose researches it owes some notes. *Guy Mannering*, the work of six weeks, followed in February, and its success equalled that of *Waverley*.

Being in London this year, he first met Byron, when the two poets became fast friends, and on parting exchanged gifts, in imitation of the heroes in the *Iliad*. He dined twice with the Prince Regent, who presented him with a valuable gold snuff-box, as a memorial of their first meeting. Urged by the enthusiasm that followed the victory of Waterloo, he set out for the Continent on the 15th July. In the course of his tour—his first on the Continent—he visited Antwerp, Brussels, and the field of Waterloo, whence he proceeded to Paris, where he was received with much distinction by the Duke of Wellington. In October was published *The Field of Waterloo*, the profits of the first edition of which were given for the relief of the widows and orphans of those slain in the battle.

His observations on the Continent, contained in his letters to Mrs Scott, were published in January 1816, as *Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk*; and in May appeared *The Antiquary*, of which 6000 sold in six days. As a ruse on the public, the first series of *Tales of My Landlord*, which appeared in December, wanted "The Author of Waverley" on the title-page, yet the sale was equal to that of the other series.

The reception of *Harold the Dauntless*, which was published anonymously in January 1817, determined his resolution to make no more serious attempts in poetry. In August he was visited by Washington Irving, who, long after, wrote a pleasing account of his reception. After Irving came Lady Byron, followed by Sir David Wilkie, who painted Scott's family as a group of peasants.

Rob Roy was issued in December 1817, in an edition of 10,000 copies, but in a fortnight after other 3000 were required to meet the demand. *The Heart of Midlothian* appeared in June, and its reception in Scotland was unprecedented. In November, Scott was informed of the Prince Regent's wish to make him a baronet; and the intimation, received about the same time, that to his children was left the reversion of the fortune of their uncle, who died in India, removed any scruples about accepting the honour.

In 1819, he sold all his copyrights to Constable & Co. for £12,000, the expenses of his buildings at Abbotsford, and the purchase of his son's commission, entailing this necessity. In June, the third series of *Tales of My Landlord*, consisting of *The Bride of Lammermoor*, and *The Legend of Montrose*, appeared; and in September he was visited by Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, afterwards King of the Belgians.

About Christmas *Ivanhoe* was published, and was received in England with great enthusiasm.

The Monastery, by the "Author of Waverley," was published in March 1820, and was considered a falling off. During vacation he went to London, and sat for his portrait to Sir Thomas Lawrence, by order of the king, and to Chantrey for his bust. He now received his baronetcy from the hands of the king, who remarked that it was the first creation of his reign. In May, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge offered him the Degree of Doctor of Civil Laws, but he was unable to leave Scotland for the purpose. *The*

Abbot was published in September, and in November he was unanimously elected President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

Kenilworth was issued in January 1821, and was very successful. The requirements of Abbotsford necessitating a second sale of copyrights, in November he got £5500 for those of *Ivanhoe*, *The Monastery*, *The Abbot*, and *Kenilworth*, from Constable & Co.; besides which, he got their bills for four new volumes not yet named. In December *The Pirate* made its appearance, and had an enthusiastic reception.

In 1822 was published the *Fortunes of Nigel*, and in June the dramatic sketch of *Halidon Hill*—the work of two rainy mornings—for which Constable gave £1000 without seeing it. It was about this time that he got the Duke of Buccleuch to adopt measures for the preservation of the ruins of Melrose Abbey. The visit of King George IV. this year to Scotland was to Scott an event of much interest, and entailed on him the great labour of organizing the attendant ceremonies, for which his great influence with his countrymen, Highland and Lowland, so well fitted him. His influence with the king procured the restoration of "Mons Meg," and the reversal of the attainder of Jacobite peerages for the rebellions of 1715 and 1745. In the midst of the bustle of the king's visit, Crabbe, the poet, was his guest.

Pevelev of the Peak appeared in January 1823, and was less popular than previous works. In spring, Scott was elected a member of the Roxburghe Club, and took a leading part in found-

ing the Bannatyne, of which he was first president. On 10th March, he presented Constable with the MSS. of his novels, enjoining their concealment during his lifetime, unless required to vindicate their authorship. *Quentin Durward* appeared in June, and its sale at first "hung fire," till its reception in Paris reacted on its popularity: it was followed by *St Roman's Wall* in December.

Redgauntlet, which appeared in June 1824, was his only novel this year, and met with indifferent success.

In February 1825, Scott's son, Walter, was married to Miss Jobson of Lochore, when Abbotsford was settled upon him. In June appeared the *Tales of the Crusaders*, *The Betrothed*, and *The Talisman*. This summer he visited Ireland, where his reception was very cordial; Trinity College conferring upon him the degree of LL.D., and Cork the freedom of the city.

In 1826, rumours of commercial difficulties assumed a distinct form; and in January, to relieve Constable and Ballantyne, he contracted a burden of £10,000 on Abbotsford—a power retained for the benefit of his younger children when he settled it on his son. This did not avert the crisis, however, for, in the middle of January, the failure of both houses determined his putting his estate under trustees. The news of his misfortunes elicited much sympathy and many offers of assistance; an anonymous friend offered £30,000; while his daughter's harp teacher offered his whole savings of £500. But he refused all, and kept steadily at his work, determined to meet his obligations by

his own efforts. His chief cause of distress was the effects upon his family and dependants; and on leaving 39 Castle Street, he gave vent to his feelings in the words of the Highland emigrant, *Ha til sin tulidh*, "We return no more." In the midst of these embarrassments appeared the famous *Letters of Malachi Malgrouther* against Government interference with the Scottish banking system and notes. In April, the copyright of *Woodstock*, the work of the previous three calamitous months, sold for £8000, and its reception in May justified the price. On the 15th May, Lady Scott died at Abbotsford, and was buried in Dryburgh. Scott proceeded in October to London and Paris, to prosecute his researches for the *Life of Napoleon*. In London he received every facility from the Foreign Office, was invited by the King to Windsor, dined with Rogers the poet, Sir Robert Peel, and the Duke of Wellington, who gave him notes of observations on Bonaparte's Russian campaigns. In Paris he was also well received.

On 23d February 1827, he presided at a public dinner in aid of a fund for decayed actors, where Lord Meadowbank proposed his health as "The Author of *Waverley*"—the Great Unknown. Though the failure of Ballantyne and Constable rendered the secret no longer tenable, yet the interest excited by its first public announcement was very great. About this time, he received a complimentary letter from Goethe; and in June *The Life of Napoleon* appeared, and had a splendid reception—realising for his trustees £18,000. In July, he received intelligence of the

death of Constable, no doubt accelerated by their common calamities; and in September he was threatened by the French general, Gourgaud, in consequence of reflections upon his honour in *The Life of Napoleon*. Scott replied, and prepared for his defence. The first series of the *Chronicles of the Canongate*, consisting of *The Highland Widow*, *The Two Drovers*, and *The Surgeon's Daughter*, appeared early this winter; and in December the first series of *Tales of a Grandfather* met with an enthusiastic reception. The copyrights of his works were now offered for sale, and were bought for Scott by Cadell, Constable's successor, for £8500. Up to Christmas, his labours for his creditors realised £40,000, and they passed a unanimous vote of thanks to him for his noble exertions.

Early in 1828 appeared three *Sermons by the Author of Waverley*. They were written for a former literary assistant, a divinity student, who now obtained the author's permission to sell them to meet a pecuniary obligation. A London publisher bought them for £250. *The Fair Maid of Perth*, published in April, was very popular, and the second series of *Tales of a Grandfather* appeared at Christmas.

Anne of Geirstein, which appeared in May 1829, was well received. The *History of Scotland*, vol. i., for *Lardner's Cyclopadia*, and the third series of *Tales of a Grandfather*, were out by the end of the year, while the monthly issue of the Novels, with notes and new introductions, reached the eighth volume, with a sale of 35,000 each. On 15th February 1830, Scott had a shock of

paralysis, but was able to resume his work in March; and volume ii. of *The History of Scotland* appeared in May. When the Court rose in July, he retired on an allowance of £800 a-year, but an offer of a pension of £500, with the concurrence of his creditors, he declined. Considering the improved state to which his exertions brought his affairs, his creditors, on the 17th December, unanimously presented him with all the furniture of Abbotsford. *The Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft* now appeared; also the fourth series of *Tales of a Grandfather*.

In July he made an excursion into Douglasdale to verify his recollections of Douglas Castle for his tale of *Castle Dangerous*, which, with *Count Robert of Paris*, he finished on his return. In autumn, Turner, the painter, came to Scotland to make sketches for his illustrations of the scenery of Scott's poems; and Sir Walter made several short excursions with him. Being advised that he should spend the winter abroad, the Government prepared a war-vessel to carry him to the Mediterranean. Before setting out, he entertained Captain James Glencairn Burns, son of the poet, now home on furlough from India; and two days afterwards Wordsworth arrived to bid him farewell. Scott left Abbotsford on 23d September, and landed at Naples on the 17th December.

During his stay, he visited Pompeii and other classical antiquities. On his return, he waited a short time in Rome and visited St Peter's, where he wished to see the tomb of the last of the Stuarts. He had a serious attack on his way home, and lay in London from 13th

June till 7th July, when his yearning to be at Abbotsford was acceded to. Here he died on the 21st September 1832. He was buried in Dryburgh Abbey.

THE EVE OF ST JOHN.

The baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
He spurr'd his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky
way,

That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,
His banner broad to rear;
He went not 'gainst the English yew,
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack was braced, and his
helmet was laced,
And his vaunt-plate of proof he wore;
At his saddle-gerthe was a good steef
sperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.

The baron return'd in three days' space,
And his looks were sad and sour;
And weary was his courser's pace,
As he reached his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor
Ran red with English blood;
Where the Douglas true, and the bold
Buccleuch,
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hack'd and hew'd,
His acton pierced and tore,
His axe and his dagger with blood im-
bued,—
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still;
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-
page,
His name was English Will.

"Come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come hither to my knee ;
Though thou art young, and tender of
age,
I think thou art true to me.

"Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,
And look thou tell me true !
Since I from Smaylho'me tower have been,
What did thy lady do?"

"My ladye, each night, sought the lonely
light,
That burns on the Wild Watchfold ;
For, from height to height, the beacons
bright
Of the English foemen told.

"The bitter clamour'd from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill ;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross,
To the eiry Beacon Hill.

"I watch'd her steps, and silent came
Where she sat her on a stone ;—
No watchman stood by the dreary flame,
It burned all alone.

"The second night I kept her in sight,
Till to the fire she came,
And, by Mary's might ! an armed knight
Stood by the lonely flame.

"And many a word that warlike lord
Did speak to my lady there ;
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,
And I heard not what they were.

"The third night there the sky was fair,
And the mountain blast was still,
As again I watch'd the secret pair,
On the lonesome beacon hill.

"And I heard her name the midnight
hour,
And name this holy eve ;
And say, 'Come this night to thy lady's
bower ;
Ask no bold baron's leave.

"He lifts his spear with the bold Buc-
cleuch ;
His lady is all alone ;
The door she'll undo, to her knight so
true,
On the eve of good St John.'

"I cannot come ; I must not come ;
I dare not come to thee ;
On the eve of St John I must wander
alone :
In thy bower I may not be.'

"Now, out on thee, faint-hearted
knight !
Thou shouldst not say me nay ;
For the eve is sweet, and when lovers
meet,
Is worth the whole summer's day.

"And I'll chain the bloodhound, and
the warder shall not sound
And rushes shall be strew'd on the
stair ;
So, by the black rood-stone, and by holy
St John,
I conjure thee, my love, to be there !'

"Though the bloodhound be mute, and
the rush beneath my foot,
And the warder his bugle should not
blow,
Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber
to the east,
And my footstep he would know.'

"O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to
the east !
For to Dryburgh the way he has ta'en ;
And there to say mass, till three days do
pass,
For the soul of a knight that is slayne.'

"He turn'd him around, and grimly he
frown'd ;
Then he laugh'd right scornfully—
'He who says the mass-rite for the soul
of that knight,
May as well say mass for me :

" 'At the lone midnight hour, when bad
spirits have power,
In thy chamber will I be,—
With that he was gone, and my lady left
alone,
And no more did I see."

Then changed, I trow, was that bold
baron's brow,
From the dark to the blood-red high,
"Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou
hast seen,
For, by Mary, he shall die !"

"His arms shone full bright, in the
beacon's red light ;
His plume it was scarlet and blue ;
On his shield was a hound, in a silver
leash bound,
And his crest was a branch of the yew."

"Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-
page,
Loud dost thou lie to me !
For that knight is cold, and low laid in
the mould,
All under the Eildon-tree."

"Yet hear but my word, my noble lord !
For I heard her name his name ;
And that lady bright, she called the
knight
Sir Richard of Coldinghame."

The bold baron's brow then changed, I
trow,
From high blood-red to pale—
"The grave is deep and dark—the corpse
is stiff and stark—
So I may not trust thy tale.

"Where fair Tweed flows round holy
Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago by some secret foe,
That gay gallant was slain.

"The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the wild winds drown'd the name ;
For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the
white monks do sing,
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame !"

He pass'd the court-gate, and he oped the
tower-gate,
And he mounted the narrow stair,
To the bartizan seat, where, with maids
that on her wait,
He found his ladye fair.

That ladye sat in mournful mood ;
Look'd over hill and vale ;
Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's
wood,
And all down Teviotdale.

"Now hail, now hail, thou ladye bright !"
"Now hail, thou baron true !
What news, what news, from Ancram
fight ?
What news from the bold Buccleuch ?"

"The Ancram Moor is red with gore,
For many a southron fell ;
And Buccleuch has charged us, ever-
more,
To watch our beacons well."

The ladye blush'd red, but nothing she
said :
Nor added the baron a word :
Then she stepp'd down the stair to her
chamber fair,
And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the ladye mourn'd, and the
baron toss'd and turn'd,
And oft to himself he said,—
"The worms around him creep, and his
bloody grave is deep,
It cannot give up the dead !"

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,
The night was wellnigh done,
When a heavy sleep on that baron fell,
On the eve of good St John.

The ladye look'd through the chamber
fair,
By the light of a dying flame ;
And she was aware of a knight stood
there—
Sir Richard of Coldinghame !

" Alas ! away, away ! " she cried,
" For the holy Virgin's sake ! "—
" Ladye, I know who sleeps by thy side ;
But, ladye, he will not awake.

" By Eildon-tree, for long nights three,
In bloody grave have I lain ;
The mass and the death-prayer are said
for me,
But, ladye, they are said in vain.

" By the baron's brand, near Tweed's
fair strand,
Most foully slain, I fell ;
And my restless sprite on the beacon's
height,
For a space is doom'd to dwell.

" At our trysting-place, for a certain
space,
I must wander to and fro ;
But I had not had power to come to thy
bower,
Hadst thou not conjured me so."

Love master'd fear—her brow she cross'd ;
" How, Richard, hast thou sped ?
And art thou saved, or art thou lost ? "
The vision shook his head !

" Who spillesh life, shall forfeit life ;
So bid thy lord believe :
That lawless love is guilt above,
This awful sign receive."

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam :
His right upon her hand ;
The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,
For it scorch'd like a fiery brand.

The sables score, of fingers four,
Remains on that board impress'd ;
And for evermore that ladye wore
A covering on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower,
Ne'er looks upon the sun ;
There is a monk in Melrose tower,
He speaketh word to none.

That nun, who ne'er beholds the day,
That monk, who speaks to none—
That nun was Smaylho'me's ladye gay,
The monk the bold baron.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se
who spoke,
" Ere the king's crown shall fall there are
crowns to be broke ;
So let each cavalier who loves honour and
me,
Come follow the bonnet o' Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my
can,
Come saddle your horses, and call
up your men ;
Come open the West Port, and let
me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets o' Bonny
Dundee ! "

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the
street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums
they are beat ;
But the Provost, douce man, said, " Just
e'en let him be,
The guid toun is well quit of that deil of
Dundee."

Come fill up my cup, etc.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of
the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting, and shaking her
pow ;

But the young plants of grace they look'd
couthie and slee,
Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny
Dundee !

Come fill up my cup, etc.

With sour-featured whigs the Grass-
market was cramm'd
As if half the west had set tryst to be
hang'd ;

There was spite in each look, there was
fear in each e'e,
As they watch'd for the bonnets o' Bonny
Dundee !

Come fill up my cup, etc.

These cowl's of Kilmarnock had spits and
had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill cava-
liers :

But they shrunk to close-heads, and the
causeway was free,
At the toss of the bonnet o' Bonny Dun-
dee.

Come fill up my cup, etc.

He spurr'd to the foot of the proud castle
rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly
spoke ;

" Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak
twa words or three,
For the love of the bonnet o' Bonny Dun-
dee."

Come fill up my cup, etc.

The Gordon demands of him which way
he goes—

" Where'er shall direct me the shade of
Montrose !

Your grace in short space shall hear tid-
ings of me,

Or that low lies the bonnet o' Bonny
Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, etc.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and
lands beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's
chiefs in the North ;

There are wild Duniewassals three thou-
sand times three,
Will cry hoigh ! for the bonnets o' Bonny
Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, etc.

" There's brass on the target of barken'd
bull-hide ;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles
beside ;

The brass shall be burnish'd, the steel
shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet o' Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

" Away to the hills, to the caves, to the
rocks—

Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the
fox ;
And tremble, false whigs, in the midst of
your glee,

You have not seen the last of my bonnet
and me ! "

Come fill up my cup, etc.

He waved his proud hand, and the trum-
pets were blown,

The kettle-drums clash'd, and the horse-
men rode on,

Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Cler-
miston's lee,

Died away the wild war-notes o' Bonny
Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my
can,

Come saddle my horses and call up
the men,

Come open your gates and let me gae
free,

For it's up with the bonnets o' Bonny
Dundee !

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

" Why weep ye by the tide, ladye ?
 Why weep ye by the tide ?
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
 And ye sall be his bride :
 And ye sall be his bride, ladye,
 Sae comely to be seen "—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

" Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
 And dry that cheek sae pale ;
 Young Frank is chief of Errington,
 And lord of Langley-dale ;
 His step is first in peacefu' ha',
 His sword in battle keen "—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa',
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

" A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
 Nor braid to bind your hair ;
 Nor mettled hound nor managed hawk,
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;
 And you the foremost o' them a'
 Shall ride our forest queen "—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
 The tapers glimmer'd fair ;
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
 And dame and knight are there.
 They sought her baith by bower and ha' ;
 The ladye was not seen !—
 She's o'er the border, and awa'
 Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

DONALD CAIRD.

Donald Caird's come again,
 Donald Caird's come again !
 Tell the news in brugh and glen,
 Donald Caird's come again !

Donald Caird can lit and sing,
 Blithely dance the Highland fling ;
 Drink till the gudeman be blind,
 Fleech till the gudewife be kind ;
 Hoop a leglan, clout a pan,
 Or crack a pow wi' ony man ;
 Tell the news in brugh and glen,
 Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,
 Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin ;
 Leisters kipper, makes a shift
 To shoot a muir-fowl i' the drift :
 Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,
 He can wauk when they are sleepers ;
 Not for bountith, or reward,
 Daur they mell wi' Donald Caird.

Donald Caird can drink a gill,
 Fast as hostler-wife can fill ;
 Ilka ane that sells guid liquor
 Kens how Donald bends a bicker :
 When he's fou he's stout and saucy,
 Keeps the kante o' the causey ;
 Highland chief and Lawland laird
 Maun gi'e way to Donald Caird.

Steek the aumrie, lock the kist,
 Else some gear will sune be mist ;
 Donald Caird finds orra things
 Where Allan Gregor fand the tings :
 Dunts o' kebbuck, taits o' woo,
 Whiles a hen and whiles a soo ;
 Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—
 Ware the wuddie, Donald Caird !

On Donald Caird the doom was stern,
 Craig to tether, legs to airn :
 But Donald Caird, wi' mickle study,
 Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie.
 Rings o' airn, and bolts o' steel,
 Fell like ice frae hand and heel !
 Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,
 Donald Caird's come again !

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1771—1854.

JAMES MONTGOMERY'S poems have no features that betray the land of his birth, and could hardly be expected to have; for though born a Scotchman, and bearing a Scotch name, his parents were Irish, and his upbringing English. When some friends expressed their surprise at his preserving no trace of his nationality, he replied by quoting Johnson's remark about catching a Scotchman when young. He was born on the 4th November 1771, at Irvine, in Ayrshire, where his father, John Montgomery, a Moravian missionary, was stationed for a short time. His parents went to the West Indies, and both died there—his mother in Tobago, and his father in Barbadoes. Young Montgomery was educated at a Moravian school, at Fulneck, Yorkshire; and, being unwilling to qualify for the ministry, he was apprenticed to a grocer.

In his sixteenth year he ran off from his first situation, and found another, which he left in turn for London, with the view of getting his poems published. Having failed in this, he returned to Yorkshire, and engaged as a clerk in a newspaper office in Sheffield, in 1791. After some time his employer failed, and, with the assistance of some friends, Montgomery established the *Sheffield Iris*, a weekly newspaper, at the head of which he remained till 1825. In the years 1794 and 1795, he was tried for political offences, and on each occa-

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sion was committed to York Castle and fined; but he had the good sense to regard his persecution with moderation, and possibly gained more than he lost by it in the end. His first volume of poems, *The Wanderer of Switzerland and other Poems*, appeared in 1806. It reached a third edition in 1807, and then underwent the lash of the *Edinburgh Review*, with the usual result of increasing its circulation. He afterwards published *The West Indies*, in honour of the abolition of the slave trade, in 1807; *Prison Amusements*; *The World before the Flood*; *Thoughts on Wheels*, an attack on lotteries; and *The Climbing Boy's Soliloquies*, against employing boys to sweep chimneys by climbing up them. In 1819, he published *Greenland*, in five cantos; and in 1827, *The Pelican Island*. In 1825, he retired from the editorship of *The Sheffield Iris*, and in 1830-31 delivered a course of lectures on Poetry and General Literature at the Royal Institution. On the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel, he received a pension of £150 a-year, which he enjoyed till his death, which took place in 1854.

Montgomery's larger poems, though possessing descriptive beauties, are artificial and strain after effect, and are now seldom read. The greater part of his minor pieces, which are mostly religious, are commonplace; but a few have genuine poetic sentiments happily expressed. He is a sort of phenomenon in

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poetic literature ; for though he was in search of a publisher before his twentieth year, and continued to write till he was eighty, hardly anything he wrote bears the impress of spontaneous genius. The specimens we have given are his best.

THE COMMON LOT.

Once, in the flight^{of} ages past,
There lived a man :—and who was he ?
Mortal ! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown :
His name has perish'd from the earth ;
This truth survives alone :—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast ;
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear !—
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall ;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er ;
Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled ;
Had friends,—his friends are now no more ;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb :
O, she was fair !—but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen ;
Encountered all that troubles thee :
He was,—whatever thou hast been ;
He is,—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this,—there lived a man !

HOME.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside ;

Where brighter suns dispense serenest light,

And milder moons emparadise the night ;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth,
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores

The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,

Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;

For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,

While in his softened looks benignly blend

The sire, the son, the husband, brother,
friend ;

There woman reigns; the mother, daughter,
wife,

Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way
of life!

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth
be found?

Art thou a man? a patriot?—look around!
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps
roam,

That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy*
home!

GERMAN WAR-SONG.

[*From the German.*]

Heaven speed the righteous sword,
And freedom be the word;

Come, brethren, hand in hand,
Fight for your fatherland.

Germania from afar
Invokes her sons to war;
Awake! put forth your powers,
And victory must be ours.

On to the combat, on!
Go where your sires have gone
Their might unspent remains,
Their pulse is in our veins.

On to the battle, on!
Rest will be sweet anon;
The slave may yield, may fly,—
We conquer, or we die!

O Liberty! thy form
Shines through the battle-storm,
Away with fear, away!
Let justice win the day.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

1774—1810.

TANNAHILL, for delicacy and refinement of feeling and expression, comes nearest to Burns of all our song-writers. His range was narrow, even compared with Hogg and Lady Nairne; for he had not the imagination of the one, nor the humour of the other; yet he possessed that sensitive tenderness of the poetic instinct, capable of touching the finest chords in nature to which the human soul has ever responded, in a degree which Burns alone excelled. Like all their contemporaries, he was greatly Burns's inferior in passion, both as to range and intensity.

Robert Tannahill was a native of

Paisley, in which town his father, James Tannahill, was a silk-gauze weaver. His mother, Janet Pollock, the daughter of a small proprietor, or *bonnet-laird*, in Ayrshire, was a woman of superior talents and intelligence. Robert was born on the 3d June 1774, and was the fourth of six sons. His school education was limited to reading, writing, and arithmetic; and at an early age he was sent to learn weaving, then a prosperous occupation, and the leading trade of Paisley.

Tannahill gave early indications of a poetic temperament, accompanied with a taste for music, not always found to

accompany the diviner art. To the early culture of his poetical and musical talents he added the cultivation of his mind by reading. In his twenty-sixth year he had the misfortune to be disappointed in the only love affair in which he was involved, and the effect upon his shy and sensitive nature was to increase its native melancholy, which at last became so morbidly acute as to be unbearable. About this time, and possibly as a relief to his wounded affections, he went, accompanied by his younger brother, to Lancashire, and remained two years in Bolton. They returned on account of their father's illness, and got home in time to obtain his dying blessing. His brother soon after this got married, and Robert alone was left with his mother, to whom he was tenderly attached; consequently he resolved to stay at home.

Not long after his return to his loom and his song-writing in Paisley—he wrote little or nothing while in England—he made the acquaintance of R. A. Smith, the musical composer, who was also a Paisley weaver, though born in Reading, Berkshire. The air to which Smith set “*Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane*,” first drew attention to his merits as a composer; and his fame has been linked with that of his friend and kindred companion ever since. In 1807, Tannahill published the first edition of his *Poems and Songs*, which met with a very successful reception from the public, and at once established his lyrical reputation.

In 1809, he prepared a new and revised edition of his poems, which he offered to Constable & Co., the Edinburgh pub-

lishers. His offer was declined, and the disappointment, added to a previous accession of bad health, had the most depressing effect upon his spirits. In the spring of 1810, the Ettrick Shepherd made a pilgrimage to Paisley, to visit him; and the two poets enjoyed a night in each other's company. Tannahill accompanied the Shepherd halfway to Glasgow on his return, and at parting, with tears in his eyes, bade him farewell; observing that they would never meet again. Whether he then contemplated the sad act which so soon after closed his career, it were vain to speculate; it is enough to know that on the 17th May 1810, he was found drowned, in a manner leaving no doubt about his having himself put an end to his existence.

We have already remarked that his poetic range is a narrow one; out of it, he produced nothing of self-sustaining merit, and his poems which are not songs are very commonplace. As a specialist his fame is secure, and as living at the present day as when he first delighted his admiring countrymen. His songs, though true to universal nature, have certain local features which make their perfect enjoyment dependent on that sensitiveness to the influences of locality which characterises the Scotch mind, and in consequence he is not so highly appreciated anywhere as in Scotland, nor, in Scotland, anywhere as in Paisley, of which he is the poetic divinity. Here the centenary of his birth was celebrated in 1874 with great enthusiasm, on which occasion an elaborate edition of his works was issued by a Paisley publisher.

THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben
Lomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er
the scene,
While lonely I stray, in the calm simmer
gloamin',
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o'
Dunblane.
How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin'
blossom !
And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o'
green ;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this
bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o'
Dunblane.
She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's
bonnie ;
For guileless simplicity marks her its
ain,
And far be the villain, divested o' feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet
flower o' Dunblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to
the e'ning,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calder-
wood glen ;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless 'and
winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o'
Dunblane.
How lost were my days till I met wi' my
Jessie !
The sports o' the city seemed foolish
and vain ;
I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear
lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower
Dunblane.
Though mine were the station o' loftiest
grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in
pain,

And reckon as naething the height o' its
splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o'
Dunblane.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA.

Gloomy winter's now awa,
Saft the westlan' breezes blaw :
'Mang the birks o' Stanley-shaw
The mavis sings fu' cheerie, O.
Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
My young, my artless dearie, O.
Come, my lassie, let us stray
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
Blithely spend the gowden day
'Midst joys that never wearie, O.
Towering o'er the Newton woods,
Laverocks fan the snaw-white clouds ;
Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
Adorn the banks sae brierie, O.
Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feath'ry brackens fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheerie, O.
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

LOUDON'S BONNIE WOODS
AND BRAES.

Loudon's bonnie woods and braes,
I maun leave them a', lassie ;
Wha can thole when Britain's faes
Would gi'e Britons law, lassie ?
Wha would shun the field o' danger ?
Wha to fame would live a stranger ?
Now when Freedom bids avenge her,
Wha would shun her ca', lassie ?

Loudon's bonnie woods and braes
 Ha'e seen our happy bridal days,
 And gentle hope shall soothe thy wae,
 When I am far awa', lassie.

Hark ! the swelling bugle rings,
 Yielding joy to thee, laddie ;
 But the dolefu' bugle brings
 Waefu' thochts to me, laddie.
 Lanely I may climb the mountain,
 Lanely stray beside the fountain,
 Still the weary moments counting,
 Far frae love and thee, laddie.
 O'er the gory fields o' war,
 When Vengeance drives his crimson car,
 Thou'lt may be fa' frae me afar,
 And nane to close thy e'e, laddie.

Oh, resume thy wonted smile,
 Oh, suppress thy fears, lassie ;
 Glorious honour crowns the toil
 That the soldier shares, lassie :
 Heaven will shield thy faithful lover,
 Till the vengeful strife is over ;
 Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever,
 Till the day we dee, lassie :
 Midst our bonnie woods and braes
 We'll spend our peaceful, happy days,
 As blithe's yon lightsome lamb that plays
 On Loudon's flowery lea, lassie.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

Keen blows the wind o'er the braes o'
 Gleniffer,
 The auld castle turrets are covered wi'
 snaw,
 How changed frae the time when I met
 wi' my lover,
 Amang the broom bushes by Stanley
 green shaw !
 The wild flowers o' simmer were spread a'
 sae bonnie,
 The mavis sang sweet frae the green
 birken tree ;

But far to the camp they ha'e march'd my
 dear Johnnie,
 And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blithesome
 and cheerie,
 Then ilk thing around us was bonnie
 and braw ;
 Now naething is heard but the wind
 whistling drearie,
 And naething is seen but the wide
 spreading snaw.
 The trees are a' bare, and the birds
 mute and dowie,
 They shake the cauld drift frae their
 wings as they flee :
 And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae
 for my Johnnie ;
 'Tis winter wi' them and 'tis winter wi'
 me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the
 bleak mountain,
 And shakes the dark firs on the stey
 rocky brae,
 While down the deep glen brawls the
 snaw-flooded fountain,
 That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie
 and me.
 It's no its loud roar on the wintry winds
 swellin',
 It's no the cauld blast brings the tear to
 my e'e ;
 For, O ! gin I saw but my bonnie Scots
 callan,
 The dark days o' winter were simmer
 to me.

THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

Let us go, lassie, go,
 To the braes o' Balquhither,
 Where the blaе-berries grow
 'Mang the bonny Highland heather ;

Where the deer and the roe,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang simmer day
On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers o' the mountain :
I will range through the wilds
And the deep glens sae dreary,
And return wi' their spoils
To the bower o' my deary.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night breeze is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
'Till the dear shieling ring
Wi' the light liltin' chorus.

Now the simmer is in prime,
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme,
A' the moorlands perfuming ;
To our dear native scenes,
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

BONNIE WOOD OF CRAIGIE-
LEA.

Thou bonnie wood of Craigie-lea,
Thou bonnie wood of Craigie-lea,
Near thee I pass'd life's early day,
And won my Mary's heart in thee.

The broom, the brier, the birken bush,
Bloom bonnie o'er thy flowery lea,
An' a' the sweets that ane can wish
Frae nature's hand are strew'd on thee.
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Far ben thy dark-green planting's shade,
The cushat croodles am'rously ;
The mavis, down thy buchtied glade,
Gars echo ring frae every tree.
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Awa', ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,
Wha tear the nestlings ere they see !
They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
Thee, O in pity let them be !
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

When winter blows in sleety showers
Frae aff the Norlan' hills sae hie,
He lightly skiffs thy bonnie bowers,
As laith to harm a flower in thee.
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Though fate should drag me south the
line,
Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea ;
The happy hours I'll ever min'
That I in youth ha'e spent in thee.
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

RAB RORYSON'S BONNET.

Ye'll a' hae heard tell o' Rab Roryson's
bonnet,
Ye'll a' hae heard tell o' Rab Roryson's
bonnet ;
'Twas no for itsel', 'twas the head that
was in it,
Gar'd a' bodies talk o' Rab Roryson's
bonnet.

This bonnet, that theekit his wonderfu
head,
Was his shelter in winter, in summer his
shade ;
And at kirk, or at market, or bridal, I
ween,
A braw gawcier bonnet there never was
seen.
Wi' a round rosy tap, like a muckle black-
boyd,

It was slouch'd just a kenning on either
hand side :

Söme maintain'd it was black, some main-
tain'd it was blue,
It had something o', baith, as a body may
trow.

But in sooth, I assure you, for ought that
I saw,
Still his bonnet had naething uncommon
ava ;
Tho' the haill parish talk'd o' Rab Rory-
son's bonnet,
'Twas a' for the marvellous head that was
in it.

That head—let it rest—it is now in the
mools,
Though in life a' the warld beside it were
fools ;
Yet o' what kind o' wisdom his head was
possest,
Nane e'er kent but himsel', sae there's
nane that will miss't.

There are some still in life wha eternally
blame—
Wha on *buts* and on *ifs* rear their fabric
o' fame ;
Unto such I inscribe this most elegant
sonnet—
Sae let them be crown'd wi' Rab Rory-
son's bonnet !

O, ARE YE SLEEPIN', MAGGIE?

O, are ye sleepin', Maggie?
O, are ye sleepin', Maggie?
Let me in, for loud the linn
Is roarin' o'er the warlock craigie !

Mirk and rainy is the night ;
No a starn in a' the carry ;¹

¹ Not a star in all the sky. *Carry* means
literally the direction in which the clouds are
borne on the wind.

Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,
And winds drive on wi' winter's fury.

Fearfu' soughs the bour-tree bank ;
The rifted wood roars wild and drearie ;
Loud the iron yett does clank ;
And cry o' howlets maks me eerie.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,
For fear I rouse your waukrife daddy ;
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek ;
O rise, rise, my bonnie lady !

She oped the door ; she let him in ;
He cuist aside his dreepin' plaidie ;
Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',
Since, Maggie, now I'm in beside ye !

Now, since ye're waukin', Maggie,
Now, since ye're waukin', Maggie,
What care I for howlet's cry,
For bour-tree bank and warlock craigie ?

FLY WE TO SOME DESERT ISLE.

Fly we to some desert isle,
There we'll pass our days together,
Shun the world's derisive smile,
Wandering tenants of the heather ;

Shelter'd in some lonely glen,
Far removed from mortal ken,
Forget the selfish ways o' men,
Nor feel a wish beyond each other.

Though my friends deride me still,
Jamie, I'll disown thee never ;
Let them scorn me as they will,
I'll be thine—and thine for ever.

What are a' my kin to me,
A' their pride o' pedigree ?
What were life if wanting thee,
And what were death, if we maun sever?

JOHN LEYDEN.

1775—1811.

LEYDEN's fame is greater than his poetic remains, or any other literary achievement that he has left behind him would sustain; but so long as the recollection of his enthusiastic ardour for learning, and his romantic encounters with the difficulties which he overcame in its pursuit, preserve their interest for the readers of literary biography, his name shall retain a brighter halo than his mere poetic merits confer,

Leyden was the son of a shepherd in the village of Denholm, in Roxburghshire, and was born there in September 1775. His conspicuous talents at school led to his being sent to Edinburgh University, at the age of fifteen, with the view of qualifying him for the ministry of the Church of Scotland; but his linguistic and literary tastes do not appear to have facilitated his obtaining a charge, although he was licensed as a probationer in 1798. After completing his course, he obtained the situation of tutor to the sons of Mr Campbell of Fairfield, and accompanied them to the University of St Andrew's, where he continued his oriental and other studies with unabated zeal, and in 1799 published a treatise on the *Discoveries and Settlement of the Europeans in Western Africa*.

Having failed, in 1800, to obtain an appointment in the Church, his literary friends in Edinburgh, who were many and influential, tried to obtain for him the chair of Rhetoric and Belles

Lettres in the University, but did not succeed. Yet no disappointment could damp his literary zeal, and he continued his studies, and his writing for the *Edinburgh Magazine*, *Lewis's Tales of Wonder*, and Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Border*, until the situation of a surgeon was obtained for him in India. Like Goldsmith, he abandoned all thought of the Church, and in the course of six months qualified to pass as a doctor, in which capacity he proceeded to India in 1803, after writing his *Scenes of Infancy*—those loved scenes of his youth, which he was never again to visit. He was not long in Madras when his health began to give way, and he in consequence proceeded to Prince of Wales Island. While there he visited Sumatra and the Malay peninsula, where he made investigations into the history, literature, and ethnology of the inhabitants. These he embodied in a dissertation, which he laid before the Asiatic Society of Calcutta. He left Prince of Wales Island to fill the chair of Hindostani in the College of Bengal, which he soon relinquished for the more lucrative appointments of a judge and commissioner of the Court of Bequests, and assay master of the mint. Notwithstanding these multifarious duties, he devoted all his spare time to his oriental studies.

In 1811, he accompanied the British expedition against Java; and with that

imprudent impetuosity which characterized all his actions, he leaped into the surf, in order to be the first Briton that should set foot on the shore ; and when Batavia was taken possession of, in his eagerness to investigate the contents of a Dutch library that was said to contain Indian MSS., he forgot those precautions which were necessary in the circumstances, and caught a cold, which ended his career in three days, on the 28th August 1811.

There were few men whose talents and indomitable literary application excited greater hopes than John Leyden ; or whose death was more sincerely mourned by his numerous friends. Scott, the greatest of them, paid several graceful tributes to his memory, one of which is a short memoir, written for the *Edinburgh Annual Register* of 1811.

It is impossible to estimate, from Leyden's poetic remains, what he might have done, had his life been prolonged ; yet from the intensity of his linguistic and antiquarian genius, it is not probable that he would have added much to his poetic fame. Like most university-bred Scots, except Fergusson, he did not attempt the Scottish manner ; yet few writings are so much imbued with the love of the land of his birth as his. The *Scenes of Infancy* is more distinguished for the spirit it breathes than for the loftiness of its poetry, and perhaps his "Mermaid" of Corrivrekin is the best specimen of his poetic genius. His edition of the *Complaint of Scotland*, with a learned antiquarian dissertation on the subject of our ancient poetry, is evidence of his love for, and deep study of the ancient minstrels of

Scotland. Leyden, besides being a Scot, was a genuine Borderer—a character inferring a certain uncouth and unceremonious vigour of body and mind, with latent warmth and tenderness of heart, only requiring sufficient cause for their manifestation ; and on the Border he is most revered as such. The centenary of his birth was celebrated at his native village in 1875, and two editions of his poems, with memoirs, were published for the occasion.

SCENES OF INFANCY.

[*Extract.*]

Sweet scenes of youth, to faithful memory dear,
Still fondly cherished with the sacred tear,
When, in the softened light of summer skies,
Full on my soul life's first illusions rise !
Sweet scenes of youthful bliss, unknown to pain !
I come, to trace your soothing haunts again,
To mark each grace that pleased my stripling prime,
By absence hallowed, and endeared by time,
To lose, amid your winding dells, the past :—
Ah ! must I think this lingering look the last ?
Ye lovely vales, that met my earliest view !
How soft ye smiled, when Nature's charms were new !
Green was her vesture, glowing, fresh, and warm,
And every opening grace had power to charm ;
While, as each scene in living lustre rose,
Each young emotion waked from soft repose.

Even as I muse, my former life returns,
And youth's first ardour in my bosom
burns.

Like music melting in a lover's dream,
I hear the murmuring song of Teviot's
stream :

The crisping rays, that on the waters lie,
Depict a paler moon, a fainter sky ;

While, through inverted alder boughs
below,

The twinkling stars with greener lustre
glow.

On these fair banks, thine ancient bards
no more,

Enchanting streams, their melting numbers
pour ;

But still their viewless harps, on poplars
hung,

Sigh the soft airs they learned when time
was young :

And those who tread with holy feet the
ground,

At lonely midnight, hear their silver sound ;
When river breezes wave their dewy
wings,

And lightly fan the wild enchanted strings.
What earthly hand presumes, aspiring
bold,

The airy harp of ancient bards to hold,
With ivy's sacred wreath to crown his
head,

And lead the plaintive chorus of the
dead—

He round the poplar's base shall nightly
strew

The willow's pointed leaves, of pallid blue,
And still restrain the gaze, reverted keen,

When round him deepen sighs from
shapes unseen,

And o'er his lonely head, like summer
bees,

The leaves self-moving tremble on the
trees.

When morn's first rays fall quivering on
the strand,

Then is the time to stretch the daring hand,
And snatch it from the bending poplar pale,
The magic harp of ancient Teviotdale.

If thou, Aurelia ! bless the high design,
And softly smile, that daring hand is mine !
Wild on the breeze the thrilling lyre shall
fling

Melodious accents from each elfin string.
Such strains the harp of haunted Merlin¹
threw,

When from his dreams the mountain
sprites withdrew ;

While, trembling to the wires that warbled
shrill,

His apple-blossoms waved along the hill.
Hark ! how the mountain-echoes still
retain

The memory of the prophet's boding
strain !

"Once more, begirt with many a martial
peer,

Victorious Arthur shall his standard rear,
In ancient pomp his mailed bands display ;

While nations, wondering, mark their
strange array,

Their proud commanding port, their giant
form,

The spirit's stride, that treads the northern
storm.

Where fate invites them to the dread re-
past,

Dark Cheviot's eagles swarm on every
blast ;

On Camlan bursts the sword's impatient
roar ;

The war-horse wades, with champing-
hoofs, in gore ;

The scythed car on grating axle rings ;
Broad o'er the field the ravens join their
wings ;

Above the champions in the fateful hour,
Floats the black standard of the evil
power."

¹ "Merlin the Wild," said to have been the
first poet of the south of Scotland.

Though many a wond'rous tale of elder
time
Shall grace the wild traditionary rhyme,
Yet, not of warring hosts and faulchion
wounds,
Again the harp of ancient minstrels
sounds :
Be mine to sing the meads, the pensile
groves,
And silver streams, which dear Aurelia
loves.
From wilds of tawny heath, and mosses
dun,
Through winding glens, scarce pervious
to the sun,
Afraid to glitter in the noon-tide beam,
The Teviot leads her young, sequester'd
stream :
Till, far retiring from her native rills,
She leaves the covert of her sheltering
hills,
And, gathering wide her waters on their
way,
With foamy force emerges into day.
Where'er she sparkles o'er her silver
sand,
The daisied meads in glowing hues expand ;
Blue osiers whiten in their bending rows ;
Broad o'er the stream the pendent alder
grows
But, more remote, the spangled fields
unfold
Their bosoms, streaked with vegetative
gold ;
Grey downs ascending dimple into dales ;
The silvery birch hangs o'er the sloping
vales ;
While, far remote, where flashing torrents
shine,
In misty verdure towers the tapering pine,
And dusky heaths in sullen languor lie,
Where Cheviot's ridges swell to meet the
sky.
As every prospect opens on my view,
I seem to live departed years anew ;

When in these wilds a jocund, sportive
child,
Each flower, self-sown, my heedless hours
beguiled :
The wabret leaf, that by the pathway grew,¹
The wild-briar rose, of pale and blushful
hue,
The thistle's rolling wheel of silken down,
The blue-bell, or the daisy's pearly crown,
The gaudy butterfly, in wanton round,
That, like a living pea-flower, skimm'd
the ground.
Again I view the cairn, and moss-grey
stone.
Where oft at eve I wont to muse alone,
And vex with curious toil mine infant eye,
To count the gems that stud the nightly
sky,
Or think, as playful fancy wandered far,
How sweet it were to dance from star to
star !
Again I view each rude romantic glade,
Where once with tiny steps my childhood
stray'd,
To watch the foam-bells of the bubbling
brook,
Or mark the motions of the clamorous
rook,
Who saw her nest, close thatched with
ceaseless toil,
At summer eve become the woodman's
spoil.
How lightly then I chased from flower
to flower
The lazy bee, at noon-tide's languid hour,
When, pausing faint beneath the swelter-
ing heat,
The hive could scarce their drowsy hum
repeat !
Nor scenes alone with summer beauties
bright,
But winter's terrors brought a wild delight,
With fringed flakes of snow that idly sail,

¹ *Wabret*, or *Wabren*, plantain.

And windows tinkling shrill with dancing
hail ;

While, as the drifting tempest darker blew,
White showers of blossoms seemed the
fields to strew.

Again, beside this silver riv'let's shore,
With green and yellow moss-flowers
mottled o'er,

Beneath a shivering canopy reclined,
Of aspenleaves, that wave without a wind,
I love to lie, when lulling breezes stir
The spiry cones, that tremble on the fir,
Or wander mid the dark-green fields of
broom,

When peers in scattered tuft the yellow
bloom,

Or trace the path, with tangling furze
o'errun ;

When bursting seed-bells crackle in the
sun,

And pittering grasshoppers, confus'dly
shrill,

Pipe giddily along the glowing hill.
Sweet grasshopper, who lov'st at noon to
lie

Serenely in the green-ribbed clover's eye,
To sun thy filmy wings and emerald vest,
Unseen thy form, and undisturbed thy
rest !

Oft have I listening mused the sultry day,
And wondered what thy chirping song
might say ;

When nought was heard along the
blossomed lea,

To join thy music, save the listless bee.

Since with weak step I traced each
rising down,

Nor dreamed of worlds beyond yon moun-
tains brown,

These scenes have ever to my heart been
dear ;

But still, Aurelia ! most when thou wert
near.

On Eden's banks, in pensive fit reclined,
Thy angel features haunted still my mind ;

And oft, when ardent fancy spurned con-
trol,

The living image rushed upon my soul,
Filled all my heart, and, mid the bustling
crowd,

Bade me forgetful muse, or think aloud ;
While, as I sighed thy favourite scenes to
view,

Each lingering hour seemed lengthening
as it flew :

As Ovid, banished from his favourite fair,
No gentle melting heart his grief to share,
Was wont in plaintive accents to deplore
Campania's scenes, along the Getic shore ;
A lifeless waste unfanned by vernal breeze,
Where snow-flakes hung like leaves upon
the trees :

The fur-clad savage loved his aspect mild,
Kind as a father, gentle as a child,
And though they pitied, still they blessed
the doom,

That bade the Getæ hear the songs of
Rome.

THE MERMAID.

On Jura's heath how sweetly swell
The murmurs of the mountain bee !
How softly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea !

But softer, floating o'er the deep,
The mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,
That charm'd the dancing waves to sleep,
Before the bark of Colonsay.

Aloft the purple pennons wave,
As parting gay from Crinan's shore,
From Morven's wars the seamen brave
Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail
Still blamed the lingering bark's delay ;
For her he chid the flagging sail,
The lovely maid of Colonsay.

"And raise," he cried, "the song of love,
The maiden sung with tearful smile,
When first, o'er Jura's hills to rove,
We left afar the lonely isle !—

"When on this ring of ruby red
Shall die," she said, "the crimson hue,
Know that thy favourite fair is dead,
Or proves to thee and love untrue."

Now, lightly poised, the rising oar
Disperses wide the foamy spray,
And, echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,
Resounds the song of Colonsay.

"Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail !
Soothe to rest the furrowy seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale !

"Where the wave is tinged with red,
And the russet sea-leaves grow,
Mariners, with prudent dread,
Shun the shelving reefs below.

"As you pass through Jura's sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore,
Shun, O shun, the gulf profound,
Where Corrivrekin's surges roar !

"If, from that unbottomed deep,
With wrinkled form and wreathed train,
O'er the verge of Scarba's steep,
The sea-snake heaves his snowy mane.

"Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils,
Sea-green sisters of the main,
And, in the gulf, where ocean boils,
The unwieldy wallowing monster chain.

"Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail !
Soothe to rest the furrow'd seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale !"

Thus, all to soothe the chieftain's woe,
Far from the maid he loved so dear,
The song arose, so soft and slow,
He seem'd her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o'er,
Impatient for the rising day,
And still, from Crinan's moonlight shore,
He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,
That streaks with foam the ocean green :
While forward still the rowers urge
Their course, a female form was seen.

That sea-maid's form, of pearly light,
Was whiter than the downy spray,
And round her bosom, heaving bright,
Her glossy, yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy-crested wave,
She reach'd amain the bounding prow,
Them clasping fast the chieftain brave,
She, plunging, sought the deep below.

Ah ! long beside thy feign'd bier,
The monks the prayers of death shall
say,
And long, for thee, the fruitless tear
Shall weep the Maid of Colonsay !

But downwards, like a powerless corse,
The eddying waves the chieftain bear ;
He only heard the moaning hoarse
Of waters, murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink, by slow degrees ;
No more the surges round him rave ;
Lull'd by the music of the seas,
He lies within a coral cave.

In dreamy mood reclines he long,
Nor dares his tracéd eyes uncloze,
Till, warbling wild, the sea-maid's song,
Far in the crystal cavern, rose ;

Soft as that harp's unseen control,
In morning dreams which lovers hear,
Whose strains steal sweetly o'er the soul,
But never reach the waking ear.

As sunbeams through the tepid air,
When clouds dissolve the dews unseen,
Smile on the flowers, that bloom more
fair,
And fields that grow with livelier
green—

So melting soft the music fell ;
It seem'd to soothe the fluttering
spray—

" Say, heard'st thou not these wild notes
swell ?"—

" Ah ! 'tis the song of Colonsay."

Like one that from a fearful dream
Awakes, the morning light to view,
And joys to see the purple beam,
Yet fears to find the vision true—

He heard that strain, so wildly sweet,
Which bade his torpid languor fly ;
He fear'd some spell had bound his feet,
And hardly dared his limbs to try.

" This yellow sand, this sparry cave,
Shall bend thy soul to beauty's sway ;
Canst thou the maiden of the wave
Compare to her of Colonsay ?"

Roused by that voice, of silver sound,
From the paved floor he lightly sprung,
And, glancing wild his eyes around,
Where the fair nymph her tresses
wring,

No form he saw of mortal mould ;
It shone like ocean's snowy foam ;
Her ringlets waved in living gold,
Her mirror crystal, pearl her comb.

Her pearly comb the siren took,
And careless bound her tresses wild ;
Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
As on the wondering youth she smiled.

Like music from the greenwood tree,
Again she raised the melting lay ;
" Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me,
And leave the Maid of Colonsay ?

" Fair is the crystal hall for me,
With rubies and with emeralds set,
And sweet the music of the sea
Shall sing, when we for love are met.

" How sweet to dance, with gliding feet,
Along the level tide so green,
Responsive to the cadence sweet
That breathes along the moonlight
scene !

" And soft the music of the main
Rings from the motley tortoise-shell,
While moonbeams, o'er the watery plain,
Seem trembling in its fitful swell.

" How sweet, when billows heave their
head,
And shake their snowy crests on high,
Serene in Ocean's sapphire-bed,
Beneath the tumbling surge, to lie ;

" To trace, with tranquil step, the deep,
Where pearly drops of frozen dew
In concave shells, unconscious, sleep,
Or shine with lustre, silvery blue !

" Then shall the summer sun, from far,
Pour through the waves a softer ray,
While diamonds, in a bower of spar,
At eve shall shed a brighter day.

" Nor stormy wind, nor wintry gale,
That o'er the angry ocean sweep,
Shall e'er our coral groves assail,
Calm in the bosom of the deep.

" Through the green mead beneath the
sea,
Enamour'd, we shall fondly stray—
Then, gentle warrior, dwell with me,
And leave the Maid of Colonsay !"—

" Though bright thy locks of glistening
gold,
Fair maiden of the foamy main !
Thy life-blood is the water cold,
While mine beats high in every vein.

" If I, beneath thy sparry cave,
Should in thy snowy arms recline,
Inconstant as the restless wave,
My heart would grow as cold as thine."

As cygnet down, proud swell'd her breast ;
Her eye confest the pearly tear ;
His hand she to her bosom press'd—
" Is there no heart for rapture here ?

" These limbs, sprung from the lucid sea,
Does no warm blood their currents fill,
No heart-pulse riot, wild and free,
To joy, to love's delirious thrill ?"—

" Though all the splendour of the sea
Around thy faultless beauty shine,
That heart, that riots wild and free,
Can hold no sympathy with mine.

" These sparkling eyes, so wild and gay,
They swim not in the light of love :
The beauteous Maid of Colonsay,
Her eyes are milder than the dove !

" Even now, within the lonely isle,
Her eyes are dim with tears for me ;
And canst thou think that siren smile
Can lure my soul to dwell with thee ?"

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread ;
Unfolds in length her scaly train :
She toss'd, in proud disdain, her head,
And lash'd, with webbed fin, the main.

" Dwell here, alone !" the mermaid cried,
" And view far off the sea-nymphs play ;
Thy prison-wall, the azure tide,
Shall bar thy steps from Colonsay,

" Whene'er, like Ocean's scaly brood,
I cleave, with rapid fin, the wave,
Far from the daughter of the flood,
Conceal thee in this coral cave.

" I feel my former soul return ;
It kindles at thy cold disdain :
And has a mortal dared to spurn
A daughter of the foamy main !"

She fled, around the crystal cave
The rolling waves resume their road
On the broad portal idly rave,
But enter not the nymph's abode.

And many a weary night went by,
As in the lonely cave he lay ;
And many a sun roll'd through the sky,
And pour'd its beams on Colonsay ;

And oft, beneath the silver moon,
He heard afar the mermaid sing,
And oft, to many a melting tune,
The shell-form'd lyres of ocean ring ;

And when the moon went down the sky,
Still rose, in dreams, his native plain,
And oft he thought his love was by,
And charm'd him with some tender strain ;

And heart-sick, oft he waked to weep,
When ceased that voice of silver sound,
And thought to plunge him in the deep,
That wall'd his crystal cavern round.

But still the ring of ruby red
Retain'd its vivid crimson hue,
And each despairing accent fled,
To find his gentle love so true.

When seven long lonely months were
gone,
The mermaid to his cavern came,
No more misshapen from the zone,
But like a maid of mortal frame.

" O give to me that ruby ring,
That on thy finger glances gay,
And thou shalt hear the mermaid sing
The song, thou lovest, of Colonsay."

" This ruby ring of crimson grain,
Shall on thy finger glitter gay,
If thou wilt bear me through the main,
Again to visit Colonsay."

"Except thou quit thy former love,
Content to dwell for aye with me,
Thy scorn my finny frame might move,
To tear thy limbs amid the sea."

"Then bear me swift along the main,
The lonely isle again to see,
And, when I here return again,
I plight my faith to dwell with thee."

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
While slow unfolds her scaly train,
With gluey fangs her hands were clad,
She lash'd, with webbed fin, the main.

He grasps the mermaid's scaly sides,
As, with broad fin, she oars her way ;
Beneath the silent moon she glides,
That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.

Proud swells her heart ! she deems, at last,
To lure him with her silver tongue,
And, as the shelving rocks she past,
She raised her voice, and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,
Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,
When light to land the chieftain sprung,
To hail the Maid of Colonsay.

O sad the mermaid's gay notes fell,
And sadly sink remote at sea !
So sadly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea ;

And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day,
For sadly still the mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

1775—1822.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL was a gentleman of varied accomplishments, who in a humbler social position might have left a greater name in literature. He is one of the few university men who preserved his relish for the ways and speech, and the ancient writers of his native land. He had more of the spirit of his grandfather, old Lord Auchenleck, than of his father, the biographer of Johnson.

He was born on the 9th October 1775, and was educated at Eton, and Oxford University. On his accession to the Auchenleck estates, on the death of his father, in 1795, he travelled for some time on the continent ; and on his

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return, settled in his paternal mansion and married. He took an active part in all the concerns of his native county and country—their agriculture, their sports, and their politics. As might be expected, his love of literature was early developed, and in 1803 he published an anonymous volume, entitled *Songs, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*. His love of literature soon took an antiquarian bent, which led to his having set up a printing-press of his own, at which a great many rare and quaint treatises were reprinted in the form so dear to the real bibliomaniac. They were all reprinted for presentation, and consequently in small impressions. The first-

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fruits, and possibly the immediate occasion of the setting up of the Auchinleck press, was a unique copy of the disputation between John Knox and Quentin Kennedy, at Maybole, in 1562, which Sir Alexander found in the Auchenleck library, and wished to have reprinted in fac-simile for his literary friends. He is connected with the origin of another and more extensive Ayrshire manufacture than that of books—namely, the celebrated Mauchline wood-work, which is affirmed by the *Scots Times* to have originated in the mending of the snuff-box of a French gentleman, who was a guest at Auchinleck, by an ingenious Mauchline mechanic. Sir Alexander having taken a fancy to it, wished to have one made of the same pattern, and it was made so well that a demand sprung up for more. To this incident the present extensive and beautiful wood-work which is known as Mauchline manufacture owes its existence. It is said that the present President of the Royal Scottish Academy first used his brush in painting the lids of Mauchline snuff-boxes.

Sir Alexander's chief claim to remembrance, besides his own contributions to literature, is his noble efforts in getting the Ayr Burns' monument erected, the foundation-stone of which he laid on the poet's birthday, 1820, in his capacity of Depute Grand-master Mason of Ayrshire. Although the grandson of Lord Auchinleck (a courtesy title), it was not till 1821 that he obtained his rank of Baronet of the United Kingdom, which was the reward of his tact and zeal in suppressing the disturbance that threatened the peace of Ayr and Ren-

frewshires a short time previously. But he did not always act with equal judiciousness; and soon after he took a part in the heated politics of the time which it would be difficult to justify, and for which he paid a melancholy penalty. In politics he was an extreme Tory, and as a partizan of that political section, he wrote a squib, entitled a "New Whig Song," reflecting on the courage of Mr Stuart of Dunearn, who at once challenged him. The meeting took place at Auchtertool, in Fife, on the 26th March 1822, and resulted in Sir Alexander's being mortally wounded. He died next day, at Balmuto, the original seat of the Boswells. Sir Alexander's sense of being in the wrong determined his having resolved, if his opponent missed aim, to fire blank. Stuart escaped to the continent, but gave himself up for trial about a year afterwards, when he was acquitted.

Humour is Boswell's chief characteristic as a poet, and his "East Nuik o' Fife" shows how broad, how graphic, and original was his humorous vein. "Jenny's Bawbee" also ranks with "Tibbie Fowler" and "Kate Dalrymple," our best songs, satirising matrimonial fortune-hunting.

SKELDON HAUGHS;

OR, THE SOW FLITTED.

Crawford o' Kerse sat in his ha',
White were his locks as drifted snaw;
For stealin' change o' shrivelin' time
Had quench'd the vigour o' his prime:
And totterin' limbs poor service yield,
Whan rivals struggle in the field.
His shrunken arm refused its part,

Tho' warm the throbbins at his heart,
For through his veins there flow'd the
blood
O' auld Sir Reginald the gude—
That blood that rous'd the soul and might
O' Scotland's Hero, Wallace wight.

In sooth he was a Baron bauld,
For toolies tough in days o' auld,
A lion in the battle fray,
In deadly feud, a deadly fae.
But now, a venerable Lord,
He mirthfu' cheer'd the festive board
Wi' merry tale and hamely jest,
Or whiles he rear'd his warlike crest
As if prepar'd the brunt to meet,
And then recounted mony a feat
O' open strife and artfu' wile ;
Thus wad he listless hours beguile—
While a' around, his sinewy race,
Gaz'd, dumb wi' rapture, in his face.
Crack follow'd crack, the cap gaed roun',
That mony a cankerin thought cou'd
drown,

Whan sudden at the yett a guest
Admittance claim'd—Quoth Kerse, "the
best

Our almorie can yield bring ben,
I trow there's walth, gin he were ten,—
Shew in the stranger"—fair and free
In strode young Gilbert Kennedy.
"Kerse (said the youth), when feuds are
sworn,

It matters not how slight the thorn
That poisonous rankles in our side ;
I bring defiance to your pride.—
The bauld Barganey bids me say,
Whan mornin' breaks on Lammas-day,
A Sow upon your land I'll tether ;
Like midges let the Crawfords gather ;
Some teeth in angry fit may chitter,
But deil a man o' Kyle shall flit her."
Kerse ee'd him wi' contemptuous sneer,
"My merry man—and come ye here
To jeer me at my ain fireside?—

Gae hame, for ance, in a hail hide,
Time was, that Kerse wad blithe ha'
ridden

Out oure yon hills at sic a biddin' :
Fu' little value I, or mine,
Ten score o' Kennedys and swine ;
Had wither'd Kerse a limb to wag—
But let the bauld Barganey brag.—
The Kennedys wi' a' their power,
Frae Cassillis to Ardstincher Tower,
May rise and flock like screechin craws,
Frae heights and hows, frae hames and
ha's,

And hither come wi' blawin crack,
They'll bear anither story back.
Kerse is, alas! nae mair the man
That in the onset led the van,
But he has sons to shield his name,
Heirs o' his valour and his fame,
And if on Lammas-day they fail,
Curse him wha lives to tell the tale.
Let your proud Baron croosely crawl
On his ain midden, days but twa,
But on the third, by this grey heid,
He'll aiblins thank his geldin's speed.
This, in defiance, Crawford says—
Gi'e the chield room, lads—slip your
ways."

'Twas Lammas-morn, on Skeldon
Haughs

The glintin' sun had ting'd the saughs,
Frae Girvan banks and Carrick side
Down pour'd the Kennedys in pride,
And frae Kyle-Stewart and King's-Kyle
The Crawfords march'd in rank and file,
(If our forefathers own'd of yore,
Sic term o' military lore),
Let them march on—a Rhymer I
Shall hae nae finger in the pye,
It's time enough for us to glowr
On battle-fields whan a' is oure,
And draw our sketches o' ilk action,
Safe amang heaps o' putrifaction.
But troth a' battles are alike ;
Some chields are stricken and some strike,

Weapons are sharp, and hides are tender,
And some maun fa', or else surrender ;
Troops charge on troops, and slay and
 slash,
And soughin bullets smite and smash ;
Nae time, I trou, to shilly-shally,
Aff gaes the tae side, then they rally,
And on again, in mad delusion,
While heads and legs flee in confusion ;
Some turn their backs and skelp awa',
And they that follow cry huzza :
Half o' the hale dung aff their feet,
Then is a Victory complete.

Crawford o' Kerse sat at his yett,
Mournin' a dowie carle's fate,
That he, when stalwart bands were gane,
Fourscore, maun hurkle there his lane :
He gazed as lang as darklin' sight
Could trace their march oure ilka height ;
" And now," thought he, " they're bye
 Drumloch,

And bye the Kraigans and the Trough,
And bye the Knowe and Bright-burn
 birk,

And down upon Dalrymple Kirk—
And now stark Esplin rushes on—
Had ever man a braver son ?
Come on ye Kennedys, come now !
Fight on my sons ! the loons shall rue
The day they trod on Kerse's land :
Now is the pingle, hand to hand,
Esplin stand till't, nor flinch nor bend,
Forward, ye Crawfords, wi' a stend,
The bloody toolyie settle soon,
And drive the reiffars oure the Doon !"
'Twas fancy a', his aged trunk
Worn and fatigued supinely sunk ;
On wayward chance he ponder'd deep,
And sorrow felt, but scorn'd to weep,
Then roused again ; again the fight
Flitted before his dazzl'd sight.
His anxious ee, but firm and fierce,
Wander'd bewast the Loch o' Kerse,
Watchin some messenger o' speed,
Tidings to bear in time o' need :

Whan lightsome Will o' Ashyntree
Cam breathless pechin oure the lea.
Lang, lang or he cou'd parley hear,
The auld man cried, fu' loud and clear,
" Is the Sow flitted ? tell me loon,
Is auld Kyle up and Carrick down ?"
Mingl'd wi' sobs, his broken tale
The youth began.—" Ah ! Kerse bewail
This luckless day—your blithe son John
Now, waes my heart, lies on the loan ;
And he could sing like ony merle"—
" Is the Sow flitted ?" cried the carle,
" Gie me my answer, short and plain,
Is the sow flitted ? yammerin wean."
" The sow, deil tak her, 's oure the water
And at their backs the Crawfords batter ;
The Carrick cows are cow'd and
 bitted"—
" My thumb for Jock ! the Sow is flitted."

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

I met four chaps yon birks amang
Wi' hinging lugs and faces lang ;
I speered at neebour Bauldy Strang,
 Whu's they I see ?
Quo' he, ilk cream-faced pawky chiel
Thought himself cunnin' as the deil,
And here they cam', awa' to steal
 Jenny's bawbee.

The first a Captain to his trade,
Wi' skull ill-lined, but back weel-clad,
March'd round the barn, and by the shed,
 And papped on his knee :
Quo' he, " My goddess, nymph, and
 queen,
Your beauty's dazzled baith my een !"
But deil a beauty he had seen
 But—Jenny's bawbee.

A Lawyer neist, wi' blatherin' gab,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,
 And a' for a fee.

Accounts he owed through a' the toun,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could
drown,
But now he thocht to clout his gown
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland Laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsend nag and siller whip,
Cried, "There's my beast, lad, haud the
grup,
Or tie't till a tree!
What's gowd to me?—I've walth o' lan'!
Bestow on ane o' worth your han'!"
He thocht to pay what he was awn
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A' spruce, frae band-boxes and tubs,
A Thing cam neist (but life has rubs),
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,
And jaupit a' was he.
He danced up, squinting through a glass,
And grinn'd, "I' faith, a bonnie lass!"
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the Laird gae kame his wig,
The soger no to strut sae big!
The lawyer no to be a prig,
The fool he cried, "Tehee!
I kenn'd that I could never fail!"
She preen'd the dishclout to his tail,
And soused him in the water-pail,
And kept her bawbee.

Then Johnnie cam', a lad o' sense,
Although he had na mony pence,
And took young Jenny to the spence,
Wi' her to crack a wee.
Now Johnnie was a clever chiel,
And here his suit he press'd sae weel,
That Jenny's heart grew soft as jeel,
And she birl'd her bawbee.¹

¹ This last stanza appears to have been added by some other hand, probably by Allan Cunningham.

JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.

At Willie's wedding on the green,
The lasses, bonnie witches,
Were busked out in aprons clean,
And snaw white Sunday mutches;
Auld Maysie bade the lads tak' tent,
But Jock wadna believe her;
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the Weaver.
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
Jenny dang the Weaver;
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the Weaver.

In ilka country dance and reel,
Wi' her he wad be babbin';
When she sat down then he sat down,
And till her wad be gabbin';
Where'er she gaed, baith butt and ben,
The coof would never leave her;
Aye kecklin' like a clockin' hen,
But Jenny dang the Weaver.
Jenny dang, &c.

Quo' he, My lass, to speak my mind,
In troth I needna swither;
You've bonnie een, and if ye're kind,
I needna seek anither.
He humm'd and haw'd, the lass cried
Pheugh!
And bade the coof no deave her;
Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the silly Weaver.
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
Jenny dang, the Weaver;
Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the silly Weaver.

EAST NEUK O' FIFE.

Auld gudeman, ye're a drucken carle,
drucken carle;
A' the lang day ye're winkin', drinkin',
gapin', gauntin';

O' sottish loons ye're the pink and pearl,
pink, and pearl,
Ill-far'd, doited ne'er-do-weel.

Hech, gudewife! ye're a flytin' body,
flytin' body;

Will ye ha'e waeth; but, guid be praised,
the *wil's* a-wantin'.

The puttin' cow should be aye a doddy,
aye a doddy,

Mak' na sic an awesome reel.

Ye're a sow, auld man,
Ye got fou, auld man;
Fye shame, auld man,
To your wame, auld man:
Pinch'd I win wi' spinnin tow,
A plack to cleid your back and pow.

It's a lie, gudewife,
It's your tea, gudewife;
Na, na, gudewife,
Ye spend a', gudewife.

Dinna fa' on me pell-mell,
Ye like a drap fu' weel yersel.

Ye's rue, auld gowk, yer jest and frolic,
jest and frolic.

Dare ye say, goose, I ever liked to tak' a
drappy?

An 'twere na just to cure the cholic, cure
the cholic,

Deil a drap wad weet my mou'.

Troth, gudewife, an' ye wadna swither,
wadna swither,

Soon—soon to tak' a cholic, when it brings
a drap o' cappy;

But twascore years we ha'e fought the-
gither, fought thegither,
Time it is to gree, I trow.

I'm wrang, auld John,
Ower lang, auld John,
For nought, guid John,
We ha'e fought, guid John;
Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight,
We're far ower feekless now to fecht.
Ye're richt, guid Kate;
The nicht, guid Kate,
Our cup, guid Kate,
We'll sup, guid Kate;

Thegither frae this hour we'll draw,
And toom the stoup atween us twa.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1777—1844.

SINCE the death of Pope, no poet displayed greater mastery over the poetic lyre than Thomas Campbell. With several other resemblances to Pope, he may be said, like him, to have lisped in numbers. But with those resemblances they had greater dissimilarities. Campbell had none of Pope's wit or satiric pointedness, and Pope had little of Campbell's loftiness of sentiment, and

noble eloquence which rouses the soul to moral scorn, as much by the power of sympathy as by the force of dialectic skill. Pope may have been the more accomplished artist, but Campbell was the more natural genius. Pope excited greater admiration, and filled a larger space on the poetic canvas, but Campbell breathes a diviner influence, inspires with purer sentiments, and

touches a deeper chord in man's moral nature than Pope ever attempted, or knew how to reach.

Campbell was born in Glasgow, in the High Street, on July 27th, 1777, and was the youngest of a family of eleven. He was descended from the Campbells of Kirnan, in Argyleshire, a branch of the ducal stock; but his father had been in reduced circumstances through having failed as a trader with Virginia. Thomas, as their youngest child, was his parents' favourite, and received his rudimentary education from his eldest sister, after which he was sent to the grammar-school. His mother was a woman of a superior order, whose example impressed the young poet with noble sentiments. He was early sent to Glasgow University, and his poetic precocity attracted the attention of the Greek professor, who pronounced his translation from the Clouds of Aristophanes, the best ever given in by any student. In his seventeenth year he became tutor to a Highland family in the island of Mull, but returned to college in 1795, and maintained himself by private teaching. Next year he again went to the Highlands as a tutor, and on his return went to Edinburgh with the view of preparing for the bar. He soon, however, gave up all thought of the law as a profession, and maintained himself by teaching and literary work.

In Edinburgh, he soon made the acquaintance of Jeffrey, Brougham, and other literary notabilities of the time. In 1799, in his twenty-second year, he published the "Pleasures of Hope," which was written two years earlier in a lodging in Alison Square. He sold the copyright

to Mundell & Co. for £60, but was presented with £50 for some time on the publication of every edition of two thousand copies, besides being permitted to publish a subscription copy in 1803, by which he realized £1000. He visited the continent in 1800, and witnessed the battle which placed Ratisbon in possession of the French, and was received with distinction by General Moreau. While on the continent, he wrote his "Exile of Erin" and some other of his minor poems, which were published in the *Morning Chronicle*. The "Exile of Erin" excited the apprehensions of the Government, and on his return to Edinburgh, Campbell's papers were searched, when the discovery of "The Mariners of England," and the absence of any compromising papers placed his loyalty beyond suspicion. In 1802, he wrote "The Battle of Hohenlinden" and "Lochiel's Warning," besides *Annals of Great Britain*, for which he received £300.

In 1803, Campbell removed to London, with the view of following literature as a profession; and married his cousin, Matilda Sinclair. In 1806, he obtained a pension of £200 a-year from the civil list, and in 1809 he published *Gertrude of Wyoming*, with some minor pieces. He now attained a high literary position, and was admitted into the highest society of the metropolis. In 1811, he delivered five lectures on poetry at the Royal Institution, and in 1814 visited Paris, where he met Madame de Staël, Humboldt, and Schlegel.

An effort made by Scott in 1816 to obtain him a professorship in Edin-

burgh University, was not successful ; so, after visiting Germany, he returned to London, and in 1819 produced *Specimens of the British Poets*. In 1820, he became editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, which he conducted till 1830. In 1824, besides issuing "Theoderic and other Poems," he, along with Lord Brougham, took a leading part in the establishment of the London University. In 1827, and the two following years, he was elected Rector of the Glasgow University. His last literary works were lives of Mrs Siddons, and Petrarch, the Italian poet. In 1834, he made a voyage to Algiers, and returned by France, when he was presented to Louis Philippe. His health gave way soon after, and he settled at Bologne, for the benefit of its milder atmosphere. Here he died, on the 15th June 1844, in his 67th year. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. A monument to his memory is presently (1877) being erected in his native city.

LINES

WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN
ARGYLESIRE.

At the silence of twilight's contemplative
hour,
I have mused in a sorrowful mood,
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom
the bower,
Where the home of my forefathers
stood.
All ruin'd and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering
tree :
And travell'd by few is the grass-cover'd
road,
Where the hunter of deer and the
warrior trode

To his hills that encircle the sea.
Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous
walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,
One rose of the wilderness left on its
stalk,
To mark where a garden had been.
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its
race,
All wild in the silence of nature, it drew
From each wandering sun-beam a lonely
embrace,
For the night-weed and thorn over-
shadow'd the place,
Where the flower of my forefathers
grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness ! emblem of
all
That remains in this desolate heart !
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
But patience shall never depart !
Though the wilds of enchantment, all
vernal and bright,
In the days of delusion by fancy com-
bined
With the vanishing phantoms of love and
delight,
Abandon my soul, like a dream of the
night,
And leave but a desert behind.
Be hush'd, my dark spirit ! for wisdom
condemns
When the faint and the feeble deplore ;
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that
stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore !
Through the perils of chance, and the
scowl of disdain,
May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage
elate !
Yea ! even the name I have worshipp'd
in vain
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance
again :
To bear is to conquer our fate.

WILLIAM TENNANT.

1784—1848.

THE antiquated little town of Anstruther, in Fife, has within one generation been the birth-place of three eminent men—Thomas Chalmers, William Tennant, and John Goodsir.

William Tennant, the second of the group, was born on the 15th of May 1784. He was the second son of Alexander Tennant, a small merchant and farmer in Anstruther. Physically he was never robust, and though born without any defect, he lost the use of his limbs so early that he may be said never to have had it. In due time he was sent to the burgh school, where diligent application, and a special gift of acquiring languages, placed him at the head of his classes. At the age of fifteen, he was sent to St Andrew's University, where he made rapid progress in Greek and Latin; but at the end of his second session, it was found that his father's means were insufficient to enable him to complete his curriculum. After remaining some time at home, in 1803 he was sent to Glasgow, to act as clerk to his elder brother, then in business there as a corn-factor. The business, not a very prosperous one, was transferred to Anstruther in 1805, when both brothers returned to their native place, William still acting as clerk, and living at his father's house. He continued in this capacity till 1811 when a crisis occurred in his brother's affairs,

which ended William's commercial career.

During those eight years of uncongenial trafficking, he did not abandon his studies, but by unwearied application, during his leisure hours, read such poets as Ariosto, Wieland, and Camoens, in the original, and he also mastered the Hebrew Bible. Nor did he altogether forsake the Muses, with whom he first dallied at St Andrews; for we find him, before his twentieth year, attempting to sing his enjoyment of the classics.

His first attempt in the humorous vein was "Anster Concert," a purely local poem, of twenty-three stanzas, no way above the average of such effusions. *Anster Fair* was completed in 1811, and was published anonymously, the preface being dated Edinburgh, 5th May 1812. It soon came under the notice of Lord Woodhouselee, who was so struck with the genius it displayed, that he took immediate steps to find out the author's name; and in August 1812, he wrote Mr Cockburn, Anstruther, its publisher, in terms that must have filled Tennant's heart with joy and gratitude.

In the autumn of 1813, Tennant was appointed to the office of schoolmaster of Dunino, and though the salary did not exceed forty pounds a-year, it was more than equal to his wants. The

office, too, was congenial, and gave him access to the University library at St Andrew's. Here he added Arabic, Syriac, and Persian to the list of his linguistic acquirements. In 1814, he published a second edition of *Anster Fair*, on the publication of which Jeffrey reviewed it in *The Edinburgh* in very flattering terms. In 1816 he was promoted, chiefly through the influence of George Thomson, the friend and correspondent of Burns, to be parish teacher of Lasswade. In 1819, he was elected by the trustees of Dollar Academy, teacher of Classical and Oriental languages in that institution.

Here settled in a highly agreeable and interesting locality, and in a position suited to his tastes, it was expected that the promise of *Anster Fair* would be redeemed by something worthy of his literary and scholastic reputation. Accordingly, much interest was excited when, in 1822, his second poem, "The Thane of Fife," appeared. The public expectation was disappointed, for the poem was a manifest falling off, and if not an entire failure, so much so, that its second part never was published. Of his next three poems it will be enough to give the names, seeing none of them added to his reputation. They were issued in the following order: "Papisty Stormed, or the Dinkin' Down o' the Cathedral;" "Cardinal Bethune, a Drama in 5 acts;" "John Baliol, an Historical Drama."

In 1834, a vacancy occurred in the chair of Oriental languages in St Mary's College, St Andrew's, and he was at once appointed to the professorship by his friend Jeffrey, then Lord Advocate.

His last publication, "Hebrew Dramas," founded on incidents of Bible history, was published in 1845. Of this work Lord Jeffrey expressed a high opinion. It served to cover his retreat from the poetic arena with dignity, though it can hardly be said to have increased his fame. His death took place at Dollar, in 1848; and at his own request he was buried at Anstruther, where his friends and admirers have placed a monument over his remains.

The works already noticed are all that he published in a collected form; yet, besides a number of small poems and ballads, he contributed prose translations from Greek and German to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, in 1830, and in the same periodical, carried on a correspondence with the "Ettrick Shepherd," anent a new metrical translation of the Psalms, which was published separately. In 1836-37, he contributed a series of five "Hebrew Idylls" to the *Scottish Christian Herald*, which, with a project for an edition of the Scottish poets, for which he wrote a life of Allan Ramsay, and a Synopsis of Syriac Grammar, published in 1840, form all his literary labours which appear to have been published. The fame of his linguistic acquirements conveys the impression that his power of mastering languages was something wonderful. In character he was humble unassuming, and unaffectedly pious simple in his tastes, and fond of nature and innocent enjoyment, had a quick sense of the ludicrous in all things; and was an acute observer of men and manners.

As a poet, he fills a niche in Scottish literature which had not been pre-occupied. He is another of the poets whom the university did not deprive of the use of his native tongue, and his less known poems are a mine of Scottish words, and as such are valued by our antiquarian collectors. *Anster Fair*, his passport to immortality, he treated as a sort of illegitimate progeny of his Muse in her frolicsome and unbridled youth, and he never lost hope of being able to produce something that would bear his poetic reputation more in keeping with his notions of respectability. His weakness as a poet was the want of passion; and the success of *Anster Fair* is owing to its being of that rare species of poetry in which passion has no place.

It is a poem to be enjoyed—as “Tickler” said; to be taken in the pocket on your trip to Holland, and read in the Zuyder Zee. “It is a fine thing, North! full of life, and glee, and glamour.”

LEGEND OF ANSTER FAIR.

ANSTER FAIR is unique in British literature, and may be defined as a descriptive poem, with two love stories and a fairy tale, the evolution of whose plots depended upon one another. The outline is as follows:—The fairy, Tommy Puck, incensed at Susan Scott, niece of Sir Michael the Wizard, for meanly jilting her lover, Melville of Carnbee, put the latter up to a plan by which he revenged the indignity. Sir Michael having discovered the real author of the plot, determined to punish

the little elf and his wife, and having got hold of them, by his magic power he crammed the one into a pepper-box, and the other into a mustard-pot, there to remain till the hand of the fairest Scottish maid should be won in public competition by the most accomplished athlete in Scotland. The mustard-pot in the course of ages having come into the possession of Maggie Lauder, by special permission of Oberon, Tommy is liberated from his prison long enough to advise her—the fairest Scottish maid—how she may obtain the fairest man in Scotland as her husband. The manner proposed, is to offer her hand as the prize of a competition at next Anster Fair. A public proclamation throughout Scotland is made to this effect, and Rob the Ranter, the cleverest man in Scotland, is successful in carrying off the fair prize. The event on which their imprisonment depended being thus brought about, the two fairies regain their liberty. The chief part of the poem, however, is devoted to a description of the various incidents of the Fair and competition, and the various parties, including the King (James V.), who are attracted to them.

ANSTER FAIR.

EXTRACTS.

[*Evening before the Fair.*]

Nor less is the disport and joy without,
In Anster town and loan, through all
the throng:
’Tis but one vast tumultuous jovial rout,
Tumult of laughing and of gabbling
strong;

Thousands and tens of thousands reel
about,

With joyous uproar blustering along ;
Elbows push boringly on sides with pain,
Wives hustling come on wives, and men
dash hard on men.

There lacks no sport : tumblers in won-
drous pranks,

High staged, display their limbs' agility;
And now, they, mountant from the
scaffold's planks,

Kick with their whirling heels the clouds
on high,

And now, like cat, upon their dexterous
shanks

They light, and of new monsters cheat
the sky ;

Whilst motley Merry-Andrew, with his
jokes,

Wide through the incorp'rate mob the
bursting laugh provokes.

Others upon the green, in open air,

Enact the best of Davie Lindsay's plays ;
While ballad-singing women do not spare

Their throats to give good utt'rance to
their lays ;

And many a leather-lung'd co-chanting
pair

Of wood-legg'd sailors, children's laugh
and gaze,

Lift to the courts of Jove their voices loud,
Y-hymning their mishaps, to please the
heedless crowd.

Meanwhile the sun, fatigued (as well he
may)

With shining on a night till seven
o'clock,

Beams on each chimney-head a farewell
ray,

Illuming into golden shaft its smoke ;

And now in sea, far west from Oronsay,

Is dipp'd his chariot-wheel's refulgent
spoke,

And now a section of his face appears,
And diving, now he ducks clean down
o'er head and ears.

Anon uprises, with blithe bagpipe's sound,
And shriller din of flying fiddlestick,
On the green loan and meadow-crofts
around,

A town of tents, with blankets roofed
quick :

A thousand stakes are rooted in the
ground ;

A thousand hammers clank and clatter
thick ;

A thousand fiddles squeak and squeal it
yare ;

A thousand stormy drones out-gasp in
groans their air.

And such a turbulence of general mirth
Rises from Anster Loan upon the sky,
That from his throne Jove starts, and
down on earth

Looks, wond'ring what may be the
jollity :

He rests his eye on shores of Forth's
Firth,

And smirks, as knowing well the
Market nigh,

And bids his gods and goddesses look
down,

To mark the rage of joy that maddens
Anster town.

From Cellardyke to wind-swept Pitten-
weem,

And from Balhouffie to Kilrennymill,
Vaulted with blankets, crofts and meadows
seem,

So many tents the grassy spaces fill ;
Meantime the Moon, yet leaning on the
stream,

With fluid silver bathes the welkin chill,
That now earth's ball, upon the side of
night,

Swims in an argent sea of beautiful moon-
light.

Then to his bed full many a man retires,
 On plume, or chaff, or straw, to get a
 nap,
 In houses, tents, in haylofts, stables,
 byres,
 And or without, or with, a warm night-
 cap :
 Yet sleep not all ; for by the social fires
 Sit many, cuddling round their toddy-
 sap,
 And ever and anon they eat a lunch,
 And rinse the mouthfuls down with flav'r-
 ous whisky punch.

Some shuffling paper nothings, keenly
 read
 The Devil's maxims in his painted
 books,
 Till the old serpent in each heart and
 head
 Spits canker, and with wormwood sours
 their looks ;
 Some o'er the chess-board's chequer'd
 campaign lead
 There inch-tall bishops, kings, and
 queens, and rooks ;
 Some force, t'enclose the Tod, the wooden
 Lamb on ;
 Some shake the pelting dice upon the
 broad backgammon.

Others, of travell'd elegance, polite,
 With mingling music Maggie's house
 surround,
 And serenade her all the live-long night
 With song and lyre, and flute's enchant-
 ing sound,
 Chiming and hymning into fond delight
 The heavy night air that o'ershades the
 ground ;
 While she, right pensive, in her chamber-
 nook,
 Sits pond'ring on th' advice of little
 Tommy Puck.

[*Morning of the Fair.*]

I wish I had a cottage, snug and neat,
 Upon the top of many-fountain'd Ide,
 That I might thence in holy fervour greet
 The bright-gown'd Morning tripping
 up her side ;
 And when the low Sun's glory-buskin'd
 feet
 Walk on the blue wave of th' Ægean
 tide,
 Oh, I would kneel me down, and worship
 there
 The God who garnish'd out a world so
 bright and fair !

The saffron-elbow'd Morning up the slope
 Of heav'n canaries in her jewell'd shoes,
 And throws o'er Kelly-law's sheep-nibbled
 top
 Her golden apron dripping kindly dews ;
 And never, since she first began to hop
 Up heav'n's blue causeway, of her beams
 profuse,
 Shone there a dawn so glorious and so
 gay,
 As shines the merry dawn of Anster
 Market-day.

Round through the vast circumference of
 sky,
 Scarce can the eye one speck of cloud
 behold,
 Save in the East some fleeces bright of
 dye,
 That hem the rim of heav'n with woolly
 gold,
 Whereon are happy angels wont to lie
 Lolling, in amaranthine flow'rs enroll'd,
 That they may spy the precious light of
 God,
 Flung from the blessèd East o'er the fair
 Earth abroad.

The fair Earth laughs through all her
 boundless range,

Heaving her green hills high to greet
 the beam ;
 City and village, steeple, cot and grange,
 Gilt as with nature's purest leaf-gold
 seem ;
 The heaths and upland muirs, and fallows,
 change
 Their barren brown into a ruddy gleam,
 And, on ten thousand dew-bent leaves
 and sprays,
 Twinkle ten thousand suns, and fling
 their petty rays.
 Up from their nests and fields of tender
 corn
 Full merrily the little sky-larks spring,
 And on their dew-bedabbled pinions
 borne,
 Mount to the heaven's blue key-stone
 flickering ;
 They turn their plume-soft bosoms to the
 morn,
 And hail the genial light, and cheer'ly
 sing ;
 Echo the gladsome hills and valleys round,
 As all the bells of Fife ring loud and
 swell the sound.
 For when the first up-sloping ray was
 flung
 On Anster steeple's swallow-harb'ring
 top,
 Its bell, and all the bells around were
 rung
 Sonorous, jangling loud without a stop ;
 For toilingly each bitter beadle swung,
 Ev'n till he smok'd with sweat, his
 greasy rope,
 And almost broke his bell-wheel, ush'ring
 in
 The morn of Anster Fair, with tinkle-
 tankling din.

THE TANGIERS GIANT.

In Tangiers town, as I've been tauld,
 There liv'd intill the times of auld
 A giant stout and big,
 The awfuest and the dourest carl
 That on the outside o' this warl'
 E'er wallop'd bane or leg.

When he was born, on that same day,
 He was like other weans, perfay,
 Nae langer than a ladle ;
 But in three days he shot so lang,
 That out wi's feet and head he dang,
 Baith end-boords o' his cradle.

And when the big-baned babe did see
 How that his cradle, short and wee,
 Could haud him in nae langer,
 His passion took a tirrivee—
 He grippit it, and garr'd it flee
 To finders, in his anger.

Ere he was spain'd, what beef, what bane,
 He was a babe o' thretty stane,
 And bigger than his mither ;
 When he for's parritch grat at morn,
 Men never heard syn they were born
 A yowl sae fu' o' drither.

When he'd seen thretty years or sae,
 Far meikler was his little tae
 Than meikle Samuel's shoulder ;
 When he down on a stool did lean,
 The stool was in an instant gane,
 And brizz'd clean down to poulder.

When through the streets o' Tangiers
 town
 He gaed, spaziering up and down,
 Houses and kirks did tremble ;
 O' his coat-tail the vera wap
 Rais'd whirlwinds wi' its flichterin' flap,
 And garr'd auld lum-heads tumble.

Had ye been ten mile out o' town,
 Ye might hae seen his head aboon
 The highest houses towrin'.

Ilk awfu' tramp he gave the ground,
Garr'd aik-trees shake their heads a' round
And lions rin hame cowerin'.

To shaw his pow'r unto the people,
Ane in his arms he took the steeple,
Kiss'd it, and ca'd it brither ;
Syne from its bottom up it wrung,
And in the air three times it swung,
Spire, bell, and a' thegither !

And when he'd swung it merrily,
Again upon its bottom he
Did clap it down sae clever ;
Except a sma' crack half-way round,
The steeple stood upon its found,
As stout and straucht as ever !

Ae king's birth-day, when he was fu',
Twa Tangier chaps began to pu'
His tails ; when, on a sudden,
Ane by the richt leg up he grippit,
The tither by the neck he snippit,
And sent them skyward scuddin'.

On earth they ne'er again cam down ;
Ane in a tan-pit i' the moon
Fell plump, and breath'd his last ;
The tither ane was jammit ticht
'Tween twa stars o' the Pleiads bricht,
Whare yet he's sticking fast.

Ae day, when he stood near the sea,
A fleet o' Tyrian ships in glee
Was sailing gawcy by—
He gript ae frigate by the mast,
And frae the deep wi' powstie vast
He rais'd her in the sky :

And then the great ship up he tumml'd—
Her mast was down, her bulk up-
whumml'd,
Her keel high i' the lift ;
Captain and cargo down cam rummlin',
Marines, and men, and meat, cam tum-
mlin'
Down frae her decks like drift.

He had a mammoth for his horse,
Whareon wi' mighty birr and force
He rade haith up and down ;
My certy ! whan on him he lap,
For hill nor tree he didna stap—
For tower, nor yet for town.

From Calpe to the Chinese wa'
He travell'd in a day or twa ;
And as he gallop't east,
The tower of Babel down he batter'd—
For five miles round its bricks were
scatter'd,
Sic birr was in his beast !

But whan he cam to Ecbatan,
A terrible strabusch was than ;
He soucht na street nor yett,
But hurly-burly, smash, smash, smash,
Through wa's and roofs he drave slap
dash,
Down-dundering a' he met :

What wi' his monster's thunderin' thud,
And what wi' brusch, and smusch, and
scud,
O' rafters, slates, and stanes,
Ten thousand folk to dead were devell'd
Ten thousand mair were eirthlins levell'd,
Half-dead wi' fractur'd banes.

He travell'd, too, baith north and south,
Whiles for his hunger, whiles for drouth,
At Thebes he brak his fast ;
And at the far Cape o' Good Houpp,
He took his denner, and a stoup
O' wine for his repast.

He tried, too, on his fearsome horse,
His way up to our Pole to force,
To spy its whirlin' pin ;
Up to the arctic ice-ribb'd flood
Nicherin' he cam, as he were wud,
Wi' dirdom and wi' din.

As north he rode, he didna wait
 To mak a brig ower Helle's strait,
 Like Persia's pridefu' king ;
 He loupit from Abydos' strand,
 And thwack ! on Sestos' beach did land,
 Makin' hail Europe ring.

As up through Thrace his beast did scour,
 He kick'd up sic ane cloud o' stour
 From his gambadin' hoof,
 The king o' Thrace, where he in's ha',
 Sat dinin' wi' his princes braw,
 Was chokit wi' the stoof.

But when he reach'd Siberia shore,
 His monster wi' a grouson roar,
 Down sank amang the snaw ;

The beast was smor'd, and ne'er gat out ;
 The rider, wi' ane damnet shout,
 Spang aff, and spreul'd awa !

His end was like his lawless life ;
 He challeng'd Atlas in some strife,
 T'uphaud heiv'n on his head ;
 He tried the starry heiv'n t'uphaud—
 Down cam the lift, and wi' a daud,
 It smor'd the scoundrel dead !

MORAL.

From this dour giant we may see
 How little, mighty limb and thie,
 The human race bestead ;
 A wee bit man, wi' meikle sense,
 Is better than ane carle immense
 Wi' nonsense in his head !

WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

1780—1845.

ALTHOUGH the changes taking place in domestic relations are unfavourable to the growth of the sentiments consecrated in 'Lucy's Flittin,' while human nature remains what it is, the pathos of that simple ballad will not fail to impress it.

Its author, William Laidlaw, was born at Blackhouse, in Yarrow, in November 1780. The Ettrick Shepherd was in the employment of his father, James Laidlaw, and the poets were fast friends. Hogg, who was ten years his senior, fostered Laidlaw's, poetic aspirations. In 1801, Scott, when collecting for *The Minstrelsy*, was directed by

Leyden to Laidlaw, and Laidlaw introduced Hogg to Scott. Laidlaw was a more sagacious man than Hogg; yet in farming, his fortune was not much better, and he had to give up the lease of his second farm, at Liberton, and accept the situation of Steward to Sir Walter, at Abbotsford. Here he resided at Kaeside Cottage, as Scott's trusted friend and factor, till the master's misfortunes necessitated their separation for some time. He returned again as Scott's amanuensis, and remained with him till his death. Shortly after that event, Laidlaw became factor to Mrs Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth,

and afterwards to Sir Charles Ross of Balnagown. His health failing, he gave up his situation, and lived with his brother at Contin, near Dingwall, where he died in 1845. "Lucy's Flittin'" is his only poem that rises above mediocrity.

LUCY'S FLITTIN'.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk
tree was fa'in',
And Martinmas dowie had wound up
the year,
That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her
a' in't,
And left her auld maister and neebours
sae dear ;
For Lucy had served i' the glen a' the
simmer ;
She cam' there afore the bloom cam'
on the pea ;
An orphan was she, and they had been
kind till her,
Sure that was the thing brocht the tear
to her e'e.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was
stannin' ;
Richt sair was his kind heart her flittin'
to see ;
Fare ye weel, Lucy ! quo' Jamie, and ran
in ;
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae his
e'e.
As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi'
the flittin',
Fare ye weel, Lucy ! was ilka bird's sang ;
She heard the crow sayin't, high on the
tree sittin',
And robin was chirpin't the brown
leaves amang.

Oh, what is't that pits my puir heart in a
flutter?
(12)

And what gars the tears come sae fast
to my e'e?
If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to
be ?
I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither ;
Nae mither or friend the puir lammie
can see ;
I fear I ha'e tint my puir heart a'thegither,
Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my
e'e.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I ha'e row'd up
the ribbon,
The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie gae
me ;
Yestreen, when he ga'e me't, and saw I
was sabbin',
I'll never forget the wae blink o' his e'e.
Though now he said naething but "Fare
ye weel, Lucy !"
It made me I neither could speak, hear,
nor see :
He could na say mair but just, "Fare ye
weel, Lucy !"
Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when
it's droukit ;
The hare likes the brake and the braird
on the lea ;
But Lucy likes Jamie,—she turn'd and
she lookit,
She thocht the dear place she wad
never mair see.
Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie
and cheerless !
And weel may he greet on the bank o'
the burn !
For bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and
peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave, and will never
return !¹

¹ The last four lines were added by Hogg,
and though they complete the stanza they do
not improve the story.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

1784—1842.

No better representative of the genuine Scot, pure and undefiled, could be pointed out than Allan Cunningham; and Scott's epithet of "honest Allan" is the most natural reflection suggested by his whole character. If he were a great genius, we could not regard him as a type of the cautious common-sense Scot, ambitious to get on, but determined to work his way up.

He was the fourth son of John Cunningham and Elizabeth Harley, and was born on the 7th December 1784, at Blackwood, in Nithsdale. His father was gardener to a neighbouring gentleman, and afterwards became land-steward to Mr Miller of Dalswinton.

He received an ordinary education, and in his eleventh year was apprenticed to his elder brother as a mason. He displayed an early love for reading, and in his sixth year heard Burns read "Tam o' Shanter" in his father's house.

He early became acquainted with the Ettrick Shepherd, who was for some time a tenant in Dumfriesshire, and his emulation was roused by the literary atmosphere into which his love of reading and his youthful ambition led him. When *Marmion* was published, he came all the way to Edinburgh for the purpose of getting a look at its author.

His first appearance in literature was in the *Scots Magazine*. In 1810, he

went to London on the invitation of Cromeek, with whom he stayed till he saw what may be called his first work through the press. Cromeek died shortly after the issue of *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, which was mostly written by Cunningham, though palmed upon Cromeek as recovered antiques. After Cromeek's death, he wrought at his trade, and also tried to maintain himself by writing for the press; but in 1814, he was engaged by Sir Francis Chantrey, the sculptor, as superintendent or clerk of works, and in this situation he remained for the rest of his life. His after-writings were the recreations of his leisure hours. In 1822, he published *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*, and from that time till 1824, *Traditional Tales* appeared as magazine contributions, and were after wards published in two vols. In 1825, appeared his collection of *The Songs of Scotland: Ancient and Modern*, and from 1826 to 1832, the novels *Paul Jones*, *Sir Michael Scott*, and *Sir Roldan*. After this he wrote *The Maid of Elnar*, a rustic epic, and published Burns's *Life and Works* in eight volumes. *The Lives of Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects* next appeared. His last work was *The Life of Sir David Wilkie*, in three volumes. It was only completed two days before his death, which took place suddenly on October 29th, 1842. Allan's writings are not of the highest

order, but are in every way like his life, a credit to himself and his country. "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea," is a piece of genuine inspiration, and no less remarkable as the production of one who can have had little or no acquaintance with the sea. His four sons inherited their father's literary tastes. An extended life of him was published in 1875.

JOHN GRUMLIE.

[Based upon the "Wife of Auchtermuchty."]

John Grumlie swore by the light o' the moon,

And the green leaves on the tree,
That he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three.

His wife rose up in the morning
Wi' cares and troubles enow—
John Grumlie, bide at hame, John,
And I'll go haud the plow.

First ye maun dress your children fair,
And put them a' in their gear ;
And ye maun turn the malt, John,
Or else ye'll spoil the beer ;
And ye maun reel the tweel, John,
That I span yesterday ;
And ye maun ca' in the hens, John,
Else they'll all lay away.

O he did dress his children fair,
And put them a' in their gear ;
But he forgot to turn the malt,
And so he spoil'd the beer :
And he sang loud as he reeled the tweel
That his wife span yesterday ;
But he forgot to put up the hens,
And the hens all layed away.

The hawket crummie loot down nae milk ;
He kirked, nor butter gat ;

And a' gade wrang, and nought gade right ;
He danced with rage, and grat.
Then up he ran to the head o' the knowe
Wi' mony a wave and shout—
She heard him as she heard him not,
And steered the stots about.

John Grumlie's wife cam hame at e'en,
A weary wife and sad,
And burst into a laughter loud,
And laughed as she'd been mad :
While John Grumlie swore by the light o'
the moon,
And the green leaves on the tree,
If my wife should na win a penny a day,
She's aye have her will for me.

A WET SHEET.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
That fills the white and swelling sail,
And bends the gallant mast:
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind !
I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high :
The white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
And hark the music, mariners !
The wind is piping loud.
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

THE WEE, WEE GERMAN
LAIRDIE.

Wha the deil hae we got for a King,
But a wee, wee German lairdie !
An' when we gade to bring him hame,
He was delving in his kail-yairdie.
Sheughing kail an' dibbling leeks,
Scarce of hose and scant o' breeks,
Up his beggar duds he cleeks,
The wee, wee German lairdie.

An' he's clapt down in our gudeman's
chair,
The wee, wee German lairdie ;
O' stinking weeds he's brought the seeds,
An' sawed them in our yairdie.
He's pu'd the rose o' English clowns,
An' brak the harp o' Irish lowns,

But the thistle tap will jag his thumbs,
The wee, wee German lairdie.

Come up among the Highland hills,
Thou wee, wee German lairdie ;
An' see how Charlie's lang kail thrives,
He dibblit in his yairdie.
An' if a stock ye daur to pu',
Or haud the yoking of a pleugh,
We'll break yer sceptre o'er yer mou',
Thou wee bit German lairdie.

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,
Nor fitting for a yairdie ;
An' our norlan' thristles winna pu',
Thou wee, wee German lairdie !
An' we've the trenching blades o' weir,
Wad twine ye o' yer German gear ;
An' pass ye 'neath the claymore's shear,
Thou feckless German lairdie !

DAVID WEBSTER.

1787—1837.

THE pawky humour of "Tak it, man, tak it," is thoroughly Scotch, although the natural incidents and mental impressions which it so happily turns into song are true to universal experience. Its author, David Webster, was a native of Dunblane, and though born of humble parents, was being educated for the Church when his father died ; he was in consequence sent to learn weaving in Paisley.

He was of a social disposition, and giving way to the allurements of convivial society, the invariable results followed. He published his poems in 1835, under the title of *Scottish Rhymes*, and in 1837, he died in his fiftieth year.

TAK' IT MAN, TAK' IT.

When I was a miller in Fife,
Losh ! I thought that the sound o' the
happer
Said Tak' hame a wee flow to your wife,
To help to be brose to your supper.
Then my conscience was narrow and pure,
But someway by random it rackit ;
For I lifted twa nievefu' or mair,
While the happer said, Tak' it, man,
tak' it.

Then hey for the mill and the kill,
The garland and gear for your cogie,
And hey for the whisky and yill,
That washes the dust frae my craigie.

Although it's been lang in repute
 For rogues to mak rich by deceiving ;
 Yet I see that it disna weel suit
 Honest men to begin to the thieving.
 For my heart it gaed dunt upon dunt,
 'Od, I thought ilka dunt it wad crackit,
 Sae I flang frae my nieve what was in't,
 Still the happer said, Tak' it, man, tak'
 it.
 Then hey for the mill, &c.

A man that's been bred to the plough,
 Might be deaved wi' its clamerous
 clapper ;
 Yet there's few but would suffer the sough,
 After kenning what's said by the hap-
 per.

I whiles thought it scoff'd me to scorn,
 Saying, shame, is your conscience no
 chackit ;
 But when I grew dry for a horn,
 It changed aye to Tak' it, man, tak' it.
 Then hey for the mill, &c.

The smugglers whiles cam' wi' their pocks,
 'Cause they kent that I likèd a bicker,
 Sae I bartered whiles wi' the gowks,
 Gi'ed them grain for a soup o' their
 liquor.

I had lang been accustomed to drink,
 And aye when I purposed to quat it,
 That thing wi' its clapertie clink,
 Said aye to me, Tak' it, man, tak' it.
 Then hey for the mill, &c.

But the warst thing I did in my life,
 Nae doubt but ye'll think I was wrang
 o't,
 'Od, I tauld a bit bodie in Fife
 A' my tale, and he made a bit sang o't.
 I have aye had a voice a' my days,
 But for singin' I ne'er gat the knack o't;
 Yet I try whiles, just thinking to please
 My frien's here, wi' Tak' it, man, tak'
 it.
 Then hey for the mill, .

Now, miller and a' as I am,
 This far I can see through the matter ;
 There's men mair notorious to fame,
 Mair greedy than me o' the muter.
 For 'twad seem that the hale race o' men,
 Or wi' safety, the half we may mak' it,
 Ha'e some speaking happer within,
 That says aye to them, Tak' it, man,
 tak' it.
 Then hey for the mill, &c.

WILLIAM THOM.

1789—1848.

WILLIAM THOM was born in Aber-
 deen, in 1789. His father dying while
 he was an infant, his education was
 closed at the age of ten, when he entered
 a cotton-weaving factory, in which he
 continued for twenty years. After this
 he led a wandering life, and with his wife
 and children endured many hardships.

While residing in Inverury, he sent his
 first published poem, "The Blind Boy's
 Pranks," to the *Aberdeen Herald*, and
 he is hence styled the "Inverury Poet."
 But his "Mitherless Bairn," the gem of
 his writings, was composed in Aber-
 deen.

Several efforts to improve his social

condition failed in placing him in comfortable circumstances; and after two visits to London, where he was well received, he returned to Scotland, and died at Dundee in 1848. A collection of his poems was published in 1844, under the title of *Rhymes and Recollections of a Handloom Weaver*.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

When a' ither bairnies are hush'd to their hame

By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stands last an' lanely, an' naebody carin'?

'Tis the puir doited loonie—the mitherless bairn.

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;

His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
And litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams hover there,

O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair;

But morning brings clutches a' reckless and stern,

That lo'e na' the locks o' the mitherless bairn.

Yon sister, that sang o'er his saftly-rocked bed,

Now rests in the mools where her mammie is laid;

The father toils sair, their wee bannock to airn,

An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that passed in yon hour o' his birth,

Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth;

Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,

Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

Oh! speak him na harshly; he trembles the while,

He bends to your bidding, an' blesses your smile;

In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn

That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

JOHN BURT.

1790 (?) —.

“O’ER the Mist-shrouded Clifts” has much of the style and ease of Burns, and is so suited to his circumstances that it even yet appears in editions of his poems as his composition. It is the only inspired effusion of John Burt, who was born at Knockmarloch, in Ayrshire. His education was very

limited, and he was early apprenticed as a weaver.

In 1807, he was pressed into the navy, and served about five years on board the *Magnificent*, at the end of which he returned home, and after working some time at his trade, he set up a school in Kilmarnock. Having

devoted his leisure to study while weaving, he made a successful teacher, and in 1816 removed to Paisley in the same capacity. Here he became involved in the political agitations of the time; and being disgusted at the aspect of affairs at home, emigrated to the United States, where at first he taught a school. Having studied at Princeton College, he was elected minister of the Presbyterian Church of Salem; and in 1835, was appointed to the chair of Ecclesiastical History in a theological seminary. We have no further trace of him.

O'ER THE MIST-SHROUDED CLIFFS.

O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the gray
mountain straying,
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave;

What woes wring my heart, while intently surveying
The storm's gloomy path on the breast
of the wave!
Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
Ere ye toss me afar from my loved
native shore;
Where the flower which bloom'd sweetest
in Colia's green vale,
The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no
more!
No more by the banks of the streamlet
we'll wander,
And smile at the moon's rippled face
in the wave;
No more shall my arms cling with fond-
ness around her,
For the dew-drops of morning fall cold
on her grave.
No more shall the soft thrill of love warm
my breast,
I haste with the storm to a far-distant
shore,
Where, unknown, unlamented, my ashes
shall rest,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

THOMAS LYLE.

1792—1859.

"KELVIN GROVE" and the air to which it is sung harmonize so well, that the latter is now known by the title of the song—the old words to which it was sung having entirely faded from popular remembrance. Thomas Lyle, the writer of the lyric,—beautiful apart from the air,—was a native of Paisley, and studied at Glasgow University. He practised as a surgeon in Glasgow for some time, and afterwards at Airth, in Stirlingshire, where he remained till 1853. "Kelvin Grove" first appeared in *The Harp of Renfrewshire*, where it

was attributed to John Sim, but Mr Lyle's claim to its authorship was admitted by Motherwell, the editor of that collection.

Lyle was a collector of old national airs and songs, and published, in 1827, a volume of *Ancient Ballads and Songs, chiefly from Tradition and Manuscript*, and to this he contributed some songs of his own composition. It also contains "Miscellaneous Poems by Sir William Mure, Knight of Rowallan." In 1853 he returned to Glasgow, and here he died in 1859.

KELVIN GROVE.

Let us haste to Kelvin grove, bonnie
lassie, O,
Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie
lassie, O,

Where the rose in all her pride,
Paints the hollow dingle's side,
Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie
lassie, O.

Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O;
To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie,
O,

Where the glens rebound the call
Of the roaring water-fall,
Thro' the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie
lassie, O.

O Kelvin banks are fair, bonnie lassie, O,
When in summer we are there, bonnie
lassie, O,

There, the May-pink's crimson
plume
Throws a soft but sweet perfume
Round the yellow banks of broom, bonnie
lassie, O.

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie
lassie, O,
As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie
lassie, O,

Yet with fortune on my side,
I could stay thy father's pride,
And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie,
O.

But the frowns of fortune lower, bonnie
lassie, O,
On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O,
Ere the golden orb of day
Wake the warblers on the spray,
From this land I must away, bonnie
lassie, O.

Then farewell to Kelvin grove, bonnie
lassie, O,
And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O,
To the river winding clear,
To the fragrant scented brier,
E'en to thee of all most dear, bonnie
lassie, O.

When upon a foregin shore, bonnie
lassie, O,
Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie
lassie, O,
Then, Helen ! shouldst thou hear
Of thy lover on his bier.
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie,
O.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

1797—1835.

EXCEPT for "Jeannie Morrison," Motherwell would almost have been forgotten as a poet ; and yet few writers gave evidence of possessing the divine faculty earlier, or displayed greater taste and grace in the art of poetic composition. His finished, vigorous,

and elegant sentimental poems want that definite grasp on human interest that makes even rough poetry impressive. His highly cultivated and natural literary abilities, fitted him better for excelling as an editor, and it is in this capacity that he has been most successful.

He was the son of Mr William Motherwell, an ironmonger in Glasgow, and was born in that city in 1797. His family removing to Edinburgh, he became a pupil of the High School; but in his eleventh year he went to live with an uncle in Paisley, and he finished his education at the grammar-school of that town, with the exception of a session, when he attended Greek and Latin classes in Glasgow University.

He served some time in the Sheriff-Clerk's office in Paisley, and soon after received the appointment of Sheriff-clerk Depute of Renfrewshire. In 1819, he became editor of *The Harp of Renfrewshire*, a poetical miscellany, and in 1827, published his best-known book, *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, the historical introduction to which displayed an extensive acquaintance with the subject, and great critical taste and discernment. In 1828, he started the *Paisley Magazine*, which did not live beyond its first volume. He at the same time edited the *Paisley Advertiser*, a weekly conservative newspaper. In 1830, he became editor of the *Glasgow Courier*, and continued in charge of it till his death in 1835. He published an elegant collection of his poems, entitled, *Poems, Narrative and Lyrical*, in 1832; and an enlarged edition, with a memoir, was published soon after his death. He has two marked styles—the homely pathetic sentimental, where he employs Scotch; and the chivalrous imaginative sentimental, which he writes in pure English, or affected antique. "Jeannie Morrison" is his best in the former, and "The Cavalier's Song" is a fair specimen of the latter style.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygone years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at
scole,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were
shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think?
When baith bent down ower ae braid
page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said,
We cleek'd thegither hame?

And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
 (The scule then skail't at noon),
 When we ran aff to speel the braes—
 The broomy braes o' June ?
 My head rins round and round about,
 My heart flows like a sea,
 As ane by ane the thochts rush back
 O' scule-time and o' thee.
 Oh, mornin' life ! oh, mornin' luvie !
 Oh lightsome days and lang,
 When hinnied hopes around our hearts
 Like simmer blossoms sprang !
 Oh mind ye, luvie, how aft we left
 The deavin' dinsome toun,
 To wander by the green burnside,
 And hear its waters croon ?
 The simmer leaves hung ower our head,
 The flowers burst round our feet,
 And in the gloamin o' the wood :
 The throssil whusslit sweet.
 The throssil whusslit in the wood,
 The burn sang to the trees,
 And we with Nature's heart in tune,
 Concerted harmonies ;
 And on the knowe abune the burn,
 For hours thegither sat
 In the silentness o' joy, till baith
 Wi' very gladness grat.
 Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Tears tinkled doun your cheek,
 Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
 Had ony power to speak !
 That was a time, a blessed time,
 When hearts were fresh and young,
 When freely gushed all feelings forth,
 Unsyllabled—unsung !
 I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
 Gin I hae been to thee
 As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
 As ye hae been to me ?
 Oh ! tell me gin their music fills
 Thine ear as it does mine ;
 Oh ! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
 Wi' dreamings o' langsyne ?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
 I've borne a weary lot ;
 But in my wanderings, far or near,
 Ye never were forgot.
 The fount that first burst frae this heart,
 Still travels on its way ;
 And channels deeper as it rins,
 The luvie o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Since we were sindered young,
 I've never seen your face, nor heard
 The music o' your tongue ;
 But I could hug all wretchedness,
 And happy could I dee,
 Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
 O' bygone days and me !

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

A steed ! a steed of matchlesse speed,
 A sword of metal keene !
 All else to noble heartes is drosse,
 All else on earth is meane.
 The neighyinge of the war-horse prowde,
 The rowlinge of the drum,
 The clangour of the trumpet lowde,
 Be soundes from heaven that come ;
 And oh ! the thundering presse of knightes
 Whenas their war cryes swell,
 May tole from heaven an angel bright,
 And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte, then mounte, brave gal-
 lants, all,
 And don your helemes amaine :
 Deathe's couriers, Fame and Honour, call
 Us to the field againe.
 No shrewish tears shall fill our eye
 When the sword-hilt's in our hand—
 Heart whole we'll part, and no whit sighe
 For the fayrest of the land ;
 Let piping swaine, and craven wight,
 Thus weepe and pulling crye,
 Our businesse is like men to fight,
 And hero-like to die !

JAMES HISLOP.

1798—1827.

JAMES HISLOP, the author of the "Cameronian's Dream," was born in July 1798, in the parish of Kirkconnel, in Dumfriesshire. So humble were the circumstances of his parents that until his thirteenth year, when he was sent for a twelvemonth to school, he taught himself to read, with the assistance of his grandfather, a country weaver, while he was employed as a cow-herd. In his fourteenth year he became a shepherd in the neighbourhood of Airmoss, the scene of the death of Richard Cameron, in 1680, and here he cultivated his mind by study so as to be a fair classical scholar. He not only drank at the spring of knowledge himself, but he opened an evening class, in which he taught his rustic associates. In 1819, he tried teaching in Greenock, but, like Jean Adam, found it an uncongenial soil, and he removed to Edinburgh, having in 1821 contributed to the *Edinburgh Magazine* "The Cameronian's Dream." Through Lord Jeffrey, he obtained the appointment of schoolmaster on board the *Doris* man-of-war, with which he started for South America. At the end of the cruise he published his observations in the *Edinburgh Magazine*. In 1825, he went to London, where he made the acquaintance of Allan Cunningham, Edward Irving, and Joanna Baillie, and tried to report for the press; but finding the work unsuitable, gave it up, and resumed

teaching. In 1827, he again went to sea as a teacher, in the *Tweed* man-of-war, and while cruising off the Cape de Verd Islands, he died of fever, caught while sleeping at night in the open air, with a pleasure party, on the island of St Jago, in December 1827. "The Cameronian's Dream," his only piece that still lives, is remarkable for the purity of its style, and the clear imaginative beauty and completeness of its conception. While pervaded by the spirit of the subject, and full of the stirring associations of the locality, heightened by a skilful use of the poetical incidents of the scenery, yet it is so moderate in tone that it might enlist the sympathies of a cavalier.

THE CAMERONIAN'S DREAM.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away,
To the muirland of mist where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen,
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood;
When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning ; and summer's young
sun from the east
Lay in loving repose on the green moun-
tain's breast ;
On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear
shining dew,
Glistened there 'mong the heath bells and
mountain flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny
cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and
loud,
And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, length-
ened and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and beat-
ing of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valleys breathed
music and gladness,
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty
and redness ;
Its daughters were happy to hail the re-
turning,
And drink the delights of July's sweet
morning.

But, oh ! there were hearts cherished far
other feelings,
Illumed by the light of prophetic reveal-
ings,
Who drank from the scen'ry of beauty
but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would be-
dew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with
Cameron were lying,
Concealed 'mong the mist where the
heath fowl was crying,
For the horsemen of Earls shall around
them were hovering,
And their bridle reins rung through the
thin misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords
were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their
brow was unbreathed ;
With eyes turned to heaven in calm re-
signation,
They sung their last song to the God of
Salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music
were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were
singing ;
But the melody died 'mid derision and
laughter,
As the host of th' ungodly rushed on to
the slaughter.

Though in mist and in darkness and fir
they were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm
and unclouded ;
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as, firm
and unbending,
They stood like the rock which the
thunder is rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue
swords were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood
was streaming ;
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder
was rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the
mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the
combat was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud
descended ;
Its drivers were angels on horses of white-
ness,
And its burning wheels turned on axes of
brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
 All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining.
 And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,
 Have mounted the chariots and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
 Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding ;
 Glide swiftly, bright spirits ! the prize is before ye,
 A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory.

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

1798—1850.

THE sweet and plaintive lyric which preserves the name of Gilfillan takes its place among our standard songs as one of the best, if not the best of its kind. Its author was born in Dunfermline, in 1798, in very humble circumstances.

After learning the trade of a cooper in Leith, he became a clerk in a wine-merchant's office, and in 1837, was appointed collector of poor-rates for the burgh of Leith. He held this appointment till his death, which took place in 1850. Two editions of his poems have been published ; but though some others of them, are well written, none comes up to the standard of "Why left I my Hame ?"

O, WHY LEFT I MY HAME ?

Oh, why left I my hame ? Why did I cross the deep ?

Oh, why left I the land where my forefathers sleep ?

I sigh for Scotia's shore, and I gaze across the sea,

But I canna get a blink o' my ain countrie.

The palm-tree waveth high, and fair the myrtle springs,

And to the Indian maid the bulbul sweetly sings ;

But I dinna see the broom wi' its tassels on the lea,

Nor hear the lintie's sang o' my ain countrie.

Oh ! here no Sabbath bell awakes the Sabbath morn,

Nor song of reapers heard among the yellow corn :

For the tyrant's voice is here, and the wail of slaverie ;

But the sun of freedom shines in my ain countrie.

There's a hope for every woe, and a balm for ev'ry pain,

But the first joys of our youth come never back again ;

There's a track upon the deep, and a path across the sea,

But the weary ne'er return to their ain countrie.

ROBERT POLLOK.

1799—1827.

THE *Course of Time* is a poem in blank verse, about the same length as *Paradise Lost*; but the verse and the length are perhaps the only resemblances which it bears to that great poem. Though possessing many eloquent passages, and giving decided proof of lofty and sustained capacity, it is on the whole heavy and uninteresting; but that it has circulated to the extent of upwards of twenty editions in this country, and many more in America, is evidence that it has been acceptable to a large number of readers, who prefer poetry more for the profit than the enjoyment which it yields.

Its author, Robert Pollok, was born at Muirhouse, in Renfrewshire, in 1799, and was educated at Glasgow University, for the ministry of the Secession Church. His first book, published anonymously, was *Tales of the Covenanters*. The *Course of Time* was published in 1827, and the same year its author was licensed to preach; but his devotion to his professional and poetical studies, either originated or developed a consumption, for which he sought the benefit of a milder climate in vain. He died on 17th of September 1827, in his 28th year, after a few weeks' residence in the South of England, and was buried at Millbrook, near Southampton. A granite obelisk marks his grave, and a memoir of him was written in 1843.

THE LOVE OF FAME.

Of all the phantoms fleeting in the mist
Of time though meagre all, and ghostly
thin,
Most unsubstantial, unessential shade,
Was earthly Fame. She was a voice
alone,
And dwelt upon the noisy tongues of
men.
She never thought, but gabbled ever on,
Applauding most what least deserved
applause.
The motive, the result, was naught to her.
The deed alone, though dyed in human
gore,
And steeped in widow's tears, if it stood
out
To prominent display, she took of much,
And roared around it with a thousand
tongues.
As changed the wind her organ, so she
changed
Perpetually; and whom she praised to-
day,
Vexing his ear with acclamations loud,
To-morrow blamed, and hissed him out
of sight.

Such was her nature and her practice
such.
But, oh! her voice was sweet to mortal
ears,
And touched so pleasantly the strings of
pride
And vanity, which in the heart of man
Were ever strung harmonious to her note
That many thought, to live without her
song

Was rather death than life. To live unknown,
 Unnoticed, unrenowned! to die unpraised,
 Unepitaphed! to go down to the pit,
 And moulder into dust among vile worms,
 And leave no whispering of a name on earth!—
 Such thought was cold about the heart,
 and chilled
 The blood. Who could endure it? who
 could choose,
 Without a struggle, to be swept away
 From all remembrance, and have part no
 more
 With living men? Philosophy failed here,
 And self-approving pride. Hence it be,
 came
 The aim of most, and main pursuit to win
 A name, to leave some vestige as they
 passed,
 That following ages might discern they
 once
 Had been on earth, and acted something
 there.

Many the roads they took, the plans
 they tried.
 The man of science to the shade retired,
 And laid his head upon his hand, in mood
 Of awful thoughtfulness, and dived, and
 dived
 Again, deeper and deeper still, to sound
 The cause remote; resolved, before he
 died,
 To make some grand discovery, by which
 He should be known to all posterity.

And in the silent vigils of the night,
 When uninspired men repose, the bard,
 Ghastly of countenance, and from his
 eye
 Oft streaming wild unearthly fire, sat up,
 And sent imagination forth, and searched
 The far and near, heaven, earth, and
 gloomy hell,

For fiction new, for thought unthought
 before:
 And when some curious rare idea peered
 Upon his mind, he dipped his hasty pen,
 And by the glimmering lamp, or moon-
 light beam
 That through his lattice peeped, wrote
 fondly down
 What seemed in truth imperishable song.

And sometimes, too, the reverend
 divine,
 In meditation deep of holy things
 And vanities of time, heard Fame's sweet
 voice
 Approach his ear; and hung another
 flower,
 Of earthly sort, about the sacred truth;
 And ventured whiles to mix the bitter text
 With relish suited to the sinner's taste.

And oftentimes, too, the simple hind,
 who seemed
 Ambitionless, arrayed in humble garb,
 While round him, spreading, fed his
 harmless flock,
 Sitting was seen by some wild warbling
 brook,
 Carving his name upon his favourite
 staff;
 Or, in ill-favoured letters, tracing it
 Upon the aged thorn, or on the face
 Of some conspicuous oft-frequented stone
 With persevering wondrous industry;
 And hoping, as he toiled amain, and saw
 The characters take form, some other
 wight,
 Long after he was dead and in the grave,
 Should loiter there at noon, and read his
 name.

In purple some, and some in rags, stood
 forth
 For reputation. Some displayed a limb
 Well-fashioned; some, of lowlier mind, a
 cane

Of curious workmanship and marvellous
twist.
In strength some sought it, and in beauty
more.
Long, long the fair one laboured at the
glass,
And, being tired, called in auxiliar skill
To have her sails, before she went abroad,
Full spread and nicely set, to catch the
gale
Of praise. And 'much she caught, and
much deserved,
When outward loveliness was index fair
Of purity within : but oft, alas !
The bloom was on the skin alone ; and
when
She saw, sad sight ! the roses on her
cheek
Wither, and heard the voice of fame re-
tire
And die away, she heaved most piteous
sighs,
And wept most lamentable tears ; and
whiles,
In wild delirium, made rash attempt—
Unholy mimicry of Nature's work !—
To re-create, with frail and mortal things,
Her withered face. Attempt ; how fond
and vain !
Her frame itself soon mouldered down to
dust ;
And in the land of deep forgetfulness,
Her beauty and her name were laid beside
Eternal silence and the loathsome worm ;
Into whose darkness flattery ventured
not ;
Where none had ears to hear the voice of
Fame.

Many the roads they took, the plans
they tried ;
And awful oft the wickedness they
wrought.
To be observed, some scrambled up to
thrones,
And sat in vestures dripping wet with gore.
The warrior dipped his sword in blood,
and wrote
His name on lands and cities desolate.
The rich bought fields, and houses built,
and raised
The monumental piles up to the clouds,
And called them by their names : and,
strange to tell !
Rather than be unknown, and pass away
Obscurely to the grave, some, small of
soul,
That else had perished unobserved, ac-
quired
Considerable renown by oaths profane ;
By jesting boldly with all sacred things ;
And uttering fearlessly whate'er occurred ;
Wild, blasphemous, perditionable
thoughts,
That Satan in them moved ; by wiser men
Suppressed and quickly banished from
the mind.
Many the roads they took, the plans they
tried :
But all in vain. Who grasped at earthly
Fame,
Grasped wind : nay, worse, a serpent
grasped, that through
His hand slid smoothly, and was gone ;
but left
A sting behind, which wrought him end-
less pain.

ROBERT NICOLL.

1814—1837.

LIKE Michael Bruce, Robert Nicoll was endowed with literary abilities which he lacked physical powers to enable him to bring to maturity. His zeal and enthusiasm may be said to have consumed him; and with his early death raised his fame, as by a wave of friendly sympathy, beyond what anything he has written will maintain. It has been said that some of his songs have obtained an equal popularity with the best of Burns's. This can hardly be true in any sense; but if it is implied that their merits any way approach the best of Burns's, nothing could be more unjust to Nicoll's fame, or stronger evidence of the critic's want of judgment in such matters than the suggestion of such a comparison.

He was born at Tullybeltane, Perthshire, on January 7th, 1814. His father was a farmer, but was unsuccessful, and Robert's early education was obtained from his mother, a woman of superior intelligence, and was completed at the parish school. His literary aspirations were very early manifested; and while serving an apprenticeship as a grocer in Perth, he devoted his leisure to study and reading. In 1833, he forwarded a tale to *Johnstone's Magazine*, which led to his making a visit to Edinburgh, and being introduced to several literary gentlemen who befriended him. In 1834, he started a circulating library in Dundee, and interested himself in local politics as an extreme liberal. In 1835, he published a collection of his

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poems under the title of *Poems and Lyrics*. He now gave up his library, and intended trying his fortune in London; but after remaining some time in Edinburgh, he was appointed editor of the *Leeds Times*, a Radical newspaper. His zeal for the success of the paper, and the excitement of local politics, soon broke his health, and after a short sojourn at Knaresborough, he came back to Edinburgh, and died at Trinity in his twenty-fourth year. He was buried in North Leith Churchyard, where a memorial stone has recently been placed over his remains. A memoir of him has been written by Mr Smiles, and a new edition of his poems is (1877) just published.

THE BONNIE ROWAN BUSH.

The bonnie rowan bush
 In yon lane glen—
 Where the burnie clear doth gush
 In yon lane glen;
 My head is white and auld,
 An' my bluid is thin an' cauld—
 But I lo'e the bonnie rowan bush
 In yon lane glen.

My Jeanie first I met
 In yon lane glen—
 When the grass wi' dew was wet,
 In yon lane glen;
 The moon was shinin' sweet,
 An' our hearts wi' love did beat—
 By the bonnie, bonnie rowan bush
 In yon lane glen.

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Oh ! she promised to be mine
 In yon lane glen ;
 Her heart she did resign
 In yon lane glen :
 An' mony a happy day
 Did o'er us pass away,
 Beside the bonnie rowan bush
 In yon lane glen.

Sax bonnie bairns had we
 In yon lane glen—
 Lads an' lasses young an' spree
 In yon lane glen ;
 An' a' blither family
 Than ours there cou'dna be,
 Beside the bonnie rowan bush
 In yon lane glen.

Now my auld wife's gane awa'
 Frae yon lane glen ;
 An' though simmer sweet doth fa'
 On yon lane glen,
 To me its beauty's gane,
 For alake ! I sit alane,
 Beside the bonnie rowan bush
 In yon lane glen.

JANET MACBEAN.

Janet Macbean a public keeps,
 An' a merry auld wife is she ;
 An' she sells her yill wi' a jaunty air
 That wad please your heart to see.

Her drink's o' the best—she's hearty aye,
 An' her house is neat an' clean—
 There's no an auld wife in the public line
 Can match wi' Janet Macbean.

She has aye a curtesy for the laird
 When he comes to drink his can,
 An' a laugh for the farmer an' his wife,
 An' a joke for the farmer's man.
 She toddles but, an' she toddles ben,
 Like ony wee bit quean—
 There's no an' auld wife in the public line
 Can match wi' Janet Macbean.

The beggar wives gang a' to her,
 An' she sairs them wi' bread an'
 cheese,—

Her bread in bannocks an' cheese in
 whangs

Wi' a blythe gudewill she gi'es.
 Vow, the kintra-side will miss her sair
 When she's laid aneath the green—
 There's no an auld wife in the public line
 Can match wi' Janet Macbean.

Amang alehouse wives she rules the roast ;
 For upo' the Sabbath days
 She puts on her weel hain'd tartan plaid
 An' the rest o' her Sabbath claes,
 An' she sits, nae less ! in the minister's
 seat ;

Ilk psalm she lilt, I ween—
 There's no an auld wife in the public line
 Can match wi' Janet Macbean.

ANONYMOUS POETRY.

HOO THE LASSIE BRAK THE BOWL.

[The catastrophe of this poem may not be original, nor the poetry of a high order, yet the characters are drawn with much force and truth, and though not uncommon, have not been previously preserved in verse. We know not if the author is known, for we have never seen the poem in any collection, and have taken it from a newspaper cutting.]

Whar Neidpath's wa's wi' pride look doon
Upon a guid auld borough toon,
A crankie cratur leev'd langsyne,
Amang the gude auld freen's o' mine—
Amang the sib as sib cou'd be—
But weel-I-wat ye soon sall see
She wasna at drap's bluid to me.

Ane o' the awfu' cleanin' kind,
That clean folk clean oot o' their mind;
An' aften as we've seen betide,
Clean guid men frae their ain fireside.
A fykie, fashious, yammerin' yaud,
That cou'd the gear fu' steevelly haud;
An' ill-set, sour, ill-willy wilk—
She had a face 'twad yearned milk,
Forbye a loud, ill-scaipit tongue
As e'er in harmless heid was hung:
To girn an' growl, to wark an' flyte,
Was aye the ill-spun wisp's delight.
O' heeven, I'm sure that Tibbie's meanin'
Was ae great everlastin' cleanin'.
Frac morn to nicht she ne'er was still—
Her life was like a tough treadmill;
She just was like an evil speerit,
She ne'er cou'd settle for a minute;
But whan a dud she made, or clootit,
Soon a' the toon wad hear about it.

Whene'er folk cou'dna keep her clues,
She heckled them aboot their *views*;
But when their wrath began to boil,
She grew real "fear't aboot their sowl."
'Twas queer! (but nocht's sae queer as
folk),

An' to the workin' she wad yoke
Through perfect spite an' fair ill-natur';
An' the deil's buckie o' a cratur'
Was o' the pipe a mortal hater.
John, honest man, had aye to hap,
For peacesake, ower the weeshen stap;¹
But ere the lintel he wad pass,
'Twas—"Man, for gudesake mind the bass:
Tak' care o' this, tak' care o' that;
Haud aff the hearth noo whan it's wat,
Whan ance it's dry, syne tak' a heat;
Tak' care, man, whar ye set your feet!
Fa' to yer parritch, an' beware
Ye let nae jaups fa' on the flare;²
Weel ower the bicker haud yer snout,
Nor fyle my weel-washed table clout.
To toil, noo, 'deed, I'm no sae able—
Keep yer black dottle aff the table!
Waes me! but ye hae little thocht,
Ye never think hoo sair I'm wrocht,
To hae things richt whan hame ye come—
Confoond ye! smoke it up the lum!

"Some men wad hae the mense to say,
'Ye're sair forfeuchen-like³ the day;
Puir body! od,' I'm sure ye're wearit'—
The like o' that wad gie a'body speerit.
But you! whane'er ye've clawed yer coggie,
Ye mak' this hoose a fair killogie.⁴
In ower the door there's no a steek
But's pushioned wi' yer 'bacca-reek,

¹ The washed door-step.

² Spatters fall on the floor.

³ Look over wrought.

⁴ The entrance to a kiln.

An' though I cloucher¹ till I'm chokin',
 I winna pit ye past yer smokin'.
 What needs I toil? what needs I care?
 Ye've blawn mair siller i' the air
 Than wad hae built a hoose an' mair.
 Yer neist gudewife 'll mind the matter—
 She'll no be sic a tholin' cratur;
 She'll gie yer weel-hained gear the air,
 My certie! lad, she'll kaim yer hair!
 An' wi' the saut blab in yer e'e,
Ye'll mind the patience I've haen wi' ye.
 Do ye want to scoomfish² me ootricht?—
 Ye've ne'er laid down the pipe the nicht;
 For a' I've said ye're never heedin'—
 Begin, ye scoundrel, to the readin'!"

Ower weel John kenn'd his hoose was
 clean,
 An' keepit like a new-made preen;
 That a' frae end to end was bricht,
 For Tibbie toil'd frac morn to nicht;
 Sae he, to hain the weary wark,
 Ance hired a lassie stoot an' stark—
 A snod bit lassie, fell an' clever;
 But Tibbie was as thrang as ever.
 Nae sooner was the cleanin' through,
 Than cleanin' just began anew.
 Noo, on a bink in stately pride,
 Her favoured bowls stood side by side;
 Braw painted bowls, baith big an' bonnie,
 Bowls that were never touched by ony;
 For they were honoured vessels a',
 An' servile wark they never saw,
 Save when a dainteth she was makin'
 She whiles took ane her meal to draik³ in.
 Ae day the lassie, a' thing richtin',
 Wi' cannie care the bowls is dichtin';
 An', puir thing! tho' her care increases,
 She breaks ane in a thooand pieces.
 "What's that?" screeched Tibbie, "losh
 preserve us!
 Is this the way the fremit⁴ serve us?
 Deil speed the fummlin' fingers o' ye—
 Ower Cuddy Brig I'll tak' an' throw ye;

¹ Cough like to vomit.² Stifle.³ Mix up.⁴ Strangers.

Ye glaikit gude-for-naething jaud,
 Ye'll break us oot o' hoose an' haud;
 My fingers yuke to hae ye whackit—
 Tell me, ye cutty, *hoo ye brak it?*
 Ye donnert slut! ye thochtless idiot,
 Tell me this moment *hoo ye did it?*
 "In Embro' toon they bowls were coft,
 An' sax-an'-twenty miles were brocht,
 Weel packit up an' kindly carrit
 An' gien to me when I was marrit.
 In name o' a' that e'er was wrackit—
 In a' the warl', *hoo did ye brak it?*"

The lassie sabbit lang an' sair,
 But Tibbie's tongue cou'd never spare;
 Lood was its clear and wrathfu' tenor,
 When in John stappit tae his denner—
 An' as he drew inower his seat,
 Her tongue brak' ower him like a spate.
 He heard o' a' the sad disaster,
 An' aye her tongue gaed fast an' faster;
 An' aye there cam' the ither gowl—
 "Lassie! *hoo did ye brak the bowl?*
 "Wheesht! wheesht!" says John, "nae
 mair about it:
 'Od sake! ye've plenty mair without it."
 But e'er anither word was spoken—
 Wi' face thrawn like a weel-wrung
 stockin'—
 She squealed—"D'ye want to brak my
 heart?
 Ye monster! will ye tak' her pairt?
 Is this my thanks for a' my toil?
 Hoo cou'd the gipsy brak my bowl?"

Patient John heard the endless clack,
 Till his twa lugs were like to crack;
 And rising, stappit to the shelf,
 Whar whummilt stood the gawsie delf,
 An', lookin' ower the precious raw,
 He raised the biggest o' them a',
 An', without steerin' aff the bit,
 Clash loot the bowl fa' at his fit;
 An', as the frichtit flinders flew,
 Quoth he, "Ye ken the way o't noo,
 For sure as I'm a leevin sowl,
That's hoo the lassie brak the bowl!"

KATE DALRYMPLE.

[We had to use a street version of this capital and not unfamiliar song, which we find in no collection that we have searched. It being anonymous, and having many imperfections—the evident result of careless printing—we have taken the liberty of removing some of its worst blemishes, with every regard for its characteristic raciness.]

In a wee cot house by the side of a muir
Where peesweeps, plovers, and whaups
cry dreary, [year,
There lived an auld maid for mony a lang
And naeboddy cared to ca' her his deary.

A lonely lass was Kate Dalrymple,
A thrifty quean was Kate Dalrymple,
Nae music except the burnie's sad wimple,
Was heard 'round the dwelling o' Kate
Dalrymple. [grim,
Her face had a smack o' the gruesome and
Which did frae the fash of a' wooers de-
fend her; [chin,
Her lang Roman nose nearly met wi' her
Which brang folk in mind o' the auld
Witch o' Endor.

A wiggle in her walk had Kate Dalrymple,
A snivel in her talk had Kate Dalrymple,
And mony a cornelian and cairngorum
pimple,
Shone on the din face o' Kate Dalrymple.
She span tarry woo, the hale winter
through, [thrifty
For Kate was na lazy but eident and
She wrought 'mang the peats, coiled the
hay, shure the corn,
And supported herself by her ain hands'
shift aye.

But ne'era wooer came to Kate Dalrymple,
For beauty and tocher wanted Kate
Dalrymple;

Neglected was she by baith gentle and
simple,
A blank in the world seemed Kate Dal-
rymple.
But mony are the ups and the downs o' life,
And the dice box o' fate turned tapsal-
teerie,
Kate fell heiress to a rich friend's estate,
And now for wooers she has nae cause to
weary :

For the squire came a wooing to Kate
Dalrymple,
The priest scraping, booing, came to Kate
Dalrymple, [dimple,
On each lover's face sported love's smiling
And she's nae mair Kate but Miss Dal-
rymple. [wheel,
Her auld cutty stool that she used at her
Is flung to ae side for her sofa sae gaudy,
Now she's arrayed in her silks and brocade,
And brags o' her muffs and her ruffs wi'
my lady.

But still an unco fash to Kate Dalrymple,
Was dress and party clash to Kate Dal-
rymple, [simple,
She thought that a marrow in life mair
Wad far better match wi' Kate Dalrymple,
And aften she thought as she sat by her-
sel'
She'd wed Willie Speediespool the sarken
weaver,
And now to the wabster the secret she did
tell,
Who for love or for interest did kindly re-
lieve her.

He flung by his heddles for Kate Dal-
rymple,
He burned a' his treddles for Kate Dal-
rymple ;
Though his right e'e did skellie, and his
left leg did wimple,
He's wedded to, and bedded now, wi' Kate
Dalrymple.

VALEDICTORY.

OUR review of Scottish Poetry properly ends with Robert Nicoll. The anonymous pieces which follow, like those attached to former periods, are placed at the end as a matter of arrangement.

Our design has been to give a select, not an exhaustive view of the subject; placing the means of estimating the character and quality, rather than the extent of Scottish poetry, within easy reach of the public. We do not think that a continuation to the present date would present any new features, especially in its more peculiarly Scotch aspects, for, though Scottish poetry will always retain traces of its native character, that of language it may be said to have already ceased to cultivate, except occasionally. The dialect presently spoken in out-of-the-way corners, in debased forms, is unsuitable as a vehicle of the national sentiments, and cannot be expected or desired to hold out long against educational and other influences. But the language in which the noble body of Scottish poetry is embalmed may always be quite well understood by Scotsmen, although its use as a literary medium may be said to have ceased with the productions of such devoted cultivators as James Ballantine, James Smith, and Alexander MacLagan, specimens of whose poetry we append. The future course of the stream of Scottish song is best indicated by *Olig Grange*, and the few beautiful remains of Thomas Davidson.

TIBBY AND THE LAIRD.

[ALEXANDER MACLAGAN].

Auld Robin, our laird, thought o' changin' his life,
But he didna weel ken whaur to wale a gude wife.
A plump quean had he, wha had served him for years :
"Ho, Tibby!" he cried. Lo! douce Tibby appears.
"Sit doun," said the laird; "ye are wanted awae."
"Very weel, sir," quo' Tibby, "sae let it be."
"Noo, Tibby," quo' he, "there's a queer rumour rins
Through the hail country-side, that there's naeboddy spins,
Bakes, washes, or brews, wi' sic talents as you;
An' what a'boddy says, ye ken, maun be true,
So ye ought to be gratefu' for their courtesie."
"Very weel, sir," quo' Tibby, "sae let it be."
"Noo, it seemeth but just an' richt proper to me,
That ye milk your ain cow 'neath your ain fig-tree;
That a servant sae thrifty a gude wife will mak',
Is as clear as daylight, sae a man ye maun tak',
Wha will haud ye as dear as the licht o' his e'e."
"Very weel, sir," quo' Tibby, "sae let it be."

"The pearl may be pure, Tib, though
rough be the shell—
Sae I'm determined to wed ye mysel'—
An' a' that a lovin' an' leal heart can
grant
O' this warld's wealth, lass, troth nought
shall ye want;
Sae a kiss to the bargain ye maun gi'e to
me."
"Very weel, sir," quo' Tibby, "sae let
it be."

The weddin'-day come, wi' its bride-cake
an' bans,
Fand Tib i' the kitchen 'mang tubs, pats,
an' pans.
"Bless me," quo' the laird, "what on
earth hauds you here?
Our frien's a' are met, in their braw
bridal gear;
Ye maun busk in your best, lass, an' that
speedilie."
"Very weel, sir," quo' Tibby, "sae let
it be."

When the blessin' was said, an' the
feastin' was done,
Tib crap to her bed i' the garret aboon.
When she heard the laird's fit, an' his
tap at her door,
She wondered—he ne'er took sic free-
doms before.
"Come, Tibby, my lass, ye maun listen
to me."
"Very weel, sir," quo' Tibby, "sae let
it be."

"Noo, Tibby, ye ken, we were wedded
the nicht,
An' that ye should be here, haith, I think
is na richt.
It canna be richt; for, when women and
men
Are bedded, they ought to be bedded, ye
ken.

Sae come doon the stair, Tib, an' e'en
sleep wi' me."
"Very weel, sir," quo' Tibby, "sae let
it be!"

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS KEPS
ITS AIN DRAP O' DEW.

[JAMES BALLANTYNE].

Confide ye aye in Providence, for Pro-
vidence is kind,
An' bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm
an' tranquil mind,
Though press'd an' hemm'd on every side,
hae faith an' ye'll win through,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap
o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends, or crost in love, as
whiles, nae doubt, ye've been,
Grief lies deep hidden in your heart, or
or tears flow frae your een,
Believe it for the best, and trow there's
good in store for you,
For ilka blade o' grass keps ain drap o'
dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer, when the
clear and cloudless sky
Rufuses ae wee drap o' rain to Nature
parch'd and dry,
The genial night wi' balmy breath gaurs
vendure spring anew,
An' ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap
o' dew.

Sae lest 'mid fortune's sunshine we
should feel ower proud an' hie,
An' in our pride forget to wipe the fear
frae poorith's ee,
Some wee dark cluds o' sorrow come, we
ken na whence or hoo,
Bnt ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap
o' dew.

BURD AILIE.

[JAMES SMITH].

Burd Ailie sat down by the wimplin' burn,

Wi' the red, red rose in her hair ;

An' bricht was the glance o' her bonnie black e'e,

As her heart throbb'd fast an' sair.

An' aye as she look'd on ilk clear wee wave,

She murmur'd her true luv's name,

An' sigh'd when she thocht on the distant sea,

An' the ship sae far frae hame !

The robin flew hie ower the gowden broom,

An' he warbl'd fu' cheerilie.

"Oh tell me—oh tell me, thou bonnie wee bird,

Will I ever my true luv see ?"

Then saftly an' sweetly the robin sang—

"Puir Ailie ! I'm laith to tell ;

For the ship's i' the howe o' a roarin' wave,
An' thy luv's i' the merlin's cell !"

"Oh tell me—oh tell me, thou bonnie wee bird,

Did he mind on the nicht langsyne,

When we plichted our troth by the trystin' tree ?

Was his heart aye true to mine ?"

"Oh, fond an' true," the sweet robin sang,

"But the merlin he noo maun wed ;

For the sea-weed's twined in his yellow hair,

An' the coral's his bridal bed !"

Burd Ailie lay low by the wimplin' burn,

Wi' the red, red rose in her hair ;

But gane was the glance o' her bonnie black e'e,

An' the robin sang nae mair.

For an angel cam' doun at the fa' o' the nicht,

As she murmur'd her true luv's name,

An' took her awa frae a broken heart,

An' the ship that wad ne'er come hame !



